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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXXI.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1903, TO APRIL, 1904.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXI.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1903, TO APRIL, 1904.

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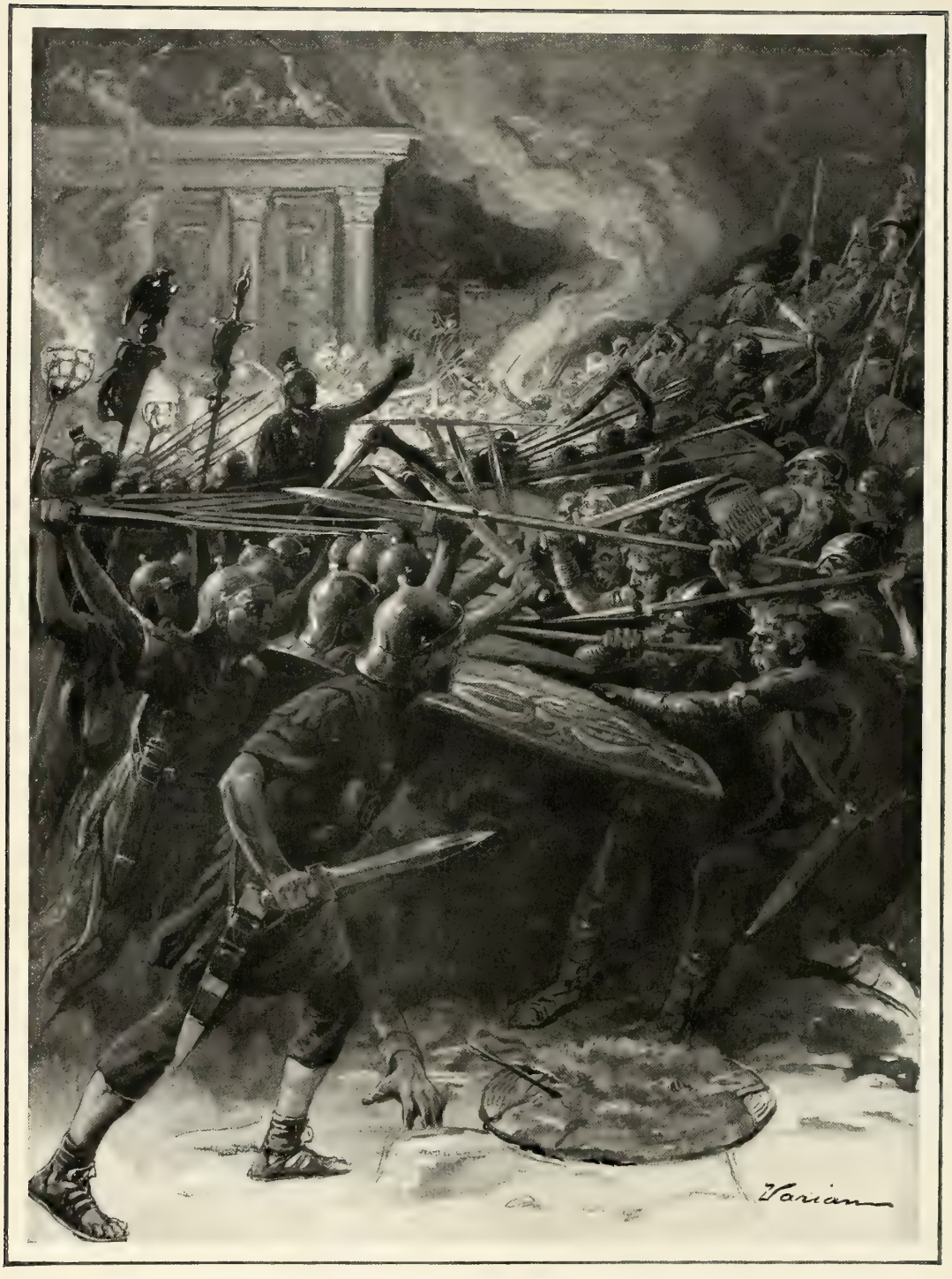
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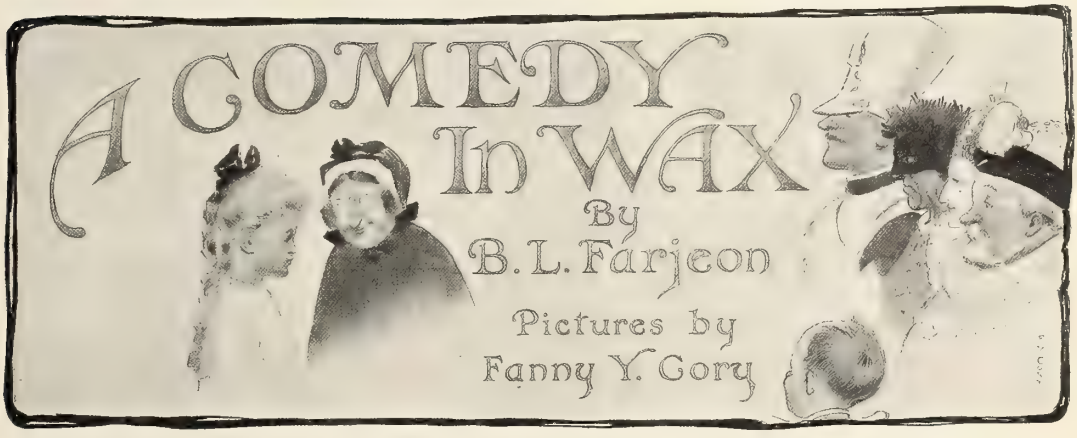


"A RUNNING WALL OF LINKED SHIELDS, WITH THE LIGHTNING OF SWORDS PLAYING ABOVE."

(*"A Day With Hadrian," page 21.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK.

"WHAT is the matter with you, little girl? You seem to be in trouble."

Lucy looked up. The voice was kind, and she felt the need of sympathy just then, being very lonely and not at all happy in her mind. She was standing between Groups 1 and 2 in the center of the Grand Saloon, and no one was near her except the lovely Mme. Sainte Amaranthe (who lay fast asleep on her crimson couch) and a few other figures, among whom was a Little Old Woman in Black in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box. But *they* were all waxwork people, and it would have been too great a stretch of imagination to suppose that any one of them could have addressed her in a human voice.

It was rather late in the afternoon. The first part of the concert was over, and there was an interval of an hour and a half before the second part commenced. The Rumanian Orchestra had played Waldteufel's "Waltz of the Sirens," and had gone to tea; so had nearly all the visitors. Little Lucy Scarlett was alone in the midst of these waxwork celebrities, some affable, some stern, some simpering, some exceedingly stately and dignified, and all staring straight before them, without so much as winking an eyelid.

"Of course nobody spoke," said Lucy to herself. "I wonder what made me think so."

To her astonishment she was answered: "Because you heard me, my dear. I asked what was the matter with you."

It was the Little Old Woman in Black who addressed the little girl. She wore a black silk dress, and a black silk cape, and a black bonnet with white frillings inside. Her hair and

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eyes were brown, and she had a pair of steel spectacles on her nose. Lucy stared at her in amazement, but somehow she did not feel afraid, there was such a benevolent expression on the old lady's face.

"You are surprised to hear me speak," observed the figure.

"Yes, I am," Lucy answered frankly.

"It *must* seem singular, I own," said the figure, "but you need not be frightened. I am not at all an ill-natured person."

"I am sure you are not," replied Lucy, "your face is so kind. Are you a 'celebrated person'?"

"I should not be here if I were not. We don't put nobodies in this exhibition—I should think not, indeed! Everybody here is somebody—I take good care of that. You have a catalogue, I see. I am Madame Tussaud.* Read what they say about me."

Lucy turned over the pages, and read aloud:

"'Mme. Tussaud, the foundress of the exhibition, was born in Berne, Switzerland, in 1760. Being left an orphan—' Oh, dear!" she cried, interrupting herself, "I never heard of such a thing. Born in 1760! Why, you must be—"

"A hundred and forty-three years old," said the old lady, complacently, "and I am proud of it."

"But I thought you were wax, ma'am."

"I dare say. Every one who comes here thinks so. Every one is mistaken. Sometimes, though, people coming up to me give a start, and think I am real, and then, after a little while, laugh and say, 'Upon my word, I thought she was alive!' It is a great compliment, for it shows what a good imitation I am."

"Can you walk about if you wish?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Certainly I can," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and I would do so now to prove it to you, only I don't want to attract attention; it would set everything in commotion. At the present moment we have this part of the show to ourselves; but if I shifted my position, or moved my head, or stroked your cheek,—which I should like to do, my dear,—the attendants would come running up to see what was the matter. That is why I keep so still when there is any risk of being observed. Oh, yes, I can walk about, and, considering my age, I am very active."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Lucy.

"But enough about that just now. It really distresses me to see young folk unhappy, and you seem to be so. Are you?"

"Yes, ma'am," sighed Lucy, "very, very unhappy!"

"You 're surely not disappointed in my show. I could hardly bear that."

"Oh, no; it is a beautiful show. I 've never seen anything half so beautiful."

"If you searched the whole world through," said Mme. Tussaud, proudly, "you would not find a better. All the people who come here are happy; I should be vexed if they were not. Shall it be said that I am a failure? Have I not done my best to make them happy?"

"I am sure you have," said Lucy, quickly, for Mme. Tussaud seemed rather hurt.

"Well, then, *you* must be happy. I insist upon it."

"I wish I could be," said Lucy, her lips quivering, "but I can't."

"Tell me why; I may be able to help you. Do they treat you badly at home? Do you have enough to eat? Does Miss Pennyback slap you?"

"It is n't anything like that," said Lucy, with difficulty keeping back her tears. "It 's because of Lydia."

"Oh—Lydia. Who is she?"

"My sister, ma'am."

"When I first noticed you, nearly two hours ago," said Mme. Tussaud, "you were not alone. There was a bright young fellow of about four-and-twenty with you."

"That was Harry Bower, ma'am."

"And there was another man, much older, with a mean, sharp nose and red hair."

* Pronounced Tus-sō'. Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxworks in Marylebone Road is one of the most popular shows in London, and for the last sixty or seventy years has been regarded as essentially a British institution. Throughout the whole of the year it attracts daily a large number of visitors, and at holiday-time it is thronged with children.

"Yes, ma'am, the monster—Mr. Lorimer Grimweed."

"And there was a pretty girl in a blue dress—a Bower on one side of her and a Grimweed on the other. Was that Lydia?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "She *is* pretty, is n't she?"

"Sweetly pretty, my dear, and I am very much mistaken if somebody else does n't think so, too. Nothing escapes my notice; I am a very observant person. I see everything that goes on around me, and it struck me that Mr. Harry Bower looked far more often at Lydia than he did at my celebrities. Oh, I was n't offended—not at all! I heard something, too. Harry Bower looked at me and said, 'What a nice-looking little lady!' The Grimweed man looked and said, '*I* call her a regular fright!'"

"That 's just like the monster," said Lucy. "He 's always saying disagreeable things; and oh, he does tell *such* stories!"

"Good little girl! Now, what is the matter with Lydia?" Lucy hesitated. "Come, come, child, speak."

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Lucy, softly.

"Yes, indeed, I can. If people only knew the secrets I have kept these last hundred years! Volumes of them. Now let me hear yours."

"Lydia is in love." The child's face was very solemn, and her voice very low, as she imparted this tremendous piece of information to the old lady.

"Ha—hm! That is indeed extraordinary. So unusual, you know. How old is Lydia?"

"Eighteen."

"Ah!" said Mme. Tussaud, in a wistful tone. "*I* was eighteen once, and *I* was in love. Is Harry Bower Lydia's sweetheart?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is he unkind to her?"



LUCY.

"Oh, no! He is the kindest young gentleman you ever saw."

"Then why don't they marry? They could come here often. They could n't visit a better place—so quiet and improving, with royalty looking on and never interfering. And a refreshment-room downstairs where they could have ice-cream. And delightful music all day long, played by a famous band."

"Papa will not let them," said Lucy, shaking her head sorrowfully. "He says that Lydia shall marry Lorimer Grimweed, and she hates the sight of him—and so do I."

"Grimweed is a most disagreeable name," said Mme. Tussaud, "and would not look bad on the bills. If you could get him to do some horrible deed, something to make the public's flesh creep, I would put him in my Chamber of Horrors, and there would be an end of him." Lucy shuddered. "But why does your papa wish Lydia to marry Grimweed instead of Harry Bower?"

"He is richer than Harry; besides Marybud Lodge, where we live, belongs to him. Our lease expires this year, and if Lydia does n't marry him he will rent the place to another family, and papa can't be happy anywhere else. Papa has lived there all his life, and is quite wretched at the thought of being turned away. He has spent ever so much money on the place, and it will all belong to the monster if Lydia does n't marry him. Just as if he did n't have money enough already! He is always talking of his riches."

"I see. But how does it happen that this Grimweed came with you to my show this afternoon?"

"It 's rather mixed, ma'am," replied Lucy. "Some friends in Cavendish Square wanted me to spend a few days with them,—Marybud Lodge is in Barnet, you know,—and Lydia said

she would bring me to London herself, and would take me to see your show first."

"Sensible girl, that Lydia. The more I hear of her the better I like her. How does it happen that Harry Bower came too?"

"I 'm sure I don't know, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Ah, I see. Go on, my dear."

"Well, last night," continued Lucy, "Mr. Grimweed dropped in, and said he would come with us to-day, and escort Lydia home in the evening; and papa accepted the offer at once, though Lydia tried hard to put him off. When the monster found Harry here he was dreadfully cross; and he was crosser still when I asked him to take me to the Napoleon Room, so that Lydia and Harry could stay where they were."

"You did n't tell him that, did you, child?"

"Oh, no. He thought they were following us, and was so angry when he missed them that he chipped bits out of Napoleon's carriage, and said he would keep them as relics."

"The wretch ought to be prosecuted!" cried Mme. Tussaud, fiercely. "My dear, I am greatly interested in what you have told me. I must punish that Grimweed man, and your papa must be brought to reason."

Lucy shook her head mournfully. "He won't be, ma'am. He has made up his mind that Lydia shall marry the monster, and when papa makes up his mind to anything, nobody in the world can make him change it."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mme. Tussaud, and it was evident that she was not only greatly interested, but very much nettled. "Nobody in the world! Upon my word! As if *I* could n't bring him to reason!"

"You could n't, ma'am—no; you could n't! You don't know papa, ma'am. He will command Lydia to marry the monster, and then she will die—and I shall die, too!" And with this, tears began to roll down the little girl's face.

"Dry your eyes," said Mme. Tussaud, in rather a sharp tone, "or people will think you don't like my show. My mind is made up. I can be quite as determined as your papa—oh, yes, I can! He *shall* be brought to reason, if you have the courage to do as I tell you."

"I will do anything to make Lydia happy—anything in the world!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Very well, child. What is your name?"

"Lucy, ma'am."

"Nice name. How far is it to Marybud Lodge, Lucy?"

"Nine or ten miles from here, I think."

"H'm. It might be done," mused Mme. Tussaud.

"They deserve an outing, and it would be *such* an advertisement for us!" continued Mme. Tussaud, as if talking to herself. "Such a wonderful advertisement! Why, we should be more popular than ever! But that is not the reason, child." She was now addressing Lucy, who was wondering what the old lady was talking about. "It is because I am resolved that no one shall be miserable in my show, and no one shall go away miserable. My dear, I think there is one place in London where people may be sure of spending a happy day, and that is here. And you shall be happy, and Lydia shall be happy, and we will teach that Grimweed man a lesson he will not forget. Hearts are not made to be broken—no, indeed; I will not allow it." She paused to take breath, and then added doubtfully, "But, after all, Lucy, I am afraid you have n't the courage."

"I have, ma'am, I have!" cried Lucy, who was now very much excited. "Try me—do!"

"You would have to remain in the show till all the people have gone away. What do you say to that?"

"I don't mind," said Lucy, bravely; "I don't, indeed."

"And nobody must see you. You must hide."

"Yes, ma'am. Where?"

"That is an important point. We must decide quickly, because the visitors will soon be coming back. There 's the Royal Group on the left of me; but you could scarcely escape observation there. If you were to creep under the throne you would certainly be seen. Dear, dear! where *can* you hide? Ah, I have it! Do you see that gentleman who stands in a thoughtful attitude, on a raised platform, nearly facing me on the right-hand side of the saloon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"That is the glory of the world, Shakspere, in the costume of the period. At the back of

his platform is a vacant space rather close to the wall, but large enough for a little girl to hide in. Are you brave enough to creep in there and hide for three or four hours?"

"I would hide there for weeks," said Lucy, trembling with eagerness, "to make Lydia happy."

"That would be too severe a task," said Mme. Tussaud, gaily. "But you can't remain there so long without something to eat. Have you any money?"

"Yes; a two-shilling piece. Lydia gave it to me."

"Lydia is a darling. Before you hide, go down to the refreshment-room and buy some cakes; also buy some chocolate creams. My kings and queens are very fond of them. When they ruled the country, chocolate creams were not invented, and I have heard Henry VIII say that if our great confectioners had been alive in his time, he would have instituted an Order of the Chocolate Cream, and made one of them Grand Master. Sometimes a visitor leaves a little bag on one of the seats, and there is a regular scramble for it. On one occasion Edward V and the Duke of York came to blows over it, and the duke, who said that Edward did not divide fairly, gave his brother a black eye."



"'BEAUTIFUL EVENING,' SAID THE SHEEP, PUTTING ON A PAIR OF WHITE KID GLOVES." (SEE PAGE 10.)

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lucy, whose own eyes opened very wide at what she heard.

"Yes, and I was rather afraid it would spoil my tableau; but fortunately the swelling soon went down. All the same I was much annoyed, and the duke received a severe scolding from his papa, Edward IV. Oh, there have been strange doings in this place when the public were not looking on! There was great excitement, not so very long ago, when William the Conqueror organized a night attack upon the refreshment-counter downstairs; he enlisted several of the more unruly spirits to aid him in his New Conquest, as he called it, and it was as much as I could do to bring him to order. I don't know that I should have succeeded but for the assistance of Napoleon, Julius Cæsar, and Oliver Cromwell, who agreed that William had committed a serious breach of discipline. But, dear me! we are wandering from the point, and an awkward question has occurred to me. Your sister will be coming back to look for you presently, and when she fails to find you she will be much alarmed, and there will probably be a great to-do. Now that is just what I wish to avoid."

"It will be all right, ma'am," said Lucy. "Lydia told me that if we should happen to get parted to-day I was to take a cab from here and go straight to Cavendish Square. It is n't very far, and I have been there before, you know. When she misses me she will think I have done as she said, and she and Harry will go back to Barnet without feeling a bit anxious on my account."

"Capital!" said Mme. Tussaud. "It is really as if things had been arranged for us. Your friends in Cavendish Square may wonder why you don't turn up, but when so much is at stake I don't think we need take *them* into consideration. Well, Lucy, what you have to do is to creep behind Shakspere's platform when nobody is looking, and remain there till ten o'clock. You will know when the show is over by the band playing 'God Save the King.' Then all the people will go away—to come

again to-morrow, I hope. There will be a surprise for them if they do. Dear, dear, dear! What an excitement there will be in London! It will spread, and spread, and spread, and the people will flock, and flock, and flock! I feel as if I could jump when I think of it. It will be worth thousands and thousands of pounds to us."

All this was as puzzling to Lucy as if the old lady were speaking in Greek, but, for fear that they might be interrupted, she did not stop to ask for an explanation.

"Then," proceeded Mme. Tussaud, cooling down, "when the people are all gone, the attendants will shut up the show and turn out the lights. You must wait till they have finished their work and everything is perfectly still, and then you will creep out of your hiding-place and come to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Be very careful to keep out of the way of Lydia and that Grimweed man. If they see you, all our plans will be spoiled. Now, are you sure you can do all this?"

"Quite sure, ma'am."

"Brave little Lucy!" said Mme. Tussaud. "Go and do it."

Chapter II.

LUCY HAS A WONDERFUL DREAM.

As Lucy turned away her heart beat fast with a wonderful joy. After the first surprise of being spoken to by a wax lady, she saw nothing very startling in her adventure, strange as it was. For Lucy, you see, was of an imaginative nature, and, unlike many of our matter-of-fact boys and girls of to-day, did not turn up her nose at hobgoblins and nymphs and fays. She believed firmly in the dear old fairy tales and elves and ogres; and all such dainty and fantastic creations were, to her, veritable beings of flesh and blood.

On the way to the refreshment-room to purchase the chocolate creams, Lucy caught sight of Mr. Grimweed diligently searching for her; and in another room she spied Lydia and Mr. Bower, who, like herself, were trying to "lose" Mr. Grimweed. As soon as the coast seemed to be clear she went forward to the refreshment-counter. With great care she made her purchases, spending sixpence for cakes and eighteenpence for chocolate creams.

When she reached the Grand Saloon the band was playing, and most of the visitors were clustered round the orchestra; only a few people were looking at the wax figures. Lucy lingered a moment or two beside Mme. Tussaud, but the old lady made no sign, so she passed on to Shakspere's platform and, availing herself of a good opportunity, slipped behind. No one had noticed her, and after a few moments of almost breathless suspense she made herself as snug as possible, and felt that she was safe.

She was not at all uncomfortable; there was just sufficient space between the back of the platform and the wall for her to recline at her ease and listen to the music, the strains of which floated softly to her ears. There was another diversion in the scraps of conversation that reached her from the people passing to and fro, although, to be sure, they were rather confusing:

"There is that dear Marie Antoinette, poor thing! Before she was married she"—

"Screamed out, 'You wretch! you ought to be'"—

"Mixed with the yolk of three new-laid eggs, well beaten up, and"—

"Taken in at the waist, and let out two or three inches at the hem, until"—

"I did n't know where I was; it was quite dark, and"—

Lucy could not make sense of the chatter, and she gave up trying to; but presently she distinguished voices which she knew.

"Are you sure Lucy will be all right, Lydia?"

"Quite sure; she knows just what to do, and has often been to Cavendish Square before. You have no idea what a brave little thing she is; and so quick and clever! Was n't it good of her to go off with the monster as she did?"

"I am afraid it must have spoiled all her pleasure, Lydia."

"We 'll make it up to her some day, Harry, if we have the chance. Oh, dear, there 's Mr. Grimweed in the next room, looking about for us! We seem to have been dodging him all the afternoon. Come away, quick, or he will

see us. Besides, it 's getting late—and if you like, sir, you may have the honor of taking me home."

"Darling Lydia!" thought Lucy, as the two moved away. "It will be all right soon. Mme. Tussaud is going to manage everything, and you and Harry will be happy, and—and—oh, dear! I am so sleepy!"

Her eyes closed, and she fell into a doze. When she awoke she wondered where she was, and it was some time before she could recollect what had occurred.

During her nap the lights in the exhibition had been turned on, but as she had no watch she did not know what time it was. Harry Bower had promised her the prettiest little gold watch in England on the day he and Lydia were married, but the fulfilment of that promise depended entirely upon the Little Old Woman in Black.

Never in Lucy's young life had time passed so slowly. Mme. Tussaud had told her she would have to remain in hiding for three or four hours, but Lucy was ready to aver that she had been crouching behind the bard of Avon at least three times as long as that, and



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. "THE EXECUTIONER HAD DISAPPEARED!" (SEE PAGE 14.)

the people had not yet left the exhibition. She closed her eyes again, and began to count a thousand sheep going through a gate; and falling into another doze before she counted eighty, found herself in a large buttercup and daisy field filled with sheep who were dancing to a waltz by Strauss, which the band was softly playing. Some of the animals had gorgeous ball-dresses on, and others swallowtails and white ties.

"May I have the pleasure?" said one of the sheep to Lucy, with a graceful bow.

"Yes, you may," said Lucy.

"Beautiful evening," said the sheep, putting on a pair of white kid gloves.

"Yes, it is," said Lucy. "Do you like my white satin shoes?"

"They are beautiful," said the sheep. "And silk stockings, I see."

"I always wear silk at a sheep's party."

"*I* always wear wool," said the sheep. "So much more fashionable!"

"You don't know anything about it," said Lucy; "and if you are going to dance you 'd better begin, or there will be none left."

Round and round they went, and Lucy was not at all surprised when the sheep changed into Julius Cæsar, who was clasping her waist and waltzing in what he called the Roman style. They got along very well together until Julius Cæsar accused her of not keeping step, and when she retorted that it was he who was at fault, he called out in a threatening voice:

"What, ho, my lictors!"

Which so terrified her that she fell upon her knees and implored him to spare her life.

"Who did n't keep step?" he demanded imperiously.

"It was me," she answered.

"What shocking grammar!" replied Julius Cæsar. "I forgive your not keeping step, despite your manner of speech. Rise."

But before Lucy could get up, Lorimer Grimweed appeared with a huge battle-ax, and called out fiercely:

"No! Let her stay where she is! Off with her head! Stand aside, Julius—I 'll do it!"

And he would have done it, Lucy thought, if Harry Bower had not darted forward and seized him by the throat, shouting: "Caitiff!"

At that critical moment Lucy woke up with pins and needles in her foot, and knew she had been dreaming. She had hardly got rid of the pins and needles when she heard a great scuffling, and the band playing "God Save the King." It was all over at last, and the people were going away. It was more than ever necessary now that she should be very careful, for everybody was flocking to the stairs near which she was hiding. What a hurry and confusion there was as they hastened away, and how their tongues ran!

Gradually the hubbub grew faint and fainter, till it ceased entirely, and all the visitors were gone. Then Lucy heard the attendants moving about, calling to each other while they performed their last duties for the day, but what those duties were she could not see. She was afraid they were looking for her, and she made herself as small as possible. "What will they do to me if they catch me?" she thought. "Will they lock me up, and will they call Mme. Tussaud as a witness? Oh, I do hope they won't catch me!" She listened to the men talking and laughing and making remarks about the celebrities; and now and then the swish of some soft material fell upon her ears. She could not understand what they meant when they said, "Now, then, stupid, do you want to smother me? A little more this way, Jack. Easy, there, easy! Take care of her head!"



MR. GRIMWEED.

After a while these remarks came to an end. The lights were lowered, and the attendants bade each other good night. Then came the sound of the shutting and locking of doors and gates, after which there was a dead silence.

The exhibition was closed for the night.

How strange it seemed! Only a few moments before, the bustle, the laughter, the eager voices—and now not an audible word, not a footstep!

Lucy waited four or five minutes before she ventured to peep out. She saw nothing, heard nothing. After waiting another minute or two, she crept very, very slowly from her hiding-place; and as she once more stood upright and looked around, she was startled at the transformation that had taken place.

Chapter III.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

Not a figure was to be seen. Every wax figure had been put to bed standing, as it were, and was covered with a calico nightgown. Very ghostly was the appearance of the Grand Saloon in its canopy of dingy white. Brave as Lucy was, it would be nonsense to say she was not nervous. It was all so uncanny and hobgobliny that she was almost afraid to move.

Presently she remembered she was a little girl of courage, and stole softly along till she came to the center of the Grand Saloon, where she knew Mme. Tussaud was standing; but how could she tell the Little Old Woman in Black from the rest of the draped figures? And if she did find her, would she dare take the covering off?

The silence, the dim light, the dumb, shapeless forms, kept her heart in a flutter. Three or four times she had stopped in alarm, fancying that one or other of the wax figures had beckoned beneath its shroud, and was about to advance toward her. Motionless as they all were, they seemed to be stealthily watching her, and demanding to know what business she had to be there at such an hour.

Tremblingly the little girl peered this way and that, until she became quite bewildered, and began to fancy she had come to the wrong spot.

"Oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish it was lighter—or that the figures were n't covered—or something! I wish Lorimer Grimweed had never been born! I wish—"

But her next wish was never uttered, for she was startled by an unmistakable movement in one of the figures. The calico wrapper trembled, fluttered, and fell to the ground, and to Lucy's great joy there stood Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Why, there you are," said the old lady, in the kindest tone. "I was beginning to fear that something had happened to you, or that you had been frightened and had run away. I am glad you did n't. You look white, poor child!"

"I am all right now," said Lucy. "I *did* feel a little nervous as I came along."

"I don't wonder at it," said Mme. Tussaud. "If you had been here as many years as I have been, you would have grown accustomed to this sort of thing."

Her features were no longer fixed and motionless, as they had been during her previous conversation with Lucy: they were animated with a cheery expression, and her eyes twinkled with kindness; and when she stepped forward and stroked Lucy's cheek, the little girl did not shrink from the touch, it seemed so natural.

"Nobody noticed you, I hope, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," said Lucy.

"Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, "I am dying for a pinch of snuff and a good long sneeze."

"Do you take snuff, ma'am?" asked the wondering Lucy.

"I can't live without it, my dear."

"Then why don't you take a pinch now?"

"I dare not," replied Mme. Tussaud, "till I have put two Beings out of the way." This cold-blooded declaration—as though the old lady was contemplating a murder, or rather two murders—made Lucy shiver. "Don't be alarmed; they are quite used to it, and it will not hurt them the least bit in the world. The best of it is, they have no idea of what is being done to them. Ha! the first one approaches. Crouch, child, crouch, and keep as still as a mouse!"

Lucy obeyed, not without some apprehension, and clasped her hands over her eyes. What dreadful deed was about to be committed? From the end of the hall came the sound of measured footsteps. Was the Being a murderer who had escaped from the Chamber of Horrors, and would there be a struggle?

Presently the sound of footsteps ceased, and all was quiet. Unable to restrain her curiosity, Lucy peeped timorously from her hiding-place.

Mme. Tussaud had taken up her old position, and was standing perfectly still; the Being was standing sideways, so that Lucy could not see his face. There was nothing threatening in his attitude; he appeared to be an ordinary person, dressed in the uniform of the exhibition. After pausing awhile, he resumed his walk, apparently satisfied that everything was as it should be. He took just three steps—no more; for the moment his back was turned from Mme. Tussaud, that lady produced from beneath her skirt a slender, willowy cane, with which she touched the Being's shoulder.

The effect was magical. Instead of turning to see who wanted him, the Being was instantly deprived of the power of motion—so completely, indeed, that the foot he had lifted to take the next step remained suspended in the air.

Then Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly to Lucy, and said in a cheerful tone:

"Get up, child; he cannot see you now."

Lucy rose slowly to her feet, and pointing to the Being, asked in a trembling voice:

"What have you done to him? Is he dead?"

"As a door-nail, my dear," replied Mme. Tussaud, with twinkling eyes,—and her eyes certainly had a wonderful twinkle in them,—"till I bring him to life again."

"You can never do that," sobbed Lucy. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, you can never bring anybody to life after you have murdered him! It 's too, too dreadful!"

"You simple little darling!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, laughing heartily, "you don't suppose I would commit murder, do you?"

"But look at him," said Lucy, unable to check her tears; "he can't move!"

"No, my dear, he can't, and that is what makes it so safe for us. If he could hear, or see, or speak, do you suppose he would allow me to do what I am going to do—for Lydia's sake, remember—without raising an alarm? He is one of my night watchmen, and a very trustworthy servant. Is it likely I would injure him? Do not be afraid; he will not hurt you."

She took Lucy's hand and led her up to the man, who stood motionless and looked for all the world like one of the wax figures in the show. Mme. Tussaud raised his arm, and it remained stationary, his head was turned to the right, and she turned it to the left; and the surprising thing was that while she did these things he offered no resistance and the expression on his features never varied.

"Does he look as if I am hurting him, Lucy?" asked the old lady.

"No, ma'am."

"I will show you something more curious."

She reversed the cane, and touched first the foot which was raised in the air, and then the other. Then, still keeping hold of Lucy's hand, she placed herself face to face with him, and slowly backed, beckoning him on with the cane. As if worked by machinery, he immediately began to walk toward her as she continued to walk backward. But when she reversed the cane and touched him on the shoulder, he became fixed and motionless as before.

"What do you think of that, Lucy?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"It is like magic," Lucy replied.

"It *is* magic. This is a magic cane. Yes, my dear. It sends people to sleep as long as I wish them to sleep, and wakes them up again when I wish them to wake up."

"And it *really* does n't do them any harm?"

"Not the least. They are perfectly happy, and when they wake up they don't know what has occurred, and don't know that they have been asleep. They go on from where they left off just as if nothing had happened. When I bring this man to his senses he will continue his walk through the building in the most natural and unsuspicious manner. I could do just the same to you, Lucy."

"Oh, no," said Lucy, shaking her head.

"Oh, yes," said Mme. Tussaud, nodding hers. "As for my celebrities, I should n't be able to give them any relaxation, and should n't be able to keep them in order, without my cane. When they are obstinate I threaten them with it, and they immediately behave themselves."

"What a wonderful cane!" said Lucy.

"What a useful cane!" said Mme. Tussaud.

"When people are in that state," asked

Lucy, pointing to the night watchman, "do they dream?"

"I will show you. Tell me the time." Mme. Tussaud took a pretty little old-fashioned gold watch from her waistband, and held it out to Lucy. "Take it in your hand."

Lucy did so. "What a lovely watch!" she exclaimed. "Why, it is only a quarter past eleven. I thought it was—"

Chapter IV.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"—much later," said Lucy.

"Much later than what?" asked Mme. Tussaud, smiling.

"Than a quarter past eleven," replied Lucy.

"It is, my dear. Look again."

Lucy looked at the watch, which she held in her outstretched hand, and, to her surprise, saw that it was twenty minutes to twelve.

"How can I have made such a mistake?" she said, rather bewildered.

"It was no mistake. The fact is, you have been asleep for exactly twenty-five minutes."

"Asleep! Without my knowing it? Oh, you 're making fun of me!"

"No, my dear. I touched you on the shoulder with my magic cane."

"Did you? I don't remember it."

"They never do. I saw it distressed you when I sent one of my night watchmen to sleep, so I thought I would dispose of the other without your seeing. Now, perhaps, you will have entire confidence in me, and take everything for granted till Lydia is made happy."

"Yes, I will, I will!"

"That 's right; we shall be able to get along splendidly. And be prepared for stranger things than you have already seen. I think I may now take my pinch of snuff with safety."

She took a large pinch, and then another, and sneezed three times violently.

"There!" said Mme. Tussaud, at last. "In my young days everybody took snuff. What have you in that paper bag?"

"The chocolate creams you told me to buy."

"So I did; but you have n't eaten many."

"No, ma'am. I saved most of them for the kings and queens. You said they liked them."

"Thoughtful Lucy! So they do. Thank you; they are quite refreshing. But you must keep more of them yourself. Though I do not like young people to be greedy, they ought to have their share of good things. Now, then, we must to work. We have to select the celebrities we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge.



LUCY AND THE HEADSMAN.

I have decided upon one, and I brought him up from below while you were asleep. He is just behind you."

Lucy turned, and started back when she saw the Headsman from the tableau of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots. He wore his mask, and was leaning on his ax.

"Don't be frightened," said Mme. Tussaud. "He will do only what I order him to do."

"Oh, dear!" whispered Lucy, her heart

beating very fast. "Will you order him to do anything?"

"I don't know," replied Mme. Tussaud, thoughtfully. "We shall be guided by events, and in any case he is a moral force. Only to look at him makes one shiver. When he is in Marybud Lodge I will keep him in the background as much as possible. He is one; now for the others. What do you think of King Henry VIII? Have you any objection to him?"

"Oh, no, ma'am," said Lucy, eagerly. "Shall I hear him speak?"

"He will have something to say for himself, I promise you," said Mme. Tussaud, with a chuckle. "Henry makes two." She checked them off on her fingers. "Queen Elizabeth, of course."

"If you please, ma'am," said Lucy, perceiving that Mme. Tussaud awaited her approval.

"She is three. Whom shall we have for the fourth? We will take Hougua, the famous Chinese tea-merchant, who objects to people taking sugar in their tea. Guy Fawkes shall be the fifth, which is rather appropriate,"— and here Mme. Tussaud laughed,—"for you have heard of gunpowder tea, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Lucy.

"Then Richards I and III," continued Mme. Tussaud. "That makes seven. My Sleeping Beauty, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, makes eight. She was one of the loveliest women in France, and is an immense attraction. Next, Oliver Cromwell—what do you say to him?"

"If you think so, ma'am," said Lucy.

"He will tone down the royal personages; they are inclined to get too uppish unless they have some kind of a check upon them. He makes nine. Charles II makes ten, and all my fingers are used up. Loushkin, the Russian giant, is eleven; he is eight feet five inches high, and will lend weight to the party. And, by way of balance, we will take General Tom Thumb—the most comical little gentleman! You will hear him say some very quaint and smart things. I love my little Tom."

"I *should* like *him!*" said Lucy.

"You will get very fond of him. The next one must be a lady. Which would you prefer —Marie Antoinette or Mary Queen of Scots?"

"Oh, Mary Queen of Scots, please," said Lucy, clapping her hands, but adding quickly, "if the executioner won't chop off her head. You won't let him, will you?"

"Indeed I will not. It would spoil my tableau. Extraordinary," murmured Mme. Tussaud, "what a favorite that celebrity is! Mary shall accompany us, as you wish it. Will you come with me and fetch her, or remain here till I bring her up? I hardly know how she will behave, for she has never yet felt the touch of my magic cane."

"I will go with you, please," said Lucy.

"Very well. Come along."

The brisk way in which the old lady walked filled Lucy with fresh wonder, and they were soon downstairs, standing before the tableau of the Execution.

"I must leave you for half a minute," said Mme. Tussaud.

The old lady glided to the back of the tableau, and in a few moments was standing by the side of Mary Queen of Scots, whose fair face was hidden by the kerchief tied across her eyes. Mme. Tussaud touched the shoulder of the kneeling queen with her magic cane.

A shiver ran through Mary's form, but she made no further movement until Mme. Tussaud unbound the kerchief from behind. As it fell to the ground she raised her head slightly, and turned it toward the spot where the executioner had stood. There was a sly and timid look in her beautiful eyes, followed by a gleam of joy upon seeing that the executioner had disappeared! Then she sprang to her feet, and cried in the sweetest voice in the world:

"The wretch has gone—the wretch has gone! A reprieve—a reprieve! By the rood, 't is well! But oh, I have such a crick in my neck!"

She gazed in wonder at the motionless forms by which she was surrounded. Her eyes fell upon Mme. Tussaud, and she leaned forward and asked: "Who art thou? Surely not one of my tiring-women? Though I would not have those about me too fair. Hast lost thy tongue, dame? Who art thou? Speak!"

"Your Majesty will be well advised to follow me without further questioning," said Mme. Tussaud. "But if you would prefer to remain where you are—"

"Nay, nay! I am a-weary of this dungeon. But swear to me it is no new plot devised by my cousin Elizabeth—that thou art not sent by her for my destruction!"

"I am not in the habit of swearing," said Mme. Tussaud. "I am not sent by Elizabeth, and if you would once more taste the joys of life, obey me."

"Am I free, then? Am I free?" cried Mary.

"For a while," said Mme. Tussaud. "For how long a time depends upon your behavior."

"Know your place, dame!" exclaimed Mary, haughtily.

"And learn to know yours, Queen Mary," retorted Mme. Tussaud. "You have had some sharp lessons; profit by them. Lucy, my dear, give her Majesty a chocolate cream."

"'T is toothsome," said Mary; "the flavor is new to me." Then she whispered to Lucy: "Thou art more to my taste than the ancient dame—thou art more *de bon aire*. Hast thou another confiture? 'T is well—I thank thee. She called thee Lucie. I had a lady of that name who attended me when I was married to the Dauphin in the Church of Notre Dame. Art thou of royal blood?"

"Oh, no, your Majesty," said Lucy. She was walking now by the side of Mary, and Mme. Tussaud was leading the way to another part of the ground floor.

"Wilt thou serve me, Lucie?"

"Yes, faithfully," replied Lucy, eagerly.

"Alas!" sighed Mary. "So many have sworn that, only to betray me! Was ever lady born to such a destiny? To be a queen before I was a week old, to be betrothed before I was six, and married before I was sixteen! My beauty was a theme in all the courts of Europe. Wherever I appeared admirers sighed and languished at my feet. Pretty feet, are they not?" She put out one foot, then the other. "What size do you wear, Mlle. Lucie?"

"Twos, your Majesty," said Lucy.

"I wear ones," said Mary, proudly. "And dost thou read, Mlle. Lucie? I have written sonnets in French and Italian. Doth not that set thee wondering? And thou shouldst see me touch the lute; thou wouldst never forget it. Poets have said my tresses are woven sunbeams and my eyes of star-like brightness. Cast thine own eyes upon them, and say whether thou thinkest them hazel or dark gray."

She was stooping, when Mme. Tussaud said in a sharp tone, "No loitering, Lucy; we have a deal of work to do. Remember Lydia."

This brought Lucy back to reality, and stopped the loquacious tongue of Mary Queen of Scots, who tossed her head and said haughtily:

"I wot my gentle words are ill bestowed."

Lucy's feelings were hurt, but greatly as she admired the beautiful queen, with her hair of light russet gold, Lydia came first. All the queens in the universe, ancient or modern, could not take the place of Lydia in her heart.

(To be continued.)

HOSEA JOSÉ AND HIS HOSE.

(Nonsense Verse.)

Hosea José* chose a hose he needed for his lawn—
Chose the hose he knows the best is; uses it at dawn.
From the hose that Hosea chose there flows a steady stream;
'Mid the roses Hosea's hose is useful, too, I deem.
Now this hose that Hosea chose is not his hose, they say;
Though he chose the hose, he knows for it he did not pay;
Owes he for the hose he chose, and therefore, I suppose,
Where'er goes he, Hosea José knows he owes for hose.

Arthur J. Burdick.

* Pronounced Hō-say'.



GENERAL VIEW OF HADRIAN'S WALL, AT CUDDY'S CRAG.

A DAY WITH HADRIAN.

By Edwin L. Arnold,

Author of "Lepidus the Centurion."

History would be the pleasantest sort of learning in existence if all the nations of the past had left memorials such as the Romans have, and if we could take our class-books afield and read of events there where they actually happened. This thought occurred to me last summer when I was bicycling alone in the wild, unpeopled fell country which still separates England from Scotland, and came almost by chance upon the remains of the great wall which the Emperor Hadrian built to keep those lively gentlemen, the Picts and Scots, out of the Roman province of Britain.

I had read of it before, as every boy has, and traced the long seventy-mile line of that wonderful fortification on my map right across Northumberland from the Atlantic to the German Ocean; but it was just a line to me, as it probably is to you. And then all of a sudden that day, miles from even a shepherd's hut, I came upon the splendid ruin zigzagging across hill and vale as far as one could see on either hand, solitary and forgotten, yet impressive even in its decay. It was just as if I had tumbled right out of this humdrum, latter-day world right into the old one of emperors, prefects, centurions, and all the gold and glitter, the splendor and wrong-doing of that great empire which once embraced all the known world.

I forgot the busy life behind me as I jumped from my bicycle and threw myself down, surprised and delighted, in the heather, in the very midst of one of the best-preserved bits of the wall, and let my fancy call into being again all

the incidents of the place. I remembered how the Romans had landed in Britain, and then in long years of endless conflict, while emperors came and went in the far-away city on the Tiber, had pushed their way ever northward with that steady purpose which was their chief characteristic, seizing tract after tract, until at last they arrived here on what was to them the very edge of the world. Beyond lay all modern Scotland, a region then from which even *their* stubborn valor recoiled. Unfortunately for the invaders, the extensive Scotian forests were full of a people who would not surrender and who could not be caught; and after they had grown weary of chasing these naked savages over hills covered in blue mist, the Emperor Agricola recalled all his legionaries within the Northumberland border, and dug the first great ditch to mark the edge of the imperial empire.



"THEY SWARM UP THE STEEP APPROACH, AND SURGE AGAINST HADRIAN'S BULWARK." (SEE PAGE 21.)

There it was just as his men had left it when history was only beginning, overgrown with grass of coarse and white-flowered brambles in which the linnets build — a great cleft in the moor-side, and a notch against the blue sky where it climbed over the hilltops to east and west. But little those ramping Picts cared for the sacredness of boundaries; they poured through Agricola's great ditch whenever they got a chance, and killed and burned right down to Eboricum in middle England. So presently Hadrian came over in turn, and northward by horse and chariot till he was here in the fell-country — a man not to be trifled with, quick,



SITE OF AN OLD ROMAN CAMP UPON A HILL, WITH THE RAMPART LEADING UP TO IT.

in your museum cases. By his orders, it is supposed, they built, eighteen hundred yearsago, that wall from Tyne to Solway, over hill and dale, which shines today in the summer sun almost as perfect in places as it was when the last stone was set and fixed, and the hard Roman mortar settled down to withstand all that the Picts and the blows and buffets of eighteenhundrednorthern winters could do. Eight feet wide at the base, sixteen feet high when it was perfect, dark, and keen, with fierce bright eyes shining out under those penthouse eyebrows you may note in the portraits which his coins bear the great wall turned an adamant face to the northward. Not a stoat or a weasel could pass through between the two seas save at some half



RUINS OF A ROMAN STREET OF BARRACKS.

dozen gates placed at intervals of several miles along its course, and each of these portals led directly into military camps, whereof the walls and buildings are still traced by ruins even to-day. Between Hadrian's wall and Agricola's foss to the south of it is a strip of country about a quarter of a mile wide, and it was this the Romans garrisoned with necessary soldiers — tall Belgians, fair-haired Goths, dusky Spaniards, even Africans and Arabs from the outlying provinces of their realm. How the hill sheep must have stared, and the ancestors of those very plovers piping in the solitudes over my head have screamed and wheeled, to see that garrison settle down for its four hundred years of watch and ward, a glittering band of steel and gold across the immensity of the lifeless bogs before and behind it! And when the last mile was finished and Hadrian had gone south again, the life there must have been an almost unendurable monotony, broken by intervals of the wildest excitement.

A few hundred yards away from where I sit is the famous camp of Borocovis, under shelter of the gray rampart which runs up to it on either side, and the nodding fir-trees. You can still see the pretorian's house and the ruined gateway, while the slope below is all in terraces, where the soldiers tried to grow their southern vegetables on the cold northern bogs; and in the dip is a carefully leveled place where they had gladiatorial shows or chariot races. Like all the other troops in the long line of neighboring camps, they got the main part of their supplies overseas from Gaul or Belgium, and if you try hard enough, how easy it is to imagine, there where the military road between ditch and wall comes out of the shadow of oak and hawthorn, the high-sided cattle-wagons with a new season's supplies toiling in from the east. A great event for all those hungry exiles, thirsting for the pleasant things of the south, and, above all, for news of home! The sentinel pacing along the wall in that never-ending tramp of theirs spreads the news, and all the garrison turns out to see them. They wind along the main road, then turn off to the camp itself across the amphitheater and up the hillside until they are at the gate itself and speedily enveloped in a crowd of eager welcomers. Among all the motley stuff they bring, there is something for everybody. There are letters for the pretorian from Rome itself—always a matter of interest when you never know for certain whether the next communication will announce your election as emperor or order you to get your head cut off! There is a pay-chest for the soldiers — not so heavy as it ought to be; a hundred rolls of crimson cloth from Tyre for buying the good-will of a Pictish chieftain; a few great earthen jars of Cyprus wine, the last survivors of many broken on the journey; two tubs of cockles and limpets from Tynemouth, delicacies which always brought great joy to the Roman officers, who love shell-fish above all things; new armor for the mercenaries; more bales of cloth from Arles, and stacks of weapons from Iberian forges; oil for the lamps in the long winter nights; corn and honey, nails, tools, horse-harness, plows, seeds for sowing — everything, in fact, that these military Robinson Crusoes could desire: but no letters for the common soldiers, no newspapers! Those few travel-stained warriors who tramped in behind the convoy are the garrison's postmen and newspapers in one; they are fresh from the Imperial City, and, in an age when gossip was a virtue, it is to them that all go for news; it is they who for the next fortnight will have to sit by twenty camp-fires and pour out for straining ears all the facts and fancies of the great world of Rome.

There is high fun that night by the red blazes when all the stores have been replenished, and all the troopers paid, and the next day, perhaps,— if that letter did indeed bring the pretorian good news,— there are games in honor of the event: chariot races, mimic combats, and wrestling, with games for "the common people." And the next day after that the officers get up a wild-boar hunt down by where Carlisle now stands, and have good sport, as the altars they erected to fallen monarchs of the forest tell us they often had.

What fun they had to make up for all those dull days gone before! How they sampled the good things just come from Tiber, and ate the roasted boar and venison their spears had brought down that day in the forests! As I sit on the hillside opposite, though it all hap-

pened nearly two thousand years ago, I can imagine the shine of the lights at dusk in the little casements all along the walls of the old camp; and the strange shadowy groups about the camp-fires of the soldiers, and the darker outline of the sentinel, whose golden armor catches a twinkle now and then from the flames below as he walks solemnly to and fro against the black northern sky beyond. It is all so real that I fancy I can almost hear their laughing and shouting and the yapping of the dogs quarreling over fragments of the feast — and then! The sentinel halts suddenly in his pacing!

Little do the revelers know what is coming: but the man on the wall stares hard out into the barbarian forest for a minute or two, and then, snatching down a bugle from where it hangs on its nail by his watch-towers, blows a long wailing blast; and at that sound all the merriment dies suddenly out of the Roman camp till not a chirrup is heard where all was noise before. Again the soldier stares hard into the night to make sure, and then sounds the alarm again with redoubled energy; and as the blast dies away a wild roar of excitement rises from the imperial troopers.

The barbarians are coming!

While two or three horsemen throw themselves upon their ready chargers and go thundering away east and west to warn other garrisons or ask for help, the camp-followers fly to hiding; the fortress gates ring down their stony grooves; doors and windows are hastily barricaded; the centurions swarm out to the walls, buckling swords and armor as they run; and when the cressets flare upon the battlements, a mile up and down each way, they shine on a living line of glittering brass and steel.

Rome is ready!

And none too soon. The Pictish spies have told their countrymen that the strangers feast to-night, and, hoping to catch them unawares, they have come down at dusk,— ten or twelve thousand of them,— and creeping forward in the darkness where a tongue of shadowy forest comes within a quarter of a mile of the wall, were just about to make their rush when the



RUINS OF A ROMAN VILLA AT CILURNUM (NOW CHESTERS), A STATION OF THE OLD ROMAN WALL.



"OVER HILL AND DALE." ANOTHER PART OF THE ROMAN WALL.

sentinel saw them. His warning note started the fierce tribesmen, and here they come across the intervening bog and heather. There is no artillery to check their progress, nothing to do but wait that moment when the short Roman sword can get to work; and it is not long in coming.

The Picts sweep forward like ten thousand wolves; yelling hoarse cries as they run, they swarm up the steep approach, and surge against Hadrian's bulwark as though they would bear it down by their sheer weight. The foremost men carry short lengths of pine-tree, with a foot of each branch still left upon them, and these they slope against the stonework by way of ladders; ten, twenty, thirty are planted, the stormers scrambling up, stabbing and thrusting as they come. Others, with long poles with hooks at the ends, try to crook these over the necks of the Romans and drag them down, and all the while the slings and bowmen pour in a withering storm of missiles on the defenders. Wilder and wilder becomes the uproar — with thousands of men at arm's length fighting for life. The mere rattle of the swords makes a noise like thunder; the cressets flare and splutter; the great black barbarian flood rises and rises, till at last even the gallant defending legion — "the valorous and ever victorious" — cannot stand that enormous pressure, the golden Roman line parts and reels back, and through the gap the barbarians pour over the wall.

But it is a short-lived triumph. As they come shouting, overbearing along with them in the impetus of their rush scores of Romans, whose armor flashes now and then in the confused midstream of bear- and wolf-skins, the reserves that have been mustering in the shadow of the wall swing round and charge,—that straight, deadly charge, a running wall of linked shields, with the lightning of swords playing above, that settled a thousand disputed questions of ancient history. And it settles the Picts. They halt, and hesitate, and fly; they die under the wall like wolves at bay; they scramble back on to the ramparts, where a wild chaos of struggling forms heaves in the uncertain light; they tumble headlong back among their kindred — those of them who ever get so far. The wall is won

again, and as the exulting shout of the Romans echoes into the hills and startles the red deer in far-away glens and the sleepy kites upon the crags, the Northmen slowly fall back, dragging their wounded with them, and disappear into the forest shadows whence they came.

That is the sort of episode which varied the monotonous lives of those old fighters. But the famous landmark they left behind them is quiet enough now as it shines in the pleasant English sun. I stroll over to it, and there in the crevices of the mortar the little Italian flowers, which have outlived a great empire and grow nowhere else in the neighborhood, are making the old masonry pleasant with their buds; the larks are building under the forum steps in the camp, the mountain hares playing about the pretorian's ruined doorway; and as I climb into the very gap that was defended so desperately some two thousand years ago, and sit down to eat a sandwich from my shoulder-bag, it is difficult to imagine a lovelier or more stately peace than hangs over that ruined memorial of a great episode in history.



MOTHER GIRAFFE: "CHILDREN, GO TO BED THIS MINUTE! YOU ARE SO SLEEPY NOW THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HOLD YOUR HEADS UP!"



THE KNITTING LESSON.

GRANDMOTHER knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.
"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and off it goes!"

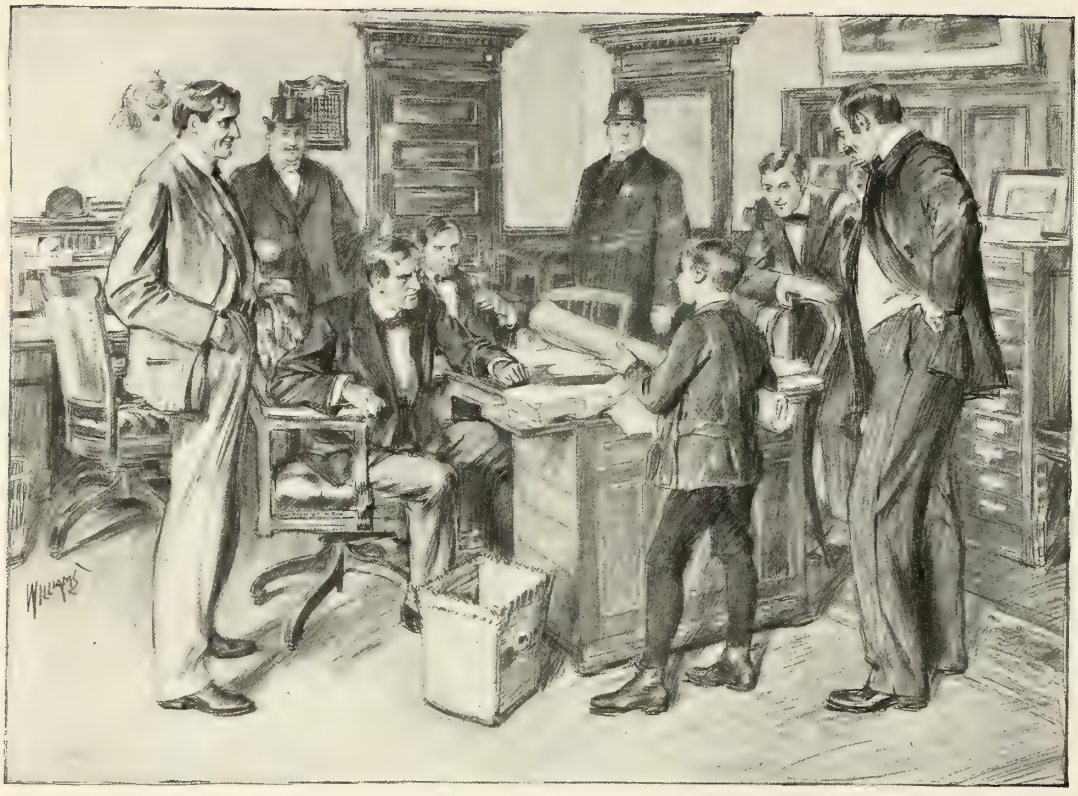
Grandmother's mouth gives a little twitch,
Watching so slyly the eager witch,
Ready to help at the smallest hitch.
"Put in the needle,
Throw over the thread,
Out with the needle, and there 's the stitch!"

Grandmother sees in a misty dream,
Her eyes still fixed on the needles' gleam,
Pastured flocks and a gurgling stream—
"Grandma! oh, we forgot the seam!"
"Bring the thread forward,
The needle *this* side,
Then over—off—and we 've made the seam."

Grandmother knows how a stocking grows,
Ribbing and purling and heels and toes;
Now she is teaching our little Rose.

Mary J. Jacques.





"'I 'VE BROUGHT THE PLANS,' SAID TED." (SEE PAGE 29.)

TED'S CONTRACT.

By Henry Gardner Hunting.

"Ted, would you like to go to Chicago with father?"

Mr. Bronson stood in the dining-room looking at his small son, who was finishing the last vestige of a second piece of strawberry shortcake.

Ted jumped as though a fire-cracker had been let off beside his ear, and looked questioningly at his mother, who had come in and who was smiling at him. Chicago? Would he like to go? With father? Well, most assuredly! "Yes, sir," he said hastily aloud, slipping promptly off his chair, and making a not altogether successful attempt to use and fold his napkin at the same time.

"We have just half an hour to catch the train for Grand Haven, Elinor, and we 'll get the boat there," said Mr. Bronson to his wife. "We 'll be in the city early in the morning. I 'll see Wyatt at once, and close the contract, I hope."

"Oh, John, I hope so."

Mrs. Bronson's eyes were shining with pleasure, and even Ted could see the unusual flush in his father's face, and knew that something of moment had occurred — something which made his parents both happy and anxious.

"You will be father's private secretary, Ted," said his mother, laughing. "You must show what a good business man you are, for this trip means a great deal to us all. If father gets this contract it will mean —"

"Don't anticipate, dear," said Mr. Bronson. "We won't count our chickens yet. We 'll just hope and try hard to win. Ted will help father to get there on time. We must n't miss any trains or boats, or we 'll be too late and spoil it all."

Ted could dress rapidly — on occasion. That morning he had taken half an hour to put on his school clothes, anticipating only an ordinary day. That noon, with a lake trip to Chicago in prospect, it required but ten minutes for him to get into his best little blue serge suit, to have his tie properly bowed, and his hair parted straight. When he waved his hand in farewell to his mother from the seat in the car bound for the station, she laughed aloud at the quick time he had made.

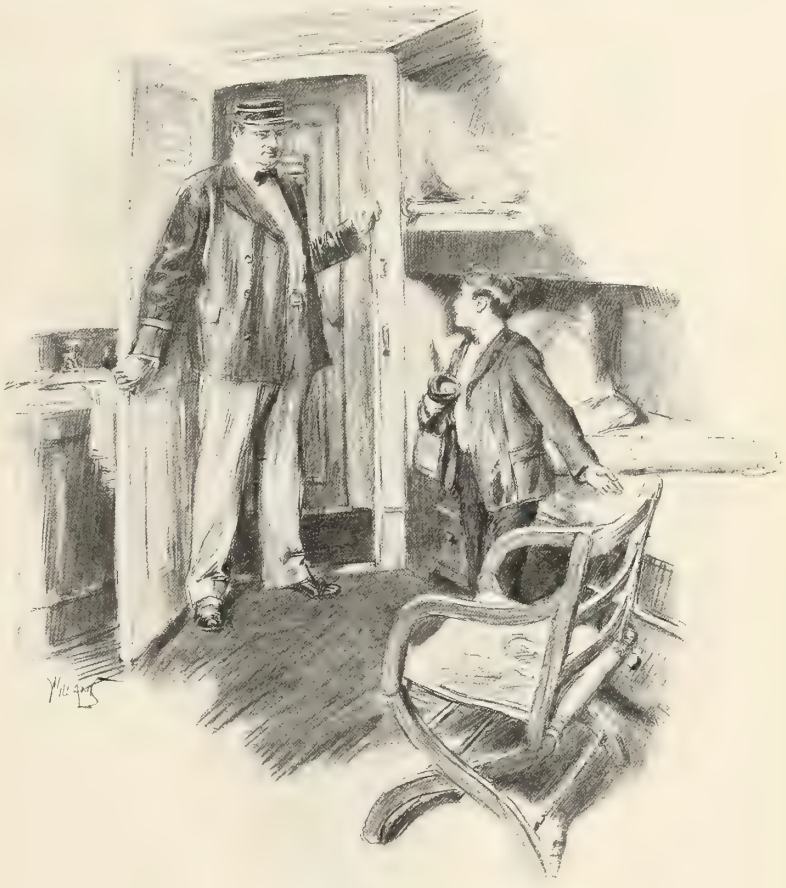
The trip from Grand Rapids to Grand Haven by train was not new to Ted, who had gone so far on little journeys with his father before. But the steamer trip across Lake Michigan to the big city, of which every Western boy thinks with much admiration, curiosity, or wonder, would be a delightful thing. Besides, this hurried important business trip was exciting and interesting, and Mr. Bronson told Ted all about it on the train.

"It 's the plans they want to see," he said, patting a big paper-wrapped roll which lay beside his grip. "They 're for a big building in the city, and I hope to get the contract at the directors' meeting, which is to be held to-morrow in Chicago. Of course there are many other architects after it, and that 's why it is so important that my plans should get there in time."

"Who is Wyatt, father?" asked Ted, who had remembered the odd name.

"Mr. Wyatt? He is a friend of mine who is a director in the company which is to own the building, and he has seen the plans. He favors my cause, you see, and will do everything he can to help me. He has an office in the Masonic Temple."

Ted was no stranger to city life. His own home town was a live and bustling place, where street traffic was heavy, and buildings rose to what seemed to him huge proportions. He was familiar with rushing cars and cabs and the clanging gongs of fire-engines, police patrols, and ambulances. Boy-like, too, he loved it all, the turmoil and the din, and it was anticipation of a greater degree of all this in the great



"'HE DID NOT SLEEP HERE LAST NIGHT,' SAID TED." (SEE PAGE 26.)

metropolis, with many wonders added, which made his heart beat with happy excitement.

The night boats which cross Lake Michigan from Grand Haven to Chicago start from Muskegon, farther up the Michigan shore, and on this particular night the boat Mr. Bronson had expected to take was delayed at the former place. Further cause for delay arose in connection with freight-loading after Ted and his father went on board, and as the hour grew late, Ted, in preparation for the morrow, climbed into his berth and went to sleep while the steamer was still at the wharf in Grand Haven. The last thing he heard before he entered the land of dreams was the closing of the state-room door by his father, who again went out on deck.

It was daylight when Ted awoke, a foggy gray daylight indeed, but unmistakably day. The first thing he noted when he opened his eyes was the dim glimmer at his port-hole, which made him wonder where his big home bedroom window was. Then he felt the pounding throb of the steamer's engines, and heard the rattle of some loose bit of metal somewhere in the state-room.

His eyes brightened and widened as he turned over on his side, looking curiously about and listening eagerly. It was very still all about, except for the engine's pounding and a delicious hiss and splash of water outside, which instantly brought to his mind a vivid picture of the racing waves and the plowing steamer. He could feel the rise and fall and roll of the vessel, and a sudden exultant pleasure in it all made him sit up and laugh aloud.

The sound of his own laugh seemed very noisy to Ted. He dropped down upon the pillow again, wondering if he had disturbed any other sleepers. He listened to note whether he could hear his father's breathing in the lower berth, and then he crept to the edge of his bunk and peered over and down into the bed below.

It was empty! The covers were smoothly laid. It had not been slept in!

Ted's eyes opened wide in wonder. What was this? Where was his father? Had he slept alone in the state-room all night? If so, what did that mean? Surely his father would not sit out on deck all night. He clambered over the edge of his berth and dropped to the floor. The rough rug felt strange to his bare feet, and seemed to add to a sudden growing feeling of loneliness which was coming over him. He reached for his clothes and began hustling into them at his fastest pace. When he was dressed, he opened the state-room door timidly and peered out.

A very big man in a blue uniform, with gold bands on cap and sleeves, was just passing. "Hello there, early bird!" he said to Ted, with a jovial wink which suited his round, red, jolly sort of face.

"Do you know where my father is?" asked Ted, promptly taking courage.

"Your father, youngster?" asked the purser, stopping. "I don't. Maybe I have n't the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"He did n't sleep here last night," said Ted, backing into his room and pointing to the berth.

The purser glanced inside, and then he looked at the boy questioningly. "What does your father look like, son?" he asked gently.

"He 's big, with a brown beard," replied Ted, watching the officer's face anxiously.

The purser extended his hand to the boy. "Come on," he said. "We 'll look for him."

They did look. First the purser sent Ted running to various likely places; then the officer himself took up the search. After that, as the quest had been fruitless, the steward was called in, and cabin-boys and waiters were summoned, questioned, and then they joined the hunt. Of course it did not take long to search the steamer thoroughly. But no one found Mr. Bronson.

The purser told Ted in as cheery a manner as he could, explaining that the father must have gone ashore and been left behind, and he treated the matter as a joke for Ted to laugh at. But Ted's heart, which had been steadily sinking, seemed to go into the very soles of his shoes. Though he could see the reasonableness of the purser's theory, he could not quiet his own fright and anxiety, and certainly he could not laugh. When the search was over, he went back to his state-room, and sat down on the edge of the lower berth in misery greater than he had ever known before, despite the purser's promise to take care of him. He was too thoroughly alarmed to cry, even if he would have allowed himself that indulgence at all. What should he do? What had happened to his

father? Where should he go in the city till his father could come for him? How was he to get anything to eat?

The questions raced through his brain in helter-skelter fashion, and received no reasonable reply. Then suddenly one question rose in his mind which shut out all the rest so quickly that he forgot them instantly.

What about the plans?

Those precious plans! There they were at the foot of the berth, just where his father had put them. They were to have gone this morning to the man with the queer name in the Masonic Temple who was to get the contract for father.

Ted's heart almost stood still. He remembered his mother's shining eyes, his father's flushed face, when they had spoken of the hope for this contract. He remembered what his father had said about the importance of being on time for the directors' meeting.

He sat up very straight on the edge of the berth, and stared at the roll of plans, while he thought intently. Then he suddenly slid off the bed and went on deck.

It was a strange sight that met his eyes. There lay the great city directly before them, only a little distance away. It was very, very big. It stretched far, far away in each direction. But oh, how different from what Ted had expected! How dark it was! Fog and smoke and steam everywhere hung in great masses above it. Tall buildings stretched themselves up into the mist till their tops were lost in it. The lake shore to the north and south faded away under its shadow, and the streets were only dimly discernible through the murk.

As they drew nearer, the cloud seemed to settle down more and more closely. When they entered the mouth of the river, it was as though the whole morning sky had been shut out and the air was hot and sultry and stifling.

Ted's anxiety deepened despite the new strange scenes and atmosphere, perhaps because of them. Almost a hundred miles of water lay behind him — between him and his father, his mother. Here he was alone, friendless, unknown and unknowing, without money, without a place to go, entering a big, strange city, where he must —

A roaring whistle which deafened him and seemed almost to lift him from his feet with its tremendous vibrations burst out upon the air behind him. The buildings on either side sent back bellowing echoes, till he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the painful blows the sound-waves seemed to strike. They were in the river now. Other whistles were blowing, bridges were swinging, tugs were scudding about, rooting up the dirty, greasy surface of the stream with their black noses like so many little pigs in a mud-puddle. The big steamer swung up to her dock amid a babel of shouts and the noise of hawsers sliding over decks; there was a rattle of chains, and the hollow bump of the gang-plank; and Ted brought up his grip and the roll of plans, and went to the purser.

A tall policeman was the first person to cross the plank when it was run out, and he crossed from shore to steamer. In his hand he held a yellow sheet, and the moment he saw Ted with the purser he came directly up to them.

"You 've a runaway kid here, purser," he said, looking hard at Ted and handing the telegram to the boat officer.

Ted stared. The purser took the telegram and read it aloud:

"CHIEF OF POLICE, CHICAGO: Find boy on steamer "Queen," of line from Grand Haven, arriving Chicago 9 A.M. Has small grip and papers. Hold boy at headquarters till I arrive by day-boat.

"JOHN BRONSON."

"That puts a different light on it," said the purser, looking sharply at Ted. "What did you run away for, son?"

"I did n't run away," said Ted. Surprise, then indignation, rose within him. The hot tears started to his eyes. How could they so interpret the message? It did not say he had run away. He started to protest, but the policeman reached down and took the grip which Ted was holding, and then took his hand firmly.

Ted's whole soul rose in resentment. He had not run away. He had done nothing in any way reprehensible. He would not be taken in hand thus as a truant. His father had certainly not intended it.

But the policeman's grip was strong, and to attempt escape was as useless as though his big

hand were a steel trap. Ted waited, thinking rapidly.

One consideration was more important than all others. If the delivery of the plans to Mr. Wyatt were so important as to cause his father to plan this sudden rush to Chicago, and to justify the look of hope and anxiety which his mother's face had shown, Ted was certain that those plans ought to be delivered. He suddenly remembered his mother's little joke about his being father's private secretary. Here he was in Chicago,— alone, to be sure, but not entirely helpless,— and here were the plans. *He would deliver them.*

The consciousness of new responsibility assumed caused him to straighten his shoulders as he walked up from the wharf beside the officer. Presently he stopped and tugged at the policeman's hand. "I must go an errand for my father," he said.

"Is that so?" said the officer, turning and grinning down at him. "I s'pose ye come across the lake fer that, did ye?"

"I did," asserted Ted. "Father started with me, but got left by the boat."

"Humph!" The policeman laughed. "You 're goin' to headquarters," he replied.

"I won't!" cried Ted. He made a sudden wrench to free himself; but the officer's giant hand closed upon his fingers with such a crushing force that he cried aloud with pain.

"Now be good, will ye?" said the officer. "I did n't mean to hurt ye, but you 're goin' with me."

Ted quieted down. He had plenty of good sense, and, though he was rebellious enough, he knew that he must change his tactics.

They passed up through a street that was full of heavy traffic — big three-horse teams laboriously pulling wide trucks loaded with immense burdens of barrels and boxes. The wheels made unceasing clatter over the paving-stones. A block ahead Ted could see the huge iron trestle of an elevated road, and trains were driving in both directions around the curve which led from a cross-street, the straining wheels pulling a ringing note from the rails, like the prolonged tone of a brazen bell. The roar of the streets began to awe him. It was different from what he had expected. The noise was ceaseless; the stream of people and of vehicles was continuous. Pushing, bustling, driving — all that he had looked for; but there was a sudden sense of loneliness upon him, a feeling that he had no friend in all the great throng, which was quite new to him. The policeman he considered only an enemy. At the corners the truck-drivers seemed to be trying to ride him down. People brushed against him, and passed on without looking. The motormen of the cable cars jangled their harsh, dull-sounding gongs, and drove their three-car trains around the curves with what appeared reckless disregard of the people, who seemed barely to escape each time.

Ted's heart sank lower. Everything about him was utterly strange — so different from his home in the Michigan city; and everything was wholly against him. How was he to accomplish his object, to find Mr. Wyatt, to deliver the plans on time?

He bit his lip to keep down the tears. He must. He alone could help his father now. He would — he would! Nothing should stop him. He would deliver the plans to Mr. Wyatt, and do all he could to forward his father's interests in this crisis. He would not be a baby or a coward. He would fight it out, and no one should prevent him. He set his teeth again to crush out the desperate sense of failure and to hold his oozing courage. His head ached, and he was sick with excitement and anxiety, and hungry now, for he had had no breakfast. He looked about him with a last unhappy effort.

"Where is the Masonic Temple?" he asked abruptly of the officer.

The policeman grinned, turned, and pointed across the street, where Ted saw a big brown building, in and out of the doors of which the people were swarming like bees at a hive.

"Take me over there," said the boy, with quick pleading. "It 's only a step. Take me there, and you 'll find a man who will know I 'm telling you the truth. I did n't run away; but I must take these plans to Mr. Wyatt this morning, or it will be too late. Oh, I must! I must! Don't refuse me, please — please! I 'll do anything — go to jail — anything afterward. Take me over there."

Ted's voice was very earnest, and his eyes

shone with a light which affected the big officer more than his words.

"Sure, you 're a little duffer to run away," he muttered half above his breath. "Plans, is it? Who? Wyatt? Well, it 's just across there. Well, well, don't cry, you know."

He looked across at the Temple building and considered. "Who is your pa, young un?" he asked, after a moment.

"He 's Mr. John Bronson, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. He 's an architect; he makes plans for buildings."



"'YOU 'VE A RUNAWAY KID HERE, PURSER,' SAID THE POLICEMAN." (SEE PAGE 27.)

"Oh!" said the officer. "Well, it can't harm ye to go there, I s'pose." He was looking down at the boy with quizzical amusement in his eyes, but with a certain approval of the little fellow's persistence, too, and — was it sympathy?

A moment later they had threaded their way across the roaring street and entered the great corridor. An inquiry from the elevator-starter, and a moment later the boy was rushing up in one of the semicircle of cars toward an upper floor, scarcely able to realize the sudden change in his fortunes.

The room was full of men when Ted opened the door to which he had been directed, and he was very much embarrassed when they all stopped talking and looked at him. The big officer filled the doorway behind him and cut off his retreat, if he had thought of retreat; but he did n't, even in the face of wondering, curious looks.

"Mr. Wyatt?" he asked, flushing painfully, but holding his head up bravely.

A little man with very bright brown eyes turned from a chair by a desk. "Right here," he said, smiling.

"I 've brought the plans which the new building is going to be built from," said Ted, his heart beating till it hurt him.

Mr. Wyatt looked at him in surprise. Then suddenly one of the other gentlemen laughed, and a moment later all the rest joined in heartily. Even Ted's policeman grinned.

"You 've got ahead of *us*, son," said one very fat gentleman in a high silk hat. "We were still dissatisfied with all the plans we have so far. But what is your name, and where do you come from with such news?"

The other men laughed again, but Ted told them his name and his story straight out. They laughed again, more than once; but when Mr. Wyatt had told them who Ted's father's was, the fat man, who was called Captain Clarke, and who seemed to be a very important per-

sonage, suddenly slapped his knee and said good-humoredly: "Maybe he 's right. Maybe he 's right. Perhaps these *are* the plans we 'll build from. Let 's have 'em, son. You 're just in time; and if these plans are as good as Wyatt says, we 'll give your father the contract; and he deserves it, if we may judge from his boy."

A great deal that Ted did n't understand followed — an argument of several minutes, through which he sat by a window, watching the street below, and wondering if he would get anything to eat that day.

Then at last Mr. Wyatt came to him, and taking him by the hand, asked him if he was hungry; and then, after having the officer telephone to headquarters for permission to leave the boy with Mr. Wyatt, with the understanding that that gentleman would be responsible to the police department, and produce him if necessary, he took the boy to a little delicious early luncheon at a big restaurant, where Ted lost his headache and became happier. And then he went back to Mr. Wyatt's office, where he stretched out on a big leather couch in an inner room and slept the long afternoon through.

Mr. Wyatt took him to the docks that night to meet the boat and his father; and when the big steamer made her landing, Mr. Bronson clasped a very happy though tearful little son in his arms, while he himself was so glad to find the boy safe that he forgot all about the plans and the failure, to which he had been trying to reconcile himself, while he told Ted with much self-blame how he had been left by the steamer through having gone ashore on an errand and having mistaken the time for returning.

And then Mr. Bronson turned, supposing a police officer had brought Ted to the dock; but, instead, he found Mr. Wyatt, who put out his hand and said quickly: "Congratulations, Bronson! The boy has won the day for you. Your plans were approved and accepted."

"How — what?" exclaimed Mr. Bronson.

And then Mr. Wyatt told the whole tale. "Of course we liked the plans, you know," he said at the end, "but the boy cinched the decision; for Captain Clarke took an immense fancy to his having come away over here alone, and having the nerve to deliver the plans even in spite of the officer — in spite of his fright and going all morning without any breakfast. He really likes the plans; but he likes the boy, too, and he says it 's the boy's contract."

"Well, I guess it is, Wyatt," said Mr. Bronson, holding his little son's hand tightly. "I guess it 's Ted's contract, for I would have missed it, sure."

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OBSERVATION.

(*A Nonsense Rhyme from the French.*)

By Henry Johnstone.

When three hens go a-walking, they
Observe this order and array:
The first hen walks in front, and then
Behind her walks the second hen,
While, move they slow or move they fast,
You find the third hen walking last.



THE CUNNING MOUSE.

By Hector Rosenfeld.

A tiny mouse on pleasure bent,
Of human wiles all innocent,
Away from home exploring went.

Allured by Biddy's tempting bait,
Designed its greed to stimulate,
It started to investigate.

"What 's this I see?" Miss Mousey cried,
As soon as she the trap espied.
"A cunning house with cheese inside!

"I think I 'll take a little bite;
But wait!" she said, with sudden fright;
"I 'm not quite sure that it 's all right.

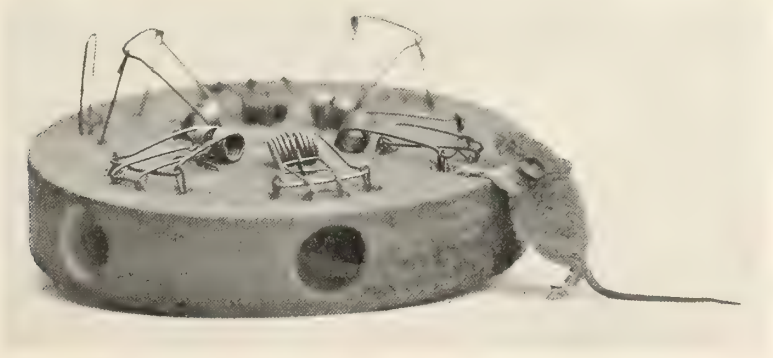
"It may be like those horrid traps
That mother warned me of, perhaps,
And when you nibble, it quickly snaps.

"So first of all, I 'll climb on top
And pull the catch to make it drop,
And when that 's safe then down I 'll hop."

And this was how the little bandit
Secured her prize, contrived to land it —
And Biddy could n't understand it.

Moral.

In courting danger it were fit
That we employ both care and wit,
Lest we should prove the biter bit.





"AS THE DAINTY ONE PASSED, SHE GAVE MILLIE A GENTLE, THOUGHTFUL GLANCE." (See page 35.)

TWO LITTLE NEW YORK MAIDS.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

"You 'll have to bring my dinner two blocks farther to-day, Millie."

"Have they moved you, daddy?"

"Yes; to the Thirtieth Street crossing. And you 'd better start a bit earlier, Millie, so as to be in time. Our noons seem short enough, and the foreman's watch won't wait."

The little girl hesitated in her dish-washing.

"Daddy," she began. But just then the baby commenced to whimper and wriggle in his rickety high chair, and she turned to soothe him. Her father waited a little restlessly.

"What is it, Millie? I must be going, you know. Don't forget that foreman's watch."

The baby was comforted with his string of spools. Millie looked up anxiously.

"Daddy, can't I hurry instead of starting earlier? I mean, if I get there in time?"

"But how can you hurry with a baby and a dinner-pail? It 's too bad a little girl like you has to carry that big child so far. Why don't you let me take my dinner, Millie? At least, until mama gets well enough to care for baby."

"Oh, but I want you to have it hot, daddy. And I like to take baby along. Baby likes it, too, and always laughs when *she* goes by. And we won't meet her if we go any sooner."

John Fredlin's face had a puzzled look on it.

"Who, Millie? Who is it you won't meet? But never mind, now, honey. You can tell me when you come. Hurry, if you want to, only be careful of baby, and don't be late."

The big man stooped to kiss the little girl of eleven, so faithful in her care of his poor household. She flung her arms about his neck.

"We won't be late, daddy. We won't be late —will we, baby?" And turning, she hugged the fat little bunch of health, who hammered his string of spools on the table in front of him, and jumped and crowed in her arms.

John Fredlin stepped to the door of their other small, dim room, and softly tiptoed across to the bed in the farther corner.

"I 'm going now, Carrie," he said. "Is there anything I can bring when I come?"

"No, John, nothing; unless you can bring me fresh air and sunshine and green grass."

The woman's voice was feeble and perhaps a little fretful from long illness. The man touched his lips to her forehead.

"I can't bring those," he said, "but I will take you to them, I hope, soon. It 's getting spring. I saw trees with green buds on them as I passed the park yesterday. I think I can surely find a place in the country now."

He pressed the thin hand that lay in his, and hurried away, down four long, dark flights of littered stairs to the noisy, crowded, ill-smelling avenue of New York City's East Side.

John Fredlin's heart grew heavier as he pushed his way along and remembered his little family. Less than a year before he had been a gardener on a pretty farm just beyond the suburbs, with a cottage all to himself, a wife well and happy, broad fields where their little girl could play, and a pretty brick school-house where she was always first in her classes.

Then, one day, the owner of the place decided to raise flowers for market, with a little shop in the city. The keeping of this shop he offered to John Fredlin, who believed it to be his chance in life. But, alas! we cannot know how things may turn. The shop did not pay at first, and just when it was beginning to do better, the owner of the little farm died, and it passed into other hands. The shop was closed, winter was near, and John Fredlin was without work. Nobody wanted a gardener or farm help of any kind at that season. Nobody seemed to want help of any sort. Week after week went by, and money ran very low. The Fredlins moved twice, each time to a cheaper place. Then baby came, Mrs. Fredlin grew ill, and the doctors and medicine took what little money remained. But the sick woman needed the things that are given free,— when you can live where they are to be found,— sunlight and

fresh air. John Fredlin had obtained employment, at last, as a laborer on a great piece of public work, and Millie, who became his brave housekeeper, cook, and nurse all in one, had brought him his noon meal, with news of the sick woman at home. Now winter was over. As he passed Gramercy Park, that place of spacious and quiet homes so short a distance from his own squalid street, he saw that the buds were larger and greener than yesterday. He must advertise at once for a place in the country. He wondered how he would spare the money. They would do without something else. The place they must have. That was the thing most needed now.

Millie, left behind, finished her morning duties, and put on to cook the simple things that were for her father's dinner. Now and then she would slip in to see if her mother were asleep, or to show her the baby and exchange a word of comfort. There was something, oh, a great deal, that she would have liked to tell her mother, for they had been always such sweet companions; but the doctor had said that her mother must have quiet, so Millie did not say many words to her, nor go in often. Most of the time — for the baby was likely to be noisy — she kept the door closed between.

The thing she was eager to tell her mother had been in her heart several days. It was one of the things that come into our lives all at once, and seem nothing at all, at first, until somehow or other we suddenly find we cannot get along well without them. It was this that had made her wish to start at the usual time, even if she had to hurry very fast afterward to avoid being late with her father's dinner. She would tell him all about it while he rested and ate. Millie drifted into a sweet day-dream which came often to her now, a dream in which she and that other one were somewhere together in green fields, with mama and daddy and the baby, and all through some brave deed that she, Millie, had done — some quick courageous act such as she had read of poor children doing for rich ones, thus earning happiness for all. Oh, if she might only do a thing like that! How willingly she would rush into fire, or fling herself at the bridles of a runaway team! She imagined herself doing these things, and pictured it all so vividly that her hands moved faster and her cheeks burned with the excitement of it all. By and by she realized that time was passing, and that she must go with her father's dinner. Presently she had packed a tin pail with the hot, smoking food and was ready. Then she tied on baby's little cap, which she kept fresh and clean, and taking him on her arm, with the pail in her other hand, she stepped softly into her mother's room.

The sick woman was awake, and laid her thin hand on Millie's sturdy brown arm.

"My brave little girl," she said — "my dear, brave girl! What would we do without you?"

Millie kissed the white hand, and bent over so that it could touch the baby's cheek. Oh, she was glad to be called brave! Her mother could not have given her greater reward. If only she might have a chance to show them how brave she could be! It seemed nothing to her to cook and to tend the little rooms and care for baby. She was willing to do so much more — to dare the flames or wild horses for the sake of that other one who would make them all happy as a reward. But all the way down the wretched stairs and along the loud, jostling streets she remembered how sweet her mother's words had sounded.

It was not far to Gramercy Park. Millie had noted the time as she came away, and knew that she need not hurry — not yet. After she had passed the park, then she would fairly fly. She was strong, and her bare feet were so light. Perhaps that other one had never known what it was to step without shoes on the cool, smooth pavement or the soft, yielding grass that Millie had loved so well. Millie wished that together they might skip with bare feet across the fresh green meadows. Perhaps that other one would not be allowed to do it. She was so dainty and fine, and the old grim one with her so severe. Remembering the fine daintiness of that other, Millie looked down on her own slender feet and wished they were covered. She had hardly thought of that at first. But then, she had thought so much since that first day less than a week ago! The dainty one had become a part of her life since then.

She was entering Gramercy Park now at

Twentieth Street, and her eyes eagerly looked through and beyond the iron railing. Once she had met them coming out of the park; other times they had been walking on the pavement just outside. Millie thought they came here for a morning airing. As she neared Twenty-first Street the little girl's face became anxious. What if her clock had been wrong and she was too soon or too late? Then all at once, far to the other end, there was a gleam of white. An instant later Millie was at the corner. Oh, then her heart beat very fast; for there, under the trees, just turning the further corner, was that other little girl, with the grim one, the nurse, who was always at her side. Dainty and fine? Yes, indeed, she was all that. From the bewitching hat of chiffon and ribbons to the speckless white dress, gay parasol, and trim stockings and ties, she was so perfect and wonderful that Millie, watching her as she drew near, could hardly breathe with the marvel of it all. And then her face, with those long curls of gold about it—it seemed to Millie the face of an angel. Millie did not realize that her own sweet oval features, with her darker hair gathered in a knot at the back, might be beautiful, too. She forgot herself entirely. She forgot the black-gowned grim one who walked so stiffly and sternly beside her vision. She forgot even the baby until they were almost near enough to pass, and then she saw that, as usual, it was at the baby more than at her that the other was looking, and she felt the baby suddenly turn and cuddle to her shoulder for safety. Then the dainty one had passed, but as she did so she gave Millie a gentle, thoughtful glance that made her heart grow warm. Perhaps if it had not been for the grim one that rare creature with the angel face might have given her a word. Millie thought she would do anything for a single word from that vision of loveliness. But now she must hurry. She arrived just as the clocks were striking and her father was laying down his shovel.

"Why, Millie, child, you 're all out of breath," he said. "You ought not to run like that. It is n't good for you, with such a load, and it is n't safe. Now tell me why you did n't want to start so you could have taken your time."

So, sitting by her father on a little pile of bricks, Millie told him of her first meeting with the beautiful dainty child and her grim nurse nearly a week before. Also, how she had met them every day since, and how the dainty one had always turned to look at baby. But she did not tell him of the fire and wild horses of her day-dreams. She was afraid he would not believe in them. Besides, she wanted all that to be a surprise when it came. As for John Fredlin, he listened rather sadly, saying little. He knew that such people as the dainty one were far from their lives. Soon she would be going to the country — to some great place where there were hills and meadows and bright water. She would never know what it was to be shut up in two poor rooms and toil as Millie toiled, with a sick mother and a baby to care for. If she had looked at them it had been only out of pity; but if she did not see them to-morrow it would make no difference, while to Millie it had already become so much that she had run until she was ready to drop for the sake of that single passing glance. John Fredlin was not envious or bitter, but, looking at the sweet, faithful little girl beside him, he yearned to be able to buy her pretty clothes and to give her a childhood among happy things.

"Millie," he said presently, "I would n't run to-morrow. I 'd start earlier."

"But I won't see her, daddy, if I do that. She 's always by the park just before twelve."

"I know, honey. But it don't do any good to see her. I mean she don't care for us, and it 's not a good thing for you to care, either. Forget all about her, honey."

It was hard for John Fredlin to say this, but he believed it best for Millie. He knew her quick little mind and her hungry little heart.

"You 'll start earlier to-morrow, won't you. Millie?"

"Yes, daddy."

"That 's my girl. Run home, now — walk, I mean. Don't run any more with baby."

"Yes, daddy."

The little girl could not say any more. She would begin crying if she did.

Faithful to her word, Millie next day left the house earlier. As she passed along the park, her eyes wandered hungrily to the inclosure. When the park was behind her and she had turned

into the avenue beyond, her eyes were blurred so that she could hardly have seen her, had they met face to face. Her poor little dreams were all broken now; she could never brave the fire or the wild horses, and they would never skip together across the sweet meadows of summer-time. The tears came faster and faster until they were streaming down her cheeks, and she would have cried aloud had there been nobody to see her. Perhaps because of her sorrow, she did not realize or see that she was at the Twenty-third Street crossing — that terrible crossing where trolley-cars and carriages and heavy teams are mingling and crowding all day long. Millie does not remember now. She only remembers that suddenly she heard a piercing scream, and then felt a hand — not a big, heavy hand, but a hand small and light — seize her arm and pull her aside and back to the pavement, while she clutched the baby and the dinner-pail, and saw, through her tears, a crowded, clanging car sweep by, the motorman wildly twisting at the brake, the passengers straining to see. The light hand still clutched her arm, and, faint and trembling, Millie turned to thank the one who had saved her life and baby's. Then she gave a little heart-cry.

"Oh, it was you! It was *you* who did it! Oh, I did so want it to be *me!*"

From the excitement and shock of it all, she felt weak and began to totter. Perhaps she would have fallen, but the grim one who stood on the pavement just behind took the baby, who did not seem to know that anything was wrong, and laid her other hand on Millie's shoulder, while the dainty one took the pail and still held fast to Millie's arm.

"We will take you home," she said. "You must tell us where you live."

"But I cannot — I cannot go home until I have taken my father his dinner. I can go now all right. I thank you — yes, of course I thank you. But oh, I wanted it to be the other way!" And Millie's eyes were streaming again.

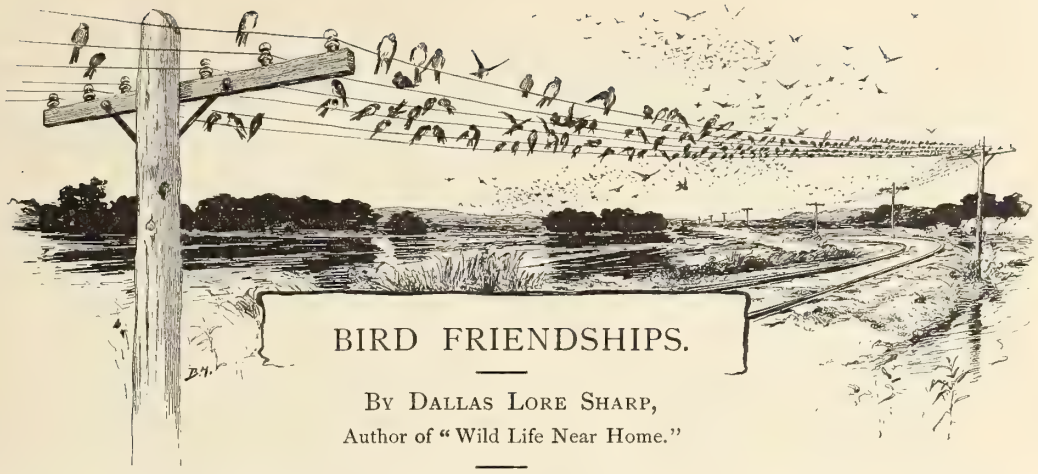
They did not understand. The grim one said: "We will go with you to where your father works. I suppose it is not very far away."

It was no use to protest. The grim one was quite stern, and even the dainty one was firm. And the grim one carried baby on one side, and the dainty one swung the pail on the other, while Millie walked between. It was seven blocks, and the two questioned her, as they walked, about her home, and her mother, and all. And they were so friendly, even the grim one, that Millie told them everything. And then the dainty one, who said her name was Ellen, told her how, a year before, she had lost a little baby brother, who had loved to cuddle down to her shoulder just as baby always did on Millie's; and how she had loved to meet them because of that. Then, being near to where her father was waiting, they gave her the baby and the pail and said good-by.

But that evening a carriage came into the crowded East Side street, and a fine gentleman climbed the narrow dark stairs that led to John Fredlin's two poor but neat rooms. He was Ellen's father, he said, and when John Fredlin tried to thank him for the bravery of his little daughter in saving two dear lives, he only laughed and said that Ellen was always doing things for people, and told how they had to send the grim one with her to keep her from bringing home every baby she saw. And then he said that he had a home in the country where Ellen was going for the summer. Then he added that a gardener was needed out there, and he wondered if John Fredlin would take the place. His country home was on Long Island Sound, he said, with big green fields and woods, and the boats always sailing by. And he said that Ellen, being the only child, sometimes found it rather lonely out there, and would be glad to have Millie and baby for company. Would they go?

And Millie, who sat near, thought this must be really a dream. Why, it was as if she and not the dainty one had been the hero. It was always the other way in the stories.

Dear Millie, it is like a dream indeed — a pretty, sunny cottage above the water, your mother well and singing at her work, and baby tumbling in the grass. And here is Ellen at the gate, bringing a new toy to baby, and ready for a romp across the green meadows. Yes, it is like a dream, a sweet dream come true.



BIRD FRIENDSHIPS.

By Dallas Lore Sharp,
Author of "Wild Life Near Home."

It is not the sight of mere numbers that interests us as the "gathering swallows twitter in the skies," but rather the gathering itself, and the twittering — the feeling of kinship and common interest which we see in their flocking. They are apparently social creatures; and social feelings are human. By so much are we and the swallows one.

It is a very pleasing quality in bird nature, this friendliness which leads them to flock; and it seems sometimes to be a deeper, more human feeling than mere bird-of-a-feather interest — something close akin to friendship.

The autumn flocking of the swallows and the blackbirds, while far from meaning friendship, means a great deal more indeed than polite sociability, a drawing-room gathering.

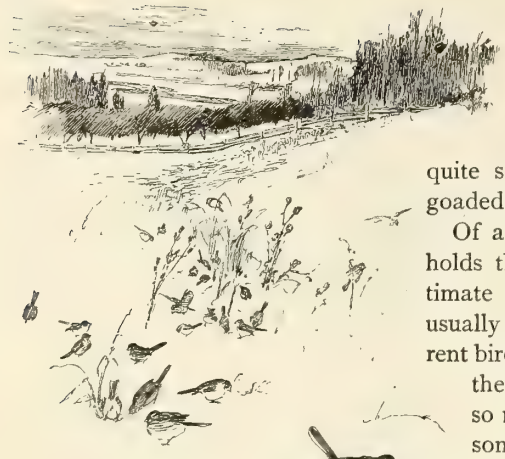
There seem to be such functions in birddom. A very select and unspotted company of crows in my neighborhood meet frequently throughout late summer and in the autumn, for no other reason, apparently, than the pleasure of one another's society. They are as decorous as they are select, usually, though not always.

One day I will see them sitting about in the top of a great solitary white oak beyond the meadow and talking quietly. Gossip running short, they adjourn to the meadow below for an equally quiet feed along the little river. Another day I will hear them boisterously caw-cawing in a very gale of good time. There is fun a-wing. Somebody is "it." Suddenly into the air they scatter, and up, in the tumbling, whirling confusion of some game, all cawing at the top of their lungs. I am not versed in crow sports, but this looks and sounds very much like the joyous pandemonium of a college football contest. On yet another day the loud cawing will be furious and angry. Anybody can tell when a crow is angry. If I wait, now, I am pretty certain to see the whole elect company drumming a red-tailed hawk or a blundering barred owl out of the neighborhood.

They are an exclusive lot, these corbies, and highly sociable. As far as I can make out, however, they flock for the mere pleasure of it. They are friendly, but hardly show real friendship.

It is somewhat different with the swallows and many of the migrants. The same friendly class feelings draw the swallows together as draw the crows. A swallow is a swallow. But migrating swallows are often not all of one feather. I have frequently seen barn, bank, and tree swallows together, and with them, in one moving flock, king-birds, martins, swifts, and chippies. All of these, in a general way, were of the same mind, liking and disliking the same things. But, what was far more, at these migration-times they were all of the same purpose: all going a journey, a journey full of hardships and pleasures, common alike to every one upon the road.

In traveling this long unguarded highway mere feather distinctions are likely to disappear. Mutual need and good-fellowship prevail. It is enough to be a bird, any kind of a well-disposed bird, going this southern journey. For how does one migrating bird differ from another? He does not sing now, nor wear his



fine feathers, nor do a hundred things that in the summer made him sufficient unto himself. He just travels, and takes what comes, and the more to share it all, the merrier. A common interest draws them together. They are not a flock, but a company; not swallows and swifts merely: they are bird pilgrims, of many feathers.

Perhaps this camaraderie of the pilgrimage never reaches down to real friendship. But what about that fellow-feeling which is brought out by the stress of winter? This must come very near to friendship. A lean, hungry winter makes close comrades among the birds. They will all flock then. The only solitary, defiant bird I meet in the winter is the great northern shrike. What a froward, stiff-necked sinner he is! But how superb! No cheeping, no cowering, no huddling together for him. How I hate and admire him!

But birds that have hearts in their breasts, though they were as foreigners to one another in the summer, nesting in regions far apart, will flock during the long deep snows and hard weather. Every winter I see mixed bands of goldfinches, juncos, and tree-sparrows whirling over the snow, the goldfinches leading — all of them in search of grass and seedy weed-heads. Chickadees, kinglets, and nuthatches will *yank-yank*, *tee-tee*, and *phee-he-be* by the hour together, apparently to their great consolation and mutual support.

This misery-made companionship, though real and helpful at the time, is doubtless not quite self-forgetful enough to be called friendship. A goaded friendship must lack much of friendship's virtue.

Of a different quality entirely seems the feeling that holds the broods of certain birds together in a real, intimate family life. Family life among the birds? We usually think of the nestlings as being led out by the parent birds and fed until they learn to forage for themselves, then scattering, each going its separate way. And so most nestlings do. But there are exceptions. In some bird families the young grow up together, leaving neither parents nor home neighborhood until they mate and build homes of their own. Every covey of quail is such a family; so, too, I think, is every flock of chickadees. Every wedge of wild geese is a small neighborhood of such families.

One dare not let his fancy free with the thought of such a life. It is too dangerously beautiful. What intimacies, what brother-love and mother-love, what human home scenes, could one not imagine? Not wholly imagine, either. More than one tender passage I have actually seen and heard.

And so have hundreds of observers, doubtless. For who has not listened to a mother quail calling her hunted family together when the snow and the night were falling? It is most sweetly, tenderly human — the little mother, standing upon the fence or in the snow of the silent fields, calling softly through the storm until the young ones answer and, one by one, come hurrying to her out of the dusk, and murmuring. Some of them do not hear. They have been frightened far away. Louder now she whistles: *whir-rl-le*, *whir-r-rle-le*, *whir-r-r-rl-le*. But there is only the faint purr of the falling snow, only darkness and the silent ghostly fields.



Like little children the covey will sometimes dream or be disturbed by some sound half heard in their sleep. I have been near when the mother soothed them. A covey lives down the bushy hillside, just beneath the house. Coming up from the meadow one September night, I passed close to their roost, and stopped in the moonlight just beyond. Off across the meadow the hounds were baying on the trail of a fox. They were coming fast toward me. As they broke into the open on the hills beyond the meadow, I heard a movement among the quails, then a low murmuring. The cry of the hounds was disturbing the brood; they were uneasy and restless: and the mother was stilling their fears, murmuring something low and soft to reassure them.

They quieted at once; and it was well. A moment later, up the narrow path by the side of which they were sleeping trotted the fox. Upon seeing me he paused, and so close to them that their slightest stir would have been caught by his keen, quick ears.

So throughout the winter and far into the spring they live together, an intimate, happy family — more intimate and happier, perhaps, than many human families. For see what a number of children there are! It is significant, is it not, that only large bird families apparently know the joy of family life?

Even here among the quail there may be no real love and friendship, no affection, no sharing among the children. But there must be true mother-love in the breast of such a mother bird as this. Then why not in the children?

Interpret it as we please, with or without sentiment, we cannot deny the existence of this family life among the birds.

The need of guidance, of food and protection, may explain it in the case of the migrating geese; but this is not enough for the quail and chickadee families.

THE BIRDS' CONCERT.

By W. C. M'Clelland.

The crow made the announcement,
And the owl with his "tu-whoo,"
That the birds should come
At the pheasant's drum,
And the woodpecker's "tat-tattoo,"
His echoing, loud tattoo.

From the four winds of heaven,
As the summoning notes rang clear,
They flew to a wood
Where a great oak stood,
And a titmouse whistled, "Here, here!"
Whistled and shouted, "Here!"

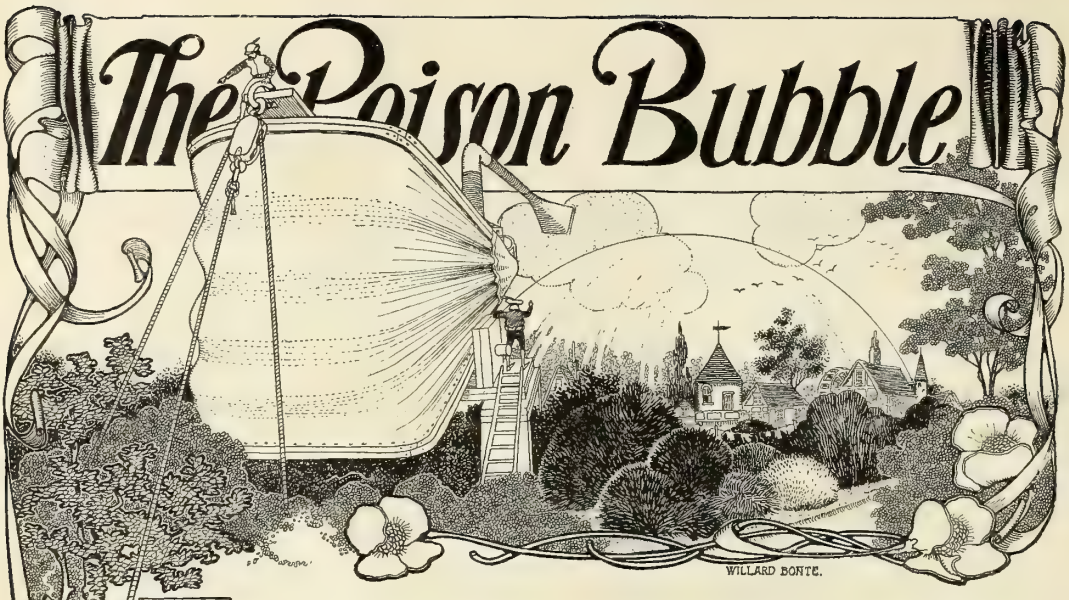
The bluebird sang full soft and low,
And trembled with delight,
Till one bird shouted,
"Whip-poor-will!"
And another called "Bob White";
'T was the partridge called "Bob White."

The robin sang with all his might,
But the jay-bird shrieked his jeers;
Said the sea-mew,
"This will not do,"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers, three cheers!"
But the redbird said, "Three cheers!"

The catbird ventured an olio,
In phrase and rhythm neat;
Said a bird in blue,
"Omit the 'mew,'"
But the sparrow thought it sweet;
Its words were "Sweet, sweet, sweet!"

The thrush sang a hymn so tenderly
That it thrilled the listening skies;
Hear the judges now
From every bough:
"Give the bonny brown thrush the prize,
Give the bonny brown thrush the prize!"

The Poison Bubble



A FEW hundred years ago, in a country called Germany, there was a village known as Grosshufelten, which was on a lake. The lake is so small that I have forgotten its name, and you will not find the village on any map of the country,— which is still called Germany, —unless it is on the back, where I did n't look.

The people in this village were greatly annoyed by a robber baron who dwelt on a mountain near by, and who was in the habit of levying tribute on them because he did n't like to work. The last time that he told them they must pay what he called their annual dues, they refused to do so. The baron was greatly surprised, — as people are usually surprised when others refuse to do things that they have been in the habit of doing whether they ought to or not, — and he resolved to punish the villagers.

At first he thought of descending on them with his band and burning their houses; but this would have required effort, so he changed his mind and called before him two magicians whom he kept to do things by magic, which he found more easy than doing them by hand.

One of these magicians was a good man who stayed with the robber only because he was afraid to go away. The other was a bad man who stayed for no particular reason.

"I am resolved," said the baron, "to kill all the people in Grosshufelten, because they will not do what I decree."

"That seems very natural," said the bad magician.

"I now wish to learn the easiest way of doing it," continued the robber.

"That, also, seems very natural," said the good magician.

The bad magician suggested a number of methods, none of which the baron liked, and he finally told him that he could take a half-holiday, and he would consult with the good magician, who worked for less money, anyhow.

"If you are bound to do this thing, the best way will be to do it quickly and painlessly," began the good magician.

"You mean the best way for them," said the robber.

"Yes, and for you," answered the magician; "for then they will have no chance to conceal their treasures, and you can get as many of them as you wish."

"Who will carry the treasures back?" the baron asked anxiously.

"You might make the bad magician do that."

The good magician then proposed a plan. Leading from the mountain to the lake was a passage which was subterranean. (That is a rather long word, but it was a rather long passage.) He suggested that through this tunnel



"THE BARON TOOK A CROSSBOW AND PREPARED TO SHOOT." (See page 43.)

he send some poisonous gas he had invented, which he usually used for killing potato-bugs. This gas would come up through the lake, be blown into the village, and overcome the people. The good magician did not like this idea, but he knew it was more humane than anything the bad magician would suggest, and thought he might get a chance to warn the villagers before it was carried out, so that they could escape. The robber baron was delighted with the scheme, and, telling the magician to execute it as soon as he could, he proceeded to take his afternoon nap, sleeping that kind of sleep which comes to the unjust.

As soon as the good magician was sure that the baron was sound asleep, he started the gas down the passage, and then hurried to warn the villagers. This happened on Wednesday, the day on which the people of Grosshufelten made soap, and when he arrived he found a number of them on the shore of the lake, washing out their soap-kettles. Just as the magician started to warn them of their danger, the gas began to rise. The water was rather soapy, and when the vapor rose it formed an enormous bubble that covered half of the lake.

The villagers were greatly astonished, and looked at the bubble with their mouths open and their minds closed. The magician, who made his living by thinking, began to consider the matter. In the first place, he knew that if the robber baron found that he had warned the people he would be very angry, and there was no telling what he would do — there was no telling what he would do when he was n't angry. In the next place, the wind might blow the gas away from the village when the bubble burst. At all events, the magician would have time to think, and he might devise some plan for saving the villagers without making the baron angry.

While he was considering these things, a youth named Hans Spratzleberger-and-a-few-other-syllables ran to the shore with his bow and arrow.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked the magician.

"I 'm going to shoot that big bubble, out there, and see it burst," said Hans.

"Do you know what will happen if you do that?" inquired the magician. "This town will disappear from the map."

Hans, who did n't know that the town was n't on the map, was much impressed. The villagers, many of whom did n't know what a map was, advised him not to shoot.

While they were watching the bubble, the bad magician, who was taking his half-holiday, approached. "What is that?" he asked. They told him. "Who blew it?" he added.

"'When in the course of human events,'" — said Hans, who was very fond of making fine speeches.

The bad magician looked at Hans with interest. "You are wasting your talents here," he said. "If you will come with me I will train you so that you will become an orator. What is your name?" Hans told him all of it.

"Well," said the bad magician, "if you can remember all of your name, you certainly must have a good memory; and that will be an advantage to you in your oratory."

Hans's parents, who now regarded the bubble as a good omen, did not want to have it destroyed; and when the other villagers learned that he would practise oratory somewhere else, they decided to let it remain for a time.

The good magician returned to the mountain, and told the robber baron what had taken place. The baron was far from pleased.

"This is what comes of using so much soap," he said. When the bad magician arrived with Hans, the baron was still less pleased. "Any speech-making that is to be done on this mountain I can do myself," he declared. "As for you," he added, turning to the good magician, "you had better go back to Grosshufelten and tell the villagers what that bubble is. You can take a crossbow, and if they are not willing to pay up, burst the bubble. If they are willing, burst it after they *have* paid up."

"But what will become of me?" asked the good magician.

"I will think about that to-morrow," said the robber baron.

When the good magician delivered the baron's message the villagers were offended. Instead of offering to pay their annual dues, they seized him and put him in jail. He was perplexed at this, as the baron had not told him what to do

if such a thing should happen. However, as his cell window overlooked the lake and he could see the bubble, he made the best of things, and ate the meals they brought to him.

The weather was favorable for bubbles, and the next morning, when the good magician looked out of his window, the big one was still there. Large crowds of people were coming from the surrounding country to look at it, and the villagers were trying to charge them two pfennigs apiece. It was hard to collect the money, however, as the bubble could be seen from any spot on the shore; so that afternoon the people decided to fence in the lake.

The next morning a committee of villagers, headed by the burgomaster, called on the good magician.

"We are much shocked to find a good man like yourself associating with robbers," said the burgomaster. "We had decided to leave you in jail, but having found a way in which you can help us to make money, we will release you."

The magician was overcome by their kindness. He thanked them, but said he could not see how the money would benefit them if the bubble happened to burst.

"We will run that risk," said the burgomaster. "With that robber baron in the neighborhood, we are so used to risks that we don't mind them. We want you to put a magic fence around the lake, as it will take our people too long to build the one they began this morning."

The magician had n't his wand with him, so he borrowed the burgomaster's cane, waved it a few times, and a fence appeared around the lake. But as most of the country folk who lived near by had already seen the bubble, this fence was of little use. The burgomaster thought for a while, and suggested that the magician turn the gas in the bubble red. He did this, and that afternoon some of the villagers went out in the country with a banner on which was printed:

See the Great Red Bubble of Grosshufelten!
Admission, 4 Pfennigs.
Near-sighted People Half-price.

This attracted a big crowd, and when the burgomaster thought the people had looked at the bubble long enough, he made a little speech, in which he told them that it was filled with poison, and was liable to burst at any moment. Then they all ran away. The next day the magician made the bubble green, the third day blue; and as long as the bubble and the colors held out the people kept coming back.

In the meantime the robber baron was getting impatient, not only because Hans was learning oratory, but because he heard nothing from Grosshufelten. He called the bad magician to him and told him that if he could not suggest some way to bring the villagers to terms he should be thrown into the bubble. The bad magician was greatly alarmed at the baron's threat, and thought as hard as he could, which was not very hard. At last he suggested that the baron and his band go to the opposite side of the lake, shoot the bubble, and allow the gas to float ovér Grosshufelten. Then, when the villagers were overcome, they could take their treasures, which he would transport to the mountain by magic. The baron thought it would be easier to do it all by magic, but the bad magician said he was not clever enough to arrange a spell for that; besides, there would be the sport for the baron of shooting the bubble.

The next day, the baron, his band, and the bad magician appeared opposite Grosshufelten, and saw nothing but a big fence. They were rather disappointed, but climbed some trees and got a view of the bubble, which was then chrome-yellow. The baron took a crossbow and prepared to shoot.

But meanwhile the good magician — who was much pleased at living among honest people — had not been idle. He had devised an enormous bellows, and when he saw the baron aim his crossbow at the bubble, he told the villagers to get ready to blow it.

The baron fired a bolt which struck the bubble. It burst, and as the gas rose from it the villagers blew the bellows with great force, and the vapor floated over among the trees where the baron was.

So far as I know, this was the last of that robber baron and his band, and also of the bad magician; but Hans, who had stayed behind at the mountain, became a mighty orator.

Bennet Musson.

GUESSING SONG.

By Henry Johnstone.

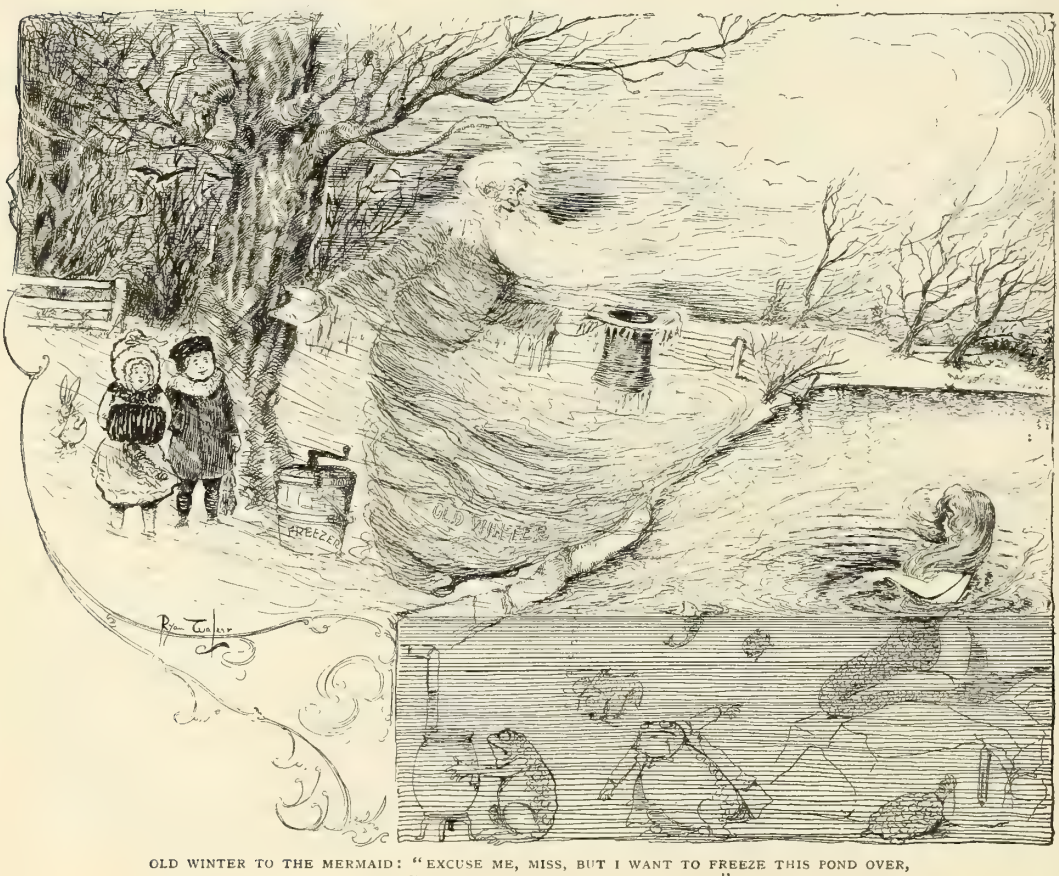
I 'm older than the oldest man,
  I 'm older than the oldest tree;
When day and night at first began,
  Both day and night belong'd to me.

The sunrise and the setting moon
  Are marks that measure out my way,
I travel through the heat of noon,
  And for the dark make no delay.

All things that change are changed by me,
  Yet I myself unchanged abide;
Although my face you cannot see,
  You find my work on every side.

I shape the bud upon the shoot,
  And, through a never-ending round
Bring bud to flower, and flower to fruit,
  And strew the fruit upon the ground.

My hands accomplish tasks untold,
  My aching feet ask rest in vain;
My name is known to young and old,
  But who shall make my nature plain?



OLD WINTER TO THE MERMAID: "EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT I WANT TO FREEZE THIS POND OVER, SO THAT THESE YOUNG PEOPLE CAN GO SKATING."



Some QVEER MAIL-CARRIERS and their WAYS

by George Ethelbert Walsh

THE United States mails are carried everywhere. It would be almost a physical impossibility for a man to hide himself in any remote corner of the world without being discovered at last by some insignificant agent of a world-wide service the machinery of which operates quietly and with clock-like regularity. If a bird's-eye view of the different railroad and steamship lines which carry the mails could be taken, the giant spider's web thus formed would appear woven in a pattern so intricate that the mind would balk at the mere suggestion of unraveling it. And besides the regular steamship and railroad threads of this maze would appear tens of thousands of cross-lines, representing pony routes, dog-and-sled tracks, swift courier and runner "trails," and even reindeer, whaling-ship, and canoe lines. Every sort of vehicle and beast of burden, and nearly every invention of man for quick transportation, have been pressed into the postal service, and it is possible for a letter to go around the world under conditions so strange that the mere history of its journey would form a story of thrilling interest.

If a man should start from New York, and travel northward to Alaska, then down the coast to California and take ship to Manila, and follow the lines of travel to Hongkong, to Singapore, to Canton, to Tokio, to Vladivostok, to St. Petersburg, to Vienna, to London, to South Africa, and finally to South America, touching on the way at several Pacific and South Atlantic islands, and thence back to his starting-point, he could travel a distance several times greater than the circumference of the globe. If he ordered his mail forwarded to him, and left correct addresses behind at each place, the letters would dutifully follow him, and finally be delivered to him in New York a few days after his own arrival there. All that he would have to pay extra for this remarkable journey of his mail would be a dollar or two in tolls, which would represent the charges for

forwarding exacted by some of the countries through which it passed. There is in the Post-office Department at Washington the envelope of a letter which traveled in this way one hundred and fifty thousand miles, and another which came safely through a trip of one hundred and twenty-five thousand miles. Both are marked and stamped in a way to baffle any except a very expert decipherer of puzzles.



A LETTER FOR ALASKA.

Next to accuracy in delivering mail to the proper person, the government emphasizes promptness and speed of transportation. In our own populous territory this is obtained by intense competition between rival railroad lines and steamers. Every one is familiar with the fast mail-trains and steamships. Their speed and equipment for fast sorting and delivery form a part of the history of our Post-office Department's rapid evolution. But there are portions of the globe where there are no railroad trains nor fast steamships, and yet mails have to be delivered as speedily as conditions will permit. When once the letters are delivered into the hands of foreign mail servants, our government has no further control beyond selecting the route, and they must be intrusted to the doubtful hands of others outside of the department; but along the tens of thousands of miles of mail lines there is a sharp and constant supervision maintained over the adventures of the humblest and most insignificant letter. Its speed and safety are watched, and, if it is lost, somebody is called to account for it. Even if it is unduly detained at any particular point, the delay must be explained.

The unwritten history of this little-known portion of our mail service forms a mass of romantic adventures. The pony express and mail-coach may have disappeared from the great West, but it is really in existence to-day in stranger and more romantic form than ever. Civilization has merely pushed the frontier lines outward; but the outskirts are there, and the letters of Uncle Sam are carried, as formerly, by pony, coach, sled, boat, and mountain-climbers and fast runners. We spend some ten millions of dollars a year more than any other country in the world in carrying our mails, and most of this excessive expenditure goes to pay for the unremunerative work of delivering mail on the outskirts of civilization. In spite of Russia's great size and England's remarkable efficiency in handling her mails, the mail routes of the United States are some 315,000 miles longer than those of any other country, and we employ some 8000 more workmen to handle them, and have fully 30,000 more post-offices.

The restless, continuous movement of the mails over the face of the earth, binding all nations and islands and continents together, suggests the even flow and ebb of the tides, working without apparent effort or strain to accomplish each day the allotted task necessary for the best results. Night and day the machinery works. The sun never sets on the army of employees. Color, creed, and politics have less influence on their work than we imagine. A score of nationalities and races are represented among the faithful workmen. Up in Alaska the postman may be an Indian, an Eskimo, a typical American, or a naturalized European. Over the four thousand odd miles of mail route the dog-sled, skates, snow-shoes, and reindeer express are frequently responsible for carrying and delivering the mail. The solitary mail-carrier in the Arctic travels up snow-clad mountains, crosses rivers of ice, and swims rushing currents where his canoe is dashed to pieces. The necessity of delivering the mails safely and on time stimulates some of the unique mail-carriers to perform acts of heroism that equal anything recorded in history. Rather than abandon the mails to seek safety from blizzards or washouts, the faithful postmen of the North have allowed themselves to be frozen in snow-drifts, with death staring them in the face. They

risk life and limb almost daily, in fording rivers and in climbing icy mountains. Their hope of reward is slight indeed, and few ever imagine that their heroic actions will even be reported at Washington. But Uncle Sam is appreciative of such faithfulness, and up in the dim light of the Arctic a letter occasionally finds its way which brings pride and happiness to some humble postman. To be thanked by the Post-office Department at Washington is an honor which surpasses money rewards, and framed letters of this character may be seen occasionally in the most remote corners of that cold, frozen region of the world.

When the interior mails reach the coast, a whaling-ship or some steam fishing-craft may take the sacks of letters and papers, and then, with prow pointed toward the north pole, steam day and night for weeks. Far up in the Bering Strait, and beyond into the arctic circle, the mail goes. A group of half-frozen sealers on some deserted island may receive a portion of it, bringing them good cheer and encouragement from friends and relatives a thousand miles away. A dog-team or a swift human runner may await the whaler or fishing mail-boat, and with a dozen letters he may rush across the frozen ice-fields until nearly exhausted, simply to deliver the epistles to a camp of explorers and scientists, or a small village settlement. In the glow of the dim oil-lamps or spluttering blubber the recipients read the letters and newspapers eagerly, anxiously, and sometimes fearfully. What news of the great world below do they bring? What hope or despair do they reveal to the men laboring and toiling in a climate which seems almost cold enough to congeal the very blood in the veins?

To take a flight in time and distance to the other extreme of the mail service, we find another army of faithful postmen, carrying their packages up tropical rivers into swamps more poisonous than a pest-house; across gulfs and bays where the typhoon and hurricane swamp and wreck boats and houses; up steep mountain-sides to towns and villages where vegetation can hardly subsist; or through swamp trails which lead to impenetrable interiors where white men rarely travel. In all this work men, beasts, and strange craft are employed to make the mails as regular and speedy in their transmission as possible. Our ideas of rapid transit, however, do not always prevail in these southern latitudes. There is a mail service up the Amazon River in South America which requires just one week to cover five miles. The steamer is a small side-wheeler, but she stops on the way at many points to pick up cargoes to make her trip profitable. Sometimes she will wait a day for a gang of natives to finish skinning their animals, so the hides can form a part of the freight, or, again, it may be a party of white hunters on their way down the river who will ask the captain to wait a couple of days. A five-dollar bill would induce the captain to hold up the boat for twice that length of time. It is of no use for the Post-office Department to complain, for there is no other way of getting the mails up to the few towns and villages, and so the owner of the side-wheeler enjoys a monopoly which enables him to defy all the government post-office departments in the world.



A LETTER FOR MANILA.

There is another route up the river, by land, but, owing to the nature of the country, it would be necessary for a runner to travel several scores of miles, it is said, in order to cover the five-mile route.

There are mail routes which Uncle Sam attends to only spasmodically, and others which are traversed by the mail-steamers only twice a year. In the South Atlantic and Pacific oceans there are small islands which are laid down on the post-office maps as in the path of the mail routes, but they are marked to signify that the mails are irregularly delivered. At certain dis-

tributing-points the government officers are ready to despatch mail-sacks by the first steamer which sails there. Sometimes the mail is delivered twice a month, and again no ship of any character touches at the islands for six months. It does not pay a steamer or sailing-vessel to visit these out-of-the-way islands to carry the mails, but if they have a cargo of goods to deliver there, they are willing to take the extra compensation offered by the government for taking the few sacks of mail.

One of the strangest mail-carriers in Uncle Sam's employ is a dog which faithfully carries the letters and papers from the post-office on the Yukon River to a smaller office five miles away. Sometimes the river is open, when the dog swims it, and other times it is covered with ice and a blinding snow-storm obstructs the way. But the dog carries the small canvas sack fastened to his collar back and forth every day, and in the five years he has been in the service he has not once missed a mail.

The most northern post-office in the world is Uncle Sam's at Point Barrow, where mail is delivered at the nearest approach to the north pole ever before attempted. Both whaling-ships and reindeer, as well as dog-teams, carry some of this mail to the most northern of our post-offices. Sometimes it is a long time getting there. Once the mails while carried by dog-teams were snowed under for a week in one of the worst places of the route; but none of the letters or papers were lost. The driver simply camped under the snow with his dogs, and, between the covering of the snow and the warmth of the animals' bodies, the driver managed to survive the ordeal and come forth after the storm no worse than before he met his adventure.

Hidden away in the frozen North, men will write letters to friends or relatives in the civilized parts of the country. Then for days and weeks they will watch and wait for the postman. This man does not call around and knock at their ice huts for the mail; neither are there convenient mailing-boxes or post-offices. But the letters must reach their destination in some way. For days and weeks the lonely inhabitants of the frozen coast watch for signs of a ship. When one appears they put forth in their frail boats to hail her, but disappointment follows. The ship is bound north after seals or whales, and will not return for a year. Another one is hailed, and the same story is repeated. Finally one is found which is bound southward, but not for the country where the letter is to go. The ship is going to Norway, Russia, or England. But that does not matter. The letter intended for somebody in New York is handed over, with the proper postage on it. The ship may collect a score or more letters in this way on its trip southward, and then, when it meets another ship, the two exchange letters. The second one is not going farther south than Labrador, but it crosses the path of ships bound for the United States, and the mails for this country are turned over to her. She, in her turn, may pass a ship bound for some northern Canadian point, and once more the mails are shifted. Finally an American steamer or sailing-vessel is hailed bound for some United States port, and the mails from the arctic region are handed over to her captain, and they are duly brought here and posted to their destination.

All this work is done as a matter of courtesy to each other, and not for pay; but ships bound northward are engaged by the government to carry the mails to certain specific points. It would be a pretty surly and unobliging captain who would refuse to accept letters from these far-away northern inhabitants to mail for them at the first convenient point. There are numerous post-offices of Uncle Sam's established at various points in the far north where ships collect mail matter for delivery. Regular steamers or government cruisers and revenue cutters call at these points several times a year, and bring the mail down with them.

The question of securing postage-stamps in these out-of-the-way corners is not always easy of solution. The isolated sailors or sealers may have no stamps in their possession, and they have to send their letters without these necessary articles; but there is hardly a ship that sails north whose captain does not carry in stock postage-stamps of the one- and two-cent denominations. These he places on the letters when the men hand them over to him, and he thus acts as a sort of postmaster of his own appointment. But the government cannot hold such a person



"THEY PUT FORTH IN FRAIL BOATS TO HAIL HER."

to account for losing or refusing to mail a letter. It is a risk that the owner of the letter takes. If it goes astray, nothing more can be done about the matter. But it is a remarkable fact that very few such letters fail to be delivered. It takes a long time occasionally for a letter to come down, but it eventually finds its way to its proper place.

THE ROAD TO GRUMBLETOWN.

By Ellen Manly.

'T is quite a straight and easy road
That leads to Grumbletown,
And those who wish can always find
A chance to journey down.

'T is customary for the trip
To choose a rainy day —
When weather 's fine one 's not so apt
To care to go that way.

Just keep down Fretful Lane until
You come to Sulky Stile,
Where travelers often like to rest
In silence for a while.

And then cross over Pouting Bridge,
Where Don't Care Brook flows down,
And just a little way beyond
You come to Grumbletown.

From what I learn, this Grumbletown
Is not a pleasant place:
One never hears a cheerful word,
Or sees a smiling face;

The children there are badly spoiled
And sure to fret and tease,
And all the grown-up people, too,
Seem cross and hard to please.

The weather rarely is just right
In this peculiar spot;
'T is either raining all the time,
Or else too cold, or hot.

The books are stupid as can be;
The games are dull and old;
There 's nothing new and nothing nice
In Grumbletown, I 'm told.

And so I 've taken pains, my dears,
The easiest road to show,
That you may all be very sure
You never, never go!

THE STORY OF THAT LITTLE FROG.

By James Clarence Harvey.

How long do you think the story of "The Daring Froggy," which appeared in the August St. Nicholas, waited before it found its way to the light?

Just to show you how carefully St. Nicholas looks out for its readers, I want to tell you the story of that little frog.

We will begin in the usual way: Once upon a time there was a small boy who thought he was carrying the burdens of the world because he could not have his own way in many things which his parents thought were not good for him.

So the wilful boy ran away from home and went to a big city to earn his living. The big city happened to be New Haven, Connecticut, where he had to cross the green in front of the Yale College buildings in going to and from his place of business.

The students with their books made him wish to get an education; but as he was getting only three dollars and a half a week, and paid three for his board, it seemed away beyond his reach.

One day he learned that at Middlebury, Vermont, the same course of study as at Yale was followed, and feeling sure that he could find something to do, he began to save small sums from odd jobs and night-work until he had enough to pay the fare to Middlebury.

He reached the town at two o'clock one Sunday morning, with just two cents left in his pocket.

How he went to the hotel and offered his watch to the proprietor for his lodging, and how he found a widow lady who kept student boarders and wanted some one to tend the steam furnace that heated the house, and how he prepared for college, and how he helped to pay his way by taking some prizes, would make a long story, but it all leads up to the time when, sitting by the furnace in the cellar, he said to himself:

"I must rise above sifting ashes and shoveling coal if I ever expect to make anything of myself in the world."

So he began to send verses to the newspapers and magazines, and among the first to be accepted was "The Daring Froggy," which you saw in the August number of St. Nicholas.

Since that was accepted the small boy has grown up and has been in almost every country in the world. He has only just come back from the wonderful Orient, which seemed so far away that he could never dream of seeing it, but which is now a beautiful memory of color and strange people and stranger customs.

He has written ten books, and has found life happy and prosperous, and possibly it has all come out this way because St. Nicholas sent him a check and encouraged him rather than a rejection which might have discouraged him and kept him sifting ashes all his life.

In all these years he has never forgotten, and he never will forget, how he felt when he opened that St. Nicholas envelope, twenty years ago, and the generous check fell out into his hands and almost took his breath away.



A BACHELOR TEA.

By Lilian Palmer Powers.

Buffy 's my dog — and every day we,
With my three boy-dolls, take afternoon tea:
Rob Roy is gay in his tartan plaid;
Bobby Shafto 's not bad, as a sailor-lad,
And Jack — the midshipmite, trim and neat,
Is under the table in lowly seat.
Now, as dolls are not really alive,
Buffy and I have to eat for the five;
But we play so hard and romp about
That both our appetites hold out;
Sometimes we 've bread with our cambric tea,
Sometimes nursey brings nice things to me;
But if it 's crackers, or just a bun,
We eat it all up and have lots of fun.
Buff wags his tail and smiles at me;
I tell him my secrets and pour the tea.

"Richard, My King."

(*The Story of a Crusader Knight.*)

By Livingston B. Morse.



The Crusades were holy wars undertaken by knights of old in Europe for the recovery of the sepulcher of Christ from the Saracens who then held Jerusalem and all Palestine. They were called Crusaders from the Latin word *crux*, which means cross, and because each of the soldiers wore upon his sleeve or breast or shoulder the embroidered figure of a cross to indicate the cause for which he fought. There were eight of these Crusades, or holy wars. But the story I am going to tell you belongs to the third — that one in which Richard I of England, called, for his famed strength and bravery, *Cœur de Lion*, or Lion-hearted, plays so prominent a part.

Although Richard was King of England, he had spent the greater part of his life in France; for away back in the twelfth century, when he lived, England still held many provinces in France — notably those of Normandy and Aquitaine. Those were warlike times, and Richard was no laggard, I can tell you, where blows were to be given and returned. He had quarreled with his father and with his brothers, John and Geoffrey; and to make good his possessions in Normandy against the King of France, he had built him a fortress, Château Gaillard (Saucy Castle), upon an eminence above the Seine, just where the river bends across the Norman marshes on its way to the old city of Rouen.

It was on a beautiful morning in autumn that, with a great clanging and rattling of chains, the drawbridge was lowered over the moat of Château Gaillard, and a gallant train of mounted knights and squires rode forth into the crisp, bright air, followed by the huntsmen holding their hounds in leash. At the head of the train and somewhat in advance, mounted upon a coal-black horse, rode a princely figure clothed in Lincoln green, — the color of the huntsmen,— who wore upon his yellow locks a cap adorned with the feather of an eagle held by a jeweled brooch. He was taller than any other by a good half head; and he sat upon his horse straight as a reed and as if the two were one. His broad shoulders and steel-blue eyes, piercing and fearless, and a certain arrogance of bearing, told more plainly than words that where'er he went Richard would be leader.

The horsemen clattered down the slope, their spurs and harness jingling merrily, then, putting their horses to the gallop, sped across the marshes toward the wood.

Richard still held the lead, — imperiously waving back the knights who would have borne him company because they feared some accident might befall the king riding thus alone, — and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the forest in pursuit of a noble stag which the keen hounds had already scented. Three miles and more he rode alone, following the baying hounds through beds of fern and bracken under the arching trees, when of a sudden his horse reared and shied, and then came to a standstill before a thicket.

Richard, with a start, drew rein and scanned the tangled growth. At first he could see nothing; then, as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dusk, he descried two figures prone upon the ground. In an instant he was off his steed, and, with the bridle linked in his left arm, pushed his way among the interlacing vines to where the bodies lay. One was a man of middle age, rough, unkempt, and clad in ragged garments — an outlaw or robber without

doubt, one of those who infested the forest at that time. The man was dead — slain by a dagger-thrust in the breast. The other was a slender youth dressed in the simple yet elegant costume of a squire. A heavy cloak lay beside him on the grass, half covering a harp such as the troubadours, or wandering minstrels, carried. His hair was long and dark, and fell in silken curls about a face whose delicate features betokened a nature refined and sensitive; the clear white skin and long fingers told also of a life passed in the gentler pursuits of music or of literature rather than of arms.

"'Sdeath!" cried Richard. "What have we here? Robbery and murder?"

Dragging aside the fern, which half concealed the face of the youth, the king knelt beside him and laid his hand upon the heart. A slight flutter responded to his touch.

"By St. George, the boy still lives! A comely lad, forsooth."

He drew from his breast a silver hunting whistle and blew three long, shrill blasts, then bent his head, listening impatiently for an answer. But none responded; his suite were far behind or wandering upon other trails.

"The idle varlets!" muttered the king. "Well, since they take me at my word, and lag behind, I 'll e'en play bearer to the lad myself."

The light burden of the youth was as nothing to the king's gigantic strength. He flung him lightly over the saddle-bow, then leaped into the saddle, and passing an arm about the body of the unconscious boy, raised him to a sitting posture, and thus supporting him against his breast, turned his horse homeward.



"'IN THE LION'S KEEPING.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

After a little the rushing of the cool wind in his face revived the youth, who had been but slightly wounded.

"Where am I?" he asked — as one who wakes from sleep, but without raising himself or withdrawing his fascinated gaze from the eyes of the king, now smiling into his.

"Marry, in the lion's keeping," laughed Richard, deep in his tawny beard. "Tell me, who art thou and how camest thou in the sorry plight in which I found thee?"

"My name is Blondel," said the youth, "and I am come from Arras. While journeying yestere'en through yonder wood I was set upon by three rough fellows who demanded of me purse or life. My answer was a dagger-thrust which did for one, I hope. But at that moment I was stricken from behind, and knew no more till now. Ah, but my harp! I had forgotten that," he cried sharply, raising himself, then falling back with weakness against the king's protecting shoulder.

"Nay, trouble not thyself with that," the king replied. "A harp thou shalt have, and a royal one, so thou provest thyself worthy of it. Thou art a minstrel, then?" he asked with interest.

"Ay, truly," said the youth; "I have a pretty talent at that trade. I was but now upon my way to seek the English king, who, they say, is kind to minstrels, when this misfortune overtook me. Perchance thou, being, as I judge, a lord of high degree, canst tell me if I be near to him or no?"

"Nearer thou canst not well be," laughed Richard. "He who now bears thee in his arms is the king himself."

Blondel would fain have flung himself from the saddle to kneel before the Majesty of England, but Richard held him back.

"Another time," he said. "Harken, now; I have a fancy for thee, boy. When thy wound is cured, thou shalt make trial of thy skill; and if thy music liketh me as doth thy face, while Richard lives thou shalt not want a friend."

So Blondel was carried by King Richard to the castle, where his wound was dressed by the king's own physician.

By and by, when he had rested and refreshed himself, a harp was given him and he was led into the royal presence to make trial of his skill. Alone he stood there in the center of the room, a slender figure, leaning on his harp, all unabashed, yet modest, his deep, dark eyes, alight with gratitude and love, raised fearlessly to the king, before whose piercing glance so many quailed. The boy drew his fingers in a soft prelude over the strings, then, joining to the music a voice of wondrous sweetness, he broke into one of those old ballads of love and war so dear to the hearts of men of all times.

Richard, with his passion for music, was enchanted; Blondel's fame was made. Henceforth the king's palace was his home; and there sprang up between the great sovereign and his humble follower a beautiful ideal friendship. Blondel worshiped his master — his preserver — with all the fervor of his artist soul; and Richard loved the boy with that frank generosity — too seldom shown, alas! — which belonged nevertheless to his better nature. Wherever he went Blondel must go also; he could not bear that the boy should be for an hour absent from his sight, and many were the songs that they composed and sang together; for the king himself was no mean musician.

Time passed, and there came the call to the Crusade. Richard, as the most warlike monarch of Christendom, promptly responded, and having gathered many men and much treasure, he left his kingdom in the hands of two archbishops and journeyed southward through France to the port of Marseilles, whence he embarked for Messina, the first stopping-place. With him, of course, went Blondel, ever by his master's side.

At Cyprus the cortège stopped awhile, and there was fighting there; but at length the long journey to Palestine was accomplished, and in the brave and noble Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, Richard found a worthy antagonist. Many are the tales told of the deeds of prowess in which the two took part, and many were the courtesies they exchanged. But, in spite of the worth of their leaders, the Crusaders won but small success, and after a little Richard was stricken with one of those wasting fevers that attack the traveler in torrid climes. The magnanimous Saladin sent to his royal enemy gifts of fruit, and snow brought at night on mule-back from the mountain-tops.

During all that long and tedious illness Blondel never left his master's couch, but tended him with the patience and gentleness of a woman, never wearying, never murmuring. His was the hand that cooled Richard's fever-heated brow, and his the voice that, accompanied by the sweet strains of his harp, lulled the king to slumber when all other means had failed.

At length the fever broke and the king regained his health; but he was unwilling to continue longer a struggle in which neither side could claim the victory. A long truce was arranged between the Christians and the Saracens; then Richard, with a few followers, set sail for home. Blondel was not of the number. As the most faithful servant of the king, he was intrusted with an important message to the King of Cyprus, after the delivery of which he was to join his sovereign in the city of London.

Now it happened that the vessel in which Richard and his band set sail suffered shipwreck near Aquileja, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. Fortunately few lives were lost; but being in haste to reach England, where his brother John had usurped the crown, Richard decided to take the shorter route, across Germany, rather than to risk again the perils and delays of an ocean voyage. As the Duke of Austria, with whom Richard had quarreled while in the Holy Land, was his bitter enemy, this was a dangerous undertaking for the king. In the interests of safety, therefore, he adopted the disguise of a palmer, or wandering friar. But a man so well known and of such stature as Richard could scarcely hope to pass unchallenged; and it happened that near the city of Vienna, while halting at a little wayside inn, he was recognized and made a prisoner. The Duke of Austria, overjoyed at such good fortune, hastened to hand his royal captive over to the emperor, who had him conveyed, without loss of time, to a fortress hidden in the thickness of a dark and lonely forest, the name and whereabouts of which were kept a secret.

When, after his long voyage, the faithful Blondel arrived in England, his first words were to ask intelligence of the king. And his heart sank as he was answered with the direful news that his beloved master, his friend and protector, was a prisoner in a foreign land.

"But where?" he asked, "and what plans are there on foot to bring about his freedom?"

They could not tell; they did not know; perchance they did not care. Mayhap they feared the wrath of John and dared not help their rightful lord. Blondel asked no aid from those false lords and traitor subjects, but, taking only his harp, set out alone to find his royal master.

All through Germany he wandered, stopping before each fortress and each castle that seemed to him likely to serve the purpose of a prison. There he would play an air familiar to the king, and wait to learn if it were heard and recognized; for in this way he hoped to discover the place of his friend's concealment, and to convey to him the information that aid was at hand. With each new tower and castle that he chanced upon hope sprang up newly in his breast. He would take the harp from its case and resting it against his knee begin to play: perchance this was the one that held the king. But, alas! his song remained unanswered, and he passed on with a heavier weight upon his heart — yet never discouraged.

Day succeeded day, week followed week, month slipped into month. Mile after mile of forest and of dusty road he traversed, the faithful boy, persisting in his quest. Hope never quite deserted him. The loyal love that filled his heart ever urged him onward and still onward.

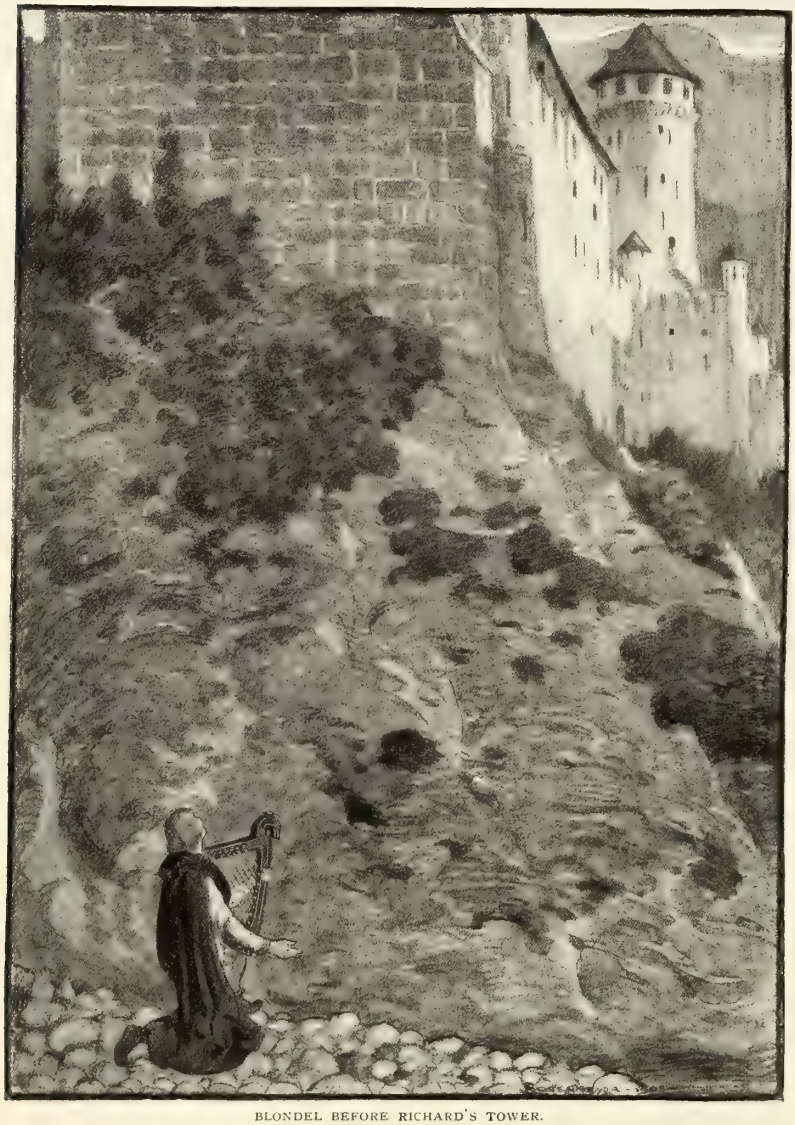
One evening just before the dusk, when the slanting sunlight threw long shadows of the pines across his path, Blondel approached a somber wood into whose dark recesses it seemed that man had never penetrated. On the topmost bough of a noble spruce-tree a little bird with wings and breast rosy, like flame, was carolling his even-song.

Blondel noted the bird, and suddenly, without apparent cause, there rushed through all his being a flood of joy and hope. "Rose is the color of hope," he said. "Where the bird goes, thither will I follow."

As if in answer to his words, the bird left his perch and flitted farther into the wood. Now it tarried upon one tree, now upon another, Blondel always following, until it led him close to the walls of a gloomy fortress flanked by one

square tower, set in the very heart of the great forest.

There was no longer doubt or hesitation in the mind of the young minstrel. The bounding joy within told him that his long search had



BLONDEL BEFORE RICHARD'S TOWER.

come to a successful end. He seized his harp, and stationing himself beneath the tower, played a short prelude and began to sing a mournful little melody that he and Richard had often sung together.

Scarcely had he completed the first stanza when a voice far up in the tower, the voice he knew and loved so well, took up and repeated the tender strain. His heart overflowing with thankfulness, the minstrel fell upon his knees, and raising his eyes, dim with happy tears, to heaven, he exclaimed: "Oh, Richard, my king! Oh, my king! Found, found at last!"

He might not see his royal friend, might not have speech with him, even; for doubtless watchful eyes were on the king, and at the first indication that his place of confinement had been discovered his captors would spirit him away. Yet joy unspeakable filled the minstrel's faithful breast, for his weary search had at length been rewarded with success.

Blondel hastened back to England with the news; and presently Eleanor, the queen mother, set out with all her train and the huge ransom that the emperor demanded, to buy the freedom of her son. You may be quite sure that Blondel accompanied them, and when the tall captive, pale from his long confinement, strode out among them all, the minstrel threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and grasping the hand of his royal and beloved friend, covered it with kisses.

Richard looked down upon the bowed head of the youth and his cold blue eyes softened. "The greatest thing in the world," he said, "is the love of a mother for her child; and after that, earth holds no more precious gem than the love of a faithful friend."

THE MONEY VALUE OF TRAINING.

By James M. Dodge,

President of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

Note.—The following article comprises the greater part of an address delivered by Mr. Dodge at the annual commencement of the Williamson Trade School of Philadelphia in March, 1903. But it deserves a much wider audience, for it contains suggestions and statistics of great value, not only to those interested in mechanical pursuits, but to every American boy who expects to work for his living, or who is ambitious to achieve a successful career, whether on individual lines or as an employer in some great industry. Whatever his life-work is to be, the best investment that a boy can make is "to invest in *himself*" by "increasing his own potential value," and in the accomplishment of this, as Mr. Dodge points out, training plays a vital part. We commend the article to the careful attention of the older boy readers of St. Nicholas and their parents.— Editor.

TRADE GUILDS.

This country inherited from England the trade guild, and until about 1850 the American guilds were active and powerful organizations. The general system was based on the rights of inheritance, and young men were admitted to apprenticeships through the influence and in deference to the wishes of their fathers or male relatives, already members of the guild. The number of apprentices, however, that were to be admitted annually was fixed by the guilds, and it was impossible for all the young men or boys who wished to acquire a trade to have an opportunity afforded them. These guilds had one redeeming quality that is not to be overlooked, and that is, the training accorded the apprentices was of a most thorough and proper character, resulting in perpetuating and maintaining the standard of excellence in workmanship which was the pride of the members. These guilds were accorded valuable rights by the crown of England, and in this country, to a more limited extent, by some of our own earlier laws.

DECLINE OF GUILDS DUE TO LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY.

The decline of the guild system was the direct result of the introduction of labor-saving machinery and the specializing of different portions of the work incident to any particular trade or calling. For instance, in the early days a watchmaker literally made every part of a watch. A bootmaker sometimes tanned his own leather, made his own thread, compounded his wax, and made boots without any aid whatsoever except ing that which would be given him by his apprentices. Taking this trade for example, the first move was to relieve him of the tanning of his leather. Then, thread factories furnished him thread. His wax became a commercial article. Shoe-pegs were introduced, manufactured by machinery. Finally, all the tools and paraphernalia of his trade could be purchased by any one who wished to buy them. This encouraged persons outside of the guild to manufacture boots and shoes. The great mass of the people are now furnished with boots and shoes made in large factories, the product passing through many hands in reaching its finished state, possibly with no one man being thoroughly conversant with every step in the manufacture. It is easy to see, therefore, that the old-time guild, using only manual labor and with a limit placed upon the number of apprentices that were to have the privilege of learning the trade, could not possibly keep pace with these times nor supply the demand.

What I have said of the shoemakers' guild is applicable to all of the trades. Some lines in which the demand is limited, such as, for instance, the gold-beater's art, are now controlled by the trade union, which is the direct successor of the guild. In the mechanical arts the same conditions have prevailed and the same results have been achieved. Twenty-five years ago a machinist was a man of varied attainments. He did the work of the plumber, the pipe-fitter, the blacksmith, the tool-maker, the draftsman, frequently that of the carpenter; he could work

in brass, iron, and steel, and understood the care and repair of steam-engines, though in none of these lines was his development equal to that of the skilled artisan of to-day, working in his own special line. Still, he met the conditions of the time satisfactorily.

"LEARNING A TRADE" NO LONGER POSSIBLE — TRAINING IN ONE SHOP OF NO USE IN ANOTHER.

In the general march of improvement specializing was the order of the day, and the old machinist has been practically replaced by a dozen or more skilled workers in various lines, all, however, directly connected with the machinist's work; and to-day we find the machinist a specialist, frequently working in very narrow lines, as, for instance, running a lathe day after day and month after month and even year after year, with no change whatever in his daily routine. Another man will be known as a planer hand, running a metal planer and having practically no experience in any other line of work. Then, we have fitters of various degrees of skill, their business being to take the parts of a mechanism, large or small as the case may be, and, by putting on the finishing touches, either assemble them into the finished machine or prepare them for some other workman in the work of assembling. As a consequence, "learning a trade," as it is called to-day, is a misnomer. Generally speaking, there are few opportunities for a young man to-day to acquire the trade of machinist in the shops of this country. In the first place, establishments are frequently so large that an individual is entirely lost sight of. If he meets his hours of work and is able to do the work assigned to him satisfactorily, he is allowed to remain at his special line indefinitely. Frequently the training of years in one shop will not enable a man to get employment at good wages in another.

DEVELOPMENT OF TRADE UNIONS — UNLIKE GUILDS — NO CARE OF APPRENTICES — SUPPRESSION OF SUPERIORITY.

The development of the trade union must not be confounded in any sense with the old guilds, because the guilds were actuated by pride of profession, and membership in a guild at once stamped a man as a craftsman of skill and frequently of positive artistic ability. The trade union, as organized, does not perpetuate the dignity of a calling, but strives to regulate wages and elevate poor workmen to a position to which they are not justly entitled by their manual skill or natural capabilities, thus imposing a burden on the worthy and thoroughly competent artisans in their trade. The unions regulate, as far as they can, the number of apprentices that may be employed. They do not, however, devote any attention to the training and education of the apprentices they permit their employers to engage. They exercise no power of selection, looking upon apprentices as those who some day will, by adding to the number of members of the union, deprive some one else of a means of livelihood. There is no incentive in unionism for individual development beyond the average of the mass. Superlative skill, great physical strength, clear insight, and ambition must all be held back, lest, in their natural development, they should enable their possessor to do more work in a day than the average of his fellows. As a very natural consequence, the future foremen, superintendents, and managers will be selected from the ranks of those whose love of individuality, labor, and natural brilliancy has kept them individualized and enabled them to demonstrate their superior worth. In years gone by, the apprentice was trained in a large range of duty incident to the work of the machinist, in a broad sense; but there is no longer in the machinist trade true apprenticeship.

THE TRADE SCHOOLS — A MONTH IN A TRADE SCHOOL OF MORE VALUE THAN A YEAR IN A LARGE SHOP.

It has been well said that "Time determines all things," and time has evolved a solution which, though but in its infancy, is destined to grow and be the most important development in educational lines that the world has ever seen. I refer to the trade schools. Locally we have some splendid examples — the Drexel Institute, the Williamson Trade School, the manual training-school, and others. But scat-

tered all over the country are schools of this character, which undoubtedly will grow more rapidly than any educational institutions of the past.

Within comparatively few years this lack of opportunity for proper training, making itself manifest, and finding the law of supply and demand in good working order, registered its want, and fortunately the method of supply was developed. This training is now being given by many institutions in this country, in shops equipped with the most modern tools and employing up-to-date methods, and supervised by instructors of marked ability and fully imbued with the importance and far-reaching benefits of their calling. The instruction is systematic and individual, and I feel fully justified in saying that a month of such training is of more value than a year's time spent by a young man in a large shop, in which he is as likely to absorb error as truth.

It has been said that a three years' course in a trade school, in which an average of but a few hours a day are devoted to actual manual work, can in no way compare with three years' time spent in actual work in a shop. I feel that this is a popular error. In shop work a man may spend months in repetition of the same task, to no ultimate advantage to the worker. Instead of his skill being quickened, it is dulled. He very quickly acquires the skill which is unconscious in its operation, and, like the old lady with her knitting-needle, he can talk to a fellow-workman, or think and dream about far-distant places and matters, without in any way lessening the rate of production. In fact, sometimes his pace might be actually quickened by some mental emotion having an exciting effect upon his nervous organization, in the same way that the old lady, in chatting with her friends, will knit fast or slow in harmony with the dullness or animation of the conversation. It is quite obvious that repetitive routine work is not desirable for a young man of natural ambition and aptitude. In the trade school he escapes routine but is instructed in the underlying principles of his work, and does enough manual labor to familiarize himself with the various tools required, and to prove the correctness of the theories in which he has been instructed.

THE LESSON OF ACCURACY — IMPROVEMENT IN JUDGMENT — TRAINING MAKES OPINIONS VALUABLE.

THE most important lesson of all for a young man to learn, regardless of his future calling, is thoroughly to appreciate the worth of accuracy. Without accuracy in his work, he is a failure. Without accuracy in his thought, his life will be a comparative failure. No man, young or old, will for a minute claim the contrary. In spite, however, of the universal acquiescence in the statement that accuracy is essential to success, it is not easy of attainment. "Let well enough alone" is, unfortunately, a saying that is universally known and, I regret to say, very extensively put into practice. It is certainly a dangerous thing for a parent to say to a child, and never is said by an instructor to a pupil. It is the misapplication of trite sayings that does so much harm. If a person should break through the ice and, after a severe struggle, reach the shore covered with mud and with a more or less shocked nervous system, even if his method of escape be criticized, it is certainly proper to let well enough alone, and not go back again and scramble out in a more deliberate, dignified, and commendable manner. The saying in this case is all right. If, however, it is a question of a railroad time-table, and there are errors in it, and it would be expensive to have it reprinted, it would be a most dangerous thing for any one in authority to say, "Let well enough alone; we will trust to luck."

So it is with training in the arts. It is essential that a respect for accuracy should be so incorporated into the mental fiber of the aspirant for future honor and advancement that it becomes his first rather than his second nature. This lesson is the most important thing to be gained from the trade school, or, in fact, from any other institution of learning.

The common result of education, regardless of the particular name by which a branch may be called, resolves itself simply into an improvement in judgment; in other words, a person's opinion, in his chosen calling, becomes of value. This is not the result of studying any one text-book, or doing any one thing in the

training of the hands, but is a matter of observation, relatively slow or rapid, depending upon the mental caliber of the individual. It takes years for the average individual to acquire even an approximate idea of the relative importance of things. It is not infrequent that the most industrious person, so far as being always busy is concerned, makes comparatively little or no progress. People of very decided notions concerning every trifle of their existence are rarely broadly successful. There must be a determination as to what particular thing they are called upon to do, or are given opportunity to do, and then the work must be done thoroughly, promptly, and at the sacrifice of smaller matters. It is a notable fact in the engineering profession that the man with the greatest number of note-books and with the best systems of classifying information resolves himself into a recorder of things of the past and develops no ability in planning for the future. It is infinitely better to make few notes, except mental ones, and train the mind to do its work on broader lines than the mere slavish following of the details of the past.

TRADE SCHOOLS ENCOURAGE INDIVIDUALISM — A BOY'S CAREER BEGINS WITH HIS FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL INSTEAD OF THE DAY AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

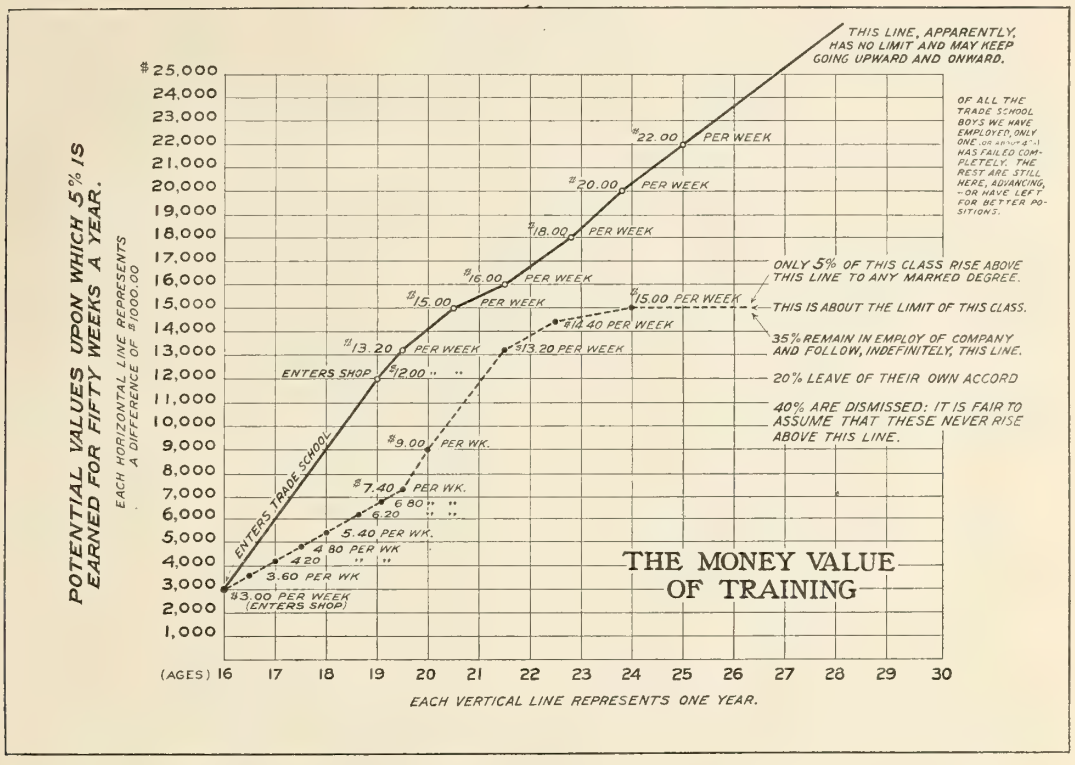
THE trade-school training is one decidedly tending toward individualism. Its boys, as a rule, do not come from the wealthier classes. There is an earnestness of purpose that is commendable, and the records show that the percentage of failure to pass satisfactorily through the course is exceedingly small. In opposition to this, it not infrequently happens in our larger universities of learning that less than one half of those entering the freshman classes graduate. Not more than 5 per cent. of the boys entering the trade schools fail to complete the course satisfactorily, and the tasks set are no less exacting than those in our large colleges and universities. This may be attributed to the fact that no boy enters a trade school without a positive determination to complete the course and be thankful for the opportunity. None are forced to go through the ambition of their parents, because, as a rule, the decision to send a boy to one of the trade schools is a serious sacrifice on the part of his family. In the trade school the boy is impressed with the idea that his first day there is the beginning of his career. In our larger institutions the day after commencement is looked upon as the beginning of the career. This is a very important distinction. Again, in entering the trade school a boy has already made up his mind what his life-work is to be. In the majority of cases, boys entering our universities have no clearly defined idea of their future work after graduation. As a result, the trade-school boy can directly apply the training he has received toward increasing his value to his employer and himself.

THE SHOP-TRAINED BOY.

WHAT of the boy who has no opportunity of education beyond the lower schools? As a rule, at about 16 years of age he seeks employment, frequently because he is tired of school — does not see the use of it. His father, and possibly an uncle or two, will boast that they had little or sometimes no schooling, and now earn $3 per day, have been able to support their families, and were it not for the fact that some people are born lucky and get rich, and other people are born unlucky and stay poor, they would have been certainly very much "farther ahead" than they are. Considering all the circumstances, however, he is satisfied, and does not see why his boy should not be at work, inasmuch as he already has a great deal more of this intangible something called "schooling" than the father had. In seeking employment, the boy naturally wishes to acquire a trade, because he sees all about him the relatively affluent position of the men working at trades as compared to those who are simply laborers. At this stage a certain amount of natural selection manifests itself. If he is inclined toward mechanical pursuits he will naturally endeavor to get a start in some shop, and he is fortunate if he succeeds. Often he is obliged to take what he can get, and is thus diverted from his original intent.

THE INVESTMENT IN A BOY OF SIXTEEN.

BUT if he obtains employment in a machine-shop, he will receive, say, $3 per week wages,



this being, we will say, $150 per year, or 5 per cent. on $3000.

I have endeavored to find out what the money investment is in a boy of 16. The census reports and statistics from abroad cannot possibly give all the items. It is so difficult to decide upon the class to which any individual belongs. I feel satisfied, however, that the world at large places a very accurate value on any commodity, and labor certainly is a commodity, and the community in which we live says that a 16-year-old lad in good health entering a shop is worth $3 per week, and consequently his potential or invested value is $3000. We will therefore establish this as his value. The same value can be placed upon a boy of 16 who is fortunate enough to be entered on the roll of a trade school. We will now imagine two groups of 24 boys, or 48 in all, one half entering a trade school. Fortunately, I have statistics covering two groups of this size, and we will trace their advancement, translating it into dollars, through a term of years. You will understand this clearly by referring to the accompanying chart. On the left-hand side, you will notice, we have a column of figures, the lowest one being $1000, and progressing upward in steps of $1000 each until we reach the sum of $25,000 at the head of the column. Each one of these figures is opposite one of the horizontal lines on the chart. This is for convenience, so that we may readily see where each figure will apply as the line is projected from left to right. On the lower margin of the chart we have figures from 16 at the lower left-hand corner to 30 on the lower right-hand corner. These figures are consecutive, and represent years of time. You will note that at 16, which means 16 years of age, and following the vertical line from 16 upward, we come to our first stopping-place, opposite the figures representing $3000. Here, if you please, we start our young men, and, to simplify matters, we will reduce each group now to one individual as representing the average of the entire 24.

We will first trace the course of a young man having no special training or manifested aptitude in the work before him. Arbitrarily, and

based on years of experience, it has been found, in the shop from which these statistics are gleaned, that a practically uniform increase in the rate of wages can be maintained for 3½ years, or until the boy of 16 has reached the age of 19 years and 6 months. This is shown by the increases of 60 cents per week for each 6 months of service. During this time the boys are really gaining instruction. So far as possible and practicable, their work is varied, not only in the machine-shop, but they are given instruction and opportunity to acquire at least the rudiments of pattern-making, wrought-iron construction, and some blacksmithing. At the age of 19½, wages are $7.40 per week, or, as you will see by carrying the line back to the column of potential values, this potential value is increased to $7400; in other words, in 3½ years his potential value has increased from $3000 to $7400, a gain of $4400. At the end of the fourth year he is earning $9 per week. This represents $9000 in potential value, or, to put it another way, starting with the rate of $3 per week and a potential value of $3000, he has in 4 years increased his potential value $6000, or an average increase of $1500 per annum, which he has invested in *himself.* In the meantime he has been rendering satisfactory service to his employer, and a profit has been made on his work, not as large, however, by any means, as the profit to himself. What has he now? He has a potential value of $9000, which he cannot be deprived of, provided he retains his health and his habits of industry.

POTENTIAL VALUE BETTER THAN INHERITED CASH.

Compare him with a young man of 20 who has been fortunate enough, as the world would say, to come into an inheritance of $9000, and having no training of like value. His first thought is that in order to improve his finances he must do it through the investment of his $9000. In this he has had no experience, and he starts out to experiment and to gain experience in an unfamiliar and hazardous way. An error wipes out his money. It has left him nothing to serve him in the future except the knowledge that what he did was wrong, and the resolve that he will not do it again. But he may never have the chance to try. He then starts, at the age of 20, to seek employment. He considers himself too old to go back to a trade school, alongside of boys of 16, because he will lose 4 years. Here is his second error. But he obtains employment that is clean-handed, possibly because it was a ready opportunity, and we will leave him struggling against what he may call and be thoroughly satisfied is *adversity.* A person struggling against adversity, if he really struggles, is a person trying to make something out of nothing. In other words, he has to create. It is possible a few may succeed. The large majority, however, become misanthropic and feel that the odds against them are too heavy, and they settle back to accept what they call their "fate."

INFLUENCE OF NO VALUE.

Influence is popularly supposed to be of very great value, and the success of an individual is often erroneously attributed to this power. It is true, influence may secure a man a political position, but it is of only momentary value in other walks of life. For instance, suppose a man had influence enough to get letters from King Edward, Emperor William, President Roosevelt, and Andrew Carnegie, recommending him as first-baseman on the Philadelphia nine, not because he was a good ball-player, but because they wanted to help him along and a vacancy existed. How long do you suppose this influence would keep him in his position? It is quite obvious to you that after he had made a failure and was relieved of his duties he might take his letters to Mr. Sousa and ask for a position in his band, without having proper musical knowledge. Again his letters of recommendation would be valueless, excepting that in both cases they would give him an opportunity to show what he could do; but if he was not prepared entirely and completely to fill the position, no amount of influence would secure his being retained. All that influence can do for any one is to give him an opportunity to start in the *race.* It is often detrimental to a young man to be recommended too highly, or in any way to feel that he can

lean upon his backers and get special consideration for any extended period.

Influence all by itself is of no positive value, and is often damaging to the interests it seeks to advance. And many kindly intentions handicap the person upon whom they are conferred. It is not always the man that jumps into the water with the greatest splash and commotion that is the best swimmer: quite the contrary is the rule—you all have got to show by your own work what your value is. A recommendation detailing an honorable past is merited and useful at times. A recommendation, however, that is entirely prophetic and deals with the great things that you are going to do is a *heavy* burden to carry. Therefore bear in mind, all through your lives, that it is not what people think or hope you can do, but what you can *actually* do, that makes your reputation and stamps the "Sterling" mark on your character and ability.

NO TIME LOST.

RETURNING to the chart, I would like to call your attention to further figures and data of interest:

You will note that the untrained boy in 3 years has increased his earning power from $3 per week to $6.80, and you will also observe that the Williamson School boy in traversing the line between his entrance and graduation crosses the $6.80 line after he has been in the school a year and three months. In other words, he has gained almost 2 years on the boy who entered the shop with the idea that school training was an unnecessary waste of time. It is quite evident, therefore, that time has been lost, and not gained, by entering the shop without training. Roughly, this holds true indefinitely. While the two lines run along parallel or substantially so, say for the next 4 or 5 years, you will observe that the time element is always in favor of the trained boy, and that in a very few years he is leaving his less fortunate brother well to the rear.

Our young man who has his investment within himself cannot, as I said before, lose it except through ill health or improper habits. Temporary sickness, digression from the proper path, becoming discouraged and trying something else at this stage of his career, is not fatal. It may be more or less unfortunate. But losses through these causes may be recouped, and the lesson learned through the temporary dip in the line of progress may be advantageous and result in renewed effort, and enable him to regain his position in the line, or possibly forge ahead faster than his associates, of whose company he was temporarily deprived. Thus we see that his error or misfortune has not resulted in a loss of his money or potential value. He still has it.

From the age of 20 to 21½, or for 18 months, if the untrained boy continues to do his work well, it will be seen, by reference to the chart, that his line has continued running more toward the vertical than it did from the time he was 16 until he was 19½. Now the experience which he received during the formative period is beginning to make itself very manifest. He becomes more useful as an all-around man, and you will note that his rate is increased to $13.20 per week. Carried back to the left, we find that his potential value is working upward toward $14,000. Now his value, while increasing, cannot increase at the ratio of the past 18 months or 2 years. He is overtaking the journeymen of his trade and is beginning to mingle with the laggards or poorer ones of the craft.

A year later, or taking the age 22½, his wage has been increased to $14.40 per week. Again we see his potential value has gone up beyond $14,000. For the next 18 months he continues in substantially the same line, and at 24 years of age is earning $15 per week, and his potential value is $15,000. In other words, he has increased his potential value $12,000, and draws the interest on his investment in instalments once a week, and is earning 5 per cent. on his accumulated value.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

WE now can draw some general conclusions from the statistics of this group of 24 young men starting at 16 years of age at $3 per week, and at 26 years of age earning $15 per week or thereabouts:

We find that only 5 per cent. of this class rise above this line to any marked degree. Thirty-five per cent. remain in the employ of the company and follow the line indefi-

nitely. Twenty per cent. leave of their own accord, but with good records behind them (so that probably the same statistics would apply to them also — that is, 5 per cent. of them may rise above the line and 35 per cent. of them follow the line in other establishments). Forty per cent. are dismissed, and it is fair to assume that these never rise above the line. They are not dismissed at the age of 26, but fall by the wayside, unable to keep pace with the march of progress.

THE TRADE-SCHOOL BOY.

We will now turn to the group who have entered the trade school. Starting again at the potential value of $3000 for the boys of 16 years of age, we will follow the course of an individual, representing the average of his companions. The first noticeable thing is that for 3 years, starting from the age of 16 and terminating on the line representing 19 years, he is in school; and instead of having his wage-rate dotted along at intervals of 6 months, as in the case of the boy entering a shop without the trade-school training, we find no rates at all, and we feel justified in making this line perfectly straight, with the first money entry made upon it at the time of his graduation, at the age of 19, and entering upon his employment. We now find a most interesting state of affairs. He is employed at the rate of $12 per week, this representing a potential value of $12,000, or an increase *during his school term* of $9000, or an average of $3000 per annum. During the same term the untrained boy, you will observe, has reached a potential of $7000 at the same age; in other words, the trained boy has a $5000 start at the same age. Again, the untrained boy's line crosses the $12,000 potential line at a point which indicates that he is 21 years of age. In other words, the trained boy has $5000 advantage at the same age, and has 2 years running start on the boy who has not had the same training. Now, what does he do in the next 2 years? To follow along his career, you will note that in 6 months his rate has been increased to $13.20 per week. One year later, or at the age of 20½, he has reached $15 per week. The untrained man is now 24 years old and earning the same wage, but it will be noticed that his line of progress is running more nearly parallel with the horizontal line than that of the trained man. Six months later, at the age of 21½, they part company quite decidedly, the untrained man's line running off horizontally to the right, whereas the line of the trained man is progressing onward and upward, at substantially the same angle it has shown since the time of his entrance to the trade school. Why is it possible for these two men thus to part company? It is because the untrained man can increase his rate only by remaining as a working machinist in a shop. The trained man has substantially mastered all that the untrained man has, so far as his actual labor is concerned, but he has within him other possibilities. He can now apply in a combined manner his theoretical and his practical training, becoming a leading man, possibly a foreman or a draftsman. It is now that this, his better knowledge, coupled with his intellectual improvement, makes itself most manifest. His rate at the age of 21½ is $16 per week; his potential value $16,000. Fourteen months later we find him earning $18 per week; ten months later $20 per week; and in another year, or at the age of 25, he is earning $22 per week — a rate practically unattainable by the untrained man. Five per cent. of the untrained — those having decided genius and a faculty of improving their minds and increasing their theoretical knowledge, courage enough to take courses in the correspondence schools or obtain instruction in the evenings — rise to his class, and it is not impossible that in very rare instances would do as well through their future life. A trained man at 25 years of age has a potential value of $22,000, or in 9 years he has increased his value $19,000, or at the rate of $2100 per annum, as compared with $1300 per annum for the untrained man, and with this manifest additional advantage over the untrained man — that his line has no limitation, so far as we can see.

NEARLY ALL PUPILS OF THE TRADE SCHOOLS GRADUATE.

Now, to make a comparison of special interest, I would remind you of the fact that

nearly all of the boys entering trade schools graduate, and that it was not uncommon to have at least 50 per cent. or one half of the freshmen entering our larger colleges and universities fail of graduation, and again, that among the untrained group 40 per cent. fail to reach even the $15 line, and that with the boys from the trade schools, in our experience, only one has failed completely, and the rest are still following the average line or have left for better positions.

The question arises, What are the personal peculiarities that prove advantageous or detrimental to an individual? We will take, if you please, the lower one of these lines, or that representing the untrained man. Suppose he were called upon to chart his own estimate of himself. The line I have shown is the employer's or, broadly speaking, the world's estimate of his worth. If, for instance, his line, as drawn by himself, were a modest one, and below the line shown on the chart, and he realized his own shortcomings and endeavored all the time to add to his value by energy in his work, by mental improvement and acquisition, and by his accumulation of general usefulness and an earnest desire to make his line rise more rapidly, it is quite evident that the net result would be a pressure exerted on the under side of the line drawn by his employer upward, and he would be a potent factor in deflecting it more toward the vertical. On the other hand, suppose the line he draws is drawn over and higher than the one drawn on the chart, what result do we have then? He is afflicted, if you please, by what is commonly called the "big head." He is dissatisfied with his progress, he is jealous of those who, from his standpoint, are making undeserved progress, part of his time is spent in brooding over his sorry lot. Instead of trying to work with all his heart and strength, he feels aggrieved and shirks his work. It is apparent that he is to be a burden on the top of the employer's line, tending to bend it downward. That he will certainly do this is, unfortunately, just as true as that, with proper effort, he might have succeeded in bending the line upward to his advantage. Thus we see the inevitable results of two opposite mental attitudes.

A POTENTIAL VALUE OF SIX TIMES THE ACTUAL INVESTMENT.

Now what general conclusions can we draw from the facts presented? In the first place, what have been the contributing agencies to this increase in potential value? Primarily, we all would say, of course, that the investment, for instance, made by the Drexel Institute or the Williamson School was a considerable factor. In results, this is true. In actual money, it is not true. I have a letter from the president of the Williamson Trade School on this point, in which he says that the cost of training their boys is about $500 per annum each, or $1500 for the three-year term. Bear in mind that during this time the boys get very little, and some get nothing, from outside sources. This result is truly astounding when you consider that Mr. Williamson's payment of $1500 for each of the scholars shows an increase in potential value of the individual of $9000, or a gain of six times the investment. Truly the seed has fallen upon fallow ground. The individual to whom has been given this opportunity certainly has appreciated it, and has rendered his benefactor thanks of the noblest character. Imagine, if you can, the satisfaction to Mr. Williamson, Mr. Drexel, and other generous men, now gone from this earth, if they could become aware of the good work they have left behind them! It is inconceivable that there can possibly be any other form of bequest which will bear so valuable fruit in such abundance. It is interesting, in this practical age, to be able to see in dollars the result of such wise and beneficent contributions. The only public work that can possibly compare with it is that of our hospitals, where, by restoring thousands to health and rendering them able to work, the money invested is multiplied many fold—and this in addition to its benefits or the philanthropic side of the question.

THE LATE UNPLEASANTNESS.

(As narrated by Linda.)

By Charlotte Sedgwick.

Charlie Adams caught up with me on our way to school, and said, "Guess who are at odds now! Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy!"

"Not really!" I exclaimed. "Not Pris and Polly?"

"Pris and Polly — *thim same*," Charlie said.

But I did n't believe it, and I told him so. Polly Phelps and Priscilla Pomeroy could n't quarrel with each other to save their lives. And certainly they had been boon comrades only the afternoon before. Charlie said that did n't matter at all; it did n't take girls long to fall out, he had noticed. That boy has *noticed* a lot!

But it was different with Pris and Polly, I told him. It was perfectly ridiculous! I asked who had told him such a silly tale.

He said that nobody had told him — he had *seen*. And with that mysterious look of his, he quoted, "'I,' said the fly, 'with my little eye.'"

Then I grew cross. I told him that he 'd better look again; that the girls *could n't* quarrel.

But you never can get anything out of a boy that way. Charlie just said, "Oh, all right; then they have n't!" and began to whistle. So I sighed, and said that I was dreadfully afraid they had, for he was quite a Sherlock Holmes about finding things out; and in two minutes I knew all that he knew.

"Why, look here, Linda Prescott!" he said. "If you had seen Polly stop for Pris on her way to school every morning for years, and then, this morning, go right by and never even look at the house, would n't you think there was something wrong? And Polly hardly gets by when out comes Pris and sails up the street behind her, as cool as the north side of a stone wall. Oh, there 's trouble brewing!"

Just the same, when I went into the schoolroom I expected to find Polly and Priscilla together, as they always were. But I did n't. Polly was at the piano, helping Miss Lindsay choose the morning songs, and Pris was at her desk, studying.

Now Pris did not study when she did n't have to, and I went straight down and asked her what was wrong. She said, "Oh, nothing," but her voice sounded "frigid," as Charlie would have said. Then she asked me about a geometry problem, so we worked together until the bell rang. But she did n't know a thing she was doing, and I felt her sob once when Polly's gay laugh came back to us.

"Tell me, Prissie," I whispered; but she shook her head. I wanted to shake Polly, for I was sure that it was all her fault.

When the first song was given out I fairly held my breath for fear Pris would n't offer Polly part of her book, as usual. If she did, then there was n't any serious trouble, after all. And the next moment, to my joy, I saw Pris holding her book out to Polly in her sweet little way; and then I almost groaned, for Polly swung completely around and helped herself to half of my book.

Pris turned red and then white. I was scared. I thought that she was going to faint, or cry, perhaps. But she did n't. In a moment she began to sing as if nothing had happened. I never could have done it! But your meek, quiet little people surprise you with their grit sometimes.

And was n't I just furious at Polly! And Polly flared up at me, and we were saying angry things to each other, when suddenly we saw Dr. Hunt looking at us, and we had to go to singing, instead.

Of course, as a very intimate friend of both the girls, all the other girls expected me to give them a full account of the quarrel. And I had to tell them that I did n't know one thing. I told them, too, that the office of peacemaker was vacant, so far as I was concerned.

Ben Harris said that they would have it all

made up in a day or two, but I said I did n't think they would. Poor little Pris would n't dare try again, after that dreadful snub, and Polly was too proud and stubborn to try at all.

I was right about it, too. Polly and Pris kept it up for days, and it was horrid for everybody. I don't think any of us had ever realized before how much of our fun was due to those two girls. It had been an unusual week when Polly had n't asked us all down for a singing party or a candy-pull; and on every Friday evening Mrs. Pomeroy had let us roll the rug back in the big parlor and had played for us to dance.

And now it was all over, for, somehow, it did n't seem to occur to Pris or Polly that it was possible to have a party without Polly or Pris; and the rest of us did n't have the heart to plan for things without them, for we found that they would both stay away for fear of meeting each other. I suppose the worst enemies are made out of the best friends.

And the fun of it was, neither girl would say one word to show what it was all about. Their mothers tried to settle it once, but they could n't find anything to settle, they said. Judge Pomeroy said it was his opinion that they had quarreled about nothing, and were merely holding out in order to convince themselves that it all had been worth quarreling about. And I believe they would be holding out yet if it had n't been for a little school-room mishap.

Dr. Hunt is very severe about note-writing in school. It is silly and unnecessary, he says; we see one another morning, noon, and night, but if we feel that we must say something to somebody between times, we are to get permission and go and say it. He almost never makes a rule: he just asks us to do things, or not to do them; and he is so nice about it that we generally do, or don't.



"'IF YOU HAD SEEN POLLY GO RIGHT BY AND NEVER EVEN LOOK AT THE HOUSE!'"

But one day in April, during the "Pollo-Priscillacan war," as Charlie called it, Dr. Hunt saw

a note flying across the room. He did n't try to find out who sent it; he just added a few words to his former remarks on the subject, and said he felt sure that it would not happen again. The very next day he discovered another. Then he was angry, and I did n't blame him. He said that he simply would not have note-writing in his school, and the next person he caught writing, throwing, or passing a note he would suspend for the rest of the year. He looked white and stern, and his voice was terribly quiet, as it always is when he 's excited.

Then, almost before Dr. Hunt had left the room, Polly threw a note. It skimmed straight across and fell on Charlie Adams's desk with a snap. Miss Browne, who was in charge of the room, looked up sharply, but too late to see anything unusual.

I reasoned with Polly afterward. I told her I did n't see any sense in deliberately breaking a rule like that. But she said that she would look after Polly Phelps's manners if I would look after Linda Prescott's.

I could n't understand what had got into Polly. She was always lively and daring, but now she was positively rude and reckless. It worried me.

Well, one afternoon, about a week later, we had excitement enough, only Polly missed part of it. The last classes were just going out when I saw Dr. Hunt looking intently at a certain spot on the floor, down by John Porter's seat. He waited until the classes were quite out, and then he asked John if that was a note there by his desk.

John evidently had n't discovered it, but he picked it up and said that it looked like one. Dr. Hunt asked John to bring it to him. John did, and Dr. Hunt held it up and asked if the person who wrote it would please claim it and save him the trouble of opening it.

Nobody stirred. Everybody was scared, and Pris looked ready to cry. Somehow, I was afraid that the note was hers, she looked so troubled. Still, it was n't a bit like her to disobey.

Dr. Hunt waited a minute; then he slowly unfolded the note. I did so hope that it was n't signed! But he just glanced at it once, and, raising his eyes, said deliberately: "Priscilla Pomeroy, will you come here, please?"

Pris gave a sudden start, turned white, but steadied herself and walked up the aisle very calmly. Dr. Hunt held the open note out and said: "Are n't those your initials?"

Pris hesitated just a second, then she lifted her head proudly and looked straight into his eyes. "Yes, Dr. Hunt," she said in her clear, sweet voice, "they certainly are."

"It would have been more honorable to claim the note in the first place," he said. "You might have known that I would find out. You may get your books and go."

His voice sounded dreadfully sorry. I think he regretted the rule, for he is very fond of Pris. Everybody loves Pris Pomeroy, she is so dear and sweet.

There was a queer little look on her face when she came back to get her books. It was n't a bit unhappy or ashamed, but glad and — well, almost *shining*. And she walked out with the sweetest dignity! I was proud of her.

When Polly came back from her class and saw Pris's empty seat, I saw questions fairly popping out of her eyes. She would n't ask, though, and I was n't going to tell her. Somehow, I felt hateful toward Polly those days. But Fred Hamlin whispered across the aisle that Pris had been dismissed.

Polly flung herself around and faced me with a terrible look in her eyes. "Linda Prescott, what 's the matter? Where is Pris?" she said.

I told her to keep still, Dr. Hunt was looking; but she said: "Linda, you *must* tell me — quick!" The bell for dismissal rang just then, so I told her.

And she just put her head down on my desk and cried as if her heart was broken. I had never seen Polly cry before, and I did n't know what to say. But before long she sat up and laughed. "Oh, the little idiot!" she said. "The dear little idiot!" Then she dragged me to the office with her, while she told Dr. Hunt.

Polly never leads up to a subject. She just walked straight to the desk and said: "Dr. Hunt, Priscilla Pomeroy did n't throw that note. I threw it."

Dr. Hunt looked indignant. "Why in the world did n't you say so before, then, Mary?" he asked.

Polly fairly blazed. "I hope you don't think I 'm quite so mean as *that*, Dr. Hunt!" she snapped out. "I threw the note as I was going to my class, and I was n't in the room when you found it."

Dr. Hunt said, "Well, well, well!" and took the note from his pocket. The dear man looked completely befogged. "But Priscilla told me that *she* wrote it," he said.

"No," I said; "I beg your pardon, Dr. Hunt, but Pris did n't say she *wrote* it. You asked her if those were n't her initials, and she just said they were."

"And they are," he said. "They are n't yours, Mary."

Polly laughed and promptly explained that she was *Mary* only in school; she was called Polly always, and she always signed herself Polly.

"And I tell you I wrote that note," she finished. "Why, allow me, please." She scribbled something on a sheet of paper and pushed it across the desk to him. He compared it with the note.

"Just alike," he said, as solemn as a judge, though his eyes were screwing up at the corners. "Your evidence is incontrovertible, Mistress Mary. But may I ask what Priscilla thought she was doing?"

"She thought she was saving me," Polly said. "You see, Dr. Hunt," she went on, "Priscilla and I are — that is, we *were* good friends, and — "

"*Are!*" the doctor thundered. "*Are*, young lady! Don't you know that friendship like that never can have a past tense? But what was the child thinking of? She might have known that her sacrifice could n't succeed; you were bound to spoil it."

Polly said that would n't have occurred to Pris until some time next week, and Dr. Hunt told her to go straight down and see that it occurred to her immediately; and to be sure to tell her to come back to school to-morrow.

Polly nodded. Then she put out her hand and said: "Well, good-by, Dr. Hunt. *I 'll* be back next fall."

The doctor looked absolutely dumfounded.

"What 's all this? What is the matter? What do you mean?" he stammered.



"DR. HUNT GAVE THE DESK A THUMP." (SEE PAGE 70.)

"Why," Polly explained, "you know you said that you would suspend the next person you caught — "

Dr. Hunt gave the desk such a thump that his glasses flew off.

"Young lady," he said, "if you went out to catch rabbits, and one jumped into your hands, would you say that you had *caught* him?"

"You made the rule, Dr. Hunt," said Polly.

"Then I 'll unmake the rule," he said quietly. "You 'll come to school to-morrow — do you understand, Miss Phelps?"

Polly murmured something about its demoralizing the school, but he just laughed.

"You young torment!" he said. "I 'll risk the demoralizing. And if you are not here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning I — I shall send the truant officer after you!"

"Yes, sir," Polly said, very meekly; "and thank you, sir."

We turned to go, but Polly flung herself around again in her sudden way, and said:

"Dr. Hunt, you 've been more than kind to us all. And I 'm never going to write, throw, or receive another note — never!"

"Well, well, well!" Dr. Hunt said. "That is welcome information, and I am glad to hear it."

I went down to Pris's with Polly. I wanted to see what they would say. But it was very disappointing. Polly just walked in, as if she had never missed a day, called Pris a precious little goose, and told her to stop for her in the morning. And would Pris come over after supper and play ping-pong? Pris looked perfectly happy and seemed to understand.

And that was all!

And we never knew what they had quarreled about, either. Charlie Adams did ask Pris that night, and she laughed and said she had never been quite sure herself.

"Why, yes," Polly said. "Don't you know, Pris? You said — "

"Polly, I *did n't!*" Pris put in. "I said — "

But she did n't get any further, for Charlie pretended to be very much alarmed, and dashed between them.

"Hi, drop it!" he yelled, and waved his racket. It was too realistic, he said, and the cause of the "late unpleasantness" was as plain to him as a pikestaff. Besides, he had *noticed* that the same old road was pretty likely to lead right back to the same old place.

But I do think he might have waited for Pris to tell what it was that she had said. Not that I have any curiosity, only I 'd just like to know.





NOVEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR.

By Carolyn Wells.

Over the country-side
The turkey struts with pride,
And seems to say:

"How nobly I adorn
This smiling autumn morn
So blithe and gay!"

But he 'll adorn a plate
When we shall celebrate
Thanksgiving day.

Nature and Science for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

Fie upon thee, November! Thou dost ape
The airs of thy young sisters: thou hast stolen
The witching smile of May to grace thy lip,
And April's rare, capricious loveliness
Thou 'rt trying to put on! — JULIA C. R. DORR.

BETWEEN THE HEAT AND THE COLD.

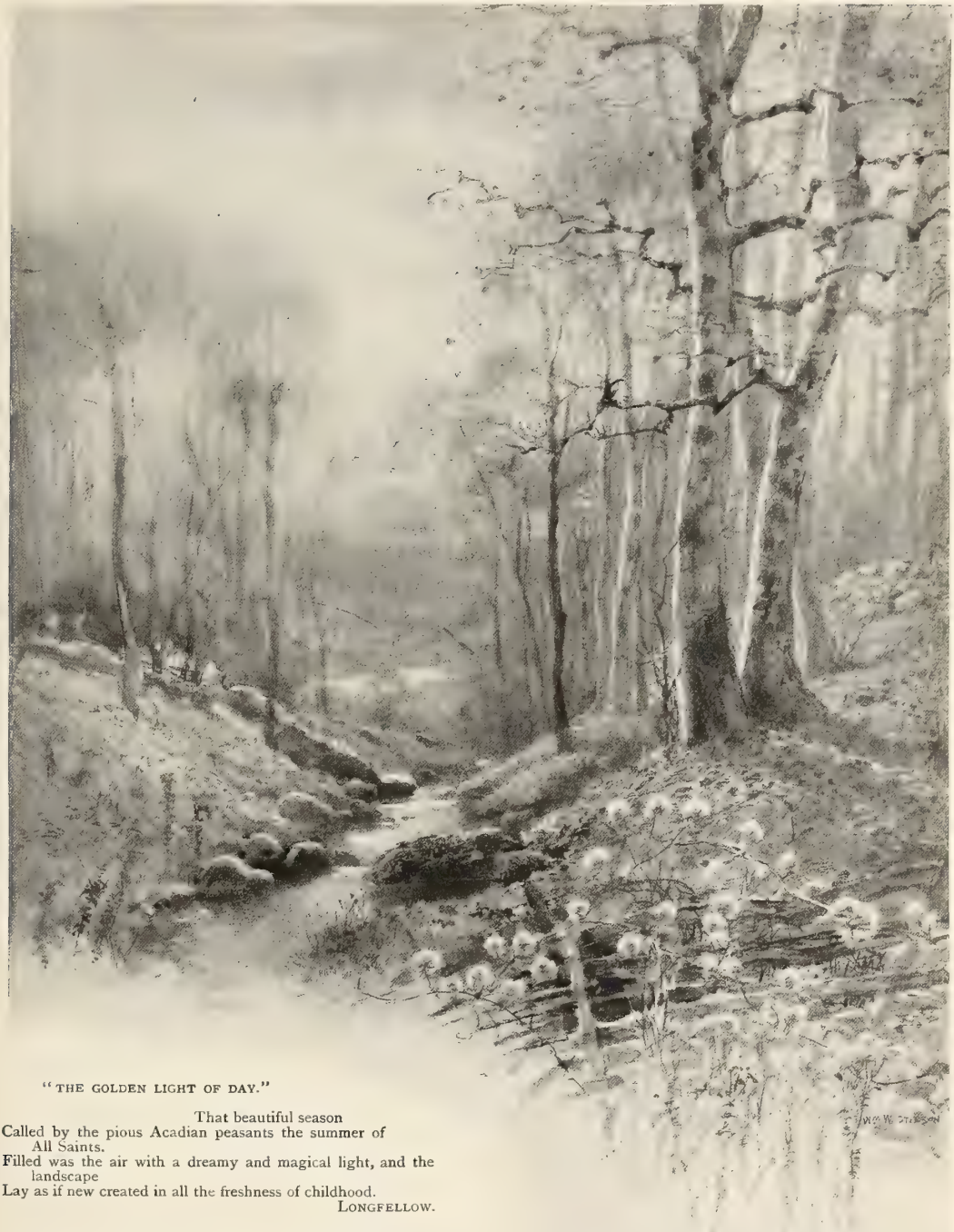
WHAT a difference and yet what a similarity between the balmy days of spring and the Indian summer of October or November! The first, a changing of cold to heat, Burroughs calls inspiration; and the second, heat to cold, expiration. He also calls attention to the fact that "the delicious Indian summer is sometimes the most marked in November. A truce is declared, and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field."



"TO THE FAR NORTH THE WINTRY WINDS ARE BLOWING."

Away to the far north the wintry winds are blowing (and soon they will be here), piling up the snow in great banks and driving down our juncos, crossbills, and other winter birds. The August heat has gone south, taking our summer birds with it. On an Indian-summer day we are in the middle ground, neither too hot nor too cold, but just in poise, like a boy in a boat out on a lake when there is no rowing, no current, no wind. And at this hazy time of year there is an indescribable charm in the quietness and in the peculiar golden light of day and the silvery light by night.

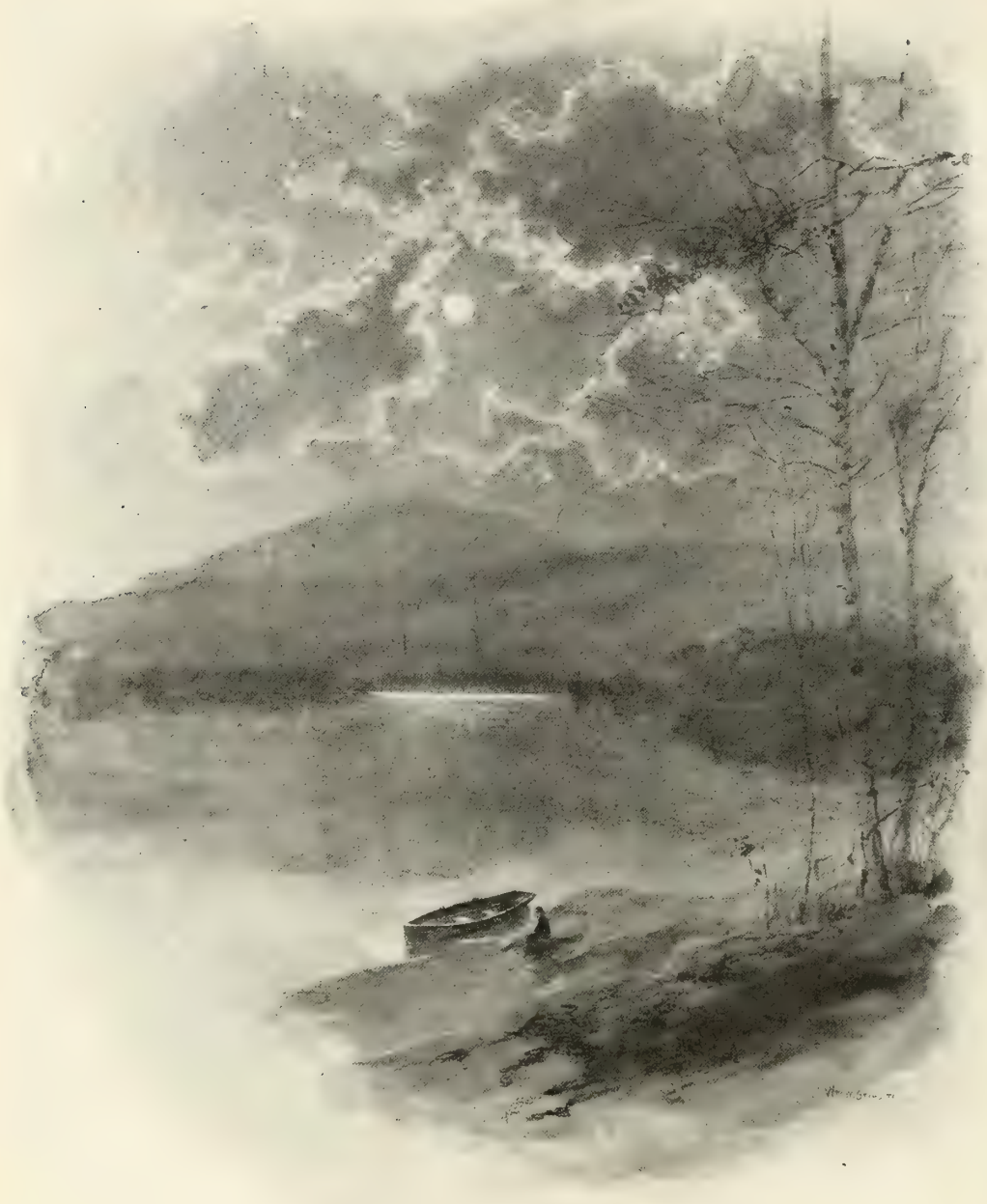
"THE AUGUST HEAT HAS GONE SOUTH, TAKING OUR SUMMER BIRDS WITH IT."



"THE GOLDEN LIGHT OF DAY."

That beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the summer of
All Saints.
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the
landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
LONGFELLOW.

But our young folks have an added interest in Indian summer. They not only enjoy all its beauties, but regard it as a prophecy of the winter sports. It means to them that winter is coming—winter, with all its keen and zestful enjoyments. Another poet of New England, Lowell, in writing "An Indian-Summer Reverie," had not forgotten these pleasant anticipations that November brought in his boyhood days:



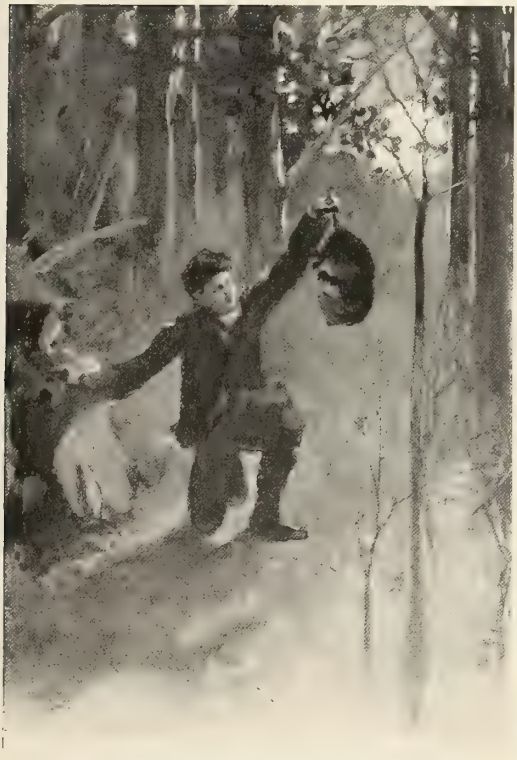
THE MOONLIGHT IN INDIAN SUMMER IS PECULIARLY SILVERY. THIS IS ESPECIALLY APPARENT WHEN VIEWED ACROSS A SMALL LAKE OR POND.

And all around me every bush and tree
Says autumn 's here, and winter soon will be,
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over
all. . . .

While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,
Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought skates.

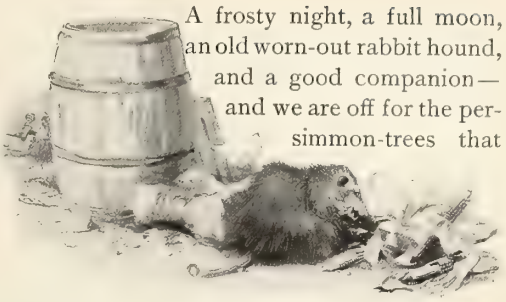
POSSUM WAYS.

THERE are few country boys living south of a line running through New Jersey and westward to Ohio who do not know the mild fun of a moonlight possum hunt, few who have not reached gingerly into some old hollow stump and pulled out the smiling, unworried marsupial. Unless my experience is a very uncommon one, there are few boys within that district who have not taken their prize home, put him in a barrel to await the morning, and found next morning, to their chagrin, that he would not stay in the barrel; there were greater attractions outside. Later he took occasion in the moonlight to go back to his home stump.



"REACHED GINGERLY INTO SOME OLD HOLLOW STUMP AND PULLED OUT THE SMILING, UNWORRIED MARSUPIAL."

Somehow it was always a relief to me when the possum did that. It was much more fun to go out the next night through the corn-fields looking for him than killing and eating him would have been. Possums are good to eat, but eating is not the whole of life,—even to a small boy,—and killing is bad work.



"HE WOULD NOT STAY IN THE BARREL; THERE WERE GREATER ATTRACTIONS OUTSIDE."

A frosty night, a full moon, an old worn-out rabbit hound, and a good companion—and we are off for the persimmon-trees that grow here and there scattered around the ponds along the lanes and about the margins of the fields.

It is the first of November. The persimmons hang on their leafless twigs like big beads, silvered with a double plate—a wash of frost and a wash of moonlight. No wonder the possums like them! What boy does not like them, too? Here is a tree, a great sixty-footer, that bears only small puckery persimmons, no matter how the frosts bite; but just beyond is a little tree—you know it—with large deep garnet fruit, so sugary that they cannot spoil, and there you stop—if the possums have not already stopped before you.

I have seen boys whom I have taken to my favorite trees get so greedy after the first taste that they could not take time to pick out the seeds, but swallowed the persimmons whole, until they simply had to quit.

The possums also know these sugary trees; their tooth is as sweet as ours. Here, nosing about on the ground or hanging by hind feet and tails in the laden limbs, the boy will find them and start them, if on the ground, wabbling off toward home.

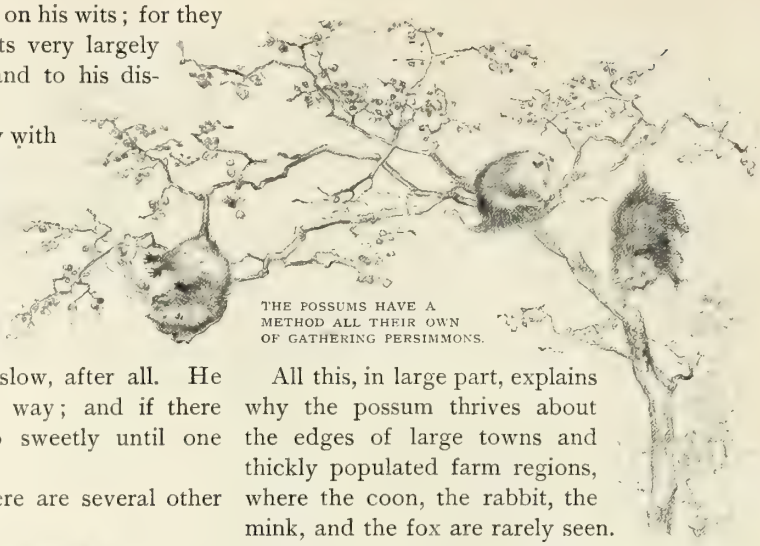
A fat possum can run faster than a dog that is dead and buried, but only a very little faster. He does not depend on his legs for safety;



PERSIMMONS—THE FAVORITE FOOD OF POSSUMS.

they are too slow: nor yet on his wits; for they are still slower. He trusts very largely to stump-holes, to luck, and to his distinguished slowness.

No one is ever in a hurry with a possum. He is such a slow, simple dolt that no despatch, no precautions, are needed with him. He seems to have observed this, and takes advantage of it—which may mean that his wits are not so slow, after all. He will escape, if there is a way; and if there is no way, he will sleep sweetly until one comes.



THE POSSUMS HAVE A METHOD ALL THEIR OWN OF GATHERING PERSIMMONS.

Besides these traits, there are several other habits that contribute to the possum's remarkably successful battle for life and liberty among its hosts of enemies. First there is usually a large family. Count the little noses sticking out in the above picture. And there were five more than you see in the picture in this particular family, that I caught one day beside a stump.



WHAT A NICE WAY TO HIDE!
"Count the little noses sticking out."

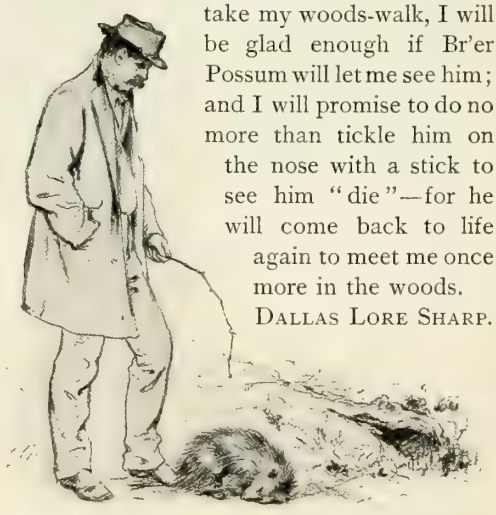
Again, the possum will eat anything that can be eaten—"fish, flesh, or fowl." Persimmons first, but they do not last the year round, so, between persimmon-times, chicken, corn, fish, frogs, berries, anything will do. Then, too, the colored people, as a rule, are the only people wise enough to eat possum; and as he is not particularly destructive, and does not wear a hide worth curing, he is not seriously hunted.

All this, in large part, explains why the possum thrives about the edges of large towns and thickly populated farm regions, where the coon, the rabbit, the mink, and the fox are rarely seen.

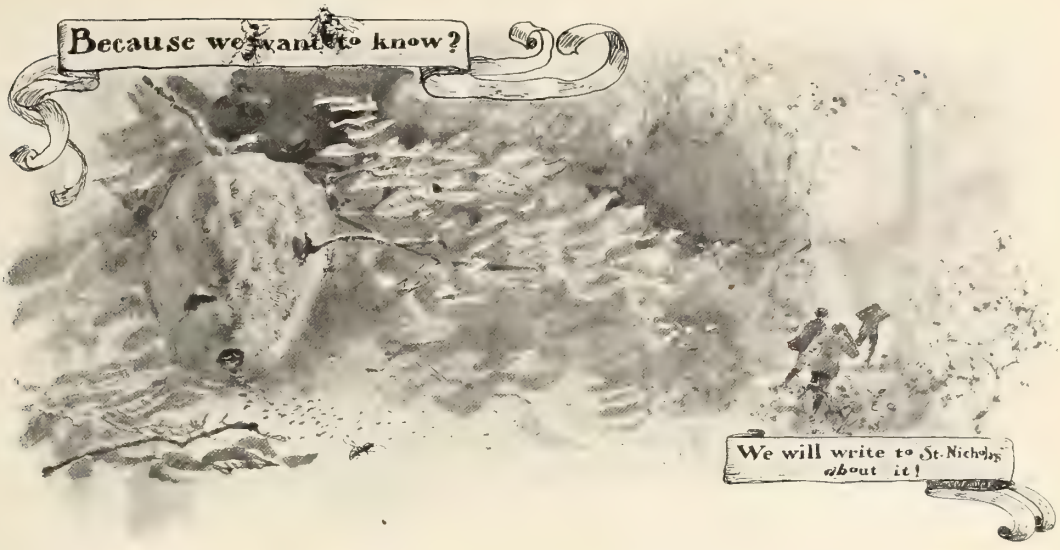
And he does thrive. How numerous they are may be seen from the fact that one Christmas I received fifty-three from the woods about Bridgeton, New Jersey, and took them back to the New England University for biological study. Of course the neighbors helped me. But all I had to do was to take a day's tramp among the wood-choppers and farmer acquaintances, making my possum-wants known, and the possums came in, in ones and twos and threes, costing at most only twenty-five cents apiece.

Long may he survive! I will be one to eat turkey this Thanksgiving instead of possum, and after dinner, when I take my woods-walk, I will be glad enough if Br'er Possum will let me see him; and I will promise to do no more than tickle him on the nose with a stick to see him "die"—for he will come back to life again to meet me once more in the woods.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.



"TICKLE HIM ON THE NOSE WITH A STICK TO SEE HIM 'DIE.'"



INQUISITIVENESS.

THIS one word contains nearly as many letters as the five words so familiar to nature and science observers—"because we want to know." But the variety of expressions of the same state of mind is not limited to single words or combinations of words, long or short. Actions, in this matter at least, often speak louder than words.

Perhaps the most concentrated, lively, pointed, and effective method of inquiry is that in common use by the hornets. Along in November a hornets' nest has been discovered in the bushes, and, of course, the young folks "want to know" whether the inhabitants have been killed by the frosts, so that the branch may safely be cut off and the nest carried home. Their plan is to throw sticks at the nest from a distance, or to punch it with a long pole, going nearer and nearer if no hornets appear. But the hornets do appear! It is not late enough in the season; the nights have not been cold enough. They appear in full force, in great eagerness to know why the young folks were disturbing their snug home.

Perhaps the girls and boys running in the distance will "write to ST. NICHOLAS" and tell us of this method of expressing curiosity, or at least of responding to curiosity.

Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp has told us already of the fox's quiet method of expressing curiosity. (See page 938, Nature and Science for August.) And we all are familiar with the saucy curiosity of the red squirrel. We know how he will creep down the tree, tauntingly barking, till, with a laugh-like explosion of sound, he whirls and frisks up the tree, as if making fun of us, his curiosity now fully gratified. Soon his curiosity seems to return, and even increases, as down he comes inquiringly again, to repeat the whole performance with increased activity and daring.

Of the birds, undoubtedly the blue jays have the most inquisitiveness. And they are the most noisy in expressing it; although crows will hold a close second place, if not fully the equal. How the jays screeched and whistled and called—a confusion of all the sounds of jaydom—near my home recently! More than a dozen darted into a small evergreen tree on the lawn. People came from several houses in the vicinity, all curious to know "What is the matter with the birds?" It seemed to be a "want to know" on both sides. The jays had discovered a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree. There was no nest in the vicinity, and, so far as could be ascertained, the cat had not attacked the jays. But what a pandemonium of jay jargon over one meek-looking, quiet cat! The jays outdid themselves, and called out nearly all the occupants of the many houses on that street.

DESCRIPTION OF A PORPOISE.

New York City.

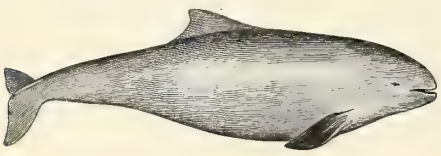
Dear St. Nicholas: While visiting my cousins at Lawrence, Long Island, this summer, we went to Far Rockaway to bathe in the surf. And there I saw a sight which interested me greatly and made me wish to know something about it.

It was on a warm morning, and my cousin and I were out near the end of the bathing-rope, when we saw what looked like a large black wheel going round and round in the water, making a great foam. There seemed to be two or three of these wheels, coming one right after the other in a line. On looking closer we saw shiny black heads rise above the water, followed so soon by the back fins that they looked like ears on the head. They came quite near the shore, sometimes disappearing altogether and then rising again, leaving a long track behind them. Men went out in boats after them, but they could not get near them, as they went very fast. Some one said they were sea-porpoises, and I would like to know about them, if you will please tell me.

Your interested reader,

Jacqueline Overton.

The animal you so well describe is evidently the common harbor-porpoise (*Phocæna communis*). This is found abundantly on the east coast of North America, from Nova Scotia to Florida, and also in Europe, and sometimes ascends rivers into fresh water. It is known to the fishermen as "puffer," "snuffer," "snuffing-pig," and "herring-hog." Droves of from ten to upward of two hundred herring-hogs are sometimes seen, and they may readily be recognized by their shining black color and rolling or wheeling motion. They never spring from the water as do dolphins, but bring their head, back, and back fin into view when they come to the surface to breathe. The nostrils are so situated on the top of the snout that the porpoise must assume a somewhat erect position in order to expose them to the air; the head, therefore, always comes out first, and this is quickly followed by the back fin. In descending from the erect posture, the body of the porpoise passes through a considerable part of a circle, and hence is produced the characteristic rolling motion. A little puff of spray from the nostrils and a curious grunt accompany the appearance of the head above the surface. Porpoises feed chiefly on fish,



THE PORPOISE.

especially school-fish like menhaden and mackerel, and consume enormous numbers of such fish daily. They are hunted for their oil and hide.—H. M. Smith, *Assistant in Charge of Scientific Inquiry, Woods Hole, Mass.*

DOLPHIN AND PORPOISE.

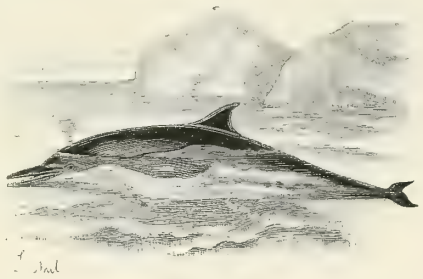
Ocean Grove, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: Please tell me what is the difference between a dolphin and a porpoise.

Your faithful reader,

Horace H. Underwood (age 11).

Popularly, the terms dolphin and porpoise are often used without distinction—that is,



THE DOLPHIN.

both names are applied to a dolphin and to a porpoise. Strictly speaking, the common porpoise of the Atlantic coast is an animal known to scientists as *Phocæna communis*, and is about five feet long, with blunt head and a thick body that tapers toward the tail. Its name is from the Latin *porcus*, a hog, and *piscis*, a fish—the hogfish, and that literal translation of its name conveys a very good description of the animal, which is also called "herring-hog," "puffing-pig," etc.

The common dolphin of the Atlantic Ocean (*Delphinus delphis*) is about six feet long when full-grown. The snout is longer and sharper than that of the porpoise, and its body is more slender. The dolphins often follow ships in large herds, performing gambols and acrobatic feats, to the great amusement of the passengers. This dolphin must not be confounded with the large pelagic fish which has the same name; it is noted for its beautiful colors and for the brilliant changes shown when dying, and is often seen in mid-ocean chasing the flying-fishes.

FLYING-SQUIRRELS.

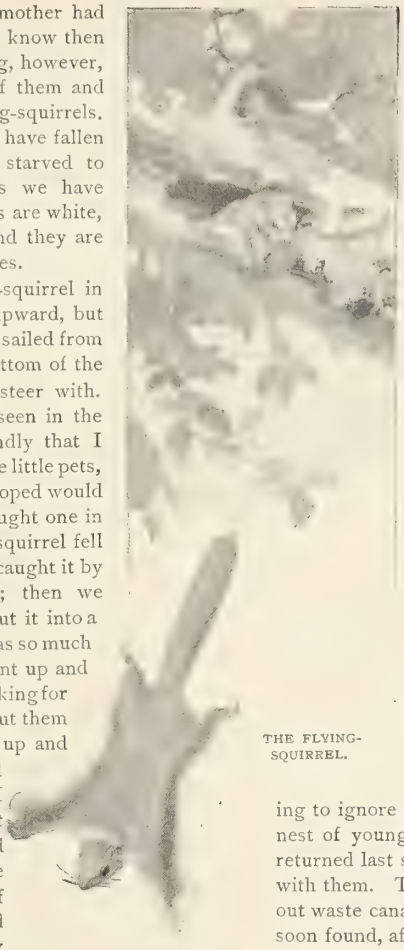
Faribault, Minn.

Dear St. Nicholas: One day mama found a lot of soft gray fur and a queer little skeleton in one of the bedrooms of our summer cottage.

One night a little while afterward I was up in the attic getting a fish-pole, when I saw a pair of sharp black eyes looking down at me. I knew that it was the same

kind of an animal that my mother had found dead. But I did not know then what it was. It was not long, however, before my father saw one of them and told me that they were flying-squirrels. The one we found dead must have fallen down from the attic, and starved to death. The little squirrels we have seen are gray. Their breasts are white, their tails bushy but flat, and they are short, with plump little bodies.

One night I saw a flying-squirrel in the trees. He did not fly upward, but spread out his "wings" and sailed from the top of one tree to the bottom of the next, using his flat tail to steer with. The little squirrels we had seen in the attic seemed to be so friendly that I thought they would make nice little pets, so I set some traps which I hoped would catch them; but I never caught one in that way. But at last a baby squirrel fell down from the attic, and we caught it by dropping a towel over it; then we picked it up carefully and put it into a squirrel-cage. Then there was so much noise in the attic that we went up and caught two more that were looking for the missing one. When we put them into the cage they sat right up and began to eat some corn I had put in for them. One day I found a large bug. I put it into the squirrels' cage, and the next morning I found the bug's wings in the bottom of the cage. The squirrels had eaten the rest of it. Every night when it begins to get dark I take a lantern out and set it so that it lets just a little light into the cage; then I watch the little squirrels for a while. When they first come out of the nest they go down and eat something. They always eat the bark off the branches I put in for them to play on. But after they eat a few minutes they are very lively, and play about like kittens. Sometimes when one of them gets something very good to eat the others will try to take it away from him. One night when I went out to watch them, a big fat woodchuck got up and ran away. He had been crouching down beside the cage. I do not know if he meant to harm my pets or not. Last night we caught one more flying-squirrel, so I have four now.



THE FLYING-SQUIRREL.

FLORENCE BLODGETT.

THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day in the woods I caught several glimpses of a bird about as big as a robin, with white on each wing and the tail, and a great deal of black. It seemed to have some red on it, and its bill was blunt and stout. It was so exceedingly shy that the least noise scared it, and I could not study it at all. The next day I heard a great rustling in the leaves on the ground, and thought there must be a chicken scratching there; so I crept up, but found the same bird very busy scratching in the leaves and eating seeds or insects. It did not notice me at all and I could watch it very well. It had a black head, throat, wings, back, and tail; a good deal of white on the wings, tail, and in a streak down the belly; the sides and part of breast red-chestnut; and the eyes red. After it discovered me, it flew away crying, "Chewink, chewink, chewink!" So I knew it was a towhee or chewink bird.

CAROL BRADLEY (age 14).

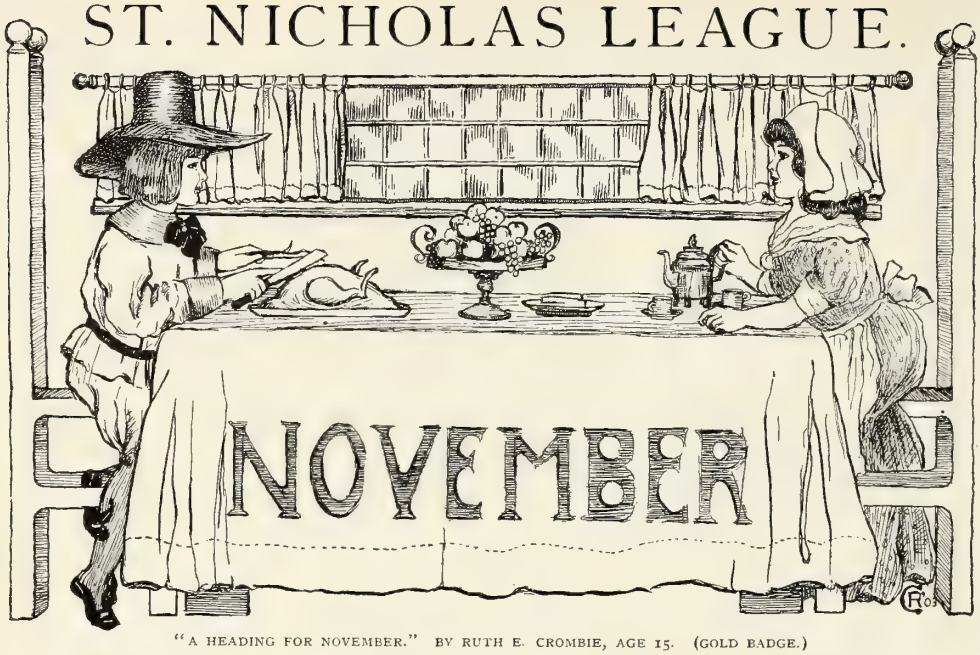
While calling at the cottage of the Rev. J. D. King, Cottage City, Massachusetts, I noted that several chewinks were in the yard. He writes me as follows:

Twenty-five years ago chewinks were very plentiful, but they disappeared almost entirely till, a year ago last summer, a pair of them came shyly into my front yard, evidently in search of insects. They mixed freely with the robins, seeming to ignore their presence. They must have raised a nest of young ones in the neighborhood, for when they returned last summer, four or five additional ones came with them. They were evidently young birds. I threw out waste canary-seed in the back yard, which they very soon found, after which they were frequent visitors, furtive at first; but in time they gained confidence, and my presence at a little distance did not seem to disturb them, though they kept very close watch upon me. But they gained more confidence when the grapes were ripe, or their appetites overcame their fears, for then they would allow me very close while feeding. I noticed that they knew a plump, ripe cluster when they saw it, very kindly leaving the poor fruit for Mrs. King to work up into preserves.



THE CHEWINK, OR TOWHEE.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY ROSE C. GOODE (AGE 17).

(*Cash Prize.*)

BECAUSE, to-day, I heard a merry tune
Played in the city street,
That ever rose above the city's noise,
And laughed through all the sound of passing feet,
I stood again in fancy by the sea,
And felt its salt breath blowing over me.

I saw the sky star-spangled as it was
When first I heard that little giddy tune;
I saw the glory path of molten gold
That stretched away to touch the rising moon,
While in my ears the ceaseless city roar
Sounded as breakers foaming 'gainst the shore.

NOVEMBER is the birth month of ST. NICHOLAS. Thirty years ago the first number of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine went out to seek its way into the homes and hearts of American boys and girls. Thirty years seems a long time to young people, and especially to those subscribers whose parents were among the boys and girls of yesterday who were first to open the door and bid our good saint welcome. There are houses to which ST. NICHOLAS has been a monthly visitor ever since the first slender number so long ago, and the red-covered bound volumes have become worn and shaky as one generation after another of eager hands have carried them from shelf to table, from table to floor, and thumbed and turned the pages backward and forward through thirty years.

How good those old numbers were! We early readers feel quite sure that no magazine to-day could ever be made quite so good as those. Certainly no magazine can ever be to us so real and true, and take us into that wonderful dream-world of real things that we found in those old pages. Ah, me! perhaps, after all, it is we who have changed, and the boys and girls of to-day will read and remember the numbers now with the same fondness that filled us for those of the bygone years. The past and the things of youth are always dear to us. Sadness and disappointment fade and are forgotten, but that which has given us pleasure seems to grow fairer with each year. The old game, the old study, and the old magazine are prized more and more as they drift farther from us, enhanced and glorified in the golden mists of memory.

November is also the birth month of the St. Nicholas League, and in the four years that have elapsed since the announcement of the new organization we have seen some of our boys and girls grow to be men and women and take their places among the art and literary workers on both sides of the ocean. Perhaps their names are not widely known as yet, but it requires no prophet to foretell that among them, and among those talented ones who are still working and striving month after month, resolved not to fail, believing only in success, there will be found many whose names and work the world will be glad to recognize and to honor.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 47.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Rose C. Goode** (age 17), Boydton, Va.

Gold badges, **Marjorie V. Betts** (age 14), 536 Queens Ave., London, Ontario, Canada, and **William Laird Brown** (age 15), 26 N. Rigby Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

Silver badges, **H. Mabel Sawyer** (age 11), 611 N. 4th St., Keokuk, Iowa, and **Marguerite Borden** (age 16), Estero, Lee Co., Fla.

Prose. Gold badges, **Dorothy Eckl** (age 15), 1641 Reid St., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Mary W. Woodman** (age 16), Hubbard Park, Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Phyllis Valentine Wannamaker** (age 14), 100 Highland Court, Elyria, Ohio, and **Edith J. Minaker** (age 11), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada.

Drawings. Gold badges, **Ruth E. Crombie** (age 15), 40 S. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Melville Coleman Levey** (age 15), 1988 Bush St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Helen Adele Fleck** (age 16), 3202 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., **Anna Zucker** (age 16), 1614 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., and **Dorothy J. Hamilton** (age 9), 316 Pine St., Stevens Point, Wis.

Photography. Cash prize, **Robert Y. Hayne** (age 14), San Mateo, Cal.

Gold badge, **Carl Matz** (age 16), 606 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Freda Messervy** (age 12), Norton, Shawford, Hants, England, **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 10), Conway, Mass., and **Fonda Cunningham** (age 9), Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Cedar Bird and Young," **Dunton Hamlin** (age 15), Box 82, Orono, Me. Second prize, "Crow," **Eleanor Houston Hill** (age 9), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Young Flicker," **Frederick L. Gates** (age 16), 172 Union St., Montclair, N. J.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Margaret Abbott** (age 13), Hendersonville, N. C., and **Samuel Wohlgemuth** (age 16), 202 Stanton St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 N. Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla., and **L. Arnold Post** (age 14), Stanfordville, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del.

Silver badges, **Norton Woods** (age 14), Maumee, Ohio, and **Bessie Garrison** (age 13), Austin, Tex.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

As, glorified by golden haze,
The mountains gleam afar,
So glow the joys of other days,
So sweet their mem'ries are.

The distant hills more brightly gleam—
More fair, though far away.
So old-time fishing journeys seem
More bright and fair to-day.

The calm, sweet earth was green around,
And fresh with morning dew;
Above, the sunrise glory crowned
A vault of stainless blue.

Through sluggish deep and babbling shoal
The creek in shadow flowed;
It loitered past the swimming-hole,
It murmured by the road.

The rods were only saplings green,
The fish we caught were small;
Yet were those bygone days, I ween,
The happiest of all.

And never do the bells of joy
Such lovely music chime
As to a careless, healthy boy
In dear vacation-time.

St. Nicholas League membership is free. Send for a badge and instruction leaflet.

BACH'S INVENTION No. VIII.

BY DOROTHY ECKL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)



If you who are studying music have never played or heard the eighth one of Bach's two-voiced inventions, I can only say, see that you do.

In these modern times it seems sometimes as if Bach has been relegated "to the shelf." But, all the same, Bach was and always will be the King of Music. All the delicate modulations of Wagner, all the grandeur of Beethoven, had been given to the world long ago by Johann Sebastian Bach. I have only to refer you to his "Fantasia Cromatica"—oh, well, I am going to speak of his eighth invention now.

I learned it when I was about ten years old, and it



"A FIELD SKETCH." BY MELVILLE COLEMAN LEVEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

has been growing up with me ever since. And the story that I made up to it then I will relate now.

The time is early morning. The sun has taken his beauty sleep, and is all ready to be admired.

The scene is a large green meadow, a few trees, a path running from east to west, a fence, and a gate. All is serene.

Then up the path from the east comes a dapper little gentleman of grandfather's time, with frills and tucks and laces, etc. — a "dudish" little man, and on he comes, prancing and balancing his cane.

What is he doing so early? Oh, well, never mind.

But, lo and behold! From the west dawns another little man, a counterpart of Gentleman I. At the gate they meet.

And then there is a bowing and a bending, and



"THE GREAT, DEEP WOODS OF CALIFORNIA." BY ROBERT Y. HAYNE, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

"Oh, good morning," says Gentleman I. "My dear sweet sir, I am—"

"Oh, *good* morning. How charming—"

"Pray what brings you at this early hour?"

"And you?"

Then they both chime in:

"Is it not superb—the sunrise?" Then Gentleman I sniffs some breath, and Gentleman II continues:

"My dear sir, in all secrecy—I would not disturb your peace of mind, but—"

"Pray do not trouble."

"The people say of late you seem to be less particular of your appearance."

"Sir!"

More bowing on the part of Gentleman II.

"Oh, let it not disturb you, sir. My *dear* sir, I—"

"*Do* not mention it. Only a momentary attack of anger."

"Let us exchange the heavenly snuff, and a good morning to you."

"Sweet blessings on you."

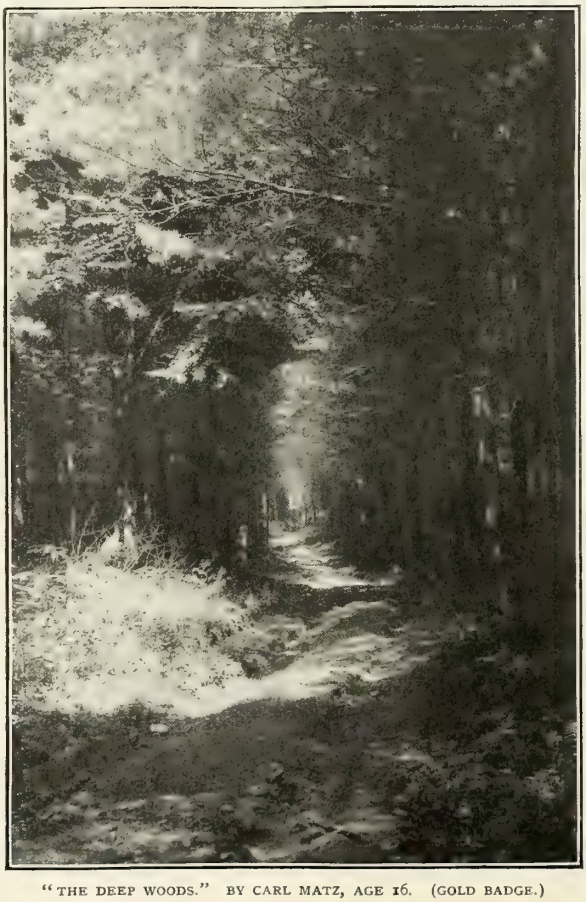
And both together:

"*Good* morning."

And they depart.

If you do not know the delightful little piece of music you cannot be interested. But that 's just my point. You *should* know it.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. Any reader of this magazine, whether a subscriber or not, may become a League member and compete for prizes. A badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application.



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY CARL MATZ, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

MIKEY'S FUTURE INVENTION.

BY MARY W. WOODMAN (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Mikey found himself floating swiftly through the air. How high up he was, and what a delightful sensation! The air was soft and he was gliding so smoothly and easily along.

Often a look of pity crept over his freckled face as he saw the people shivering on the streets 'way, 'way below; then again a smile at his own warmth and happiness.

Why was he so warm, while those on the snowy streets below drew their cloaks tightly about them?

In one little hand Mikey held fast his telegrams—such a lot of them!

There seemed to be one for every house; but how easy it was!

He did n't have to ring the bell, and stamp his cold feet until the door was opened. No, not *he!*

Why, all he did was to drop his telegram above the house, and see the yellow slip grow smaller as it drifted down. Then, as the message glided nearer to the house, a hand came up from the roof-top and took it in.

At every house a telegram was sent whirling downward, and each time a hand came out of the roof and drew it in.

How queer it was that the message should always fly

down exactly right, to be received by that mysterious hand!

Would Mikey's telegrams never be delivered?

No matter how many were dropped down into the mysterious hand, his own hand was as full as ever.

This made no difference to Mikey, for he was having such a blissful time gliding so softly, gently, peacefully through the air.

Suddenly he felt his foot hit against a tall pine-tree, and then—

Why, where was he?

Where were his telegrams?

He heard a voice say, "Hey, Mikey, what air you a-doin'? Sure, an' de boss be a-huntin' for yez."

Then the truth flashed upon him that it was all a foolish, foolish dream.

At the familiar click, click the tired little telegram-boy rose, rubbing his wondering eyes.

"Anyhow," he whispered, with a decisive nod of his little head, "when I grows up I 'll invent wings, so 's messenger boys *can* fly."

So, still wondering, the child started again to do *his* share of duty in this great world.



"THE DEEPEST WOODS." BY FREDA MESSERVY, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

A MEMORY (?) OF VACATION.

BY MARJORIE V. BETTS (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

VACATION is n't over yet;
There still are weeks to play;
Yes, weeks and weeks before we fret
O'er school-books all the day.

The silver moon still shines at night
Out of a starlit sky.
The days are very fair and bright;
They have not yet passed by.

The woods are still a dainty green;
The birds still loudly sing,
As glad as ever they have been
Since the first touch of spring.

The waves are rolling mountains high,
The sky is nice and blue,
The gleaming sails go racing by;
And all of this is true.

Yes, all is real as real can be,
And all is joyful, glad.
For me, *I* have no memory
For what I have n't had.

My holidays are n't over yet,
I have n't had them all.
Don't ask me to *remember* them
Till later in the fall.

AN INVENTION.

BY PHYLLIS VALENTINE WANNAMAKER (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OF all wonderful inventions, my choice is the piano. Not because it is so useful or necessary (for I might, possibly, live without it), but because it gives to me such quiet enjoyment. It soothes my ruffled or injured feelings, and makes me thoughtful. It always quiets me.

It has a story of history and improvement which begins as far back as the Middle Ages. Among the many stringed instruments at that time were the clavichord and dulcimer. The dulcimer was a stringed instrument laid across a table and played by leather-headed hammers. The clavichord had a keyboard, but was played by plucking the strings.

Christofale, of Florence, Italy, in 1711 combined the keyboard and hammer ideas into a rude piano. It was called the clavichord-cymbalum, and later the forte-piano (*forte* meaning loud and *piano* soft). The name afterward became reversed.

In 1716, Marius, of Paris, independently invented a piano, and about the same time Shroedter, in Germany, invented another.

Johann Stein and Anton Walter made notable improvements on the Shroedter make of pianos. Mozart played on these kinds, and Beethoven played on



"A LESSON IN THE DEEP WOODS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"CEDAR BIRD AND YOUNG." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

others made by Stein's daughter, Mme. Streicker. One of the latter makes may be seen now in Windsor Castle.

Pianos were introduced into England in 1766 and into America in 1784; but those imported into America were ruined by the severe climate.

In 1790, John Hawkins conceived the idea of upright pianos; but not until 1815 was the making of pianos taken up as an American industry.

The day of the square piano is past, and the upright is fast taking its place, as it does not take as much room, and has a softer, deeper tone. Even the grand piano is not much better, its only advantage being the greater volume of sound.

So from Christofale's crude invention has been formed the modern piano, which affords so much pleasure, both quiet and gay, for all people.



"CROW." BY ELEANOR HOUSTON HILL, AGE 9. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY H. MABEL SAWYER (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE June breeze brought from the far-off hills
The scent of the new-mown hay,
As we sat on the banks of the running rills
And fished and dreamed away.
And what cared we for bee or fly
While we had each other, my rod and I?

The shimmering trout went swimming by
As we lay in the cooling shade,
And we loved each other, my rod and I,
In the loneliness of the glade.
For no man upon the living sod
Loves aught as I love my faithful rod.

Then as the noontide sun rose high
Our basket of lunch we sought;
We dined together, my rod and I,
As together we dreamed and wrought.
I ask for naught but my line and rod,
With a running stream and the restful sod.

We 've wandered over dale and hill,
My fishing-rod and I,
Always to stop by some silvery rill
Where the fish go darting by.
With my rod I spend each vacation day,
And pray with my heart that I always may.

TABBY'S INVENTION.

BY EDITH J. MINAKER (AGE 11).

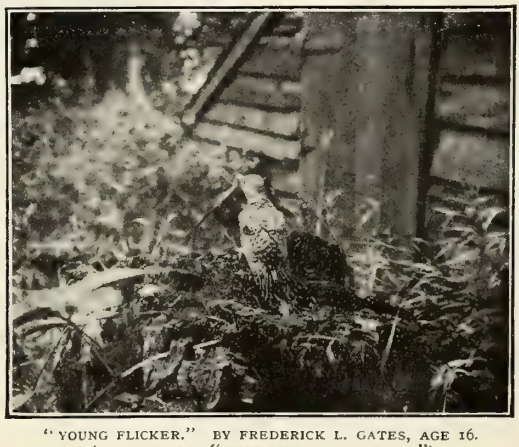
(*Silver Badge.*)

NURSE had gone out and left Baby Teddy in Amy's charge. Amy was his sister, and was exceedingly fond of books and reading. Just then she was trying to finish a very interesting story in the ST. NICHOLAS, but Teddy objected. He was cutting teeth, and was just about as cross and fretful as a baby can be. Amy had been playing with him, and now was tired. Reading stories was so much nicer than amusing babies!

The staid, lazy old tabby-cat napping on the rug guessed what made them so unhappy, and racked her brain to invent something to amuse the baby. At last she hit upon a plan, but it was very distasteful to herself. The only thing that a cat could do, she thought, was to try to be a kitten for a while.

So up she sprang (for she could be quick when she pleased). She caught the dangling string of Teddy's pinafore between her paws, and clawed and bit and pulled it. Amy looked up from her book, hurriedly finished her story, then ran and got some string. Poor old Tabby chased and raced after it until nurse came in. Then as she lay down for a long nap, she thought, "It 's all very well to amuse babies, but when you have to transform yourself from a staid, sedate old cat into a frisky young kitten, it 's rather hard work."

Though she was convinced of the success of her invention, she thought she would not often try it unless Teddy was very cross and Amy very tired of amusing him.



"YOUNG FLICKER." BY FREDERICK L. GATES, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN (AGE 16).



(*Silver Badge.*)

(Teddy speaks.)

I WENT to Aunt Matilda's home,
A farm with apple-trees,
To hunt fer frogs an' polliwogs
An' birds an' bumblebees.

One day I picked a paper ball
A-hangin' on a tree;
An' bugs with wings an' awful stings
Came flyin' after me!

An' you jus' guess I hollered loud,
An' ran the fastest race—
With hurtin' lumps, such dreadful bumps,
A-comin' on my face!

I tum'led in the fishin'-pond,
An' could n't make a sound!
Oh, my! Oh, my! I thought I 'd die,
Fer I wuz almos' drowned!

Those happy days are over, an'
I 'm learnin' spellin' now—
An' 'rithmetic jus' makes me sick!
I 'd like to see a cow!

ONE OF NATURE'S INVENTIONS.

BY ALLAN MORGAN STANDISH (AGE 12).

IN the little bays on the Pacific coast can be seen large quantities of kelp floating on the surface of the water.

The kelp is brown in color and is like a long, slender tube. At one end it enlarges into a hollow bulb about as big as a ball, which keeps it afloat. The other end fastens on to stones and rocks, and so anchors itself.

In the fall, as the bulb becomes larger and more buoyant, if the stone to which the lower end is attached is small, the kelp frequently lifts the stone off the bottom, and, with it firmly clasped by its roots, floats ashore.

If the kelp is fastened to a rock too heavy to move, it has to be broken off by the storms, and can be found in great masses piled up on the shore.

At this season the Indians from near-by valleys come to the coast and gather it, dry it, and use it as food.

I have seen kelp over twenty feet long, washed up on the beach, with its roots still clinging to a stone as large as a man's two fists.

When dried the kelp becomes very tough.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY EVELYN OLVER FOSTER (AGE 15).

(Bob speaks.)

I WISH that outside 't would stop snowing,
I wish that the ice would go 'way,
I wish that the wind would stop blowing,
And 't was summer-time just for one day.

I am tired of this wild wintry weather,
This room is so stuffy and warm;
I think of us ten boys together,
And the fun we had out on the farm,

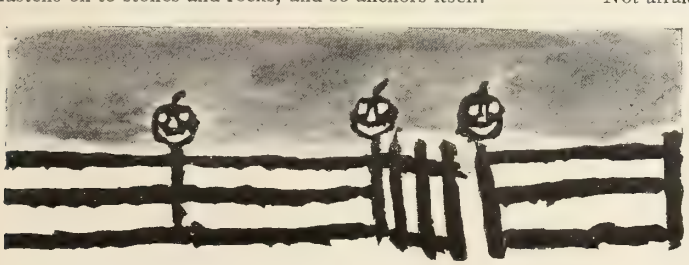


"A FIELD SKETCH." BY HELEN ADELE FLECK, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

When 't was August, and uncle was haying,
And all of us boys went along,
And bothered the men by our playing,
And joined in the haymakers' song.

And one day I went with them "in swimmin',"
Not afraid of the scolding I 'd get;
And nurse, who 's the sharpest of women,
Found out, 'cause my hair was so wet!

Now Thanksgiving and Christmas are nearing,
And I 'm home with my books and my toys;
But outside it is cold, white, and dreary,
And I long for the farm and the boys.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY DOROTHY J. HAMILTON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

ELSIE'S INVENTION.

BY FRANCES J. SHRIVER (AGE 13).

"ETHEL, Ethel! come here!" shouted Julia, from the gate. Ethel dropped her sewing and ran to meet her sister.

"What is it, Julie? What is the matter?"

"Read it! read it!" cried Julia, giving Ethel a newspaper. "Read it, quick, Ethel!"

"'A prize of $5 will be given for the best invention made by a child under fifteen. There will be two second prizes of $3 each. See next page for rules,'" read Ethel. Then she dropped the paper, exclaiming, "That 's the best thing ever happened to us, Julie! If either of us wins the prize, it will be enough, with what we have, for both bicycles. And your bird-snare and my toy water-mill will do nicely. Oh, how fine!"

For several days the girls spent most of their spare time in getting their inventions ready, till the time came and they were sent away. Meanwhile Baby Elsie had been asking questions and thinking things over. One afternoon she came to Ethel and announced, "I has made a 'vention, too. Tum see."

She trotted on before her sisters till she reached a fence inclosing a blackberry-patch. This fence was too high to climb easily, and the children always had a hard time getting over it. She ran along beside it, the curious girls following, till she came to a low place. There, built on sticks and stones piled up clumsily, was a little contrivance, half ladder, half staircase, made of logs.

"Dat 's my 'vention," said Elsie, proudly. "I 'll det lots of money for it."

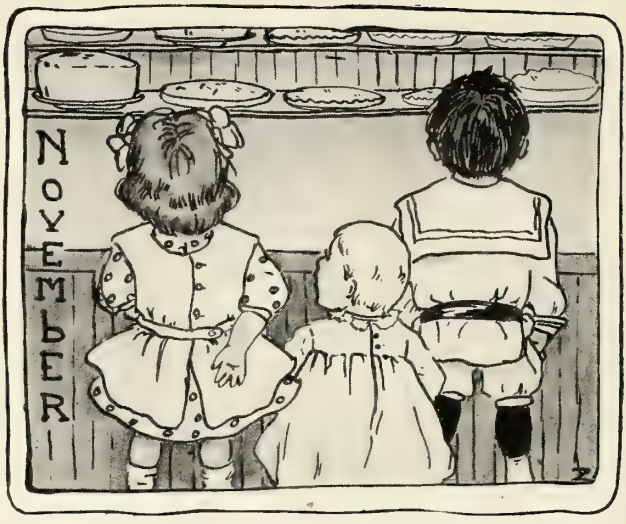
"Lots of money for that thing!" cried Julia. "Oh, baby, what nonsense! It is n't worth a cent!"

Elsie's lip trembled for an instant; then she ran, crying, toward the house.

Grandpa was smoking in the garden, when, suddenly, baby rushed up, sobbing out something about "bad dirls" and "'vention." When he understood, he picked her up and walked toward the fence.

"Don't cry, baby. If you 'll show me your invention, I 'll make everything all right. Those naughty girls sha'n't laugh at you. Is that it? Why, baby, that 's fine! Run get your supper, and I 'll fix things for you, never fear!"

A week later Julia announced that she and Ethel had won second prizes. But, happy as they were, Elsie was happier, standing beside her grandfather with a brand-new dollar bill clasped in her fat hand. Grandpa had made it all right.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER.



BY IRENE McFADDEN, AGE 12.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY WILKIE GILHOLM (AGE 16).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

OH, a gay little rover was I, with school over!
No thought then of going away;
For all through vacation, with childish elation,
I rode my "Brown Bess" every day.

She would toss her small head as onward we sped,
And strive to unseat me in fun;
But with a light tip on her side from the whip,
Off faster than ever she 'd run.

'T was dash o'er the hills! 't was splash through the rills!
While over the meadows we 'd fly,
If you heard a great clatter, and found out the matter,
'T was only my pony and I.

When we came to red clover, I 'd slip the reins over
And let her enjoy a sweet bite;
At a shake of the rein she would toss out her mane,
And dash off again with delight.

In the cool shady rill she could drink there until
Her thirst was quite quenched, one could tell;
Then I 'd turn her around, and off she would bound
For home, ere the night shadows fell.

Oh, my little brown pet, I think of you yet
As I jingle these holiday rhymes;
But vacations no more are the same as of yore—
I 'm too big for those jolly old times.



St Nicholas League.

"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY M. FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 11).

THE good times are over,
With frolic and play;
No races in clover,
But school all the day.

No climbing of trees,
No sails on the bay,
No lying at ease,
But school all the day.

And of my memories one of the best
Is being out on that broad lake's breast,
Seeing the hills and the deep blue skies,
And the bright sun set and the pale moon rise.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I 'm very sure that I like to row.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

BY JEANNETTE A. SCHIFF (AGE 11).

PRINTING was first invented by Gutenberg in 1441, but the first English printer was William Caxton, who is supposed to have been born about 1422. For many years he lived in Bruges as governor of the English traders. When he was forty-seven years of age he began to translate from the French a book about the Trojan War. Not long after, he entered the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, to whom he presented his translation in 1471. So many people wanted copies that he grew tired of writing and began to think of printing.

Caxton learned the art from Collard Mansion, a printer in Bruges, who had his printing-press in a room over a church porch. The book was printed, and also another called "The Game and Playe of Chesse," which was published the following year. After an absence of thirty-five years, Caxton returned to England, bringing with him a primitive printing-press of Collard Mansion's type. This he set up in Westminster Abbey in the part now known as the Sanctuary.

In the fourteen years Caxton lived there he printed and published eighty books, one quarter of which he translated himself. Caxton died in 1491. His chief assistant, Wynkyn de Worde, succeeded him in his business.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY JULIA FORD FIEBEGER (AGE 13).

AT fair Lake Placid I 'd often row,
Hardly caring where to go.
Some like to walk, and some like to ride,
And some people like in the woods to bide.
What I like best I hardly know,
But I 'm very sure that I like to row.

Just to skirt along the shore,
Gliding on for an hour or more,
Past little beaches and pretty bays,
Watching the squirrel at merry plays,
Hearing the wood-birds' fairy songs,
And seeing them flying around in throngs.

THE HALL OF INVENTION.

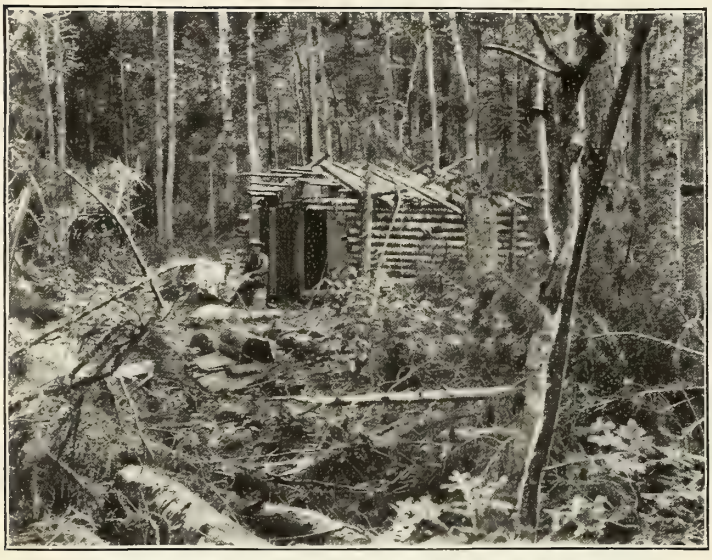
BY ETHEL BERRIAN (AGE 16).

"THE telephone was invented in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell." So Jack read from his history, as he nodded over his lesson. "Telephone—1876—Alexander—Graham—Bell." Eyes winked faster, head bent lower, and the draft from the hall fluttered the pages of the book over, one, two, three at a time; and, finally, over went the cover, too, with a—

Bang! Jack jumped up and looked around with wide



"FROM LIFE." BY JESSIE JUNE WHITCOMB, AGE 16.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY FONDA CUNNINGHAM, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

eyes. Instead of the old familiar room, the desk and book-case, the well-known carpet and wall-paper, whose patterns had often been so carefully studied in the vain attempt to find arithmetic answers hidden away among the leaves and flowers — instead of all this there was— Jack wondered what there was n't!

The room was full of all sorts and descriptions of machinery. At least, it looked like machinery at first; but when Jack looked sharply at one piece, lo and behold, there sat a little jumping-jack of a fellow, really nothing but a long piece of wire with a cylinder at each end of it, arms and head coming from one cylinder, feet from the other. He was labeled: "Invention of the Telephone, 1876, by Alexander Graham Bell."

"Goodness!" said Jack.

The next was a tiny steamboat, two bulging eyes at the prow, arms from the port-holes, feet at the stern: "Invention of the Steamboat, 1807, by Robert Fulton."

Jack stared, then went on to the next: "Invention of the Phonograph, 1877, by Thomas A. Edison." Jack gasped when he saw the figure below the label—a little box of a body, two little arms and two little legs, and a big round gaping mouth.

In spite of his fourteen years, Jack thought of "Why, grandmother, what a big mouth you 've got!" And then there seemed to come from out the mouth of the "Invention," "All the better to eat you up with!"

And Jack took to his heels and ran—ran till he bumped against something hard, and straightway found himself on the study floor.

"I 'm going to call that place the 'Hall of Invention,'" he told Billy, next day. "I 'm going to make believe all the inventions are funny fellows with labels on them. I guess I won't miss in history to-day." And he did n't.



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

(Spent in a Public Library.)

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16.)

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

A SUNNY room with cool green walls
And pictures here and there,
The gently moving ferns and palms,
A carved and winding stair.

The murmur of a baby's voice,
The pat of tiny feet,
The funny papers round the room,
And laughter low and sweet.

Low shelves on shelves of children's books,
The children's eager rush,
The sharp hiss of a new-torn page
And then the breathless hush.

Thus memories come crowding back
Of child and book and rhyme,
The happiest days I ever spent
In one vacation-time.

OUR MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY RACHEL BULLEY (AGE 13).

WE always had fun when we stayed with Aunt Sue,
There were so many things for us children to do.
We used to go fishing for trout in the brook,
With a cane for a pole and a pin for a hook;
We used to have picnics, with plenty to eat—
Buns, cookies, and apples and plums that were sweet.

We used to take rides on "Satsuma," the cow,
And play hide-and-seek in the clover haymow.
When evening came, with the moon full and bright,
Aunt Sue would tell stories, to our great delight.
When summer vacation comes next year anew,
I hope they will send us to visit Aunt Sue.

THE INVENTION OF THE STEAMBOAT.

BY ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY (AGE 10).

ROBERT FULTON was the first man to make a steamboat. He and his friend used to fish in a flat-bottomed boat. They made it go by poles, but it was very hard to make it go that way.

So Fulton and his friend made two paddle-wheels, and fitted them in the boat so they could turn them with their hands. This worked finely.

When Fulton was older he thought that he could make a bigger boat and have larger paddles and have them worked by steam.

So he got a big boat and put an engine in it, and made some big paddle-wheels, and then he launched it; but the engine was so big and heavy that it sank.

But he made a bigger boat and put another engine in it, and made some big paddles.

There were lots of people on the banks, and they were laughing at it, for they were sure it would not work; but when it really started, they thought it was bewitched, and they were very frightened. But it kept on going up the Hudson, and then it turned around and went back to New York. Its name was the "Clermont."

MEMORIES OF VACATION.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (AGE 14).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

In the school-room now I sit with my head upon my hand:
I can hear the tiny wavelets as they break upon the sand;
I can see the smoke of steamships trailing black against the sky;
I hear once more the sighing wind and the whistling buoy's cry.
How I long to sit beneath the pines--my favorite retreat—
And look out across the waters where the bay and ocean meet!

The little church on the hilltop and the bay stretched blue below,
The restless waves of the ocean moving ever to and fro,
The bluffs and the blazing camp-fires and the pine-trees straight and tall,
The racing tides of the ocean, and the moonlight over all—
It all comes back, and I long to sit once more in my cool retreat,
And hear the booming of the waves where the bay and ocean meet.

The fisher-boats that up the bay at quiet anchor lie,
The mountains that rival in blueness the blue of the summer sky,
The waves that beat against the reefs and storm a coast rock-bound,
The gulls and stormy petrels that circle round and round,
It all comes back with the sighing wind, and I long for my cool retreat,
And the foam and the white-capped breakers where the bay and ocean meet.

Around the lighthouse tall and still the sea-birds circling fly,
Or lose themselves in the mist and fog that cover sea and sky.
So memory roves, and fancy, till I long to hear once more
The cry of the whistling buoy and the breakers on the shore;
I long to wander through the ferns or watch from my cool retreat
The surging of the waters where the bay and ocean meet.

A MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 10).

(Leaving Baltimore.)

Come to the "Howard's" massive bow,
For she is raising anchor now;
The sun is setting o'er the sea,
The vessel from the shore must flee.



"DEEP WOODS." BY W. R. RADCLIFFE, AGE 14.



"THE DEEP WOODS." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13.

Gaze at the disappearing land,
The grassy fields, the golden sand,
The smoky town so far away
Dim in the twilight of the day.

About us and above us, too,
Doth stretch a vast expanse of blue;
'T is turning now to dusky gray
As in the west doth end the day.

THE INVENTION OF LOCOMOTIVES.

BY LUCIA BURCH (AGE 10).

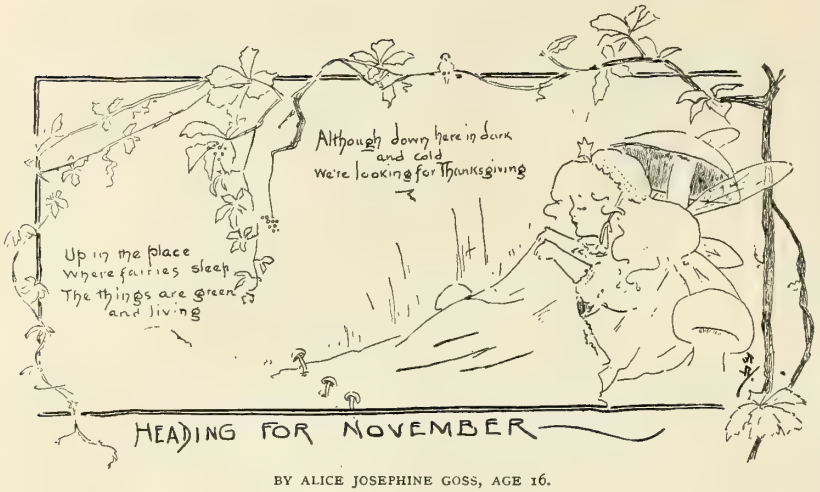
The locomotive was first invented by George Trevithick. It was a small model made for running on common roads. George Stephenson next invented a locomotive to run on rails. He was given money to make it by Lord Ravenscourt.

In a competition which took place several locomotives were entered, George Stephenson's being one of them. His locomotive was called the "Rocket." It was the pioneer of the type we see now, and took first prize.

The introduction of locomotives in the United States preceded its introduction to the continent of Europe, three locomotives being sent over in 1829, and the South Carolina Railway being laid in 1828.

The mileage of construction of the United States then began to keep pace with that of the United Kingdom. In 1830 the United States began to take the lead, which it has ever since maintained.

The United States has better railways than any other country in the world. The largest locomotive works in the world are in Philadelphia.



BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Margaret I. Larimer
Ellen Dunwoody
Alfred Patmore Clarke
Alberta Cowgill
Edith Taylor
Doris Francklyn
Emily Rose Burt
Mary Swenson
Ethel Steinhiller
Louisa F. Spear
Jessie Freeman Foster
Philip Stark
Mary Clara Tucker
Katherine Ashby
Bessie White
Marie J. Hapgood
Teresa Cohen
Maude N. White
Frank P. Abbot
Harold R. Norris
Beth Howard

VERSE 2.

Sue Dorothy Keeney
Ora Ringwood
Horace Hotchkiss Holly
Bert Durden
Katherine Kurz
Mark Curtis Kinney
Della H. Varrell
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Rebecca S. Rutledge
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Mildred Quiggle
Helena Marco
Alice Braunlich
Elizabeth Q. Bolles
Ruth Reeder
Harriet Evelyn Works
Walter Mulvihill
Bertha C. Herbst
Mary J. Wooldridge
Elizabeth Lee
Miriam C. Gould
Mary Yeula Wescott
Helen Emerson
William Aimison Jonnard
Bertha V. Emmerson
Marguerite Marcher
Ruth Tolman
William A. Dunlap
Irene Weil
Clara Shanafelt
Therese H. McDonnell
Mary Blossom Bloss
Mary Smith
Marguerite Weed
Morris G. White, Jr.
Susan E. Miller
Claudia Stella Blount
Robert Strain III.
Dorothy Lee
Barbara Tower
Helen A. Scribner
Virginia D. Keeney
Frances Benedict

PROSE 1.

Sydney P. Thompson
Cornelia N. Walker
Edward Taylor
Charlotte R. Prentiss
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Elsa Clark
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Tula Latzke
Margaret Wrong
Helen M. Spear
Ada Harriet Case
Willia Nelson
Ivy Varian Walshe
Ruth McNamee
Grace Richardson
Julia Coolidge
Celia Lewis
Florence Wade
Hazel M. Hartman
Louis Brown
Dorothy Place
Vincent M. Ward
Elizabeth McCormick
CharlotteChandler Wyckoff
Bennie Hasselman
Priscilla C. Goodwyn
Bessie Stella Jones

PROSE 2.

Louise F. Preston
Abbe H. Aaron
Lelia S. Goode
Vivian T. Freeman
Lawrence Grey Evans
Dorothy Webb Abbott
Marjorie Du Bois
Earl D. Van Deman
Margaret Minaker
AnnaMargueriteNeuburger
Frederick D. Seward
Marion Hayward Tuthill
Elsie Flower
Helen Welles
Anna Campbell
Harriette Kyler Pease
Lucie A. Dolan
Olive Benbrook
Harold S. Barbour
Caryl Porter Smith
N. Antrim Crawford
L. G. Phillips
Olga McCormick
Elizabeth Parker
Harriet R. Fox
Florence O. Stinchcomb
Fanny J. Watson
Elsa van Nes
Mildred Verral
Avis K. Stein
Marjorie Heath Baine
Katherine Carr
Edmund de S. Brunner
Anna Kress
Marjorie Sawyer
Katharine J. Bailey
Alma Eckl
William A. R. Russum
Marion Dillard
Phyllis M. Critcherson
Carol S. Williams
Lewise Seymour
Mary Nimmons
Charlotte M. H. Beath
Margaret L. Garthwaite
Hilda M. Ryan
Leon Knowles
Dorothy Kuhns
Mildred Ransom Cram
Conrad P. Aiken
Ruth B. Hand
Edith Muriel Andrews
Helen Greene
Katharine Forbes Liddell

DRAWINGS 1.

Joseph McQuirk
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Zula J. Bottenfield
Eileen Lawrence-Smith
Margaret A. Dobson
Caroline Latzke
Stella Weingarten
Katherine Maude Merriam
Grace Leadingham
Pauline Croll
May Lewis Close
Evulie C. Flagg
Marion Jacqueline Overton
Meade Bolton
Joseph B. Mazzano
Edith Plonsky
Florence Ewing Wilkinson
Shirley Willis
Frances R. Newcomb
Elizabeth Osborne
Margaret McKeon
Sara D. Burge
Rene Kellner
Helen M. Brown
Isabel Reynolds Krauth
Irene Gaylord Farnham
Vieva Marie Fisher
Dorothy Gray Brooks

DRAWINGS 2.

Phœbe Wilkinson
Margaret Goold Harder
Charlotte Morton
Elsa Falk
Winifred Bosworth
Paul Dundon
Sara E. Philips
Lester T. Hull
Margaret Jane Russell
Mildred Curran-Smith
John P. Billings
Edith Park
Cantey McDowell Venable
Thomas S. McAllister
Walter V. Johnson
Samuel Loveman
Albert Elsner, Jr.
Mary Eleanore George
Gladys Ralston Britton
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Elise Donaldson
Richard M. Hunt
Katherine J. Abbey
Ethel Ayres
Margery Bradshaw
Ethel Land
Lucile Ramon Byrne
Dorothy Sherman
Dorothea Clapp
Philip Little
Richard A. Reddy
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Edward Toth
Elizabeth Stockton
Ruth A. Reed
Roger K. Lane
Florence Mason
Emily W. Browne
Harriet Constance Grist
Louise Robbins
Margaret Peckham
A. Elizabeth Babcock
Ruby C. Knox
Harold Breul
Frances S. Loney
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Paul A. McDermott
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Helen Lowry
Alice M. Thoesen
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Marie Goebel
Marguerite E. Schwinn
Esterdell Lewis
Edna B. Tuthill
Jeannette Ormal Sherwood
Frances A. Chapin
Laura Burmeister
Edna Phillips
Mabel Everitt Roosevelt
Maude G. Barton
Lillian M. Andrews
Ethel Messervy
Elizabeth H. Swift
Gladys Jackson
Jacob Bacon
Constance Badger
Eunice McGilvra
Jeannette Fuqua
Philip M. Ustick
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Helen A. Wilson
Guinevere H. Norwood
Joe Fern
Marie Atkinson
Bessie B. Styron
Phœbe Hunter
Katharine Sturges
Dorothy C. Milford
Elise Urquhart
Gladys Nelson
Catherine Warner
Katherine W. Wood
Dorothy Applegate
Edward Doyle
Mary T. Taussig
John Sinclair
Dorothy Berry
Adelaide Chamberlin
Clara Goode
Dorothy E. Robinson
Marion D. Freeman
Julia Morgan
Katharine Thompson
Marie Louise Mohr
Robert Hammond Gibson
Mary Hendrickson
Dorothy Wormser
Helen L. Toohy
Harold L. Parr
Katherine Gibson
Frances Hale Burt
Frank G. Tallman
Edward Estlin Cummings

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Eugene White, Jr.
James W. Young
Laurence Macomber
Gerlad J. Taylor
Alice Fay
Charles J. Heidelberger
Katharine L. Marvin
Marjorie L. Williams
Nora Butler
Michael Heidelberger
Irene M. Mack
Laurence Smith
John P. Phillips
John Dusenbury Matz
Zella Jacobson
George Schobinger
Marguerite Williams
Henry Hand Hickman
Katharine Miller

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Catherine Delano
Arthur T. Luce
Paul B. Moore
F. E. Norton
Katharine McCook
Teresa Browne
Fred L. Herron
Edward McKey Very

Alice Mendelson
Olive C. McCabe
H. de Veer
Catherine Evans
Sophie P. Woodman
N. W. Swayne
Marguerite Warfield Jackson
Alice Whitton
J. Foster Hickman
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Hugo K. Graf
Clarence Reed
Abbott L. Norris
Florence R. T. Smith
Sarah W. Davis
T. Sam Parsons
Joseph F. Rumsey, Jr.
Louise L. Obert
Gertrude W. Smith
Gertruydt Beekman
Elizabeth Simpson
Marie Russel
Charles Ford Harding, [Jr.
John B. Jay
Mildred Easter
Prescott Rogers
R. Barton Parker
Arthur Fuller
Fred Scholle
Chandler W. Ireland
Patty Phillips
Elizabeth P. Hubbell
Lucien Carr III.
Eleanor S. Sterrett
Gilbert Honax

PUZZLES 1.

Helen Dean Fish
Eleanor Marvin
Albert Zane Pyles
Scott Sterling
Mabel C. Stark
George Powell
Jean C. Freeman

Margaret Stevens
Florence Short
Alfred A. Haldenstein
Rudolf von Saal
Louis Stix Weiss
Ethel Paine
Lucille Frund
Katharine H. Wead

PUZZLES 2.

Dorothy Child
E. Adelaide Hahn
Bonnie Angell
A. B. Harrington
James Brewster

Erna Klinzing
Ernest S. Roche
Clara L. Hays
Clements Wheat
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Dorothy P. Tuthill
Esther M. Walker
Dorothy Carr

Alice L. Halligan
Elizabeth C. Beale
Alma Mohrdick
Corinne L. Paine
Janette Bishop
Edna Mason Chapman



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY FAYETTA CROWLEY, AGE 12.

LEAGUE NOTES.

A FEW of our League contributors still insist upon rhyming "come" with "sun," and other words of irregular consonant sound. No "poet's license" that we have ever seen permits this sort of thing. We believe Chaucer used to do it, but that was a long time ago, before the English language, and especially the rhyming portion of it, had fallen into careful methods and exact rules. A poet who rhymes "come" with "sun," or "break" with "slate," or "line" with "time," may perhaps win the plaudits of "kind friends and teachers dear," but never by any possible chance can he win a prize in the St. Nicholas League competition. The vowel sounds are more flexible. It is allowable when in a very difficult place indeed to couple "blade" with "said," "tune" with "moon," and "more" with "war," though such things are to be avoided; but to link different consonant endings — it is almost too bad to talk about!

Some League members from Athens, Ill., have sent us a copy of a little paper entitled "The Only Thing." It is a type-written sheet, and very creditable to the young editors. Some of the personals, however, are really so very personal as to make editing in Athens seem a perilous employment. For example:

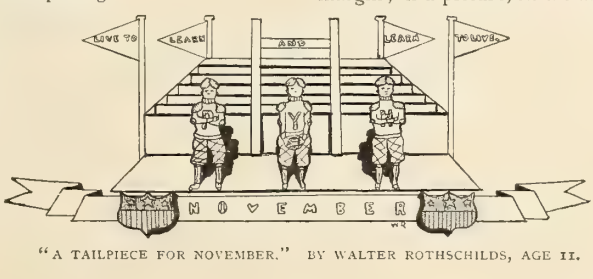
"Mr. Potts has a curly topknot, but is going away, we are sorry to say, to the land of the South, and ride on the train with a pipe in his mouth."

Even the poetry of the above will hardly be an excuse for the young editors when Mr. Potts gets home. Another personal seems less dangerous but no less worth reprinting:

"Mr. Ellis is a fine preacher. All that witnessed his last Sunday's sermon said it was grand, and it was. He began varnishing the church to-day."

One more, and then we will close:

"Mrs. J. R. H—— entertained a party of fifteen guests at her home east of Athens. Such a big dinner was served that all felt the effects."



"A TAILPIECE FOR NOVEMBER." BY WALTER ROTHSCHILDS, AGE 11.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 50.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 50 will close **November 20** (for foreign members **November 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to Abraham Lincoln.

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "The Story of a Word," being the history of the origin, use, and evolution of any word the author may select (continued from October).

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Sunlight."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Sketch from Memory," and "A Heading for February."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month —not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS. In response to the offer made in the August number, many interesting letters were submitted containing the names of recent books (not already too well known) for young people. The best letters were sent by these

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Robert Porter Crow (12), Shelby City, Ky.
Geddes Smith (13), Orange, N. J.
Clara Still (14), Middletown, N. Y.

and a free subscription for one year is therefore awarded to each. If they prefer their prizes in books published by The Century Co., will they kindly write to this department, making known their preference promptly?

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY YOUNG READERS. From the lists sent in we make a little selection of recent books which are praised by the competitors. It will be useful to generous friends looking for presents for young book-lovers.

The Boy and the Baron	*Adeline Knapp*
A Dear Little Girl	*Amy Blanchard*
The Other Wise Man	*Henry Van Dyke*
The Little Colonel Series	*A. F. Johnson*
The Outcasts	*W. A. Fraser*
A Real Queen's Fairy Tales	*Carmen Sylva*
Little Miss Muffet's Christmas	*S. M. Crothers*
The Young Colonists	*G. A. Henty*
Smith College Stories	*J. D. Daskam*
Nathalie's Chum	*Alice C. Ray*
'Tilda Jane	*Marshall Saunders*
The Story of a Living Temple	*Rossiter*
School of the Woods	*W. J. Long*
Beautiful Joe's Paradise	*Marshall Saunders*
The Thrall of Leif the Lucky	*O. J. Liljenkrantz*
The Ward of King Canute	*O. J. Liljenkrantz*
Nan at Camp Chicopee	*Myra Hamlin*
The Half-back	*Ralph Barbour*
The Princess of the Purple Palace	*W. M. Graydon*
Golden Numbers The Posy Ring	*K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith*
For the Freedom of the Sea	*C. T. Brady*
The Grip of Honor	*C. T. Brady*
Oakleigh	*E. D. Deland*
Two Girls	*Amy Blanchard*
Teddy	*Alice C. Ray*
The Fairy Queen	*E. Brooks*
Boy Life on the Prairie	*Hamlin Garland*
The Master Key	*Frank L. Baum*

Of course there are other books as good, but these are given as having pleased our young correspondents, and as being likely to please others of the same age. Letters speaking of books for the young are always welcome in this department, whether containing praise or blame, since it is our wish to keep our readers informed about the newer juvenile books, and especially to record those most notable.

THE NEW VOLUME. Since this number is the first of the new volume, it is now fitting to advise that the numbers be kept and bound. The cost of putting a half-year's magazines into book form is a trifle, and the pleasure of reading St. Nicholas in a bound book is more than a reward. Besides, the magazine contains mainly articles of permanent value, and as a young reader accumulates the volumes he makes up a little library of increasing use and worth. If it should happen that a reader outgrows St. Nicholas (many a grown-up has never done so, but finds it good reading always), there are always other young readers in the family. There is usually more danger that the magazine will be read to pieces than that it will be neglected, and no library for young people is better worth keeping. This is the time to begin your library, if you have not already kept your numbers together.

THE TWO ELEMENTS. It must never be forgotten that in reading there are two things necessary — the book and the reader. It is not difficult to-day for us to provide the first. Books are cheap, plenty, and accessible everywhere. But precisely as books increase in number and become familiar, it is harder to be a good reader. When a book was a rarity, each one was a treasure. Its possession was eagerly sought and the book was likely to be really read. Imagine the boy Abraham Lincoln when he had come upon a new book. How it was welcomed and cherished! Every line was scanned and squeezed of its contents; every worth-while thought was extracted, examined, valued, and acquired. That was *reading*. So read, every good book nourishes the

mind and the soul, and adds its own life to that of the reader.

But be sure that an author is worthy of your reading before you give your time and thought to him; for, as good reading is beneficial, poor or ill-chosen reading is harmful. You must live all your life with your own brain, and should be always on the watch against admitting to its storehouses anything unworthy of you. The art of forgetting has not yet been learned. If some unwelcome intruder makes its way into the House of Memory, it may refuse to be ejected or destroyed. Sometimes such thoughts and notions are likened to weeds in the garden of the mind. But they are worse than weeds. Weeds can only give rise to others of the same sort, and possibly occupy space to the exclusion of useful plants. But harmful, weak, and erroneous ideas do not remain apart: they mix with all your thoughts, as impurities mix with food or drink, spoiling the whole. The ideas in our mind are closely interwoven and even intermixed, and the materials of our thinking cannot be too carefully chosen. This is serious talk, but it may be found to contain a hint for thoughtful boys and girls.

THE TIME OF CHOICE. All over the world there are able men and women studying and observing, and recording what they learn. They study the subjects that interest them, and it has been found that the taste for one kind of knowledge or another is likely to be formed just at the age when the boy or girl is upon the threshold of manhood or womanhood. The world is then new and full of wonders. Impressions are then most vivid, deepest, and most lasting. This is more easily understood by an example. So let us suppose that a boy in his teens, say between thirteen and sixteen, meets for the first time a very delightful sailor-uncle — one who has sailed the seas with a love for salt-water and an understanding of the charm to be found in travel and far countries; one who has also the gift of putting scenes into words, of telling his adventures and experiences. The days spent with such a companion may decide the boy's career. With a taste for art, he might become a marine-painter; with a love for adventure, he might enter the navy; with a taste for natural science, he might study the sea and its creatures; or with a love for business, the uncle's talk might turn the boy into a merchant. But whatever the result upon that particular boy, it has been found that impressions made at that age are the most likely to influence one's career.

Is it not a fair conclusion that the choice of good reading is most important at the same age?

"HARD READING." The best writers — those whose work it is "to touch the heart, to kindle the imagination, to ennoble the mind," those authors who "set to music the pageantry and the pathos of human life, and keep alive in the soul the holy enthusiasm of devotion to the ideal" (as William Winter says) — are not always the easiest to read. Yet a young reader who gives up beaten because he may have to read a page or a paragraph twice in order to get its full sense is not very plucky.

A new thought is always harder to take in than an old one; and it is because great writers give you new thoughts that they refuse to be read by lazy-minded folks. It is a good plan to select some standard book that is hard to understand, and then conquer it. This is for the mind what wrestling is for the body — it makes mental muscle and gives alertness.

IN SCHOOL. In connection with your studies, you will often find there are books that will make the studies more interesting and easier to learn. Ask your teachers to tell you of such books. School-books usually cover so much ground in a brief space that they must leave out all the "stories" and anecdotes. School histories, for example, must necessarily be rather dull; but in connection with them are whole libraries of exciting, delightful, amusing stories. Your teachers know of these, and will gladly tell you of them; or write to us and we will tell you.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS now for three or four years, and I think it is the very best magazine printed.

I must tell you about the funny time I had with our cats. We had a little black kitten, and her name was "Portia." She stayed with us for some time, but one day she ran away, and we have seen nothing of her since. One day after Portia had gone, I saw sitting on our porch a black cat. Mother was in town that day, so I went to the door and asked her in. She came. I gave her something to eat, and she spent the night. The next morning she went. A few days ago a dear little gray-and-white kitten came walking up the hill. When she got to our house she stopped. I called to her, and she came in. She was dear. I got mother to let her stay, and I put a ribbon round her neck. The next morning, when the cook let her out, she went away. Well, on the day before yesterday, a funny little black-and-white kitten came around. She has stayed so far; that is, she comes to supper and spends the night, eats her breakfast and goes away, only to return to supper again. Is it not funny?

I am your loving and devoted reader,

ELISABETH L. WHITTEMORE.

WALLULA, WASH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are very interesting. I think if it were not for you I would have a hard time keeping myself company. When I get tired of reading I go out and play at my farm. I fenced it with a rail fence. I made little houses on it.

Every evening some jack-rabbits come into our asparagus-patch. I cannot think of anything more. I will end my letter now. Your interested reader,

JAMES L. RILEY (age 9).

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me last Christmas, and I like you ever and ever so much. You are the best magazine in the world. My brother took you for a few years before you had the League. I have never seen a letter from Colorado Springs in the Letter-box. I am eleven years old and my brother is seventeen. I have a dog named "Fluff," who is very cute. I must stop now.

From your very interested reader,

DOROTHY GARDINER.

P.S. I have a camera, and hope to take some pictures for the League this summer.

KULA, MANILA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for about two years, and I like you very much. I live on the side of a mountain called Haleakala, and mother has a farm here, and we have a lot of horses and cows and calves.

My mother has two fine horses called "Thelma" and "Jubilee," and I have a nice horse called "Chestnut," and my brother has a horse "Hapahaole." We go up the mountain for the calves on our horses, and sometimes we go for long rides. Your interested reader,

ALEXA G. VON TEMPSKY (age 9).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This vacation my brother Frederick and I, with my mother and father, took a trip to the Grand Cañon of the Arizona.

The cañon is a mile deep and about thirteen across, and the coloring of the rocks is beautiful.

One morning, about nine o'clock, Fred and I, with our lunch and guide, started down the Bright Angel Trail on ponies.



HELEN AND FRED ON THEIR PONIES.

About half-past twelve we came to some tents among trees, which, from the hotel at the top, look something like tombstones. After resting awhile we went on until we came to a large area of flat ground which is called the plateau. There we stopped to eat our lunch. We could see the river seven hundred feet beneath, and the top of the cañon nearly a mile above. The river, which is quite wide, looked like a small stream, and the seven hundred feet about fifty.

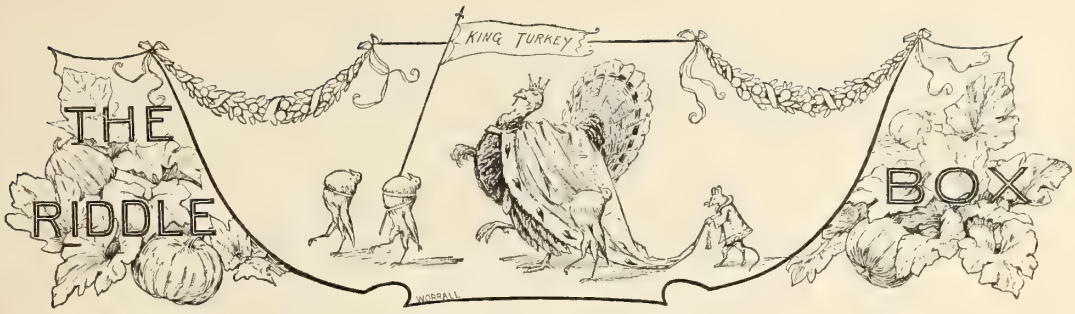
I thought perhaps some of the children who read ST. NICHOLAS will some day take this trip, and they must not miss going down the trail.

I inclose a picture of Fred and myself, taken on the plateau on the ponies "Alex" and "Tom."

Yours sincerely,

HELEN E. HIGH.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, and Henry L. Duggan.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Safe. 2. Acid. 3. File. 4. Eden.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Belfast; 1 to 3, Barbary; 2 to 4, Tripoli; 3 to 4, Yenisei; 5 to 6, Alabama; 5 to 7, America; 6 to 8, Addison; 7 to 8, Andaman; 1 to 5, Bata (Batalden); 2 to 6, Toba; 4 to 8, Iron; 3 to 7, Yuma.

INSERTIONS. Labor Day. 1. We-l-fare. 2. Lack-a-day. 3. Cab-b-age. 4. Inn-o-cent. 5. Ma-r-gin. 6. An-d-iron. 7. Prop-a-gate. 8. Bab-y-ish.

CONCEALED WORDS. 1. Chat, catch. 2. Dray, hydra. 3. Lore, enrol. 4. Wash, shawl. 5. Boot, taboo. 6. Wean, navew. 7. Sake, ukase. 8. Seat, tease. 9. Rent, stern. Primals, Chestnuts; finals, Hallowe'en.

DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Bit. 3. Tiger. 4. Tea. 5. R.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Labor Day. 1. Melon 2. Evade. 3. Table. 4. Float. 5. Arrow. 6. Cadet. 7. Again. 8. Royal.—CONCEALED WORDS. "Thirty days hath September."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Cicero; middle letters, Virgil; finals, Cæsar. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Civic. 2. Ivica. 3. Circe. 4. Edges. 5. Ruina. 6. Owler.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Hallowe'en. 1. Hose. 2. Ark. 3. Links. 4. Lyre. 5. Oysters. 6. Wagon. 7. Eel. 8. Ear. 9. Nest.

INTERLACING ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Evangeline; 11 to 20, Longfellow. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Defile. 2. Revolt. 3. Finale. 4. Ogling. 5. Fading. 6. Sequel. 7. Sullen. 8. Railer. 9. Anchor. 10. Eschew.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Joe Carlada — Christine Graham — M. W. J. — Mabel, George, and Henri — Joyce Knowlton — Norton Woods — "Allil and Adi" — Amelia S. Ferguson — Lillian Jackson — Bessie Garrison — "Chuck" — "Johnnie Bear" — Elsie Turner — Olive R. T. Griffin — Mary R. Hutchinson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from R. M. Jefferson, 1 — M. P. Dorsey, 1 — A. G. Gordon, 1 — C. G. Squibb, 1 — R. Cadwell, 1 — C. Holbrook, 1 — G. D. Ferguson, 1 — H. Wulfing, 1 — H. S. Jones, 1 — K. Lee, 1 — C. H. Ober, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — C. P. Lacy, 1 — W. H. M. Hurlburt, 1 — E. Stevenson, 1 — K. Royce, 1 — L. F. Lacy, 1 — Ruth Moss, 2 — G. R. Holmes, 1 — "The Spencers," 9 — C. E. Frazee, 1 — M. W. Pound, 1 — Emilie and Anna, 2 — A. B. and C. F. Harrington, 3 — Grace M. Buzby, 10 — Marion and Nathalie Swift, 9 — Wilmot S. Close, 7 — Nettie C. Barnwell, 4 — M. J. Thomas, 1 — Laura E. Jones, 8 — J. Metcalf, 1 — M. Berryhill, 1 — C. W. Hawkins, 1 — Caroline Sinkler, 4 — Elizabeth Limont, 3.

CHARADE.

My *first*, an unknown quantity,
Yet represents my *second;*
If from it *third* should take my *fourth*,
But two could then be reckoned.

My *fourth* and *second* numbers are,
My *first* and *third* are letters;
To *whole* themselves before the law
Is often tried by debtors.

A. W. CLARK.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A VIOLENT gust of wind. 2. A weapon of war. 3. To join or attach. 4. Odor. 5. Passages of Scripture.

EDNA MASON CHAPMAN (League Member).

CONCEALED DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell something that comes in November.

1. The messenger she sent ran certainly very fast, but failed to reach here in time.

2. Should you slip, persons of all ranks would run to assist you.

3. Peleg, ancestor of Abraham, died at a very great age indeed.

4. Have you ever seen pitch in great quantities? I saw a barrel of it which had been buried by thieves.

5. The troops in action fought bravely, but were soon defeated.

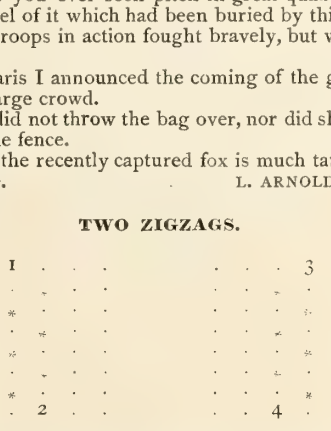
6. In Paris I announced the coming of the great general to a large crowd.

7. She did not throw the bag over, nor did she push it through the fence.

8. That the recently captured fox is much tamer I can plainly see.

L. ARNOLD POST.

TWO ZIGZAGS.



I. 1. A grain. 2. A gentle bird. 3. A large stone. 4. Soon. 5. A bag. 6. Solitary. 7. Part of a teapot. 8. A chill.

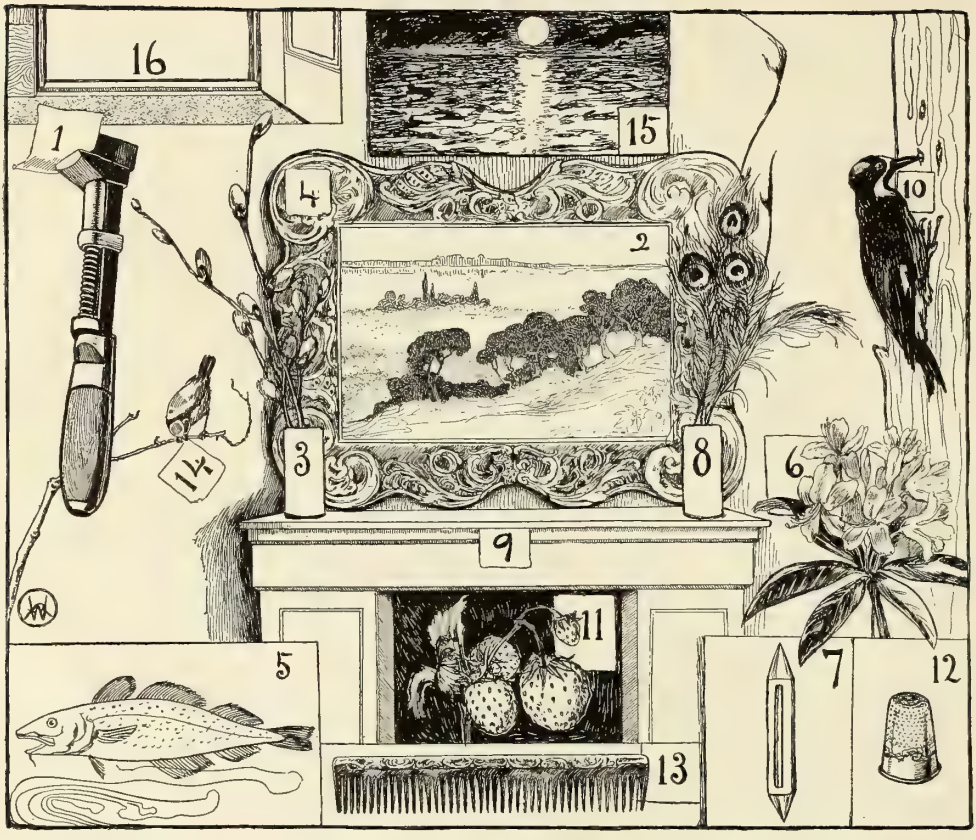
From 1 to 2, a harvest poem.

II. 1. A blemish. 2. A pain. 3. A Biblical name. 4. A small particle. 5. An outer garment. 6. A den. 7. A story. 8. To peel.

From 3 to 4, the author of the harvest poem.

KATHARINE H. WEAD (League Member).

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.



THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the sixteen objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the hundred and twenty-one letters will form a quotation appropriate to the season, from one of our best-loved poets.

Picture No. 1: 5-11-61-67-44-39-103-19-17-76-43-63.
No. 2: 91-83-57-96-33-10-66-24-9.
No. 3: 24-36-74-7-34-110-25-107-82-20-59-93.
No. 4: 88-119-75-31-6.
No. 5: 10-102-117-48-46-84-8.
No. 6: 26-45-50-73-30-87-54-95-92-115-120-76-21.
No. 7: 47-1-36-51-112-82-99.
No. 8: 18-2-94-40-98-86-41-23.
No. 9: 12-42-104-85-108-13-55-89-80-3-32.
No. 10: 121-60-35-69-55-116-3-67-80-101.
No. 11: 52-22-115-38-70-118-90-26-101-111-6-56.
No. 12: 97-79-89-5-100-82-68.
No. 13: 29-71-31-81.
No. 14: 15-49-12-78-27-62.
No. 15: 37-72-58-95-109-16-106-65-114.
No. 16: 53-113-119-64-14-105-4-91-77.
No. 28 is served at five o'clock.

A. R. W. and F. H. W.

ENDLESS CHAIN.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. To form the second word take the last two letters of the first word, to form the third word take the last two letters of the second word, and so on.

1. A juicy fruit. 2. Mild. 3. Extent of anything from end to end. 4. To beat soundly. 5. To shake with cold. 6. A valuable fur. 7. The drink of the gods. 8. A fleet of armed ships. 9. A girl. 10. To pass away. 11. To look for. 12. To alter.

MARGARET ABBOTT.

ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. These letters will spell a familiar word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An inn. 2. To flourish. 3. A season. 4. Yearly. 5. To light. 6. Mien. 7. The sound made by a turkey. 8. A ring. 9. A modest flower. 10. To separate. 11. Heed. 12. Terrified.

MARJORIE HOLMES.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ADD together: one fourth of four, one, five hundred, five hundred, fifty, one third of ten, one seventh of billion, zero, and ten, and you will find the sum in the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine.

SAMUEL WOHLGEMUTH.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

13–14.



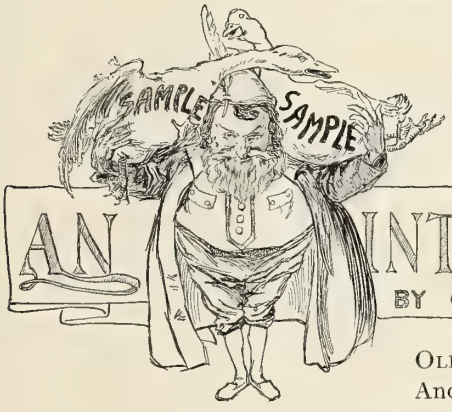
"THE BACHELOR INTRODUCED HER TO THE DOLL."

(*"The Bachelor's Doll," page 107.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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AN INTERRUPTED AUCTION

BY CAROLYN WELLS

OLD Santa sat in his easy-chair,
And his furrowed face wore a look of care;
"It 's just a shame!"
He was heard to exclaim,
"I can stand it no longer, I declare!
For nineteen hundred years or so
I 've done my best, as folks well know,
To make the children happy and gay
All over the world on Christmas day —
To give them just what they wanted or needed;
And I thought till now I had always succeeded.
But, alas! I have not," the old man said,
As he mournfully shook his hoary head.
"Perhaps it 's because I 'm growing old;
But by my messengers I 've been told
Some children don't like the gifts I bring!
That they even find fault,— ah, there 's the sting! —
And, worse than that,"— here his voice sank low
And his trembling old form shook with woe,—
"They say — and it 's this that makes me cross —
That they don't believe in a Santa Claus!
I should like to know,
If that be so,
Who has filled their stockings each Christmas eve
With just the gifts they hoped to receive!

But such base and rude
Ingratitude
Makes kindness seem of no avail.
I 'll put my business up for sale
At public auction; for I consider
It 's wise to sell out to the highest bidder."

Next day a big red flag waved o'er
The lintel of Santa Claus' door;
Bell-ringers went out,
Who tramped about
And proclaimed aloud to the gathering crowd
That the sale would be held at half-past four.



The people ran to their doors to see
What in the world the commotion could be.
They stood aghast
As the criers passed,
Proclaiming Santa Claus' decree.
With voices strong,
In a dull singsong,
The criers cried as they went along:
"Hear ye, I say!
Auction to-day!
Hear, all ye people along the highway!
Hark to the call;
Come one, come all!
Come to the auction at Santa Claus Hall.
There will be sold
Goods new and old;
Come with your silver and come with your gold."

Wondering, the people all flocked to the sale;
And the auctioneer,
With jovial cheer,
Took up the startling tale.
"Friends," he announced, "I offer you
Marvelous bargains at this vendue.
I shall sacrifice
At a nominal price
A well-established business route,
Stock and fixtures and all to boot.
In that direction observe, if you please,
An immense, thick grove of Christmas trees;
While yonder forest, as you may know,
Yields bushels of holly and mistletoe;

"Then there is a lumber-yard piled high
With thousands of Yule logs, fine and dry;
And there 's no use
To try to produce
Such a turkey or chicken or duck or goose
As is found in the poultry-yard hard by.

"There 's a factory in which all sorts of toys
Are made for good little girls and boys;
And a paint-shop, too,
Where they paint tops blue,
Or a long strong sled
Is painted red,
Or pink cheeks put on a wax doll's head.

"There 's a candy kitchen, where white-capped cooks
Fling ropes of taffy o'er big bright hooks;
They make lemon-sticks
And chocolate bricks,
Butter-scotch, caramels, jujubes, pralines;
Peanut-bar, marshmallows, fudge, nougatines.

"There 's another great kitchen, where more cooks make
Mince-pies, plum-puddings, and frosted cake.
There 's a press which prints carols and catches and glees
To sing at Christmas jubilees.

"Then out in the barn there 's a beautiful sleigh,
And eight prancing reindeer, high-stepping and gay;
But time would fail
To go into detail
Of all the parts of this wonderful sale.
And all in one lot
It 's for sale on the spot,
And as to the price I care not a jot.
So what am I bid?
For I must get rid
Of every toy and candy and carol —
Of the whole complete outfit, lock, stock, and barrel!"

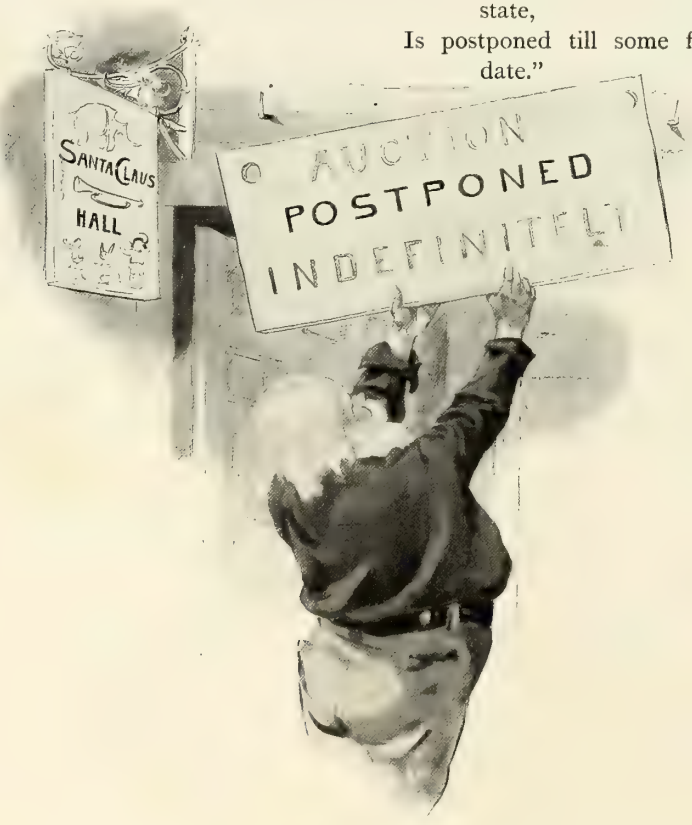
Then something happened!
A rushing sound,
As if a cyclone had burst its bound —
Such a racket and uproar and hubbub and noise
As can only be made by irate girls and boys;



And with clamorous clatter and deafening din
A myriad children came scampering in.
To Santa Claus' side
They flew and they cried,
"Oh, stop this vendue!
That tale is n't true!
We don't want another; we want only you!"



They pulled down the red flag, and the poor auctioneer
Just fled for his life in a tumult of fear.
While Santa Claus smiled
At each furious child,
And said soothingly, "There, there, don't worry, my dear."
Then he turned to the crowd,
And said, very loud:
"This auction, I 'll now take occasion to state,
Is postponed till some future indefinite date."



THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND.

By Ernest Thompson Seton.



Do you seek the road to Fairyland?
I 'll tell; it 's easy, quite.
Wait till a yellow moon gets up
O'er purple seas by night,
And gilds a shining pathway
That is sparkling diamond bright.
Then, if no evil power be nigh
To thwart you out of spite,
And if you know the very words
To cast a spell of night,
You get upon a thistledown,
And, if the breeze is right,
You sail away to Fairyland
Along this track of light.



The Bachelor's Doll

By Temple Bailey.

SHE was certainly a most bewitching doll. All the little girls who passed by the great shop-window stopped and admired, until it came to be a common thing to see a throng of small feminine adorers clustered close to the glass, discussing the charms of the big bisque baby.

Now and then a boy stopped, too, hanging on the edge of the crowd, and marching off with head in the air if another boy came in sight.

But the doll's greatest conquest was the Bachelor. Department stores were things outside of his usual experience, but Christmas brought certain obligations, and so, once a year, he mingled with the crowds in the busy shopping district. Thus it came about that he saw the doll. He towered high above the heads of the little girls, so he could behold all the glory of the long white infant's gown, the embroidered coat strewn with pink rosebuds, the lace cap, the arms held out beseechingly to the passers-by, and the blue eyes with the fringed lashes, that reminded the Bachelor of some one else.

"Is n't she sweet!" rose the chorus of shrill voices.

The Bachelor did not really believe there could be a daintier doll. He had never seen one, at any rate. So he went straight to the toy department and ordered the doll sent home.

When the long box came, the Bachelor carried it to his sitting-room and opened it. "Dandy," the Bachelor's cat, sat on the divan and watched the unpacking.

"Now what do you think of that, Dandy?" asked the Bachelor, as he held up the wonderful baby with the wavy yellow hair, the outstretched arms, and the china-blue eyes.

Just then some one knocked. The Bachelor threw the end of a Navajo blanket over the doll.

"Will you have your dinner served now, sir?" asked Truxton, the Bachelor's valet.

"Yes; bring it up," was the reply. So the man brought the tray with the steaming dishes.

"You need n't wait, Truxton," said the Bachelor, as the man lighted a red lamp in the middle of the table. "I will ring when I need you." The Bachelor was dining very simply that evening.

Then Truxton departed, and the Bachelor uncovered the doll.

He piled the cushions up in a chair, so that when she was placed on top of them her arms lay on the table. Dandy was accommodated in like manner on the other side, and then the Bachelor, who was not old, but was very fond of fun, lay back in his chair and laughed.

"There is nothing like having a sociable time," he said. "And, by Jove, she is a pretty little thing!" Then he sighed a little as he thought of the other pair of blue eyes, for love of which he was still a bachelor.

"She must have a name, Dandy. What do you think — of — of — of 'Bessie'?" he asked, and laid a bit of the fish on Dandy's plate. Dandy gave a soft "purr-up" of approval, and then ate his fish in a gentlemanly manner.

"All right, Bessie it shall be"; and with his gay laugh the Bachelor reached across the table and shook hands with the blue-eyed doll, and called her by name.

And that was the picture that Patty saw as she gazed from the window of the tall tenement



opposite the rear of the Bachelor's apartment into the snowy night.

Patty's bed was drawn close to the window, and as the curtains were never pulled down in the Bachelor's sitting-room, the little girl had learned to watch for the home-coming of the gay young gentleman each evening.

When the red lamp was lighted Patty could see everything that went on, and in the long still evenings, when the pain in her knee was most severe, she lay back on her pillows, and watched the serving of the little dinners, and guessed at the dainties on the table, and saw Dandy petted as no cat was ever petted before.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Patty's busy aunt would ask now and then, as she stopped to look in on the little girl; but Aunt Bee was poor and kept boarders, and could not stay long.

"Yes, thank you," Patty would answer; and she would watch and watch until it was time for the Bachelor to go out and Truxton to come and carry off Dandy and turn out the light. So when, on Christmas eve, the lamp was lighted in the room across the way, and the picture of the Bachelor and the cat and the doll flashed upon Patty's delighted vision, the little girl raised herself painfully on her pillows and gazed

eagerly at the unusual scene. The doll seated at the table interested her most.

"It 's a baby, Peggy Lou," she breathed. "It 's a baby — a real live baby."

Peggy Lou was made of a towel, and was therefore rather flat-faced, but she was Patty's best beloved. All the joys and griefs of the little girl's life were whispered into her linen ears.

Patty hugged her close. "No; it is n't, either," she said again. "Why, Peggy Lou, Peggy Lou, it 's a *doll* — a beautiful, golden-haired baby doll! If we were there, Peggy Lou," went on the little girl, in her soft voice, "we would hug her tight, would n't we, Peggy Lou?"

She leaned on her elbow again, her face pressed against the cold glass.

"Are n't they having a good time, Peggy Lou?" she said wistfully. "They 're eating chicken, I think, and that nice man has given the baby some cream out of the cream-pitcher. I think he likes to 'pretend,' too, and maybe he is lonesome, and wishes it was a real little girl to have Christmas with," continued wise little Patty.

When he was ready for his dessert, the Bachelor removed the doll from the chair and carefully set her under the table, where it was hidden by the ample folds of the table-cloth. Then he rang for Truxton, who soon entered with a heaping plate of something pink on the tray.

"Ice-cream, Peggy Lou," gasped the little watcher, and her feverish throat was dry with longing. "Would n't that taste good?"

"Patty," said a voice at the door, "here is a bit of rice-pudding left from dinner. 'T is n't much, child, but I thought you might like it."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Aunt Bee," said Patty, gratefully, as she reached out in the dark and took it.

"We 'll pretend we are at the party over there," she said to Peggy Lou, when the door had closed, "and that this is pink ice-cream."

Dinner was over at the other house, and the Bachelor laid the doll back in her box and went away. Then Truxton came and picked up Dandy and turned off the light, and Patty was left alone with her pain and her thoughts and the darkness. But she whispered to Peggy Lou of the wonderful doll over the way, and fell asleep with a smile on her little white face.

The next day was Christmas. Patty's aunt gave her a new red flannel wrapper, and one of the boarders sent her a small box of candy. Patty gave Peggy Lou the ribbon that came on the candy-box, and divided the candy with the servant who came up and straightened her room. The servant wished her a "Merry Christmas," and kissed her as she went out. The little girl's arm clung to her neck. "I wish you could stay with me, Hattie," she said; but she did not complain when Hattie released herself gently and went down to get dinner for the boarders.

Then began another long, lonely day for the little girl. She played with Peggy Lou, and wished that evening would come so that she could see the gay company opposite. But suppose the Bachelor had given the doll away! Of course he had — men did n't keep dolls. She pressed her white face against the glass, trying to pierce the dimness of the room across the way. Thus it happened that the Bachelor, coming to the window with the doll in his arms that he might get a better view of her beauties, saw the thin, pale face of the child, and beside it the flat countenance of her strange towel companion.

The eyes of the child were fixed longingly on the beauty in the Bachelor's arms.

The Bachelor nodded to her. "My dear Bessie," he said to the smiling bisque baby, "there is the kind of mother you ought to have."

Then, with another nod to Patty, he turned back into the room.

"I suppose, Dandy, that if I were like the Christmas gentlemen in books," he said, "I would send Bessie darling straight over there to that poor youngster." He smoked thoughtfully for a while, the doll lying on his knees. She was his one bit of Christmas. He had bought her as a boyish whim, but she had brought memories of a time when Christmas trees and turkey and candy made up one grand and glorious celebration. There had always been a little girl there named Bessie, and she had held in her arms just such a doll as this; and now Bessie was grown-up, and her blue eyes were more beautiful than ever, but she was hard-hearted now — for the Bachelor loved her, and she would n't say "yes."

He drew a quick breath. "No," he said to the doll; "I am selfish, and I want you." So he covered her up again with the blanket, lest Truxton should come in and think him silly.

But he was n't comfortable; the little white face haunted him. Finally he rang his bell.

"Do you know, Truxton," he asked, when the man came, "who that child is over there?"

Truxton went to the window and looked out.

"Little lame girl, sir. My wife tells me that the poor little thing fell and injured her knee one day last summer; and now she can't go out."

"Hum — too bad!" said the Bachelor, and Truxton went away.

All the morning the doll lay in the long white box, while the Bachelor yawned and read the magazines; then lunch was served, and he took a nap, from which he was wakened by a ring at his telephone.

He rolled off the divan and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he said indifferently. Then his face changed. All the gloomy restlessness went out of it, and his voice thrilled with joy.

"That you, Bessie? 'Will I come to dinner'? Oh, will I! Bessie, you 're an angel. When did you get here? 'At your aunt's'? A Merry Christmas, sweetheart! You don't mind my calling you that, do you — not on Christmas day? Why, of course you don't. I 'll say it again. Merry Christmas, sweetheart. Good-by, good-b — What 's that? 'Bring my doll with me'? What doll? What do you know about a doll? Well, I did n't suppose anybody saw me, but I don't care if *you* did. No, dear; I won't bring my doll, thank you, for I think I have a better use for it. I don't wonder you thought I looked forlorn and lonely, but that was n't the real reason for my buying the doll. If you must know, it was because it had eyes that made me think of some one I once — Hello, there, Central! Hello! Don't cut me off! Hello! hello!" But she was gone.

The Bachelor turned away from the telephone transfigured. He rang for Truxton.

"Truxton," he said, as he flung off his dressing-gown, "I am dining out."

Truxton's face fell, but he was too well trained to show disappointment. "You 'll miss a fine dinner, sir," he said.

"It won't be wasted, though," replied the Bachelor.

"I have a plan, Truxton," he went on eagerly. "Won't you and Mary run across the street and see if that little girl can't be carried over here, and then you can serve the dinner to her. They do such things in story-books, don't they? And I declare I feel like a story-book man. Truxton," said the Bachelor, in a special burst of confidence, "I feel as if I were a prince in a fairy tale, for the princess has come."

"Miss Bessie, sir?" said Truxton, with a smile breaking down the gravity of his old face.

"Yes, Miss Bessie; and I am a happy man. It is really like a fairy tale, Truxton. And she shall be my fairy princess, if I have to carry her off."

So Truxton and his wife, Mary, who did the work of a housemaid in the Bachelor's quarters, went over to the boarding-house, while the Bachelor piled up the cushions on the big divan, and found an old pink silk Japanese robe, and laid the big doll on the Navajo blanket, and hummed a little song as he rubbed Dandy's head.

Soon Truxton and Mary came back with a big bundle of blankets, which being unrolled revealed a small excited child in the very center, with a flat-faced doll in her arms.

"Put this around her, Truxton," said the Bachelor, and the pink silk gown was slipped over the red flannel one; then Patty was propped up on the cushions, with the Navajo blanket over her feet, and the Bachelor introduced her to the doll.

"She is yours," he said, and the blond, fluffy head was tucked close to the little girl's chin.

"Oh, o-oh!" she said softly; but she could n't finish, it was all so overwhelming.

The Bachelor had tears in his eyes. "You selfish pig," he was saying to himself. "Why did n't you do this before?"

But while the new doll lay on one arm of her new mistress, Peggy Lou lay on the other. For was not Peggy Lou the faithful companion of her adversity, and even for blue-eyed bisque babies Peggy Lou should not be laid aside.

"You see," explained the Bachelor to Patty,

gaily, "this is a fairy tale. I am the fairy prince, and — and — and — here is the fairy godmother who has helped me to win my princess!" he exclaimed, affectionately patting Bessie on the head. "She brought *you* to me, too," he added, "and now she is yours to command. How 's that?"

And Patty clapped her hands and thought that was the best of all, that Bessie should be the fairy godmother.

"I shall not be here to dinner," went on the Bachelor; "but you are to have Dandy and Bessie and your Peggy Lou doll for guests. That will make just four, and Truxton shall tell you now just what you are going to have, so that you can give your orders if everything is not all right."

"First, there 's blue-points, sir," said the beaming Truxton.

Patty turned inquiring eyes on the Bachelor.

"Oysters," translated that young man.

"And consommé royal."

"Chicken soup," said the Bachelor.

"And fillet of salmon."

"Fish," said the Bachelor.

"And turkey and salad and fresh strawberry ice-cream and coffee."

"Leave off the coffee," said the Bachelor, "and get some more sweets — candies, you know, and some of those fancy crackers that pull open with a snap and have tissue-paper things inside."

"Yes, sir," said Truxton.

"And remember," said the Bachelor to Patty, "that what you don't see you are to ask for. You know you have a fairy godmother now," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"I know," said Patty, gravely, although she was not quite sure that she *did* know. She thought that there never was such a delightful man. She had always "pretended" things and big people laughed at her; but here was a grown-up man who could "make believe" just as she did.

When Truxton had gone out, the Bachelor stood and looked down at Patty. There was something very touching in her little drawn face; so he knelt by the divan and put his arm around her thin figure. Then he asked gently about her knee.

Patty told him all about it. "The doctors said I might be cured, but it would cost an awful lot, for I should have to go away to a place they told Aunt Bee about. And of course she could n't afford to send me," she added patiently.

The Bachelor smoothed her hair.

"But you forget that you have a fairy godmother!" he said, drawing from his pocket a long pencil and placing it in Bessie's rigid fingers. "There! Just wave her wand, and next week the pumpkin coach will come and take you and the fairy prince to the place where the doctors want to send you, and when you come back you will be well — I mean it, little girl," he declared, as Patty looked incredulous.

Then Patty just put her arms around the Bachelor's neck and hid her face in his coat collar, and cried and cried for happiness; and when the Bachelor went away to dress, he stopped in the dark hall and wiped his eyes.

Truxton came in to set the table, and Patty watched him lay covers for four. At every place he put five forks, besides all the spoons and knives; and there was a bunch of red carnations at Patty's place, and one for Bessie, and one for Peggy Lou; but Dandy had a buttonhole bunch. And when everything was ready, Mary piled the cushions up high in the big chair at the head of the table, and placed Patty among them so that she was perfectly comfortable, and she felt very grand in her pink silk robe. Dandy sat at the foot, and on each side were Bessie and Peggy Lou.

Just as Truxton served the oysters on their beds of ice, the Bachelor came in, looking very handsome in his evening clothes.

"Good-by, fairy godmother," he said. Then he leaned down close to Patty's ear.

"I am going to see the fairy princess," he whispered.

"Really?" whispered Patty, with shining eyes.

"And when you are well, and I am married," cried the Bachelor, as he picked up his hat, "we will all live happy ever after!"

And they really and truly did.



A CHRISTMAS EVENING PARTY IN YE OLDEN TIME.


Happy Days
by
Sarah S. Stilwell



I love the world when the sun shines
Down on the quiet ground,
When I hear the grass-bugs
chirp at my feet
And the end of a distant sound.

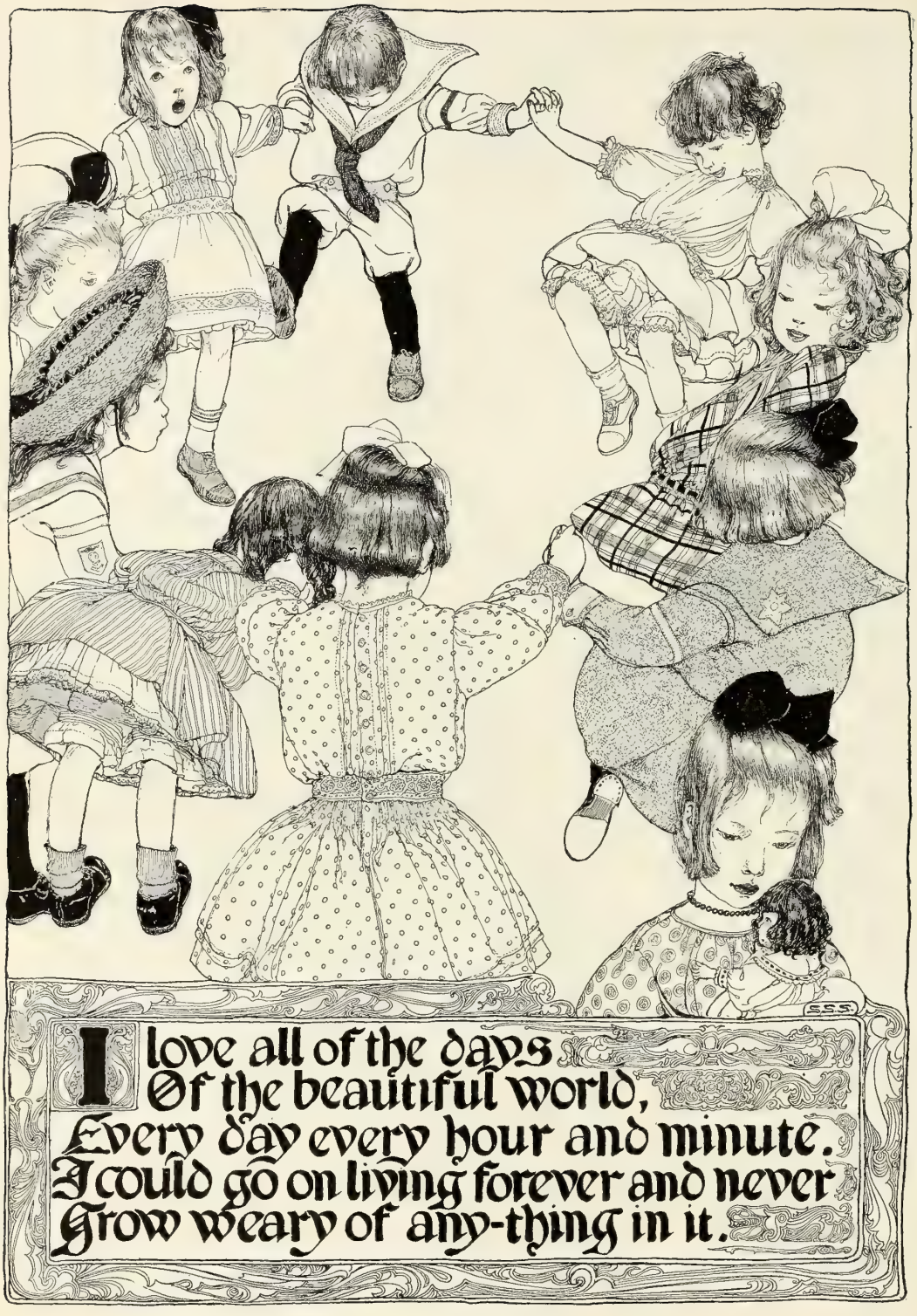


I love the world when the wind blows.
When it tosses my hair about.
When my hat blows off,
And my ribbons crack,
And I laugh and run and shout.



I love the world when the rain falls.
When the streets are all mud and ooze.
When I need my umbrella and mackintosh,
And my shiny, new overshoes.

S.S.S.


I love all of the days
Of the beautiful world,
Every day every hour and minute.
I could go on living forever and never
Grow weary of any-thing in it.





By George M. R. Twose.

Once upon a time, according to the greatest of poets, there lived, in the days of romance and in the city of Venice, a lovely lady named Portia.

Portia was a beautiful blonde, whose sunny locks of red-gold hair hung on her temples like a golden fleece. The name Portia, moreover, means fortune-lady (just as "opportunity" means fortunate occasion), and, to justify her name, the lady had not only red-gold hair, but red gold of another kind also. This fortune had been left her by her father, who was a very wise man. He is really one of the most interesting characters of the story, for you will notice that, though he was dead, and none of the people except Portia had known him, yet he is also one of the most powerful personages in the story. Invisible, he arranges everything; and he, fearing that an undeserving man might become possessed of his daughter and of her money, had directed in his will that all who came as suitors should undergo a certain trial as a test of their sincerity. This was the test:

He caused to be made three chests or caskets — one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead; and in one of them, nobody knew which, was a picture of Portia. Those who came wooing had each one guess, and the first suitor who guessed rightly in which casket lay the picture, was to marry Portia. But before any one was permitted to choose he had to promise three things:

1. Never to tell which casket he had chosen.
2. If he guessed wrongly, never to marry any one else.
3. If he failed, to go away immediately.

In spite of these hard conditions, many suitors came from the four corners of the world. Rich marquises from France, haughty princes from Spain and swarthy ones from Morocco, dukes from Germany, barons from England, and many fine gentlemen of Venice came to seek this fortune-lady — each with a gay cavalcade of retainers and servants, blazoned before and behind with the coat of arms of their master.

Now all these suitors were men who had only heard of Portia, but who traveled to Venice seeking her, and were willing to submit to the hard conditions of her father's will without having even seen her. From what they had heard of the radiant lady, of her worth and beauty, they had formed an idea or ideal of her in their minds;

and this ideal was so beautiful that, for its sake, they were willing to risk much. The thought that each suitor had formed of the fortune-lady was different from the others' ideals of her, and was as good as that particular prince or nobleman was capable of thinking. (For some people can think higher than others, just as some people can throw farther.) Some, as her father had feared, thought of her wealth only, and her image, in their minds, was attractive more for the shimmer of her gold than for that of her hair. Others, again, thought more of this sunshine round her head than of that of the warmth and brightness of her nature. Each had his own ideal of her. In some suitors the ideal was low, just as their characters were low, and they were not so willing to submit to conditions. But others were reigning princes of wide lands, and were of higher rank than Portia — rulers they, with crowns and scepters. Far away from their own land and from the midst of their courts her invisible attraction had drawn them, though they had never seen her. From what men had said of the beautiful Venetian lady, they had imagined what she was like, and she became in their thoughts so beautiful that they set forth for the sake of the ideal lady to find the real lady. The affection of such men was truly for the worth of Portia herself as well as for her riches, and they were prepared to undergo the trial designed by Portia's father.

Portia, on her side, had to carry out her father's wishes and marry the suitor who was successful, whether she wished to or not; and "so," as she said to Nerissa, her waiting-maid, "is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?" To which Nerissa replied: "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooseth his meaning chooseth you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love."

Portia was n't so sure, but she hoped so, for she was really in love with a young Venetian named Bassanio whom she had seen. Still she dutifully determined to carry out her father's wishes, and received courteously each suitor who came proudly and hopefully along to make his choice (though secretly she hoped each would choose the wrong casket).

And rapidly enough the suitors came.

Now Portia's father knew that when each suitor came to make his choice he would select the casket he liked best, whether he liked it for good reasons or otherwise. You can generally tell by what people like whether they are nice people or not. So he arranged that the right casket would only be chosen for some very good reason. One of the first to choose was the



THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

Prince of Arragon, and though, like every one else, he seemed doubtful which casket to choose, he at last took the one most in keeping with his own character, as Portia's father had fore-

seen. First he read the inscriptions on the caskets. On the leaden one was a positive warning:

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

This did not seem attractive to his Highness, who thought to himself that lead would have to look much nicer before *he* would hazard much for it. On the golden box was the promise:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Now many men would have chosen that one, because they would have been attracted by the



THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

gold, and that was what Portia's father thought. Gold is what many men desire, and sometimes they think so highly of it that it takes the place of all other good things; for they suppose that, having one, all the others are possible. The Prince of Arragon was not so thoughtless as that. He knew it was unwise to choose only by show, and that there are things that look very nice outside (peppers, for instance) which are not nice inside at all. So, because the gold casket was so fine outside, he did not think it *must* be fine inside. The silver casket said:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Portia's father knew it would take a more thoughtful man to choose the silver casket than the gold—some one who would think of other things besides appearances. But he knew that any one who is willing to take only what he deserves either does not desire the very best (for very few of us think we really *deserve* the very best, though we would like to have it), or else he assumes desert—that is, thinks he is worthy of it without having worked to make himself so. The wise old gentleman, therefore, arranged that any one who chose the silver casket should not get the very best, because, though any one who chose it might be thinking of very nice things, he would not be thinking of the very finest things. That was the mistake of the poor Prince of Arragon. He assumed desert, and he really did deserve Portia if she had been only as fine as he thought she was. The difficulty was he did not think of her in the very best possible way, and she was really finer than his ideal. (He, I think, was something like the people who say they are very fond of music, and are content with not learning about it.) So, in spite of his sincerity and earnestness and thoughtfulness, he never attained his ideal, for inside the silver casket, instead of a picture of Portia, was the picture of a half-witted man (Arragon, you see, was half wise, not wholly wise), and with it a scroll which said:

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Some have but a shadow's bliss.

Arragon's ideal of Portia was just what the shadow is to the real thing. Portia's father was very learned about men and their ideas, and you see it was no easy matter to choose aright.

Another of the suitors who came proudly

along, with high hopes and a glitter of retinue, was the Prince of Morocco.

He was very fine in expression (but not so thoughtful as Arragon), and did not wish to try the caskets at all. He desired to prove his worth by some brave deed, something really dangerous, to show how great his love was. However, it was not physical bravery only, but bravery of spirit also, that Portia's father had desired in his daughter's husband, so Portia told this dashing prince that there was only one test, and that was the one devised. Then Morocco, who was really very manly and good-natured, but not very deep, set his wits to work on the riddle. One can see that since he desired "to outbrave the heart most daring on the earth," he was one of the people who like to do plain, straightforward things they understand rather than think about things which are not very clear. So, naturally, the way he thought about the caskets was very clear and straightforward from his point of view, but it was not very deep thought. The lead he would have nothing to do with; the silver seemed much more attractive: but when he came to the gold there was no hesitation in his mind that this precious metal, which was so fine and fair to see, was the only one fit to enshrine lovely Portia's picture. It was really a very gentlemanly way to think; but it is a mistake to please the eye rather than the heart, and to imagine that what seems very evident must be true (as if the sun moved round the earth, for instance). It *was* a mistake, for inside the golden casket was a death's-head, with a scroll which said:



BASSANIO.

> All that glisters is not gold;
> Often have you heard that told.
> Many a man his life hath sold
> But my outside to behold.
> Gilded tombs do worms infold.
> Had you been as wise as bold,
> Young in limbs, in judgment old,
> Your answer had not been inscrolled.
> Fare you well; your suit is cold.

So the bold, stupid Prince of Morocco, who chose right away the thing that looked best to him, felt that through ill fortune he had missed what one less worthy might attain, and he departed, loyal to his promise, but with too grieved a heart to take a tedious leave of the fair lady whom he had hoped to make his wife. Thus Arragon and Morocco with their ideals passed by, and Portia wondered how many more would choose the caskets of gold and silver before the right man came for her to wed.

When the next suitor appeared, however, it became more exciting, for he was no other than that young gentleman of Venice, Bassanio, to whom Portia was well inclined. But though she liked him very much, she dutifully and sorrowfully determined to abide by her father's will, and Bassanio, like all the other suitors, had to risk the choice of the caskets. This time, however, instead of being afraid that the suitor would choose rightly, Portia had a dread that he might choose wrongly, so it was very interesting. Bassanio, in choosing, did not reason as the other two had. He knew that things which seem good are

not always so; that outward show is not all, and that ornament is deceptive: so the gaudy gold was put on one side. The silver as less rare was also refused. But the lead,— which seemed rather to threaten,— which it took courage to select and a knowledge that "common" things have great beauty within them as well as great usefulness — he knew that if he selected his casket for these deeper reasons rather than for its appearance, he stood just as good a chance as if he chose by outward beauty. So that was what he did: he chose by the inside instead of by the outside. He selected the leaden casket, and inside he found, to his great joy, Portia's picture and a scroll which said:

> You that choose not by the view,
> Chance as fair and choose as true!
> Since the fortune falls to you,
> Be content and seek no new.
> If you will be well pleas'd with this
> And hold your fortune for your bliss,
> Turn you where your lady is
> And claim her with a loving kiss.

So Bassanio won Portia because he chose with courage and looked not only with his eye but with his mind. And that is the story of Portia the fortune-lady and the three caskets, from which one may learn many things.

There is, however, another story in the world about another radiant being and three other caskets, but this one is so true a tale that men have always *lived* it. I will tell you about it as I have told you Portia's story, only I cannot begin with "once upon a time," for this is a story of always.

All the time, then, let us say, there has existed another beautiful being, whom we will call Vera, the true lady, just as Shakspere named his Portia the fortune-lady. Vera has always existed, and, like Portia's suitors, men have never seen her. But just as Arragon and Morocco and all the princes and nobles from what they heard of Portia formed a beautiful ideal of her, and traveled far to find her and were willing to do many things for her sake, so men from what they have heard of Vera have imagined her in their minds and for the sake of their ideals of her have done the deeds of love.

There was nothing so exact about Vera as there was about Portia. No one knew where she was to be found; but over the blue sea and the lovely earth, in the loneliness of mountain-tops, and in crowded city bazaars, men have pressed after Vera, so strong was her influence and the longing people had for her. Still, none ever found her, but all, for the sake of what they imagined her to be, for the sake of their ideals, have loved her to some degree, and as she still remained invisible and they despaired of ever really finding her, these ideals became more precious and more real.

Those stories are nicest, I think, that tell about three wishes, or three princesses, or three somethings; so I will tell about Vera and three princes, how each sought her, and what each did for her sake. For, just as Portia's suitors had to consent to hard conditions to prove their sincerity, so all those who seek Vera have to consent to much harder ones. Many have endured suffering and all sorts of loss, but they have endured it to the end. Some have even died; but when they died they held out their arms as if they saw Vera coming to them to reward their devotion. Not one of the princes of whom I shall tell you was able to win Vera, as Portia was won, through any choice of a casket containing her picture; but, on the other hand, each prince, representing many men's hearts and hands, *made* a magnificent casket that embodied his ideal of her. And these caskets differed greatly from one another, according to the various builders' ideals of Vera. Portia was a beautiful Venetian blonde with red-gold hair; but men could only *imagine* how Vera looked. Some picture her as dark, with long wind-tossed hair and mournful eyes. Others imagine her as fair, with blue eyes and all the fresh and dewy brightness of an early summer's day. The ideal of some is a fierce and savage maiden, while some see her bending over them with a great protecting love. Portia and her red-gold locks and her red-gold fortune and her caskets three have passed away; but Vera, of beauty and power, still lives, and the caskets and the statues that the suitors made in her honor are still to be seen. Perhaps some day you to whom I am telling this tale will see them.

The first suitor who made a casket to enshrine his ideal of Vera was one whom we will call



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"EGYPT KNEW THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO WORK AND WAIT BEFORE HE WAS WORTHY OF HIS IDEAL." (See page 122.)

the Prince of Egypt, who lived and loved many thousands of years ago. He was a very worthy and lovable prince, too. He was very quiet and very earnest, and you could always depend upon him. The ideal that he had formed was a very beautiful one. When he saw that he could not find Vera anywhere in any particular place, he serenely imagined her as being everywhere, and she was thus the whole world. He said, "She is whatever is, or has been, and her veil no mortal has ever lifted"— which was his way of saying no one had ever seen her. The day was her waking and the night her sleep; the breeze was her voice, the sun her eye, the flowers her jewels, and for the prince she was behind everything. Then he had this delightful thought: "When I die, I, too, shall see *behind* everything [for that is what men have always hoped], and *then* shall I find Vera." That was very joyful, and meanwhile he did not think that anything would be of very much importance until he died and found her. This idea made his whole life very happy, this certainty that some day he would see her, and all his life he looked forward with that steady, level gaze and serene, contemplative way he had. Then, in order to do her honor, he made a magnificent casket. It was made of stone, and carved all over it were pictures of Vera, and verses and petitions to Vera, and the thoughts of the prince about her. It was very high and very long, and built with patience as well as stone, and earnestness was the cement he used, and very wide and steadfast were its gates. It was all made of the biggest and heaviest stones he could find, for he wanted it to last a long time, and this was the reason. You see, just as in the fairy tales, where, when the prince marries the princess, they always live happily together ever afterward, so the Prince of Egypt imagined that when he found Vera, she would be his princess and *they* would live happily together forever afterward. He was continually thinking of this happy endless time, and it seemed so long and so happy that the few years he had to live on earth before it began were quite short in comparison. When he made his casket, therefore, he did not wish it to last only for the few years wherein he was so lonely, but for the "ever afterward" when he was to be with Vera. That was why he made it so strong. The strength of his casket was a sign of the strength of his faith, and in that he was sublime. There was just one queer little thing in connection with him, and that was, he did not quite understand the difference between body and spirit, and he thought that after he died he would require things to eat and wear and to use. In that one point he was like Arragon: he was n't wholly wise; but in others he was better, because he was the more thoughtful of the two; and while Arragon thought he was worthy of Portia right away, Egypt knew that he would have to work and wait before he was worthy of his ideal. There is one trouble with this story: you don't know the very end; but I think, if the truth were known, Egypt found Vera somewhere — over the edge of the world.

The next suitor to seek for Vera and make a casket for her we will call the Prince of Greece, and a very different fellow he was from his brother of Egypt. I always like to think of Egypt as a soft dark summer night that is so peaceful and quiet—just one big thing; while Greece resembled the bright glancing beauty of an early summer morning—all color and sparkle and with lots of things in it. I regret to say that when he was young he used to quarrel and fight violently with all the other boys round, and he was always thinking how to get ahead of them, and looking out that they did not get ahead of him. On this account he became very quick-witted and clear-headed in a certain sort of way; for if you are playing a dangerous game like that, it is always a very good plan to understand very, very clearly how to play it, or else it is —well, dangerous. It was n't a nice way to play, for he became rather sly and crafty, and thought about himself too much. However, he learned to run well, and to jump and wrestle, and had a strong, graceful body. Then, as he grew up, he traveled a great deal, and saw much that interested him, and met many different people, too, and talked over their ideas; and he always retained his boyhood's habit of thinking clearly and understanding all that interested him.

This is a very good thing: to understand clearly all that interests you; but you must still be interested in things you don't quite under-



"AND VERY WIDE AND STEADFAST WERE ITS GATES."

stand. We all know how much we should lose if we should give up learning the things that appear a little mysterious at first. That was what the Greek did. He did not like mysteries, and so he lost a great deal that would have made him more attractive. Nevertheless, he was a beautiful prince, with bright eyes and curly hair, fond of running and leaping, and interested in everything round him. He had not the patience and modesty and steadfastness of the Prince of Egypt, and he was having such a good time in the present that he did n't care to bother about the future (something like boys, I think, who hate to be asked what they are going to be when they grow up). In time he, too, heard about Vera, and, like all men, imagined her and sought her; but when he could not find her in any particular place, he soon thought of her as being *in* everything. Not *behind* everything,— that was too far away, too vague, and one of the things you can't think about quite clearly,— but *in* everything: the trees, the fountain, the sea, the river, the clouds — everything that gave a color and a pleasure to his life. Then, with his exceeding clearness of thought, he imagined her as stepping from the trees, looking through the fountain spray, and rising from the sea; and the vision was so vivid that it was almost the same as if the ideal were real and he had indeed found Vera — as he thought she was, not as she really is. For he did not think of her in the very best way, you see, but only in a way that he was able readily to understand. His ideal, therefore, was a being like himself, only brighter and more beautiful and powerful and always young, but having faults such as he had, and the same hopes and fears. He did not think of a Vera so far above him as to be vague and uncertain, and he did not trouble about a future with her that was uncertain. He lived in the midst of bright, interesting things. So he imagined one more beautiful thing, and added it to his life. I don't think he was as gentlemanly as Morocco, because he was n't either willing to trouble about a mystery or to do brave things. And I think the difference between Greece wanting his happiness right away and only interested in the things round him, and Egypt waiting and longing for this all his life, with his serene gaze looking far away across thousands of years, is very great.

Greece made his casket in the same way as he thought. Under the fair blue sky it rose, slender, stately, graceful, of wonderful proportion and with delicate lights and shadows. Gleaming marble, dull rich gold, bright vermilion, and dark bronze all helped to make it pleasing to the *eye*, and for such we love it; but it had none of the beautiful trust and faith in it that made the casket of Egypt pleasing to the *mind*. It was like Morocco's golden casket, with its beauty all outside.

Now comes the extremely interesting choice — that of the "youngest brother." He came to be so great and so powerful afterward, and to rule so many countries, that I hardly know what to call him. I think the "Gothic Prince" will perhaps be the best. Anyhow, at the time that the Greek Prince was making his casket the Gothic Prince was a little boy, but so weak and white that the vigorous, athletic Greek looked at him with amazement and scorn. But the Gothic Prince looked back again with a spirit so strong and so pure shining through his eyes that it made up for all his slight form. And he needed all his spirit, for he grew up through persecution and scorn. People found out he did n't like the same things they did, and at first they laughed at him, then they hated him, and then they persecuted him, and it took all his endurance to live through it. But in spite of all he conquered. Watchful and earnest he grew from a little weakly child into a slender, stately youth with the fire of courage and the clearness of truth shining through the wonderful eyes that had never flinched from attack or threat. He had not the wonderful muscular grace of body that belonged to the Prince of Greece, because he did not care so much about it; but his strength was "as the strength of ten because his heart was pure." He had all the lovable qualities of spirit and mind, and a broad white forehead above the clear, deep eyes, which saw inwardly as well as outwardly, and a mouth that could smile very sweetly and tenderly.

The reason why he was so disliked at first was because his ideal of Vera was different from that of all others. Even the wisest and oldest men said it was absurd when this child looked at the Greek casket and the Greek ideal and said that, beautiful and poetical as each was, it



"GLEAMING MARBLE, DULL RICH GOLD, BRIGHT VERMILION, AND DARK BRONZE ALL HELPED TO MAKE IT PLEASING TO THE EYE."



"THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS NOTHING."

was not the highest possible. The fact is that the Gothic Prince did not think much about Vera's appearance at all. He thought of her as being far above himself in goodness, just as we think of people whom we like, when we don't think only of their looks but of what they are in character — of their "niceness." So it was not of Vera's looks that he thought, but of her goodness, her spirit; he formed an ideal, and in his love for her beautiful spirit he endeavored to be worthy of her by trying to be good also. This was a very much higher ideal than that of the beautiful Greek Prince. His ideal of Vera was so personal, of some one so like himself, that, though Vera to him was very beautiful and very clear, for that very reason she became less fine instead of his becoming finer; for the Greek's Vera walked and thought on his own level; he did not have to raise his eyes. The Gothic Prince fixed those reverent eyes of his on an ideal so high that it was almost beyond the reach of his thought, and it required all his aspiration to attain it.

When you think of the three princes and the three suitors they seem very much alike. For Egypt, who looked behind things, is like Arragon, who looked a little below the surface and chose the silver. They were both of them thoughtful and both fine, as they both had very high ideals. Then, Greece seems very like Morocco — both very fond of action, both loving bright, beautiful surfaces, and each thinking that what seems so clear must be true. Then, Bassanio and our youngest prince, both brave of spirit, both putting aside outward show and looking inwardly, are alike also. And just as the beauty of Bassanio's casket was inside, so was that of the Gothic Prince. It was Vera's spirit he idealized, and with his spirit he loved her. So when he built his casket, it was of the inside he thought first, and less of the outside, and everything in it helped to strengthen his nature and raise it and make him finer and better. The casket of the Greek Prince was intended to be seen from the outside, and depended upon the sky and light for its beauty of shadow and glow. The casket of the Gothic Prince was meant to be seen mostly from the inside, and the outside world was nothing; everything tended to enable him to concentrate his thought on Vera and her beautiful spirit, and, like Bassanio, he attained her. He made the discovery that Vera really responded to his thought, and that, with thinking so much about the beauty of her spirit, her spirit had become a part of his own, and reflected in his nature were the beauties of hers. And then, his happiness was in continual thought of her, which meant continual companionship. Now see the difference. For the Egyptian Prince, Vera was behind everything; for the Greek Prince, she was in everything; and for the Gothic Prince, she was in his own heart — still invisible, but present.

Now of course this is a story with a meaning — or what is called a parable. You have long ago guessed that, and perhaps you have discovered the meaning. I told you in the beginning this was a true story, and so it is. It is the story of three great ideals, as expressed in architecture: the old Egyytian ideal; the ideal of Greece, or paganism; and the Christian ideal. Vera is truth, or represents what men believed to be the truth of everything, and the caskets are the temples and cathedrals. Men have had different ideals of what is the truth, and the difference in their ideals has been shown in the architecture of the temples they have builded. For the Egyptian, happiness lay beyond this life — for him To-day was nothing, and the strength of his building is the sign of it. For the Greek, To-day was everything, nothing lay beyond, and all favors he hoped for, he hoped for in this life; so in the form of his temple are all the light, grace, and bright beauty with which he decked his life. But the dim interior of the cathedral reflects the command which the Christian received to look within his own heart.

Now you puzzle all this out and you will have learned something. An ideal is a fine thing to have — indeed, older folks say that no lasting thing of importance can be accomplished without one. If you have a high ideal you do good things, but if you have a low ideal you do ignoble things. You are able to choose which you will have, for you *must* have one of some kind, and some day you will make or help to make a casket for an ideal of your own.



By Henry Johnstone.

Oh, Friday night 's the queen of nights, because it ushers in
The Feast of good St. Saturday, when studying is a sin,
When studying is a sin, boys, and we may go to play
Not only in the afternoon, but all the livelong day.

St. Saturday — so legends say — lived in the ages when
The use of leisure still was known and current among men;
Full seldom and full slow he toiled, and even as he wrought
He 'd sit him down and rest awhile, immersed in pious thought.

He loved to fold his good old arms, to cross his good old knees,
And in a famous elbow-chair for hours he 'd take his ease;
He had a word for old and young, and when the village boys
Came out to play, he 'd smile on them and never mind the noise.

So when his time came, honest man, the neighbors all declared
That one of keener intellect could better have been spared;
By young and old his loss was mourned in cottage and in hall,
For if he 'd done them little good, he 'd done no harm at all.

In time they made a saint of him, and issued a decree —
Since he had loved his ease so well, and been so glad to see
The children frolic round him and to smile upon their play —
That school boys for his sake should have a weekly holiday.

They gave his name unto the day, that as the years roll by
His memory might still be green; and that 's the reason why
We speak his name with gratitude, and oftener by far
Than that of any other saint in all the calendar.

Then, lads and lassies, great and small, give ear to what I say —
Refrain from work on Saturdays as strictly as you may;
So shall the saint your patron be and prosper all you do —
And when examinations come he 'll see you safely through.


He loved to Fold
his good old arms,
to cross his
good old Knees
ALL WORK AND NO PLAY MAKES JACK A DULL BOY
WILLARD BONTE
St. Saturday

A CHINESE ARMY THAT CHEERED FOR YALE.

By Ralph D. Paine.

After Peking had been captured by the allied armies, and peace restored to the battered and besieged legations, the city became a peaceful but monotonous residence for the foreign troops ordered to remain in exile through the following winter. As one of the war correspondents fated to share this long term of occupation, I made myself as comfortable as possible, and became a full-fledged housekeeper with a staff of six servants in a paper-walled mansion. The tangled streets and alleys around the house fairly overflowed with busy, chattering men and women by day and night, and there were so many small children playing under foot that they interfered with the streams of traffic.

There is freezing weather in North China through the winter months, and the houses are seldom heated, so that the children were kept warm by bundling them up in layers of little wadded blue coats, the colder the weather the more numerous the coats. Sometimes they were like little blue balls of cotton and fur, from which came piping shouts and laughter, no matter how much they were shoved and jostled out of the way. There was none of the "taciturn Chinese" of the travel-books in these streets, where noise reigned without cessation.

The children were quick to imitate the ways of the wonderful foreign soldiers, and their games in the streets soon took a military turn. The band of infant marauders who made their headquarters in front of my gateway organized an army of its own, with a tumult like a flock of sparrows. The first time I met this alarming company at drill, it seemed as if I had run into a microscopic Boxer outbreak. The ages of officers and privates averaged somewhat short of six years, all boys, for they had scorned to allow their little sisters to enlist. A row of shaved heads and sprouting pigtails the size of a lead-pencil was bobbing excitedly at the roadside, and the blue cotton puff-balls were sufficiently alike to make the army look as if it had been uniformed for the occasion.

Each pair of chubby brown fists grasped a bit of stick, and when I rode by, the soldiers presented arms as solemnly as if on dress-parade. I faced my horse about and saluted with the utmost gravity. The soldiers lost their dignity, and broke ranks with shouts of "Bean lao yet! Bean lao yet!" This was my name as turned into Chinese by my friends of the neighborhood, and signified plain "Mister" without any honorary titles.

The next time the army turned out for review, I was given warning; for when I reined my horse into the alley in which the troops manœuvered, scouts posted at strategic points ran away, shouting, "Bean lao yet!" The company toddled and tumbled out of side alleys and courtyards, and was lined up, "guns" in hand, when I passed, and the salute was returned with all the dignity I could summon. I had a pocket full of copper "cash," and scattered them on the heads of the troops. This act won instant promotion, for the greetings were changed into excited yells of "Bean da rin! Bean da rin!" I had become the "most honorable and exalted one," at a cost of three American cents.

For many weeks the infant troops of the alleys never failed to turn out and salute my passing. And when not on active service in the ranks, the officers and privates found joy in bothering the two Chinese policemen who shuffled wearily through the alley or leaned against walls, too lazy to keep in motion. The children were not afraid of the three-foot swords and the gongs, and jerked their pigtails and ran away whenever the funny policemen were napping.

The army became useful to me, one day in January, because of an event which had nothing to do with soldiers or with China. A bundle of American papers nearly two months old brought the tidings that Yale had scored a

brilliant football victory over Harvard, with one of the finest elevens that ever fought for the blue. It was thrilling news to me, even though it was so long delayed, and as an old Yale University athlete I naturally wished to organize some sort of a celebration. But the task was a difficult one in Peking. I had run across two Yale men among the foreign armies of occupation, one a lieutenant of the Ninth Infantry of General Chaffee's column, the other a Japanese officer on the staff of General Yamaguchi. Their camps were five miles apart, but I ordered a pony saddled, and started out to find my comrades who had once lived beneath the New Haven elms.

Alas! after riding a dozen miles, I was unable to find either, and returned home disconsolate. It was a sad disappointment to have to celebrate such a victory in solitary fashion. As I turned into the alley that ran past my gateway, the ever-faithful infantile army rushed to parade and salute "Bean da rin." Here was my celebration, ready and waiting. I beckoned the troops into my courtyard, and they followed, trying not to show their alarm. It was a new experience in their military career, and they did not quite know what the friendly "foreign devil" was going to do with them. Three or four anxious mothers followed timidly, but were reassured when one of my servants brought out a tray of American canned peaches and some cakes. The army shouted and saluted spasmodically. They had never dreamed of anything so wonderful in the commissary line as these canned peaches.

Then — and I confess it without shame — I used the best part of that afternoon in teaching those jolly puff-balls the nine 'rahs of the Yale cheer. They had no idea of what all the fuss was about, but it was only another crazy notion of the lunatic foreigner, whom nobody pretended to understand, anyhow. So they yelled until their wadded little selves fairly bounced off the pavement and their black eyes snapped with excitement.

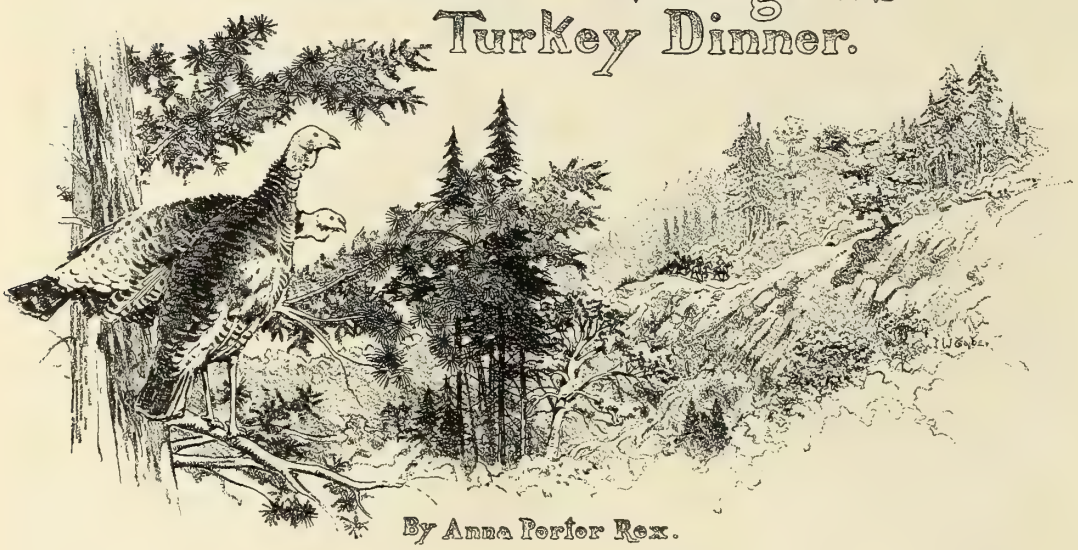
A long session of coaching produced encouraging results, for when I gave the signal, a score of piping voices screamed with frantic enthusiasm:

"Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Ylale, Ylale, Ylale! — Bean da rin!"

The football victory ten thousand miles away was duly celebrated in this fashion, and orthodox Yale cheers were shouted for the first time within the walls of the "Chinese City" of Peking. But I wondered, now and then, what the army and its parents could have thought the mysterious ceremony was all about.



President Washington's Turkey Dinner.



By Anna Porter Rex.

GREAT was the excitement in the little village of Bedford, Pennsylvania, on October 19, 1794; for everybody knew that General Washington might be expected to arrive before nightfall, and would probably remain several days, planning the campaign against the moonshiners.

For these were the days of the Whisky Insurrection, when the illegal distillers in western Pennsylvania had become so numerous and so daring as to organize a large armed force, bidding defiance to the revenue officers and small bodies of troops sent out against them. Repeated warnings from the government had only stimulated them to a more determined resistance, until the lawlessness assumed such proportions that President Washington, then in his second term, called out the militia of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to quell the insurgents.

Generals Morgan and South commanded the Virginia and Maryland troops, which constituted the "left wing," their rendezvous being at Cumberland; the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, commanded by Governors Mifflin and Howell, constituted the "right wing," with their rendezvous at Carlisle; and General Lee, commander-in-chief of the expedition, had his headquarters at Bedford. President Washington, accompanied by General Knox, Secretary of War, and by General Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, with an appropriate escort, were then visiting the encampments in turn, traversing the great military road which had been built in 1758 through Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt.

The following extracts are from Washington's diary, written during his visit to Bedford, which, short as it was, enriched the annals of the little town with several interesting stories of his courtly courtesy:

BEDFORD, PA., October 19, 1794.

In company with General Lee, whom I requested to attend me, that all arrangements for the army's crossing the mountains in two columns might be made, and accompanied by the Adjutant General, we set out about 8 o'clock for Bedford from Cumberland and making one halt at the distance of 12 miles, reached it a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, being met a little out of the encampment by Governor Mifflin, Governor Howell, and several officers of distinction. Quarters were provided for me at the house of Mr. David Espy, Prothonotary of the County of Bedford, to which I was carried and lodged very comfortably.

MONDAY, October 20, 1794.

I called the Quarter-Master General, Adjutant General, Contractor and others of the Staff Department, and ordered the armies to be put in motion on the twenty-third, and having made every arrangement that occurred as necessary, I prepared for my return to Philadelphia in order to meet Congress and attend to the civil duties of my office.



"IN A TWINKLING MRS. McDERMETT WAS LEFT STARING AT AN EMPTY DISH." (See page 135.)

No mention is here made by the general of the feast prepared for him and his staff on that eventful Monday; nor of the wonderful turkey, which, on its way to the table, assumed an animation as unexpected as that of the "four-and-twenty blackbirds," and fled away on foot. Yet this happened just as truly as any historical fact recorded of our famous first President. flown straight to the hunter's lure! And nobly had the marksman met his enthusiastic desire to render up his life for Washington: no stray shot would be found among the tender meat to disconcert his Excellency. Could the turkey himself have selected the one in all that region best qualified to contribute to the glory of his taking-off, undoubtedly Mrs. McDermett would have



"ARISING FROM HIS PLACE, HE TOOK HER HAND AND GALLANTLY KISSED IT." (SEE PAGE 135.)

The stone dwelling on the corner of the village square in Bedford was then occupied by William McDermett, a Scotchman, and his English wife. He was the pioneer among steel manufacturers in this country, and his wife was a woman of birth, breeding, and quite unusual education, who had left wealth and ease to follow the fortunes of the man she loved. Very varied fortunes they were; but of all the strange tales of her experiences with which she delighted her children and grandchildren, the one oftenest demanded was this true story of President Washington's turkey. Such a turkey! — one that by good luck and good management had arrived at the very acme of perfection exactly at this most auspicious time. With what a mighty spread of pinions had he been his choice. Therefore we may feel confident that, when General Washington and his staff sat down to dinner, it was with well justified complacency that their host prepared to carve the *pièce de résistance* when it should be placed before him.

Between the kitchen and the dining-room was a passage lighted by one window, about the height of a man's shoulder, and an alley-way ran along this side of the house. The window was open, and through it for hours had been wafted a mingling of delicious odors as the preparations for the dinner progressed.

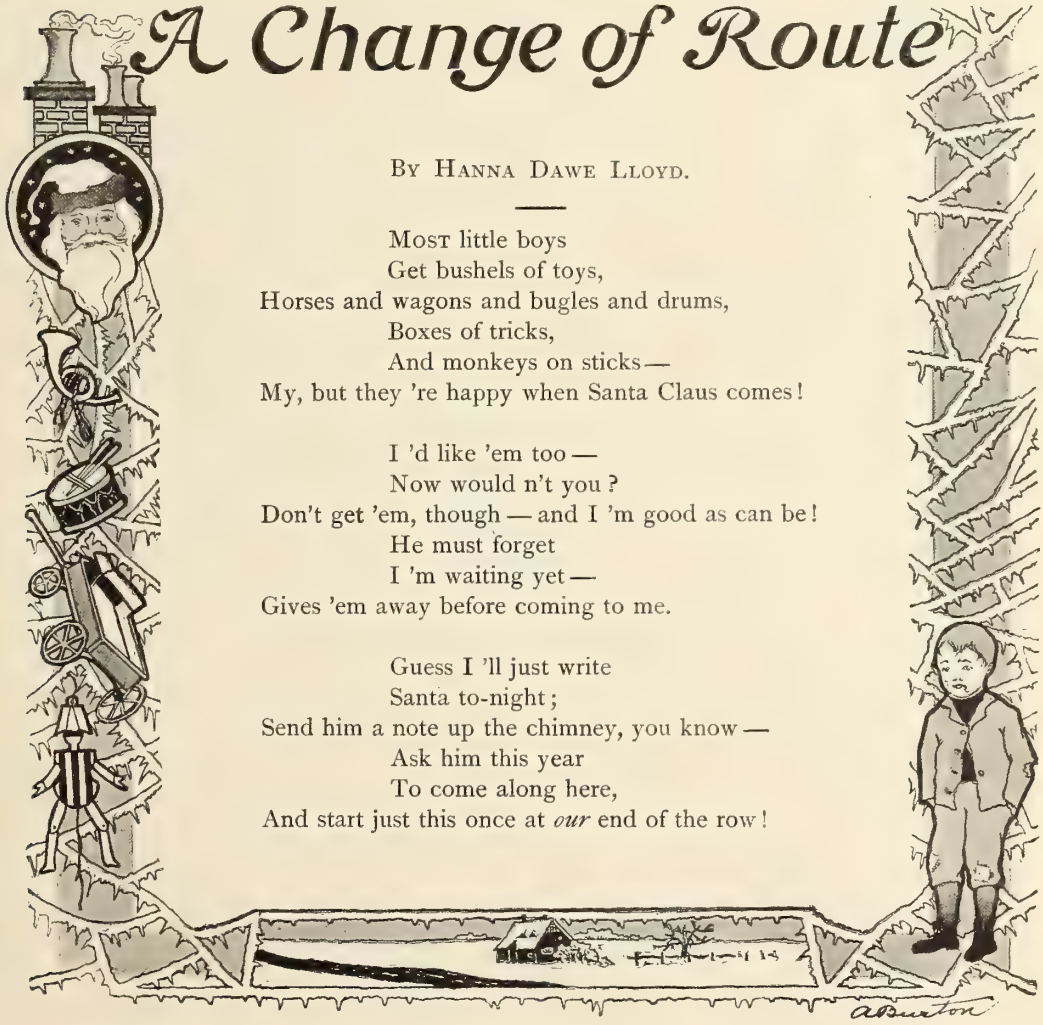
Just at the moment when the hostess was carrying the turkey through this narrow passage, prepared to make a triumphal entry into the dining-room, a soldier's arm was thrust through

the window, a hand seized the bird by the legs, and in a twinkling Mrs. McDermett was left staring at an empty dish, while flying feet beat the road as the hungry thief made off with his prize.

Poor Mrs. McDermett, thus robbed of her turkey and her triumph at the very crowning moment of success, after a pause of helpless consternation, marched bravely forward to face her husband's chagrin, her guests' disappointment, and Washington's — ah! what would President Washington think or say?

Putting down the empty platter before the astounded host, amid the quizzical surprise of the staff-officers, she told her story of the soldier-thief, and then, overcome with mortification, turned with a sob to apologize to Washington. Arising from his place, he took her hand and gallantly kissed it, saying: "Think no more of it, my dear madam," with a motion toward the well furnished table; "surely I can say with your countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, 'His need is greater than mine.'"

It is no wonder that in after years Mrs. McDermett avowed that to be thus consoled by General Washington was well worth all the chagrin and embarrassment that had been caused by the sudden loss of the turkey.



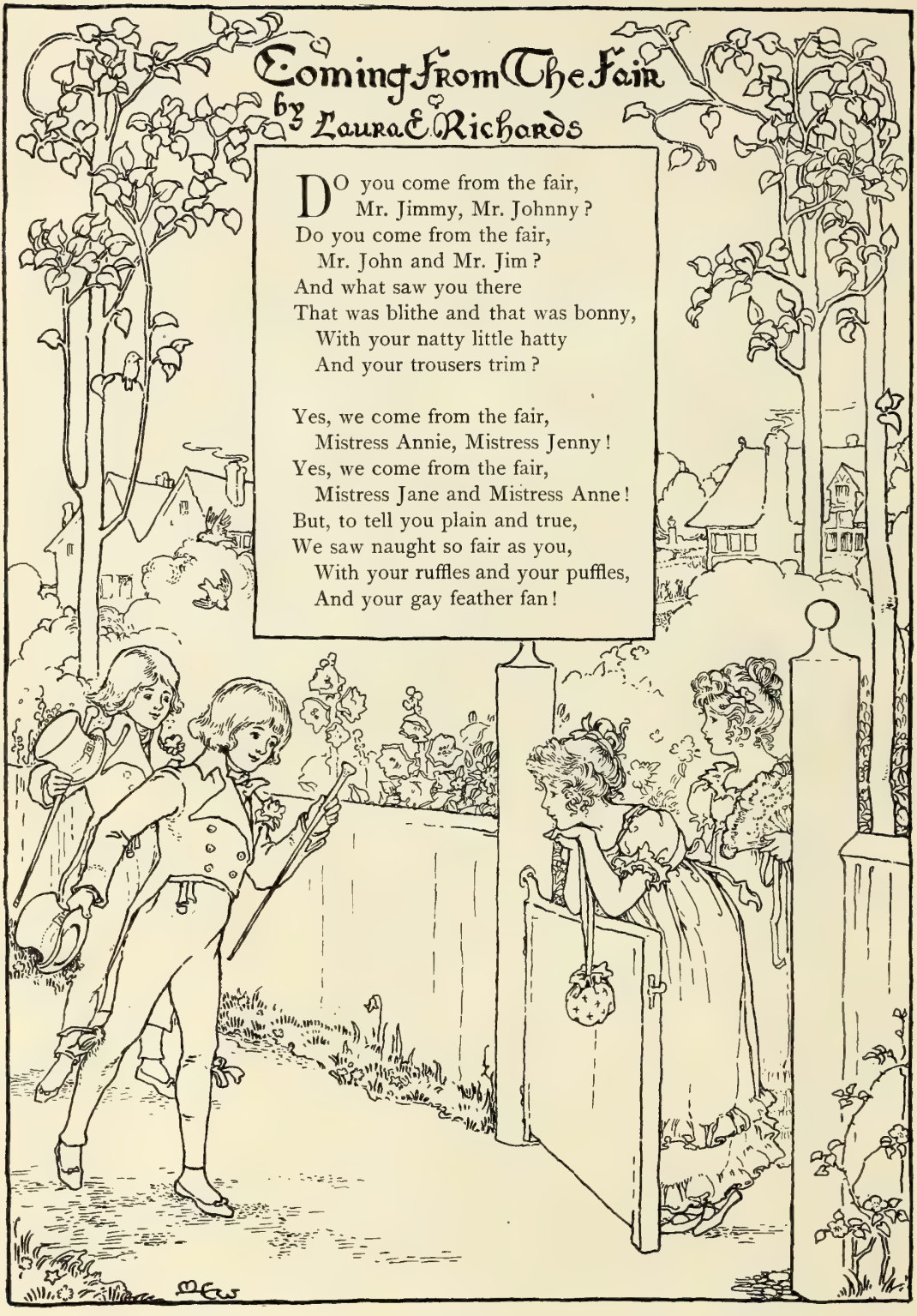
A Change of Route

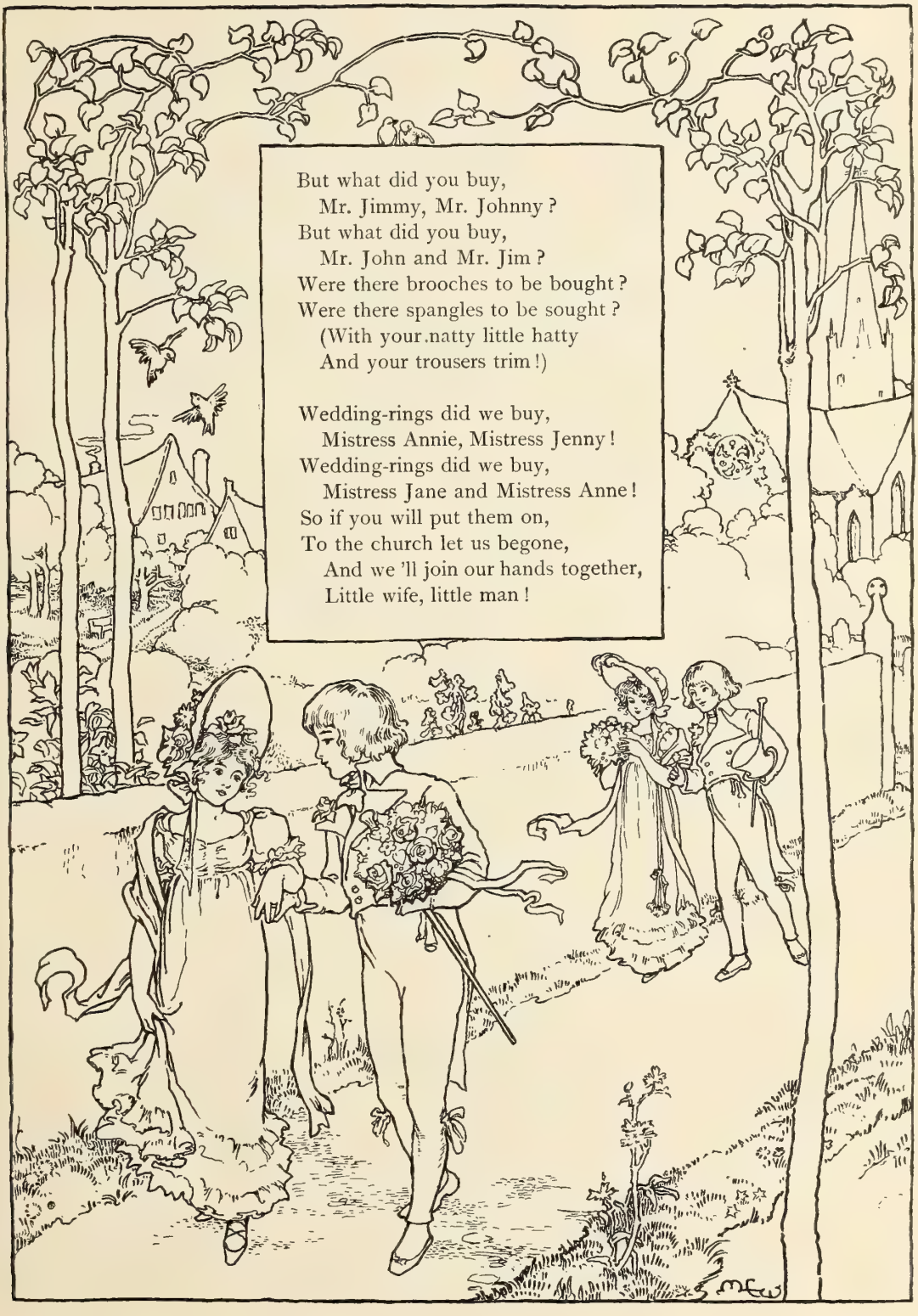
By Hanna Dawe Lloyd.

Most little boys
Get bushels of toys,
Horses and wagons and bugles and drums,
Boxes of tricks,
And monkeys on sticks—
My, but they 're happy when Santa Claus comes!

I 'd like 'em too —
Now would n't you?
Don't get 'em, though — and I 'm good as can be!
He must forget
I 'm waiting yet —
Gives 'em away before coming to me.

Guess I 'll just write
Santa to-night;
Send him a note up the chimney, you know —
Ask him this year
To come along here,
And start just this once at *our* end of the row!


Coming From The Fair
by Laura E. Richards
DO you come from the fair,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
Do you come from the fair,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
And what saw you there
That was blithe and that was bonny,
With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim?
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
But, to tell you plain and true,
We saw naught so fair as you,
With your ruffles and your puffles,
And your gay feather fan!


But what did you buy,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
But what did you buy,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
Were there brooches to be bought?
Were there spangles to be sought?
(With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim!)
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
So if you will put them on,
To the church let us begone,
And we 'll join our hands together,
Little wife, little man!

MASTER SPRINGSTEEL.

By John R. Bacon.

Master Springsteel
Makes his bow,
This is his very
First "Kow-Tow."
He has a trick
Of imitation
Which twists him
Into close relation
With any thing
In human shape —
His skeleton
We will not drape.

1



He is a bust of Jollity 2

A very rotund man is he



3

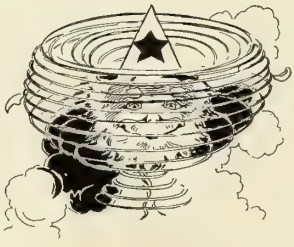
He captures birds
With ease and grace 4



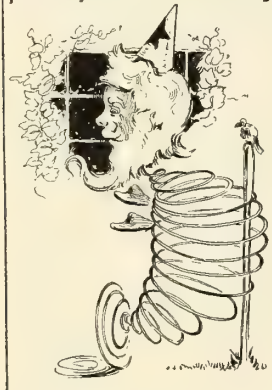


(pace)
He wheels down town at furious 5

He looks like Saturn
With his rings 6



He argues much on many things

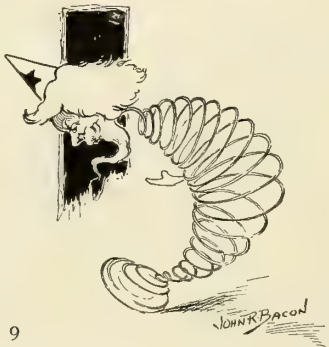


7



At County
Fair a carrot,
his invention 8

He thanks you for your very kind attention



9

A COMEDY IN WAX.

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter V.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

They were now standing before the scene of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, and, as before, Mme. Tussaud entered the tableau from behind, and touched the figure of the conspirator with her cane. Queen Mary, who was standing by Lucy's side, uttered a scream of terror as Guy Fawkes instantly began to struggle violently with the waxen effigies of the men who held him.

"The woman is a witch!" she cried. "See, see! Nay, but 't is a man after my own heart. How valiantly he resists the ruffians who hold him! Ah, me! I, too, have been a prisoner struggling for freedom. Bravely done! By my troth, he hath overcome them all!"

In fact, the wax figures were not capable of resistance, and Guy Fawkes had thrown them without difficulty, though he made huge parade of his prowess. Then, crying out, "Ha! there is yet time to fire the gunpowder!" he turned sharply, and perceiving Mme. Tussaud, burst suddenly into a hoarse chuckle.

"Guy!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, severely, "I am displeased with you. This is the third time you have behaved in this fashion when I touched you with my cane. When *will* you learn that these poor fellows are merely dummies? One of these days you will do them an injury, and put me to a great deal of unnecessary expense."

"Nay, Mistress Tussaud, you overblame me," protested Guy Fawkes, in a husky whisper. "Each time that I awake and find myself in the grasp of these minions, how can I but believe that I am once more trapped outside the Parliament House, as I was on the 4th of November in the year 1605?"

"I dare say," retorted Mme. Tussaud, dryly, "but, all the same, I warn you to take more care in future. You are a turbulent fellow, Guy."

"I am a soldier of fortune, mistress, pray remember that," said Guy Fawkes, "and who pays me best may command me."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mme. Tussaud. "Please to remember that you are *my* exclusive property. Now just set those men on their feet again, and come along."

Lucy could not help feeling a little alarmed when the notorious conspirator joined them, and she trembled as, at a sign from Mme. Tussaud, she offered him her bag of chocolate creams. The eyes of Guy Fawkes gleamed as he helped himself. He would have seized the bag had not Mme. Tussaud prevented him.

"Little mistress," he said to Lucy, in a mysterious whisper, "hast thou an enemy thou art anxious to get rid of? For yon parcel of confections I will dispose of him in such a fashion that he will never trouble thee again. Say but the word, and I am at thy service."

"No, thank you, sir," said Lucy, in a shaking voice, for she did not wish even Lorimer Grimweed such a fate as that, and she shrank toward Mme. Tussaud, who took her hand and, bidding the others follow, said, as they proceeded to the upper room:

"Don't be alarmed, Lucy. I have Guy well under control, and there is no gunpowder in the place."

"Why does he speak in whispers all the time?" asked Lucy. "Has he a cold?"

"No, my dear; he does it from habit. It is part of a conspirator's trade."

Meanwhile Mary Queen of Scots was looking at Guy Fawkes out of the corner of her eye, and presently she drew closer to him and said in a low voice:

"Is it true that thou art a conspirator?"

"That is my profession, madame," whispered Guy Fawkes; "and assuredly I behold in the illustrious Queen of Scots one who has herself been engaged in conspiracies?"

"Nay, 't is a base slander!" said Mary,

loudly, looking askance at Mme. Tussaud. "For I am innocent of those vile plots of which I have been falsely accused!" Then, with her finger at her lips, she leaned toward him and murmured, "Hist, good Master Fawkes! We will speak together anon."

Guy Fawkes nodded craftily and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

By this time they had reached the Grand Saloon, and Mary shuddered when she saw the dread form of the Executioner. She clung to Lucy as if for protection, and muttered:

"I misdoubt me. Is this a snare?"

"Don't be frightened at him," said Lucy; "he will not hurt you. And oh, dear queen, do not disobey the kind old lady! Your fate is in her hands, and she is so good, so good!"

"By my faith, thy words are strange," said Mary, "but I will trust thee. If there is a plot against me I count upon thy aid. This is a wondrous hall, and though the light is dim, I am more content here than below. We had no such hall in Holyrood."

"Your Majesty will pledge me your royal word," said Mme. Tussaud, approaching Mary, "to remain on this spot till I give you permission to move from it."

"Nay, that I will not," said Mary. "It is for me to command."

"Not in this establishment," said Mme. Tussaud, in a determined tone. "If you decline to give the promise I shall convey you back to your scaffold."

Impressed by the stern voice, Mary turned irresolutely to Lucy, who nodded earnestly and said in a wistful tone:

"Yes, you must, you must indeed, Queen Mary! She has the kindest heart in the world, and has the power to do all she says."

"The kindest heart in the world!" muttered Mary, with a cross look. "No, no; she is a witch. We were wont to burn them at the stake, or give them trial by water. Natheless we feared them.—Mistress, I pledge my word."

Chapter VI.

ALL ALIVE! ALL ALIVE, O!

Then Mme. Tussaud proceeded with her plan. With astonishing ease she removed the wrapper from Henry VIII, and touched him on the breast. Mary uttered a little cry of wonder and admiration as, with a mighty shake of his broad shoulders, he stepped from out the royal group.

"Mme. La Tussaud," he said in a hearty voice, as if continuing a conversation, "we were about to say that if thou wert younger—*much* younger—we should consider whether we would make thee our seventh. Thou art, alas! too old—"

"And you too fickle, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud, the familiar manner in which she addressed him denoting that she was no more in awe of him than of Queen Mary.

Henry laughed heartily at the retort, and Lucy thought she had never heard a laugh so jovial. The joke seemed to tickle him immensely.

"'T is agreed," he said. "We will not make a match of it. Gadzooks! A winsome little wench!" He chucked Lucy under the chin, and stroked his yellow beard complacently, his face beaming with good nature.

"Offer his Majesty a chocolate cream, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Chocolate creams!" he cried eagerly. "Num, num! Thou art a very fairy. Nay, sweet demoiselle, one will not suffice. We will take the whole bag."

"No more than three, Harry," said Mme. Tussaud, who saw that Lucy was wavering. "It is as many as we can spare."

She counted them out in his mailed hand, and he, turning, saw Mary Queen of Scots.

"Beshrew me!" he exclaimed. "Whom have we here? 'T is long since we beheld a face so fair."

"'T is my cousin Elizabeth's father," said Mary, under her breath. "I have seen his portrait, painted by that famous master, Hans Holbein the Younger. It is—it *is* the great Henry himself! He approaches—he comes nearer! Be still, my fluttering heart!"

"Let me introduce you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Henry VIII—Mary Queen of Scots." An elaborate obeisance and a still more elaborate bow followed the introduction. "You will no doubt enjoy each other's acquaintance. And I have a great holiday entertainment in store for your Majesties if you follow my wishes."

"Say you so? It likes us well," observed the monarch. "We trust the lovely Mary hath a part in thy project."

"I promise you that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to remain with the Queen of Scots while I proceed with my affairs?"

"We desire nothing better," said Henry, "than to remain by beauty's side."

"Oh, sire!" simpered Queen Mary.

Mme. Tussaud beckoned to Lucy, and said confidentially as they walked away from the pair:

"Henry and I are very good friends, and so are most of the others we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge. I have occasionally to be rather severe, but I think I may say that I have established my authority over them—yes, even over Queen Elizabeth and Richard III. Queen Bess was most difficult to deal with, but I succeeded in managing her in the end. Here she is. If we find her a little stiff and proud at first, we must not forget that she was a great queen, and used to the habit of command."

Lucy could scarcely keep herself still as the magic cane touched the royal shoulder. Queen Elizabeth raised her head and gazed imperiously at Mme. Tussaud, but she did not otherwise move.

"If your Majesty pleases," said Mme. Tussaud, "we must not keep the company waiting."

"'T is well," said Queen Elizabeth. "We take thy word for it. Look to it that thou dost not deceive us."

And then the great queen stepped majestically out of the royal circle in which she was, perhaps, the most illustrious figure. Lucy gazed upon her with awe, and it was only at the instigation of Mme. Tussaud that she timorously held out her bag of chocolate creams, and even then she drew back in fear, dreading that the act might be resented as an unwarrantable familiarity.

"Don't be shy, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

Thus encouraged, Lucy, with a curtsy, offered half a dozen chocolate creams to Queen Elizabeth, who graciously accepted the gift. It was evident, however, from her manner that she did not approve of Henry VIII's attentions to Mary Queen of Scots.

"Our royal father," she observed, as she glanced at the pair, "should set a better example."

"Nay, Bess, do not frown," said Henry, in a jolly voice. "If our devotion to the fair offend thee, observe it not."

He turned again to Mary, whose laughter the next moment rang through the hall.

"Ah, here is Mme. Sainte Amaranthe," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good evening, Julie." She had touched the Sleeping Beauty with her magic cane.

"Good evening, madame," said the young beauty, languidly raising herself from her couch. "Have I overslept myself? I am somewhat fatigued after the impromptu ball at which you kindly presided last night."

"You should not be, Julie," said Mme. Tussaud, "for you sat out three successive dances with George Washington. I heard Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard making remarks about it."

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," returned Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, shrugging her shoulders. "Washington's manners were most fascinating, and I had become mortally tired after the pedantic conversation of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Knox."

"Really?" said Mme. Tussaud, laughing. "But come, come! We are lingering too long. I want to introduce you to one of our great English monarchs, an ardent admirer of female beauty."

The young lady sprang to her feet with more vivacity than she had yet displayed, exclaiming, "And I have not made my toilette!" She began hurriedly to arrange her veil, her laces, and the long diamond chain which encircled her lovely neck.

"You will do very well as you are," said Mme. Tussaud. Your Majesty,"—they had now reached the royal group,—"allow me to introduce a friend of mine, Julie Sainte Amaranthe. We were girls together."

"Impossible, madame," said Henry VIII, gazing admiringly at the young beauty, and then with twinkling eyes at the Little Old Woman in Black. "By my halidom! thou taxest our credulity too far!" And with an air of great gallantry, he kissed the hand of the French lady, and paid her many pretty compliments.

"I love to listen to him," said Lucy to Mme. Tussaud, as they walked away. "Don't you think it is much prettier than the way we speak now?"

"It has its attractions," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and certainly the slang of the modern day is to be deplored. And bad habits are so catching. Even I find myself occasionally betrayed into using language that I should have blushed to use thirty or forty years ago. I am afraid we are less dignified and courteous than we used to be."

Having reached the group in which Hougua, the great tea-merchant, was placed, she touched him with her magic cane, and he immediately took from the folds of his thickly wadded dark blue robe a fan, with which he began to fan himself. Then he spoke:

"Put not thlee, four, five lumps of sugar in your tea. No can do so many lumps. Spoilee flaglance of the golden leaf." His eyes rested upon Lucy, who held out two chocolate creams, which instantly disappeared, as if by magic, up his sleeve. "Pletty child!" he said. "Bime-by glow up a beautiful lady with tiny feet."

"There 's a compliment for you, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, and leading her to other parts of the show, introduced her in turn to Richards I and III, Cromwell, Loushkin the Russian giant, nearly nine feet high, Tom Thumb the American dwarf, and Charles II, to each of whom Lucy offered a couple of chocolate creams, Cromwell being the only one who declined to accept them. The disdain with which he surveyed the royal personages was not less marked than the displeasure which his appearance created. The only celebrity he regarded with any favor was the giant Loushkin.

"Give me a company of such men," he had the audacity to declare, "and I would sweep royalty from the face of the earth."

Charles II stepped forward and looked daggers at the Protector.

"Ha!" said Cromwell. "An I had laid hands on thee I would have served thee as I served thy father. The good work I did lives after me. Yea, verily!"

"Wretch!" cried Mary Queen of Scots.

"Peace!" roared Cromwell, turning to Mary. "Thou saucy malapert!"

"I take this quarrel on myself," said Richard Cœur de Lion, darting forward. "Dash it—that is, 'sdeath! I cannot get my glove off!"

"Here 's a good blade for who will pay for it," hissed Guy Fawkes, his hand on his sword.

"Oh, there 's going to be a fight," cried Mary, dancing up and down in glee; "there 's going to be a fight—and all about me!"

"Affected creature!" murmured Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

"Hooray for Guy Fawkes!" said General Tom Thumb. "Hello, Cromwell, how are you?"

"Out of my sight, manikin!" thundered Cromwell, and gave a start of agony, for Tom Thumb had run a pin into his leg.

"Stop—stop—stop!" cried Mme. Tussaud, pushing her way to the center of the group. "Another quarrelsome word, and I— Would you make me ashamed of my celebrities? It is perfectly scandalous that famous personages should behave so. And how is it possible for me to carry out my plans for the holiday excursion I am going to give you—"

"A holiday excursion!" they all cried, as though with one tongue.

"Yes. I want to take you all into the country for a few days—"

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed Mary.

"A *fête champêtre!*" cried Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, delightedly.

"—to rescue a fair damsel in distress."

"By my troth!" exclaimed Henry VIII, "this is something after my own heart."

"But how can it be done if you continue to wrangle? It is perhaps too much to expect you all to shake hands with one another, but you can at least keep the peace and pretend to be friends."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, ecstatically; "let 's pretend. Oliver Cromwell, I apologize."

"Bosh! and in pretense so do I," said the Protector.

"In that case, colonel," said Tom Thumb, addressing Cromwell, "I will take the pin out of your leg." And he did so.

"Pretend in earnest, you know," said Mme. Tussaud. "Is harmony restored? Are you all friends?"

"We are—we are," they all replied, one and

all earnestly pretending, in order not to offend Mme. Tussaud, and thus endanger their chances of joining in the holiday excursion.

Chapter VII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND TOM THUMB FALL TO QUOTING SHAKSPERE.

Then Mme. Tussaud, rapping her cane smartly on the floor to obtain silence, explained to her celebrities the purpose of the expedition they were about to undertake, and impressed upon them the necessity of obedience to her commands.

"I have made my plans, and I do not intend that they shall be upset," she said, in a tone of stern authority, "so let us have no nonsense. To show you that I know how to deal with rebellion, I may as well respectfully inform you, celebrities, that I take my executioner with me, and have entered into a contract with him at so much per head."

She pointed to the grim figure with the black mask on his face and his sharp ax ready. Some of the celebrities looked rather glum, but there was no mistaking the effect produced by this announcement. Even Richard III and Guy Fawkes entered no protest, and Queen Elizabeth was so elated at the prospect of an open-air holiday that she bestowed a gracious smile on Lucy.

"We must prepare to start," said Mme. Tussaud. "There is yet much to do before we leave, for the interests of my show must not be neglected. I expect there will be such a rush for admission to-morrow that the money-boxes will overflow with shillings."

"What, with us, the principal attractions, out of it?" cried Mary. She really meant, "with ME, the principal attraction, out of it," but, vain as she was, she hardly liked to go as far as that.

"Yes," answered Mme. Tussaud, "with you, the principal attractions, out of it. In the way of record attendances, bank-holidays will pale their ineffectual fires —"

"An incorrect quotation!" interrupted Queen Elizabeth, with astonishing vivacity. "In the singular, not the plural — fire, not fires. And *un*effectual, not *in*effectual.

> 'The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.'

It vexes us to the soul when our divine William is misquoted."

"Hooray for you, Queen Elizabeth!" said Tom Thumb. "In the names of Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth, the American Eagle thanks the good Queen Bess; the Stars and Stripes salute her.

> 'Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
> God and St. George! Richmond and victory!'

Begging your pardon, boss," continued the tiny man, seeing a scowl on the face of Richard III, "for throwing Richmond in your teeth; but history 's history, and I don't want a better historian than the Swan of Avon. He 's good enough for yours truly — yes, *sir!*"

"Varlet!" muttered Richard, "an I had thee in the Tower —" But the conclusion of the threat was not audible, and as much of it as Tom Thumb heard had little effect upon him, his little fat cheeks smiled so amiably.

"We accept thy homage, Tom of the Thumb," said Queen Elizabeth, "and if our royal cousin is displeased, we will say instead, quoting from our favorite poet, and venturing to alter two words in the original,

> 'Sound, drums and trumpets, and to Barnet all;
> And more such nights as these to us befall.'"

"Good! good!" said Tom Thumb, with nods of approval. "Queen Elizabeth, you 're a daisy!"

"Hush, Tom! Now is every one ready?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"'As ready as a borrower's cap,'" said Tom Thumb, answering for all, and quoting from Shakspere again.

"Thou hast not many inches," said Queen Elizabeth, smiling sweetly on him, "but thou art 'a marvelous proper man.' Where didst thou learn to become so familiar with the writings of our great Shakspere?"

"The free and enlightened citizens of the U-nited States are chock-full of him, queen," replied Tom.

"Softly!" said Mme. Tussaud. "No more talking. Follow me."

With footsteps as noiseless as those of a

company of cats, they stole out of the hall, and were presently in the open air, crouching in silence within the rails, in obedience to the commands of the mistress of the show.

Chapter VIII.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK FILLS THE VACANT PLACES.

The night was dark: there were no stars or moon visible; and it being now one o'clock in the morning, Marylebone Road was almost deserted.

"You have seen many strange things, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, in a low tone, "and have behaved bravely. You will see still stranger things before we start for Marybud Lodge; but no one will be hurt, and, whatever happens, you must not scream."

"I will not, ma'am," said Lucy. "It has all been very, very wonderful, but I am not the least bit frightened."

"You are a dear little heroine," said Mme. Tussaud, with a bright smile. "What I have to do now is to find my way to the Finchley Road, for the London streets are changed since I was last in them. Then it is straight on to Barnet, is it not?"

"Almost straight. As we go along I think I can show you."

"Very good, then. Celebrities, keep perfectly still, and do not open your lips unless I speak to you. Hush! A policeman!"

With measured steps the guardian of the night approached the gates of the exhibition. He paused, shook them to see that they were fast, and passed leisurely on.

"Safe!" sighed Mary Queen of Scots, who had been terrified by the approach of the man.

"Not a word, not a word," whispered Mme. Tussaud, "and do not stir."

She glided swiftly out into the street, and hailed the officer.

"Policeman!" she cried.

He stopped and faced her, but in the darkness could only see before him the figure of a little old woman.

"Can you tell me the way to the Finchley Road?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Take the second turning to the right," the policeman answered, "into Baker Street, walk straight on, and ask again."

"I don't wish to ask again. Am I sure to come to it if I walk straight on?"

"Yes, if you can *keep* straight. When you come to the park gates, keep to the left, and you 'll come to Wellington Road, and that 'll lead you into Finchley Road." At this point the policeman's mind became suddenly illuminated with suspicion. "But here, I say — what brings you out at this time of night, and where did you spring from? I did n't see you as I came along. Did you come up through the pavement? And what 's that you are holding behind your back? None of your tricks with me — let 's have a look at it. Sharp, now!"

"It is only a cane," said Mme. Tussaud, producing it.

"Only a cane, eh? Where did you get it?" He pulled out his bull's-eye lantern and flashed it upon her face. And that was all he did, for Mme. Tussaud had touched him with her magic cane. Immovable he stood, without sense or feeling, holding his lantern in his outstretched hand.

"One!" said Mme. Tussaud, under her breath, and also stood quite still, for she heard a voice in the rear singing softly:

"I 've got a pal,
A reg'lar out-an'-outer;
She 's a dear good gal —
I 'll tell yer all about 'er.
It 's many years since fust we met — "

The singer, a jovial young costermonger returning home after a jolly evening spent with friends, stopped short and cried:

"'Allo! Ho, I say! 'Ere 's a lark! Wot 's the row, bobby?"

It was not destined that he should be informed. The magic cane had touched him, and he stood stock-still, with a vacant smile on his face.

"Two!" said Mme. Tussaud, hurrying back to her celebrities. "I need recruits, stalwart men, resolute and stout," she said hurriedly. Tom Thumb darted forward. "Not you, Tom; you could not perform the work. Cromwell for one; and, Loushkin, you come, too."



"'A WINSOME LITTLE WENCH!' SAID HENRY VIII, AS HE CHUCKED LUCY UNDER THE CHIN."

The giant and Cromwell followed Mme. Tussaud immediately, and, in obedience to her instructions, carried the inanimate forms of the policeman and the young man of the period into the building, she showing the way with the policeman's bull's-eye lantern, of which she had taken possession. Then she passed out of the gates again, taking her recruits with her. She kept them busy, for every minute or two they came back, bearing the forms of various human beings who had been deprived of sense and motion by the touch of the magic cane. Altogether thirteen substitutes were collected, and, under Mme. Tussaud's direction, were carried into the show and placed where the celebrities she had revived had previously sat or stood. When they were covered with the calico shrouds which had enveloped the abstracted celebrities, the hall presented precisely the same appearance as when the attendants had closed the exhibition for the night. There was, however, one exception. The place which had been occupied by Mme. Tussaud was not filled. At a casual glance this was not apparent, for she so arranged the cloth in which she had been inwrapped that it looked as if she were still within its folds.

Once during these comings and goings she noticed that Lucy's face was very white and that the little girl was trembling. She put her arm around Lucy's neck and kissed her, and whispered:

"There is no harm done, my dear. I have only sent them to sleep, as I did my night watchmen, and when I wake them up they will be as well as ever."

The last thing to do inside the building was to restore the night watchmen to their senses. This done, they resumed their march through the rooms in the most natural manner possible, without any suspicion that there had been any break in the performance of their duties; and when they cast their eyes around upon the muffled figures, they were quite satisfied that everything was as they had left it.

While attending to these various matters Mme. Tussaud had displayed the most astonishing activity and vivacity, and every time she passed in and out of the building, she addressed a few pleasant words to this celebrity, or a few warning words to that, and succeeded in keeping up their spirits as effectually as she kept up her own.

"And now," she said in the end, addressing them collectively, "everything is ready for the start to Marybud Lodge."

"But how do we go?" asked Lucy. "What will the policemen say when they see us marching through the streets? And it is such a long distance!"

"Oh, if it is far we can never walk," cried the ladies. "Look at our thin shoes!"

"We shall ride," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Loushkin will drive us. You, Lucy, will sit by his side and direct him, and I will sit next to you."

"Ride!" exclaimed Lucy. "In what? Oh, I know!" And all her pulses throbbed with delight. "You have found some large pumpkins."

"Come and see."

Her celebrities accompanied her to the outside pavement, and there in the road was a large, red, covered parcels-post van, with two stout horses standing perfectly still.

"This conveyance was coming along, and I annexed it," said Mme. Tussaud. "The man who drove it is now in my show. I judge from his uniform that he belongs to the government, and I will see that it is safely restored. It was necessary to annex the van, for I could not suffer my celebrities to walk eight or ten miles at this time of night — no, indeed!"

"Certainly not, certainly not," was the general acquiescence.

"Come, get in, all of you. You 'll find it warm and comfortable inside."

"Take your places," shouted Tom Thumb.

"Step up on the box, Loushkin, and take the reins. Oliver Cromwell, oblige me by lifting our little heroine up. Thank you. If I ever hear any one accusing you of a want of politeness, I will set them right. Get inside, please."

"All aboard!" cried Tom Thumb. "There are no more passengers, marm. We 've got the lot. I 've checked 'em all off."

"Smart little man," said Mme. Tussaud.

She shut the door upon him and the others, locked it, pocketed the key, and nimbly mounted the box. Then she touched the horses with

her magic cane, and they instantly whisked their tails and moved briskly up the street.

"Just show them the whip, Loushkin. Are you comfortable, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then off we go," said the Little Old Woman.

And away they rattled in the direction of Barnet.

As they wended their way northward there were still fewer persons abroad than in the neighborhood of Marylebone Road, and, so far as the occupants of the box-seat could judge, they were not observed. In daylight it would, of course, have been otherwise. The appearance of a giant nearly nine feet in height, in the military uniform of a drum-major of the Imperial Preobrajensky Regiment of the Russian Guards, driving a post-office mail-cart, would certainly have attracted attention; but on this night only one man, a policeman who was turning out of Park Road, stopped to look after the vehicle. He was not in doubt about the conveyance or the horses, but about the Being on the box.

"Was it a image?" he asked himself, and paused till the cart was out of sight. He lifted his eyes to the tops of the trees, and for the first time in his life noticed how much higher they seemed to be by night than by day. "That is it," he soliloquized; "it was the tree-tops that made him look so tall. He might have been a shadder."

So the conveyance passed along unimpeded. Along the Wellington Road into Finchley Road, past the Swiss Cottage and the nice new shops with which the Parade beyond is lined, past the pretty villas which were being built all the way to Finchley, the horses trotted merrily, as though they were aware of the distinguished company they were carrying and were proud of their burden. Lucy's sharp eyes were on the lookout for familiar landmarks, and it was under her guidance that the journey was made. Strange to say, she did not feel tired or sleepy. The exciting events of the day and night had dispelled all sensations of fatigue, and she was as bright at two o'clock in the morning, sitting on the box between Loushkin and Mme. Tussaud, as if it were yet day. Odd as were the circumstances in which she found herself placed, she was very happy in the prospect held out by Mme. Tussaud, and she kept whispering to herself: "It 's all for dear Lydia's sake — all for my dear, darling sister."

Merrily rang the clatter of the hoofs on the road, and the horses champed their bits and shook their heads as if they were enjoying it; but they were not sorry when Loushkin pulled up to give them a drink from a water-trough by the roadside; and while they slaked their thirst, Mme. Tussaud got nimbly down from the box to see how her celebrities were getting along. Henry VIII was listening with great attention to a conversation between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe upon the fashions of ladies' dress and what styles were most becoming to fair and dark complexions. Richard III's eyes were half closed, but he was only pretending to be asleep, and his brain was really teeming with plots; occasionally he muttered a few words to Guy Fawkes, who received his remarks with an air of mingled bravado and mystery, while Charles II was regarding them with an air of haughty disapproval. Cromwell and Richard I were discussing military affairs. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were quoting from Shakspere with great animation. Hougua was smiling blandly upon one and all; and the executioner sat bolt upright, his eyes glaring frightfully through his mask.

"How are you getting along, good people?" asked Mme. Tussaud, letting the light of the bull's-eye lamp travel from one to another.

"Bully!" said Tom Thumb, briskly. "If you find it cold outside, there 's plenty of room for you and the little girl in here."

"We are quite comfortable on the box-seat, thank you, Tom. I trust your Majesty does not feel wearied."

"We are well bestowed," said Queen Elizabeth, with a gracious inclination of her head. "Thou hast given us an agreeable henchman. Raleigh himself was not a more accomplished courtier, and knew less of Sweet Will than Tom of the Thumb." She turned to the little man. "Who spake those words of our poet, Tom of the Thumb, which but now thou wast repeating?"

"They were from Suffolk's lines," answered Tom Thumb, "when he was playing false to Henry VI, in his interview with Lady Margaret. Don't you remember?"



"'THOU HAST NOT MANY INCHES,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, 'BUT THOU ART "A MARVELOUS PROPER MAN."'"

"Ha! those knavish ambassadors!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth. "We have had experience of them. We recall the lines — they are in our poet's play of 'Henry VI.' But thy memory is prodigious, gallant Tom of the Thumb; marvelous is thy erudition. Fain would our eyes rest upon the wonderful country in which thou wert born and educated."

"In education it takes the cake, queen," said Tom Thumb, "and a visit from you would set all the bells ringing from Maine to California. You are as greatly honored there as in the cities and green lanes of England."

"From our green lanes, sweet and fragrant as they will ever be, we send it greeting. We recollect our sea-dog Sir Francis Drake, when we visited him upon his ship, the 'Golden Hind,' speaking in glowing terms of those wondrous western shores, upon some spot of which he unfurled our flag, calling the land New Albion. But let us not desert the pages of our Swan of Avon. Proceed with thy illustration."

Before the end of this dialogue, Mme. Tussard having remounted to the box-seat, the journey was resumed. The nearer they approached Barnet, the surer was Lucy of the road, and after a merry canter of three or four miles she cried excitedly:

"We shall be there very soon now. Oh, what will Lydia say when she sees us — and what will papa think? Mr. Loushkin, please take the road to the left. There — there is Marybud Lodge right before us. Stop, coachman, stop!"

The van was pulled up within half a dozen yards of a stone wall, about eight feet high, with a wooden door built in it. By the side of the door hung a rusty iron chain, and on it was a great iron knocker. There appeared to be no other means of entrance than this door.

Mme. Tussaud alighted from the box-seat so quickly that she seemed to fly off it, and assisted Lucy down. Then she unlocked the door of the van and let out her celebrities, who stepped to the ground with expressions of satisfaction at having reached their journey's end.

"Where dwells the fair Lydia?" said Henry VIII, in a loud, commanding voice. "We see no house. A murrain on the knaves! Is this the manner in which we are received? In silence? No welcome proffered? By my troth! an the entertainment within be not better than the entertainment without, there will be work for the headsman. 'T is well he accompanied us, Mme. La Tussaud."

"Let us talk sense, Henry," was the answer he received.

"Sense!" he roared. "Do we not talk sense? We are starving. An thou wilt proffer us a flagon and a pasty we will talk sense enow. What ho, within there! What ho! Is there no horn at the gate to summon the knaves?" He was about to hammer on the door when Mme. Tussaud seized his arm.

"For shame, Harry, for shame! You will arouse the enemy and frustrate the plans I have so carefully prepared." She stamped her foot. "Understand me, Harry; I will not have it!"

"What is it, then, thou 'lt have, if thou 'lt not have that?" he demanded.

"Your counsel and advice, Hal, which you cannot give if you work yourself into a passion. Come, now, be sensible."

"As thou wilt," he said in a milder tone. "We were ever the slave of thy fickle sex. And what is 't that 's a-foot now?"

"We have to decide how to get into Marybud Lodge," said Mme. Tussaud. "Lucy, is this the front entrance?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there no other?"

"There is the servants' door at the back."

"Does this stone wall stretch right round the Lodge?"

"Yes, ma'am, right round."

Mme. Tussaud was not sorry to hear it. It insured privacy; prying neighbors could not watch and take note of their movements.

"Let us reconnoiter," she said softly.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BABY'S ADVENTUROUS DAY—AND MINE!

By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The family were enjoying an attack of tonsillitis. I think there were one hundred and fifty cases distributed throughout the hotel in which we were spending the summer, but we got more than our share of the disease, for the baby's mother, his two sisters, his big brother, and, most unfortunate of all, even his nurse had it. And they all had it practically at the same time, too.

He and I escaped; but I had *him*, and I don't know which was the more trying. At present I think the baby was—but then, I have never had the tonsillitis. I am his father. I did n't have a happy time during that epidemic, for so many people were ill in the hotel at the same time that there was no way of getting a trained nurse for my family, and I had to attend to them and to the baby also. We turned our apartments into an infirmary, with the exception of one room, in which the baby had to stay. He was n't a little baby; in fact, he was two and a half years old, solid and substantial for his age, and, though I do say it myself, he was an unusually active and intelligent child—how active I never quite realized before.

However, as it turned out, the first day of the tonsillitis visitation he had sprained his leg, or hurt it in some way, and was unable to walk. He had to be carried everywhere. In passing, for a month after this, whenever he got lazy and wanted to be "cawied," his thoughts would recur to the halcyon sprained-leg days when I was his porter, and the leg would suddenly pain him again! Well, at the time I thought this enforced "immobility" was a terrible hardship,—for me,—for he was a stout, well-built, heavy youngster, and it was quite a job to "tote" him around all day long except at my hourly visits to the sick members of the household for the purpose of administering nauseous medicine; but it had its advantages, as I afterward learned, for when he was put down anywhere he "stayed put." He was very careful of that game leg of his; consequently I was entirely safe in leaving him. The next day it was better at intervals,—the leg, I mean, and so were the other patients,—but he still required a deal of carrying; and as he gained more freedom of motion, he did manage to get into some mischief. He was not up to his capacity, however. The third day he was well. The tonsillitis invalids were also able to take their own medicine without my help. As I had been kept in the house with that baby for two days, I thought it advisable for his health and my own comfort to get outdoors.

The hotel fronted on a beautiful little lake. At the foot of the bluff upon which it stood was a boat-house. Like all Adirondack boat-houses, a sloping platform ran from the boat-racks into and under the water. You put your boat on the platform, shove it off yourself, and spring in as it glides away, or you get in first and some one else does the shoving for you. The baby wanted to go fishing. He was n't an expert angler, never having caught anything, although he fished patiently with a pin hook and twine from the end of a switch.

His leg had become well with astonishing suddenness, and as he frisked down the path, clinging to my hand, he seemed as active as ever. I had dressed him—painfully, it must be admitted, being unused to a task of that kind—in his best suit of clothes. I put on this suit partly because it happened to be the first one in the bureau-drawer. I got the boat out with the assistance of the boatman, and was preparing to enter it, when the baby dropped a ball he was carrying. It rolled down the platform and slipped into the water. He darted after it. Somebody screamed as they saw him plunge forward. I looked up, made a step forward, and clutched him.

You can't imagine how slippery that platform was under water. I never dreamed that anything made of wood could be so sleek. I

lifted up the baby and made a frantic effort to keep my balance. In vain! Out went my feet, and down we both went sprawling. It seemed to me we did n't stop until we had shot twenty feet out into the lake. I kept tight hold of the baby, who was now yelling at the top of his voice. He kept up his screaming until he was soused under. Fortunately I am an expert swimmer, and I easily lifted him out of the water—at least his head—and swam around to the landing-place and scrambled ashore.



"I LIFTED HIM OUT OF THE WATER AND SWAM AROUND TO THE LANDING-PLACE."

Then he began roaring again. He was n't the only one who roared either, for the boat-house was filled with people. It was usually empty at that hour of the morning, but on this particular day it seemed to me that everybody in the hotel was there. As we climbed out they roared, too—but with laughter. I could not see anything funny then. I shook the baby, I 'll admit, but—merely to shake the water out of him, or off of him, of course.

"What are you crying about?" I asked desperately.

The cause of his weeping is clear to me now, but at the time it was inexplicable.

"What do you want?" I continued, as there was no abatement of his cries.

"I duss want to be excruged for fallin' in de water," he sobbed out at last.

I had to "excruge" him right then and there before he stopped screaming. Wet and bedraggled, we trailed across the road and up to our apartments. We had to change every stitch we had on. Having recovered from this impromptu bath, we started out on our original expedition, our first failure only making the baby more determined.

This time we entered the boat without any mishap. I rowed out into the lake, and the youngster cast his line and began. I had a book, the day was pleasant, and I sat reading, glancing at him occasionally to see that he did n't get into mischief. He was quite content to fish there for hours without any result. He had the true spirit of Izaak Walton in him, I think, and when he was fishing was the only time in his life that he remained still and kept quiet, so I encouraged the pastime. The boat drifted slowly along, the absorbed angler watching his

hook. Suddenly I heard an excited scream from the stern-sheets. The small boy had risen and was dancing frantically up and down on the seat, holding his fishing-pole with both hands, yelling, "I dot a fis'! I dot a fis'!"

It was somewhat of a problem whether he had "dot a fis'" or the "fis'" had "dot" him; but before I could take in the fact that the line was boat, tossed him upon the bottom of it, and then started to push the boat to the shore. The baby never let go of his prize, but kept on exclaiming: "I dot a fis'!"

Meanwhile some one from the shore rowed out and towed us in. We furnished a deal of amusement for the hotel that day. People apparently expected something to happen to us;



"THE BABY NEVER LET GO OF HIS PRIZE, BUT KEPT ON EXCLAIMING: 'I DOT A FIS'!'"

taut as a wire and the young angler was holding on desperately, he pitched wildly overboard. I made a hasty move to save him, and, by ill luck, overturned the cranky boat. I caught him by the leg just as he went down again, fearing lest the fish, which seemed as strong as a whale, might tow him across the lake.

As I said before, I was a good swimmer, even with my clothes on. This was the second time that day I had a chance to display my prowess in the water. The baby did n't cry this time. The true spirit of the sportsman was in him. He just shut his little teeth and hung on to that rod with two chubby little fists. I swam to the for a larger crowd than before was at the boat-house as we landed. My thoughts were too deep for utterance, and all the baby did was to hold up his pole proudly and draw attention to the fish dangling from the end of it. That fish was about three inches long.

"I taught him; I taught dat fis'!" he said to the assemblage, his voice shrill with excitement. "I duss hooked him, an' I did n't let go, and my papa holded me up."

It was an effective speech, if I may judge by the results. I have thought since that he would make a capital comedian, if the chief function of a comedian is to make people laugh.

Well, we made another trip to our apartments and changed our clothes a second time. It was Monday, and two weeks' laundry had just gone. Our stock of clothes, therefore, was running rather low. I think my son seemed to have the faculty of getting more rumpled and mussed when I had him in charge than he ordinarily did when accompanied by his nurse. We got our dinner, and proceeded to go forth in search of more amusement.

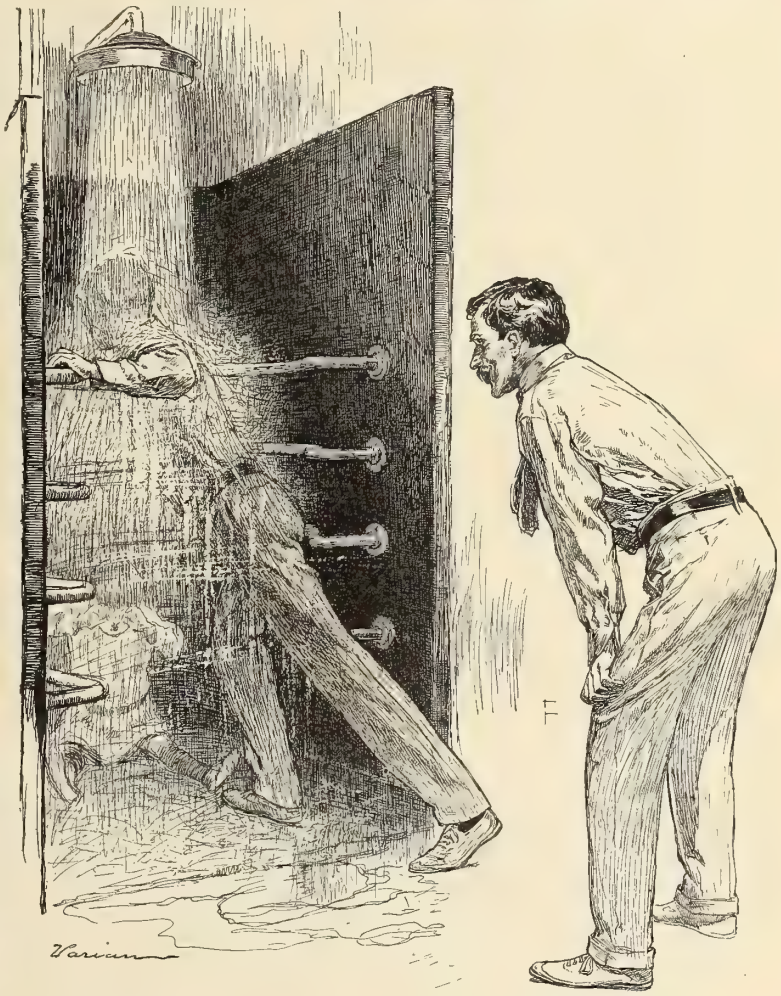
This time we walked. I had had enough of the water, for that day at least; so we strolled around the foot of the lake, toward the bowling-alley which was on the other side. I had an engagement with one of the guests for a bowling match that afternoon. The baby enjoyed going there. He had the free range of the place, so long as he kept off the alleys, and he usually had great fun playing with the little balls.

The only people bowling that afternoon were the man and myself. The other alleys were free. The baby played in these empty alleys, rolling the little balls around, and almost every time he rolled a ball he slipped and fell on the polished floor. So long, however, as he did not fall heavily enough to hurt himself, we paid no especial attention to him, but kept on with our game. Consequently we did n't notice his absence until we heard a fearful howl from the adjoining room.

We dashed into the room, which was used as a locker-room, beyond which lay the shower-baths. He was in the middle of the big square shower — one of those things with many pipes which throw the water at you from all directions. It was so arranged that one swing of a lever opened every one of them. He had wandered in there and had pulled the lever. They were all going hard! That infant was seated on the floor in the middle of the shower, the water streaming upon him from every possible direction. It was lucky none of it was hot water, it being summer.

He may have been weeping, — of course we could not tell water from tears under the circumstances, — but his lung power had not been diminished by his exploits of the day, and he was screaming lustily for help.

Really it was an extraordinarily funny sight,



"IN I PLUNGED BOLDLY AND TURNED OFF THE WATER." (SEE PAGE 154.)

and I am ashamed to say my friend and I laughed. As soon as we could recover ourselves a little, I directed that baby to come out. He was usually an obedient child, but either he did n't hear me or he was too scared to come forth; certainly he did n't heed my commands.

He sat there as solid as a pyramid, the water streaming down upon him. Threats, commands, appeals were alike useless. There was no help for it: I myself had to turn that water off and get him. The controlling lever was behind him. It was too far for me to reach in and turn it off; I had to go in. My laughter ceased rather suddenly, but my inconsiderate friend continued to see the humor of the situation with even more force than before. The way he laughed was exasperating!

Well, there was no use waiting any longer. In I plunged boldly, found the lever, turned off the water, took that infant, and started home. It was a triumphal march we made through the village, around the end of the lake, back to the hotel. I never knew until that day how many of the guests were accustomed to take walks through that woodland path. And they were so interested in us, too.

"What, again?"

"How many times does this make?"

"Well, you are certainly fond of the water!"

"Why don't you get a bathing-suit?"

"Or a rubber coat?"

"I declare" (this from some motherly old ladies), "it 's a shame to treat a baby so!"

"He is n't fit to be trusted with a child, anyway."

"Where 's the poor thing's mother?"

Such were some of the comments of those unfeeling people.

I took that young man up to our apartments for the third time that day, and this time put him to bed. He had n't said a word to me during our interesting walk home, and he did not until I was tucking him under the sheets, there to remain while some of his wardrobe was drying. Then, as I bent over him, looking as stern and inexorable and disgusted as a man could well look who had undergone such mishaps, he reached up his little arms, drew my head toward him, and whispered:

"Are you mad, papa? 'Cause if you 're mad, I duss want to be excruged."

After that I had to "excruge" him again. My! but I was glad when night came.

The next day the nurse was able to assume her responsibilities once more, and I cheerfully relinquished that delectable infant into her keeping. I have a great respect for that nurse, she managed him so easily—a most remarkable young woman, indeed! I never appreciated what a necessary adjunct to the family happiness and safety she was. And I earnestly trust that if the family is again laid low by tonsillitis, its attacks will come "piecemeal" and leave free always at least *one* member more skilled than I to undertake the care of this very dear but very strenuous youngster.



Adventures of a Tin Soldier

By Charles Raymond Macauley

LITTLE Johnny was two years older than his twin sisters, and Dicky was nearly three years older than his brother Johnny. So, even though it was Christmas eve, Dicky had been permitted to remain up for an hour after Johnny and the twins had gone to bed.

He had been sitting upon the chintz-covered ottoman by the side of his Uncle Joe in front of the wide and cheerful fireplace. Uncle Joe had been telling him some fine stories of Christmas-time and Santa Claus, of the glittering star in the desert and the three wise men. But now Uncle Joe was tired and was dozing. Dicky could tell by the gold watch-fob that was slowly rising and sinking on the surface of his uncle's white waistcoat. It was quiet — so very quiet that Dicky could hear the regular tick-tick, tick-tick of the tall clock in the corner and the contented purring of gentle old Tabby.

Dicky kept thinking of Uncle Joe's wonderful stories, and, as he went over them he began to feel delightfully feathery all inside of him — "just like a balloon," he thought.

"Gracious! Why, I *am* a balloon!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself, as he made a futile grab or two at the tufted top of the ottoman, and then began lazily to float toward the center of the library ceiling.

"Is n't it funny that Uncle Joe does n't wake up?" Dicky asked of himself, as he looked down upon the comfortable figure in the great red leather-covered Morris chair.

Dicky smiled. "Well, anyhow," said he, by way of giving himself assurance, "I 'll stop when I get to the ceiling. And I sha'n't bump myself, either, I 'm going so nice and e-a-s-y."

Dicky was half right, at least. He did n't bump himself; but he *did n't* stop when he had reached the ceiling. He went right through it. Now please do not imagine that the ceiling broke like a piece of tissue-paper. Dicky simply drifted through it, quite as though it were a fog.

He felt himself rising more and more swiftly at every moment; but, before sailing through the next ceiling, Dicky had time to see his sweet baby sisters, with their chubby arms clasped about each other's dimpled necks, fast asleep in their crib, and brother Johnny cuddling down more closely into his warm blankets and quilts. After that he caught a glimpse of the garret, the pale moonlight that was streaming into it over a snow-covered window-ledge, and then — presto! he was out through the gabled roof, sailing smoothly beneath the star-powdered sky.

Though every bit of earth, the trees, roofs, and everything outdoors were mantled in snow, which sparkled in the moonlight like dust of diamonds, Dicky felt deliciously light and warm and comfortable.

It was lovely, beautiful; and "Is n't it just *grand!*" he exclaimed aloud, in a burst of genuine delight.

It all happened so very quickly that Dicky has never since been able to explain much about it. The only thing that he *is* sure of is that he was suddenly whisked into a wonder-

fully big place with a tremendously high ceiling — so very high, in fact, that, peer as he might, Dicky could n't begin to see to the top of it. Millions of brilliant lights went circling up and up, after the fashion of a huge twinkling corkscrew. The walls all around him glistened and shone like burnished silver.

"It looks something like polished ice," he mused, as he made as though to peep over the edge of the precipice, or shelf, or whatever it was that he had alighted upon. Dicky was surprised to find that his legs had grown curiously stiff, and that he was able to bend his body only from the waist. When he did manage to look over, he heard a peculiar squeak inside of him that sounded strangely like an unoiled hinge. But, at all events, he satisfied himself that he *was* standing safely on a shelf, and not very far from the floor.

Again he looked around at the shining walls. "I wonder whether it *is* ice?" he queried to himself. He tried then to touch the smooth surface behind him, and the stiff, ludicrous, and altogether awkward manner in which he was obliged to bend his arm caused him no end of amusement.

"It 's just as if I was a — a —" Dicky hesitated for a brief space and looked down at himself. "Why!" he shouted, "that 's just what I am — I 'm a tin soldier!"

Which is precisely what Dicky was: a tin soldier, all decked out in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and blue and gold. He discovered that he could turn his head in a complete circle, "like an owl I saw once at the Zoo," he thought. So in the mirror-like surface of the wall at his back he admired his trappings — the sword dangling at his side, the perfectly gorgeous plume nodding in his tilted cap.

From the moment that he landed upon the shelf, Dicky had been conscious of a helter-skelter rush and bustle all about him — a hurrying, scurrying of numberless flying feet, a subdued murmuring of countless voices, a turbulent sea of energy constantly ebbing and flowing from one end of the vast interior to the other. Droll, little-bodied men, with fresh, round, happy faces, were running swiftly to and fro between the shelves. He could see their white paper caps bobbing about beneath him all over the floor. Often they would break into a chorus of song; and their short, blue-overalled legs would twinkle in and out in time to the curious music.

"Well," said Dicky to himself, "since I 'm here, I might as well see as much as I can." Whereupon, in a stiff, ungainly way, he clambered over the edge of the shelf, hung suspended there for a moment, and then dropped to the floor.



"'WELL, ANYHOW,' SAID HE, 'I'LL STOP WHEN I GET TO THE CEILING.'"

He alighted just behind a queer little man who was busily working away with a hammer and chisel. Dicky lost his balance and toppled over against the tiny workman's shoulder, who said, without pausing to look up, and in a laughable, singsong tone of voice: "You came pretty near falling on me — falling on me — falling on me!" And then, quite as though nothing unusual had occurred, he proceeded with his interrupted song, which ran something like this:

"I tinker him up and I tinker him down,
I tinker him round the corner;
I tinker a plum in his chubby fat thumb,
And call him my Little Jack Horner!"

"Please, sir, where am I?" queried Dicky, breathlessly, as soon as the little workman had finished singing the verse.

"I don't know who tinkered *you*," observed the little workman, glancing sidewise at Dicky, "but you 're certainly a famously fine toy. Excellent phonograph you have inside of you, too. Excellent — excel-*lent!*"

Dicky protested: "But I 'm a boy, *not* a toy."

"Haw-haw — ho-ho!" laughed the little workman, immoderately. "A verse in him as well. Not half bad, I 'll declare! Not half bad. Let me — see; one too many feet in the first line, though."

"Now there 's where you *are* mistaken," cried Dicky, triumphantly; "because you can see for yourself that I 've only *two* feet."

"Haw-haw — ho-ho-O-O!" fairly shouted the little workman. "Better and better. Better *a-n-d* better! A question; a verse; repartee. Good! G-r-e-a-t!"

He favored Dickey with a glance of genuine admiration, and then resumed his song:

"Then I stow him away in old Santa Claus' bag,
With a message of love and good cheer,
And a wish that my toy may bring Christmas joy,
And a jolly and happy New Year."

Dicky had noticed before that right in the center of the floor there was a circular space about five or six yards in diameter, where the streams of white-capped workmen came together and eddied around and around after the fashion of an animated whirlpool.

Immediately after the tiny tinker had finished his song he lifted up the mechanical Little Jack Horner, shouldered his way into one of the moving lines, and hurried with his toy toward the animated whirlpool, with Dicky following closely at his heels.

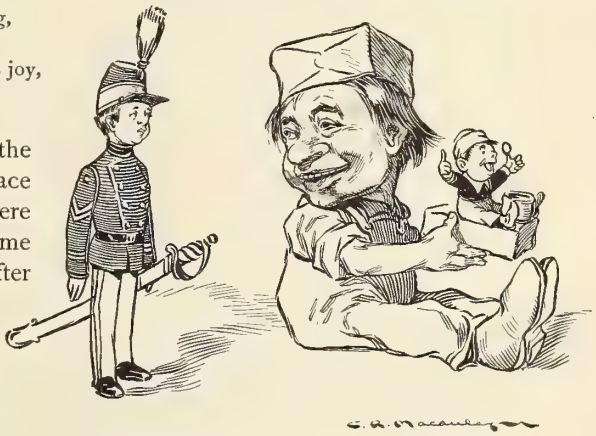
"I 'm going to find out what they 're doing," said he, determinedly; and then, "Why, it 's a great big bag! And I declare if they 're not dumping things into it as fast as they can. I wonder why it does n't get full and spill over the top?" he continued to muse, and all the while he kept busily dodging about in order to escape the hurrying feet of the droll little workmen.

Just at that moment he bumped against something soft and yielding. In his haste to step aside and apologize (for Dicky, you must know, was an exceedingly polite little fellow), he made matters considerably worse by treading upon some one's toe.

"Oh, I *do* humbly beg your pardon!" he said earnestly.

"It was n't your fault, I 'm sure," replied a sweet, silvery voice, "and you have n't hurt me at all."

When Dicky managed somehow to turn around, he saw a most charming face, crowned with a great quantity of golden hair, and a pair of captivating eyes looking frankly into his own. "I — I — er —" he stammered, and felt himself growing red. Then he made an awkward attempt to take off his cap, and was deeply chagrined to discover that it was glued fast to his head. Next he tried to bow, and, forgetting that he could only bend from his waist, he fell forward squarely upon his head in a fashion very much more ludicrous than dignified.



"'PLEASE, SIR, WHERE AM I?' QUERIED DICKY."

"Did you hurt yourself, sir?" Dicky heard the sweet voice inquire.

"Oh, n-no!" returned Dicky, very much embarrassed. "I — I was only trying to bow, thank you."

"Please don't do it again," pleaded the pretty creature. "It *does* give one such a start."

"Thank you — that is — I sha'n't do it again, if you don't wish me to," promised Dicky, soberly, as he got firmly to his feet and stood at soldierly "attention." "I sha'n't forget again that I 'm a tin soldier, though," he added to himself.

Then followed a long pause, during which they both watched the little workmen piling things into the bag. Bass-drums, snare-drums, tin whistles, and swords; candy, building-blocks, alphabet and story books; dishes, dolls, and dancing dervishes; caps, jackets, and clothing of all descriptions; trussed-up turkeys, all ready for the oven, and generous packages of food — in fact, everything nice that one could possibly think of kept tumbling over the rim of the bag in an endless cataract.

"That bag appears not to have any bottom," thought Dicky, "for if it had it surely would have been running over long before this, it seems to me."

"Would n't it be ever so jolly," remarked the sweet creature at Dicky's side, "if we were to be put in last of all?"

Dicky had n't thought for a moment that *he* was going to be thrust into the bag; but, if it was to be, he thought it would be much more comfortable to ride on top, and he did n't hesitate long in saying so.

"Then, don't you see," pursued the sweet creature, "we could see everything as we rode along?"

"*Rode* along?" queried Dicky, wonderingly. "Why — wherever are we going to be taken?"

"I 'm sure *I* don't know. None of us knows. We 're only toys, you know, and Santa Claus puts us wherever he thinks we are most needed. I *do* so hope I shall find a kind little mistress. They 've given me such a beautiful complexion — I should hate to have it washed off with strong soap. They 've painted you up nicely, too, have n't they?"

"But I 'm not painted at all," Dicky stoutly protested. "I 'm a real boy."

"Why, were n't you made here in SantaClaus's workshop?" asked the sweet creature, in a tone of amazement.

"Of course not," Dicky answered. "I just landed here on a shelf about half an hour ago. I'll wager Uncle Joe 'll be surprised when he finds out that I 've turned into a tin soldier! I wish *you* could meet Uncle Joe. I know you 'd like him."

"Perhaps I —"

But the sweet creature never finished the sentence, for just at that moment she and Dicky were caught up and put into the bag, which, by the way, had become full while they were talking. So there they were with their heads sticking well over the top, just as they had wished it might be.



"HE FELL FORWARD UPON HIS HEAD."

No matter how old he lives to be, Dicky will never forget the scene that followed.

With a marvelous precision, the regiments of little workmen ranged themselves in tier upon tier along the wall. To such a great length did the uniformed lines stretch out that Dicky could n't begin to see the end of them. Then, from afar off, sounded the merry jingle of silver sleigh-bells, followed by the sharp crack of a whip, and in just another second Santa Claus himself, holding a handful of red reins above eight graceful, lithe, and beautiful reindeer, had drawn up with a grand flourish alongside. Dicky noticed that all of the little workmen were standing with their right hands lifted to the tips of their paper caps. As the great bag was lifted to the back of the scarlet sleigh, they burst out into a mighty chorus of song, which could be heard long after the swiftly moving reindeer had whisked Santa Claus and his burden through the wide and lofty entrance.

"Might n't we be blown away?" Dicky heard the sweet creature whisper, as they felt the cold air on their faces. Whereupon, in order to quiet her fears, he took her hand and held it tightly during the whole evening's ride.

No sooner had he done so when the sleigh came to a sudden halt beside a tumble-down little cottage. Santa Claus threw the bag across his big shoulder, clambered quickly to the roof, and floated down the chimney.

By the dim firelight Dicky could see two curly little heads buried in their pillows. He found himself wishing that he and the sweet creature might remain there in the little cottage. "We could make them so happy in the morning," he thought. But Santa Claus selected from the great bag, clothing and nice new shoes and a turkey and several packages of food. After filling the tiny much darned stockings hanging from a shelf with striped stick candy and colored pop-corn, he floated up the chimney; and at the crack of his long whip, and with a great jingling of bells, they soared again high into the clear air.

Over country and villages and cities they flew, all the while whisking up and down chimneys with lightning-like rapidity.

Just as Dicky fancied that he saw the first rosy signal of dawn away off in the east, the sleigh halted beside a house that seemed ever so familiar. He had n't much time, however, to look at the outside of it before they were inside, and, sure enough! it *was* his own house. Yes, there was the very leather-covered Morris chair in which his Uncle Joe had sat when Dicky floated through the library ceiling!

Suddenly, then, he felt himself being grasped gently by the arm, and Santa Claus thrust him right into his brother Johnny's stocking. Dicky was quite frightened and stifled for a moment, it was so dark and close down there; but then he grew altogether happy and contented when he heard a sweet voice saying:

"I 'm to stay here with you, my little tin soldier."

"Oh, dear, I am so sleepy," was all Dicky could say; and he was just about to sink into the most deliciously restful sleep when —

Yes! it *was* his brother Johnny who was shaking him by the arm; and right behind Johnny were his dear little twin sisters. Above them all appeared the smiling face of Uncle Joe.

"Hurry up, Dicky, man!" called out Uncle Joe, cheerily. "The idea of oversleeping on this of all mornings! A merry Christmas to you! And rush down into the library as quickly as you can. The tree 's waiting there for you."

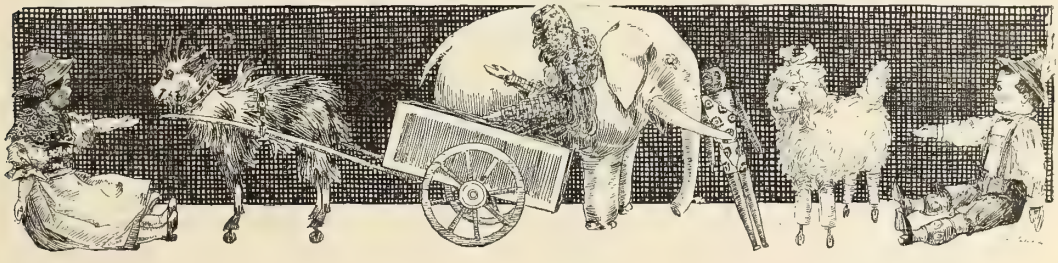
"An' juth look what *I* dot!" lisped one of the twins, as she lifted to the foot of Dicky's bed — whom do you think? Why, the sweet creature!

"Ith n't she pitty?" cooed Dicky's sister, softly.

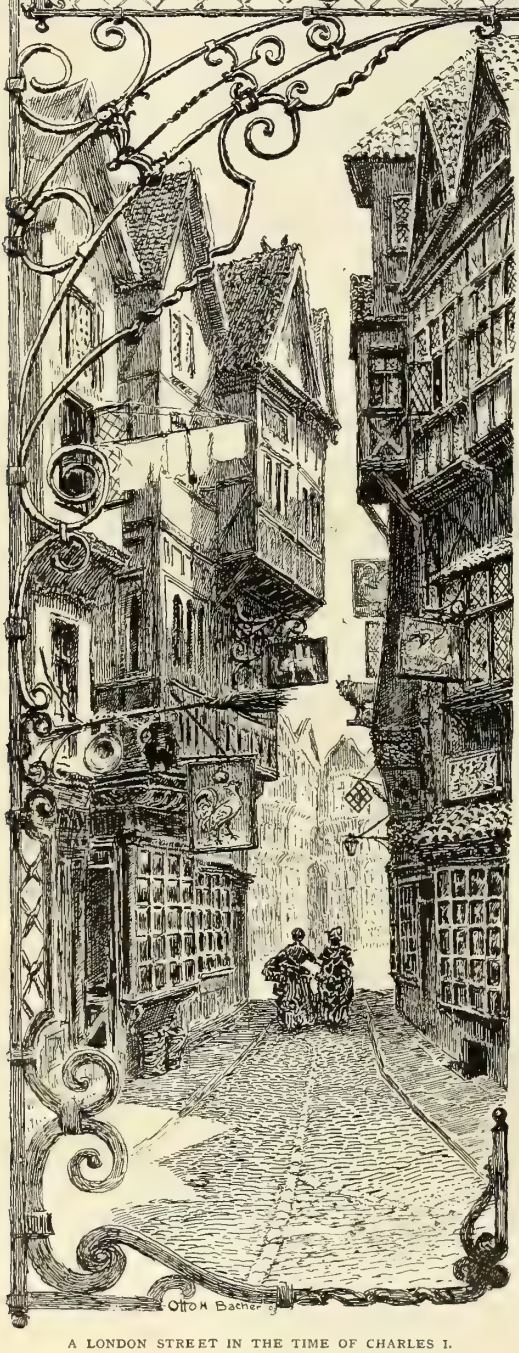
"And look what I 've got," shouted Johnny, as he pulled forth a gaily painted tin soldier.

"Well, come on, children!" shouted Uncle Joe, from the library. Whereupon Dicky's sister lifted the sweet creature tenderly into her chubby arms, and Johnny hastily tucked his tin soldier in his jacket pocket, and down the family went to see the tree and the other presents that Santa Claus could not get into the stockings.

And, somehow, all that winter there was scarcely a day when Dicky went into the playroom that he did not take a look at the sweet creature and the little tin soldier.



The Signs of Old London



A LONDON STREET IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

By Julian King Colford.

I.

The custom of marking a business house by means of a sign is of very ancient origin. In the great cities of the East and among the ancient Egyptians such a practice must have been unnecessary, as all trades were classified and confined to certain sections of the city, and then all wares were exposed to full view, as they were displayed in open booths.

The history of Grecian sign-boards is meager, yet the allusions of Aristophanes and Lucian to sign-boards warrant our belief in their use by the Greeks. Athenæus tells us, "He hung the well known sign in front of his house."

Advancing to Roman times, there is abundant evidence of signs, as the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum amply testify. In the Eternal City some of the streets derived their names from signs; just as hundreds of London streets have been so named. The Roman street "Vicus Ursi Pileati" was named from the sign, for, as the name indicates, it was the street of "The Bear with the Hat on." But it was not until late in the fifteenth century that the custom gained a footing in England, first of all among the taverns and ale-houses. Later came the necessity of distinguishing between certain shops, brought about by the fact that the houses were not numbered, and the people could not read word-signs even if they had been lettered in gold.

When once the system of signs as distinctive trade-marks gained full headway, each tradesman tried to outdo his neighbor in the size and glory of his particular advertisement, until the city became one vast display of decorative humor. Later on, by permission of Charles I, every house had its sign hanging from wooden

brackets or iron rods fixed into the walls of the house. The streets of old London were narrow, winding, and dark. The houses projected as they rose above the highway until people in the upper stories could almost shake hands across the street. These narrow places were filled with long-armed signs, ponderous in their weight of iron, ridiculous in conception, and fantastic in their dress of paint. In storm and wind they groaned and twisted on their rusty hinges, making the night hideous with noise, and becoming an absolute menace to the traveler on the street.

In 1762, after many people had been killed by the falling of the lumbering things, an act of Parliament compelled their removal, and ordered that signs be placed flat with the wall or, if of stone, be set into the structure.

The time has far gone when the streets of London were filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, Red Lions, Flying Pigs, and Dogs in Armor, together with many creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. To study that history is to catch a vivid glimpse of the English shopkeepers at a time when they knew not their alphabet. Here we shall find, with Shakspere, "many things of worthy memory."

In Cannon Street, set into the southern wall of the Church of St. Swithin's, may be seen the "London Stone." It is to-day a rounded boulder protected by iron bars. From its situation in the center of the longest diameter of the city it formed the milliary, like that in the Forum in Rome, whence all the distances were measured. The exact time when the Romans set this stone from which all their roads radiated is lost in the mazes of antiquity. This is the stone that the rebel Jack Cade smote with his bloody sword when he had stormed London



"THE DOG'S HEAD IN THE IRON POT."



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER ON THE TOWER OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

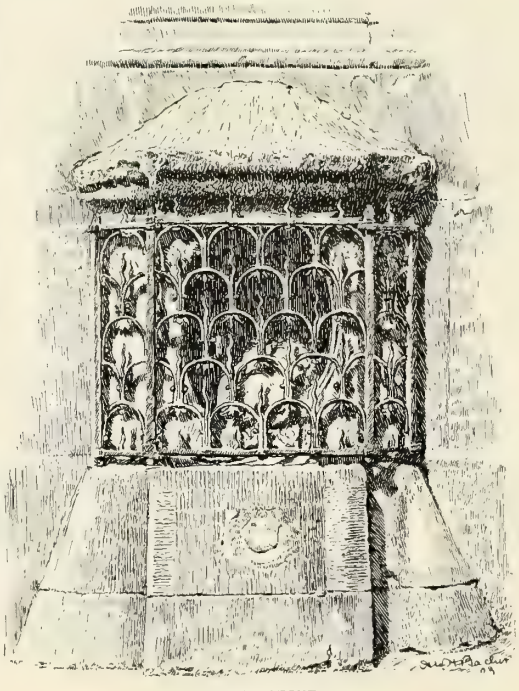
Bridge; and Dryden also mentions the stone in his fable of "The Cook and the Fox." Stow gives a picturesque glimpse of the old denizens of the neighborhood passing by this stone in the reign of Henry VIII.

One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head in the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of that same bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure on Blackfriars Road at the corner of Charlotte Street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of a three-legged iron pot which it has overturned.

There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign of John Harrison in St. Paul's Churchyard, a bookseller who published some of Shakspere's early works.

The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow Church steeple.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock evening. During the Great Fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were



LONDON STONE.

precipitated into the enormous cellars, and with them the tower and grasshopper.

Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed — a lofty vane of gilt brass — above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily. On Sunday, "the 104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God Save the King"; on Tuesday, "Waterloo March"; on Wednesday, "There 's nae luck aboot the hoose"; on Thursday, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"; on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish"; and on Saturday, "Foot-Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after ten at night, and by the next morning the clock-tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was "There 's nae luck aboot the hoose"; then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

The grasshopper was unharmed, and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal looking down from its perch one hundred and eight feet above the busy streets.

There is a legend — containing how much truth no man dare say — that Thomas Gresham was brought from Holland and left a poor and hapless waif on the moors — left among clumps of heather and sage-brush to perish. A hunter, attracted by the shrill cry of a grasshopper, followed the sound and found the boy. Thus rescued, the lad, a comely fellow, was placed in school, grew up to be the counselor of kings and queens, and the founder of an exchange that holds a dominating power in the commerce of the habitable globe.



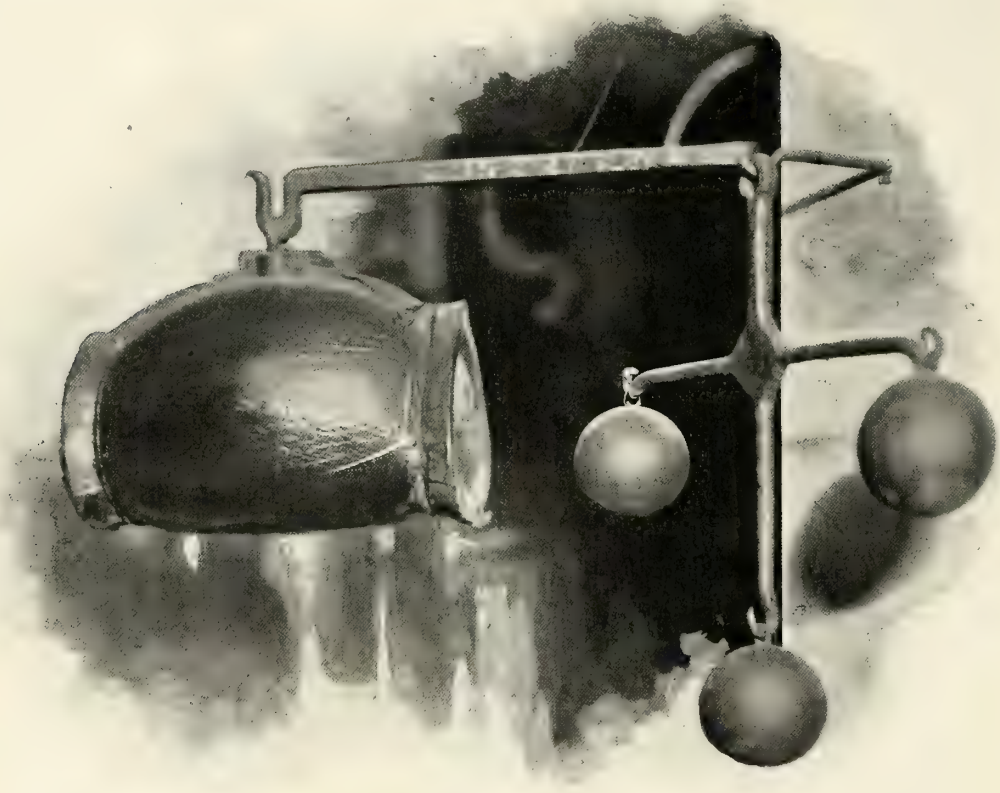
LOMBARD STREET — REVIVING THE OLD SIGNS DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

The fact is that the golden grasshopper of Sir

Thomas Gresham is of classic derivation, dating further back than the Roman era. It was the favorite ornament of the proud Athenians, who considered that the grasshopper cast a spell of enchantment, insuring riches and good fortune.

Lombard Street, noted in history as the great London street for bankers, derived its name from the Longobards, a race of rich bankers who settled there in the reign of Edward II, and whose badge, the three golden balls, taken from the lower part of the arms of the Dukes of Medici, continues to this day to be the sign of pawnbrokers — money-lenders. The balls on the rich crest of the Medici were blue, and only during the last half-century have they, in the pawnbrokers' signs, been gilded. The position of the balls is popularly believed to indicate that there are two chances to one that what is brought there will not be redeemed.

The fifteenth-century signs of this famous old street were revived for the recent Coronation festivities, and Londoners of to-day were thus able to get an idea of how the crooked old place might have looked with its pendant signs, placed to guide a people who could not read — perhaps quite as sure a guide as the numbering of to-day. For what man or boy could not find the sign of "The Grasshopper," "The Phenix," "The Black Boy," "The White Ram," "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Cardinal's Hat," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Anchor"?



"THE LEATHERN BOTTLE."

AN OLD PAWNBROKER'S SIGN. (SEE PAGE 165.)

"The Bull" is a favorite English sign. Some have supposed that this fact gave the Briton his nickname of "John Bull," though others ascribe it to his favorite roast, or say that it was derived from the ancient sport of bull-baiting. Thus bulls have figured on inn sign-boards as black, gray, pied, and even spangled.

On one of these historic inns in Holborn,



"THE BOAR'S HEAD."

the great black beast with curved neck paws as bravely as ever over the entrance to the old courtyard. Lovers of Dickens will recall that it was at "The Black Bull" in Holborn that Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed Mrs. Lewsome. "Nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." This riotous, proud-looking beast will soon find a place in the British Museum.

There is at Guildhall a relic of rarest interest —"The Boar's Head," the sign of an old tavern in Eastcheap. This time-honored thoroughfare is mentioned as a place of cooks; and this historic rendezvous earned and well maintained the proud title, "This is the chief tavern in London." The ancient sign carved in stone, with the initials "I. T." above the snout, and the date 1668, is now considered a priceless memento.

The very name "Boar's Head" conjures up the rollicking social life of those times. Here for generations the best wits and writers of London used to gather, and around the place scores of Shaksperian memories cluster. The original tavern stood at the point where Gracechurch Street, King William Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street converge, and on its site is now the statue of King William IV.

Among the exhibits in the Guildhall there will be seen, fastened to the same bar, a very old pawnbroker's sign and "The Leathern Bottle" or "Black Jack," the oldest sign of an ale-house. These leather bottles were sometimes lined with silver or other metal.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales is a graceful and ancient piece of carving, resting in a common brick wall, high above the hurrying multitude that hourly pass through St. Paul's Churchyard. The heraldic origin of the feather badge has been traced back to the Black Prince. His crest was sometimes three feathers, sometimes one. They are placed separately on his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

Within the toss of a pebble, but miles away from it in spirit, is a sign that marks the highest ground in London — the sign of "The Boy and Panyer." The boy is seated on a pannier, or basket, holding what purports to be a bunch of grapes between his hand and foot, in token of plenty. Within an ornamental border below may be read the inscription:

> "When ye have sought the citty round,
> Yet still this is the highest ground.
> August the 27, 1688."

This sign, though evidently placed in this narrow passage between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street after the Great Fire, doubtless represents an earlier sign. From "Liber Albus," which treats of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we learn that the sale of bread in those days was not allowed to take place in the houses of bakers themselves, but only in the king's markets. It was sold on the street in baskets, or panniers. From this it is likely that Panyer Alley was noted as a standing-place for bakers' boys with their panniers. This poor little stone boy with his bunch of grapes and his bread is located in the east side of the alley, so built into the wall that it would not be possible to remove the image without destroying the wall. It is now boarded up.



"THE PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS."

Romance, heroism, genius, philanthropy gath-

ered about Gresham and his grasshopper; a like quartet of virtues and adornments, and many more, cluster about Sir Richard Whittington and his cat. The story and adventure of this brave, beautiful boy has enriched nursery lore and become the model for more legends than the traditional lives of the cat associated with his name.

A poor boy, orphaned, he trudged to London behind a market-wagon, having been told the streets were paved with gold. There he slept on the pavement, at last was taken in as a service-boy by a rich merchant, slept in a garret which was overrun with rats, earned a penny blacking boots, with which he bought a cat, which shared with him his miserable quarters, but not the fierce scoldings of the cook. The merchant was about to send a trading-ship to sea, when he called his servants and told them that if they possessed anything they might share with him the benefits of barter. Poor Dick had nothing but his cat; they scoffed at him, but the daughter of the merchant insisted that he send it. With tears, the lonely little fellow said good-by to Tab. The captain of the ship found the King of the Moroccos overrun with rats and mice, and sold the cat for priceless treasure. The goodly merchant gave it all to the boy, who afterward married his daughter Alice. The two together left their stamp upon the great city. Whittington was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was the first to introduce drinking-fountains into London, the first to establish and build a public library. He founded a college. He rebuilt churches, and advanced large sums of money to Henry V.

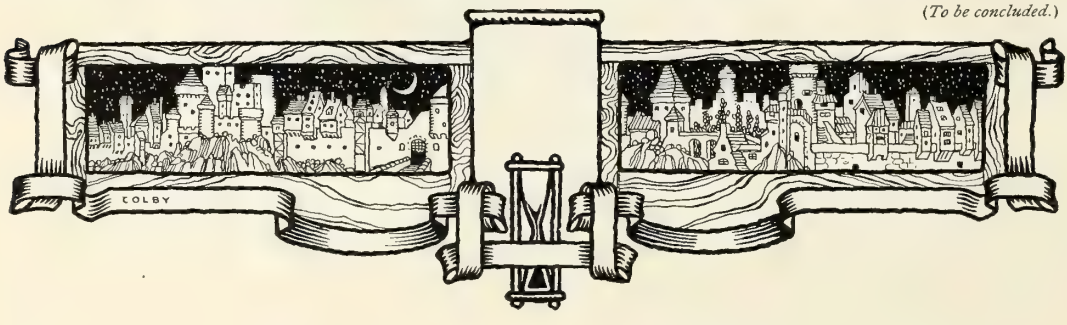


DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

Whittington was born in 1360 and died in March, 1423.

There are many old stories about Dick and his cat, but, with Dickens, I believe in the cat. It is to be seen on the roof of the house where Whittington lived, it is mentioned on his grave, and, beyond this, there is conclusive evidence in the stone bas-relief now in Guildhall. This stone carving was discovered, a few years ago, in the cellar of a house in Gloucester, the very house in which the Whittingtons lived as far back as 1460. The bas-relief represents a boy of nine years, with the hood of the period around his shoulders, the hair cut square across the forehead and long over the ears, the feet bare, and the lad is carrying a cat. The tablet evidently formed a portion of a larger work, a tablet over either a door or a chimney-piece. By competent judges it has been pronounced to be the work of an artist of the fifteenth century, and seems to show that the Whittington family was not only acquainted with, but was proud of, the story of the cat.

(To be concluded.)





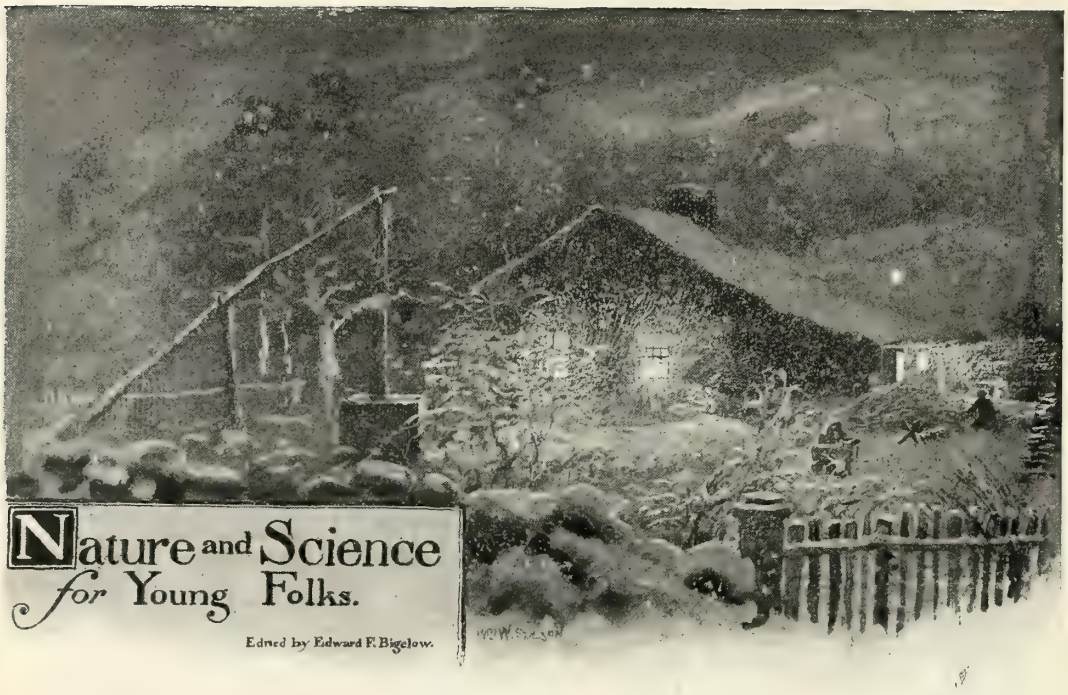
DECEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR

With ringing, jingling, tinkling bells,
The dancing, prancing reindeer tells
That Christmas day is here again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."
And when dear little sleepy-heads
Are bundled in their little beds,
They dream they hear the reindeer's hoofs
A-pattering on the snowy roofs.

They dream that Christmas day is here,
The gladdest day of all the year.
They dream their stockings overflow,
Crammed full of gifts from top to toe.
They dream of lighted Christmas trees,
Of Christmas frolic, games and glees,
Roast turkey and plum pudding too —
Then wake and find their dream is true.

Carolyn Wells.



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

"He giveth snow like wool," says the Psalmist, and I always fancy a corresponding sympathy beneath the sod at the welcome of the first warm snow — of pallid bulbs and aching roots in warm congratulation, and all the tribe of furry folk turning in its burrow to toast its benumbed paws at the grateful glow. — WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

"The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L."

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

A PART of every country boy's work is to keep the wood-box full. Night and morning he must fill the big one by the kitchen stove and the little one by the air-tight "Franklin" in the sitting-room. But "once upon a time" there was a boy (I knew him) who thought that he had them both "full enough" before supper. Yet along about eight o'clock his Aunt Rachel went to the window. She breathed on the frosty pane, and looked through the bare spot, and said: "My! how it is snowing! This is none of your squalls, Howard. It is going to be deep, even if it is the first one of the season." And, with a twinkle in her kindly old eyes, "I think you ought to bring in a little more wood. And you 'd better pile it up pretty high, too."



"Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree."



"The cows are waiting to have the haystack opened."

"I don't care much if it is going to be deep," said Howard to himself, as he hung the lantern on the wood-



"The happy birds are having a feast of seeds."

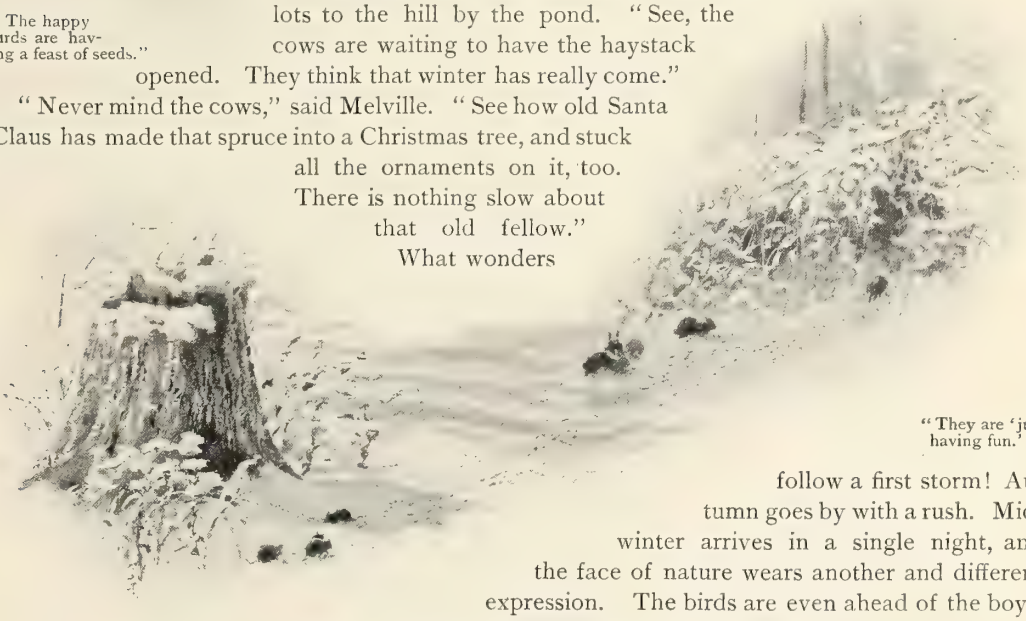
shed beam and loaded his arm with the newly split, fragrant sticks of hickory and birch. The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L.

"I can stand it to bring all the wood I can pile back of the stovepipe, if there is only good sliding down our hill to-morrow, and I rather think there will be."

It was good the next day. There had been no wind, and the snow was smooth and even—oh, just perfect! no bare spots, it seemed, in all the world. Was n't it beautiful when the sun shone on it? It made your eyes blink, it was so bright. The chores must be attended to in the forenoon, but after lunch was the play time.

Down the cart path, around the barn, across lots to the hill by the pond. "See, the cows are waiting to have the haystack opened. They think that winter has really come."

"Never mind the cows," said Melville. "See how old Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree, and stuck all the ornaments on it, too. There is nothing slow about that old fellow." What wonders

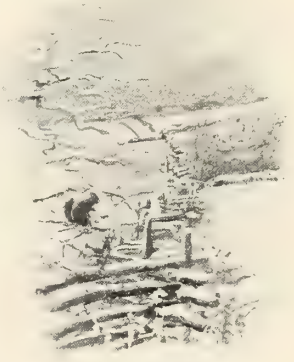


"They are 'just having fun.'"

follow a first storm! Autumn goes by with a rush. Midwinter arrives in a single night, and the face of nature wears another and different expression. The birds are even ahead of the boys. Amid a bunch of withered goldenrod, under the fence, is an open spot where the snow has spread its white cloth, and the happy birds are having a feast of seeds. There is not a single creature to which the first snowfall brings anything but joy.

For the rabbits and the mice it turns a new page on which they write learned essays with paws and claws. Up and down, back and forth, in queer hieroglyphics, the writing runs. They are not always seeking food. Like the boys, they are "just having fun" with the first snowfall! And every boy knows how well he likes to do that. Go out on any day after a light fall of snow, and look at the tracks between stumps and brush-heaps.

Country boys make paths in the snow, but they are not the only path-makers. One can easily fancy that the squirrel, looking along his zigzag highway on the top rail, says: "What a task I have, to get over all these rails this morning!" or, "What fun I shall have

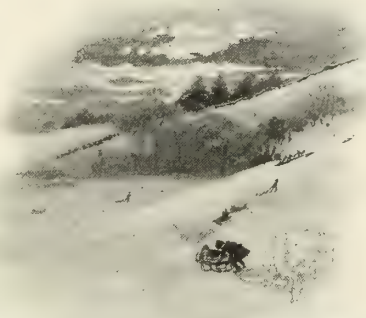


"The squirrel looking along his zigzag highway."



"As if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook."

when I come to that narrow ridge yonder! *Chuck-er-r-r-r—*" and away he goes. If it is a task, it is an easy one, and a light heart makes it easier. Down through the woods the boys went. Said Howard: "It looks as if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook." "Yes," agreed Melville; "and it looks as if the wool that made the blanket were growing on the branches and twigs of the trees."





"The snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep."

The boy who remembers such experiences, and looks forward to others of a similar kind, has no words to express his enjoyment of it all. He is never alone at such times. The frolic of the afternoon was so delightful that these special boys whom I knew forgot even their supper-time, and thought of home only when twilight fell around them and the moon sailed up into the steely blue sky. Then, indeed, the snow looked like a blanket, and the snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF THE BLUE JAYS.

THE alarm of the blue jays at the discovery of "a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree," as related on page 77 of Nature and Science for last month, reminds me of a story told by Mr. Frank M. Chapman in "The Century Magazine." Like all naturalists, Mr. Chapman has a large amount of inquisitiveness, and he also has a very high opinion of the blue jays' mental powers—of their ability to think and to act under new experiences. He says of the jay:

> He is indeed well coated with self-esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent, and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men.

In this particular case Mr. Chapman wished to know how the jays would treat a stuffed screech-owl tied in a tree near their nest. So he tied one about two feet from the nest. Soon came one jay screaming in alarm, and in a few minutes more its mate joined in the investigation. Then they went away to the woods, as if to talk the matter over and decide what to do. Mr. Chapman says:

> I heard them uttering for the first time the low, conversational *eck, eck, eck* note of their kind. It is a note which I have never heard from a solitary jay, and is



"SOON ONE JAY CAME SCREAMING IN ALARM."



"THIS WAS A PECULIAR KIND OF OWL, DIFFERENT, DOUBTLESS, FROM ANY THE JAY HAD EVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED."

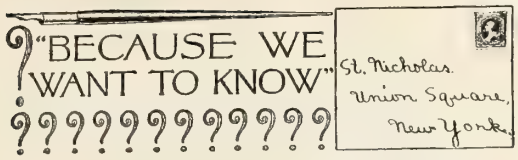
therefore probably used for purposes of intercommunication. One frequently hears it from a party of jays when they are gathering chestnuts or acorns.

It was evidently a great "want to know" meeting. "What is the thing?" and "What shall we do?" were the questions.

For ten seconds or more the discussion, if discussion it was, continued, and at the end of this time a plan of battle had evidently been decided upon, which they lost no time in translating into action. They returned to the nest-tree, not now a screaming pair of excited, frenzied birds who in the control of an unheard-of experience had completely lost their heads, but two determined, silent creatures, with seemingly well-fixed purpose. The difference in their actions when the two visits to the nest were compared was in truth sufficiently impressive to warrant a belief in the birds' ability to grasp the situation intelligently.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the pair now selected a perch above the owl, paused only long enough to take aim, and then, with a flash of wings, sprang at its supposed enemy. What followed, the camera, although set for a hundredth part of a second, failed definitely to record. The heart of the little pine seemed rent by the explosion of a blue jay. It was no feint, but a good honest blow delivered with all the bird's force of body and pinion, and the poor little owl was completely vanquished, upset, at the first onslaught. The jay had given a most convincing exhibition of the highest type of courage: it had mastered its fears and deliberately gone to battle. I felt like applauding.

But its troubles were not ended. This was a peculiar kind of owl, different, doubtless, from any that the jay had ever before encountered. It was conquered, but instead of flying away to some dark nook to nurse its wounds, it persisted in remaining on the field, retaining its grasp of the limb, not upright, however, but hanging upside down, as no owl was ever seen to do before, and, indeed, as only wired owls could. Such unheard-of behavior excited the jays even more than the owl's first appearance, and from near-by limbs they shrieked notes of defiance until, in mercy to their throats and my ears, I removed the cause of their alarm, bent the branches back to conceal their nest, and left them to discuss their remarkable experiences at their leisure.



RULE 1. State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

RULE 2. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelop if reply is desired by mail. We have space to publish very few such inquiries, and only those that are of general interest. Stamps must also accompany a request for the return of specimens. Write your *address in full*, with street and number when necessary, on your letter, on your envelop, and on the box containing the object.

RULE 3. Answers to questions from parents or teachers will be made only by mail, in stamped and self-addressed envelop. A letter "dictated" by a boy or a girl and written by a teacher or a parent cannot be published. A letter for publication giving information or stating observations must be composed and written by the boy or the girl whose name is signed to it. The writer's age must be given, and the whole indorsed by the parent or the teacher, who must thus guarantee its originality. Letters of inquiry need not be so indorsed, but should state the age of the writer.

AN ELEPHANT AFRAID OF A MOUSE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read that an elephant is afraid of a mouse, and that a mouse can kill an elephant if it runs often enough up and down his trunk. Will you please tell me whether it is so or not?

With best wishes,

RUTH M. VON DORN.

An elephant is usually afraid of any small animal to which it is unaccustomed. A dog or cat, and sometimes even a mouse, will cause him annoyance, especially if it runs between the animal's legs. The noise of a mouse running through the hay will often cause an elephant to become excited, but I have never known or heard of a mouse getting on an elephant's trunk.

The terrors of the mouse to a larger animal is an old story, and many foolish superstitions have arisen from it. In Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," Letter LXX, written in 1776, tells of a shrew-ash:

Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb.

PERFORATED BEANS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

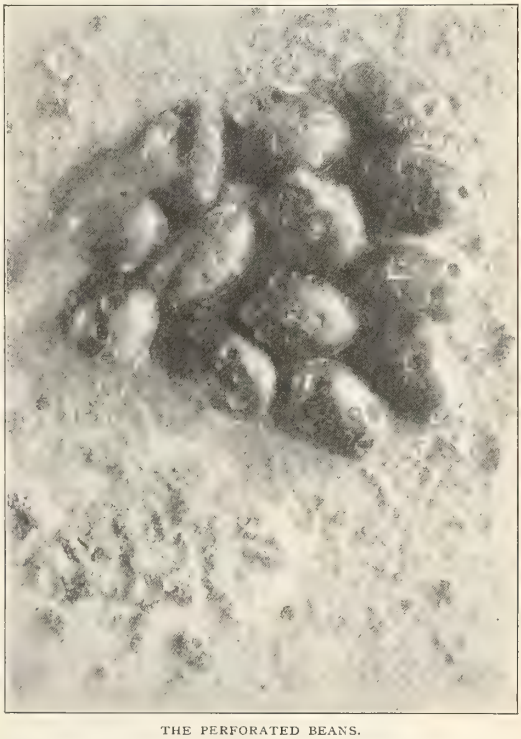
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: These beans were in a desk drawer for several months. We kept finding these little insects around the house, but did not know where they came from until we found the beans in this condition. Can you tell me what the insects are?

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH PILLING (age 8).

Herewith is a photograph of the contents of the box you sent. It shows the perforated beans, the microscopic bean "chips" (the fine powder on and around the beans), and the holes. The insects show as black spots in the bean powder. These little insects are known as bean-weevils (*Bruchus obsoletus*).

In all such chipping-out holes, whether by insects or woodpeckers, it is surprising that the diameter is so uniform and the sides so smooth. The insect or bird does the work as nicely as if the hole were cut with a revolving tool, like a drill, bit, or auger. As an excellent example of this, see the picture of the perforated wood, page 652, Nature and Science for May, 1903.



THE PERFORATED BEANS.

The black spots in the rough-appearing powdery chippings surrounding the beans are the insects that cut the holes. The beans, the chippings, and the insects were poured on white cardboard (that had been smeared with glue) and then photographed.

VERY TALL GOLDENROD.

Orange, N. J.

Dear St. Nicholas: Around my home is a good deal of goldenrod. This afternoon we had a piece measuring seven feet three inches, and I should like to know if any of your readers ever saw a taller piece.

Your devoted reader,

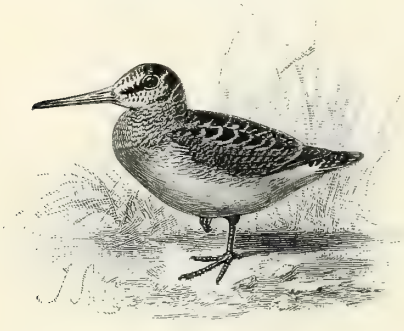
Annie B. Briggs (age 13).

This is among the very tallest. Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora," in a long list of varieties of goldenrod, mentions only four as exceeding this. One of these is described as "one to seven and a half feet"; the other three are "two to eight feet." Eight feet seems to be the limit.

WOODCOCK AND SNIPE.

Sawkill, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I would like to ask Nature and Science a question. What difference is there between the birds called woodcocks and those called snipes? I have been told that snipe is only another name for a woodcock; indeed, all the farmers near here assure me of the fact (?): but still I am not satisfied. My belief is that the snipe is a different bird but of the same family or species. I think it has a longer bill and its body is not formed similar to that of the woodcock. Am I not right?



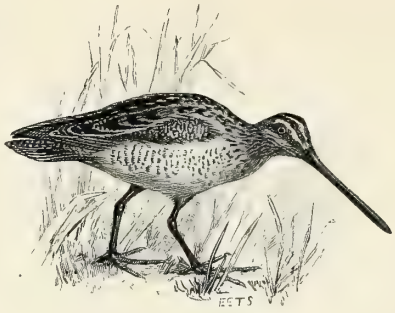
THE WOODCOCK.

Yours very sincerely,

Mabel C. Stark (age 14).

There is quite a long list of birds known as snipe, but the one most commonly regarded as *the* snipe is the Wilson's snipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

There is only one American bird called woodcock; this (*Philohela minor*) is entirely distinct from the various snipe, yet is of similar appearance. From this resemblance, or snipe-like appearance, the woodcock is incorrectly named (or perhaps we ought to say nick-named) blind snipe, wall-eyed snipe, mud snipe, big-headed snipe, wood snipe, whistling snipe, etc.



THE WILSON'S SNIPE.

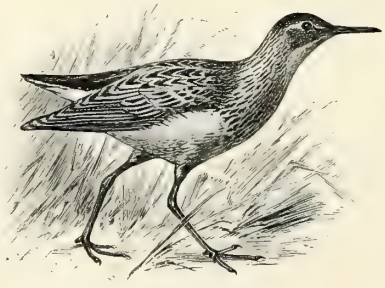
The various true snipe, the one woodcock (not really a snipe, but resembling them), and various sandpipers that also have long bills and bore in the mud, all belong to one family (*Scolopacidæ*).

All these birds have somewhat similar appearance and habits. They frequent lowlands or plowed lands, such as corn-fields, where the soil is soft, so that they can use their long bills in probing for worms or insects, etc.

The Wilson's snipe is smaller, trimmer of figure, and a better flier than the woodcock.

Dr. A. K. Fisher says of the woodcock: "This much sought game-bird is in danger of extermination from the barbarous custom of hunting it in spring and summer just before and during the breeding season."

Of the pectoral sandpiper, a member of this snipe family, Frank Chapman says: "It frequents wet grassy meadows rather than beaches, and, although it flies in flocks, the birds scatter while feeding, and take wing one or more at a time. Thus they remind one of Wilson's Snipe."



THE PECTORAL SANDPIPER.
Sometimes called "grass-snipe."

PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

HONESDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a partridge the other day, and I noticed that every feather is double. I will inclose a few to show you what I mean. Is that the case with all birds that remain in the north during the cold weather? It is nice to think of the birds being so well provided for during the winter, is it not?

Your friend,
ETHEL LEE.



THE DOUBLE PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

The "double feather" has nothing to do with climate. It is found well developed in parts of the plumage of certain groups of birds, and is entirely lacking in others. Properly speaking, the smaller feather is a regular part of the complete feather, known as the "after-shaft." It is entirely lost in the feathers of the wing and tail, and in the body-plumage of many species, but in the grouse family it is well developed, and in the emu is as large as the main shaft.—WITMER STONE.

THE FASCINATION OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE BOULDERS, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Any child liking fairy stories will like natural history, for under your own eyes are things more strange and wonderful than were ever told in a fairy tale, and these are true. When you read about the miracles performed in olden times, you think, "How strange!" but you do not stop to notice nature, who is as strange as miracles under your own eyes.

Do you ever wish you were a magician? Nature is a magician also. Go to her and you will see how everything is provided and cared for, and you will understand how great a magician she is.

HELEN GREENE
(age 11).

WHELK EGGS AND THEIR CASES.

LAMBERTVILLE,
N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we all believe that you know everything, will you not tell us about these queer shells? They were found on the beach at Atlantic City. I inclose just a few. They appear to come in long strings, as we have one string about ten inches long, and there are larger ones than that. They taper toward the end of the string. I am exceedingly anxious to see my letter answered in the Nature and Science department.

I am, your ever interested reader,
ELIZABETH A. GEST.

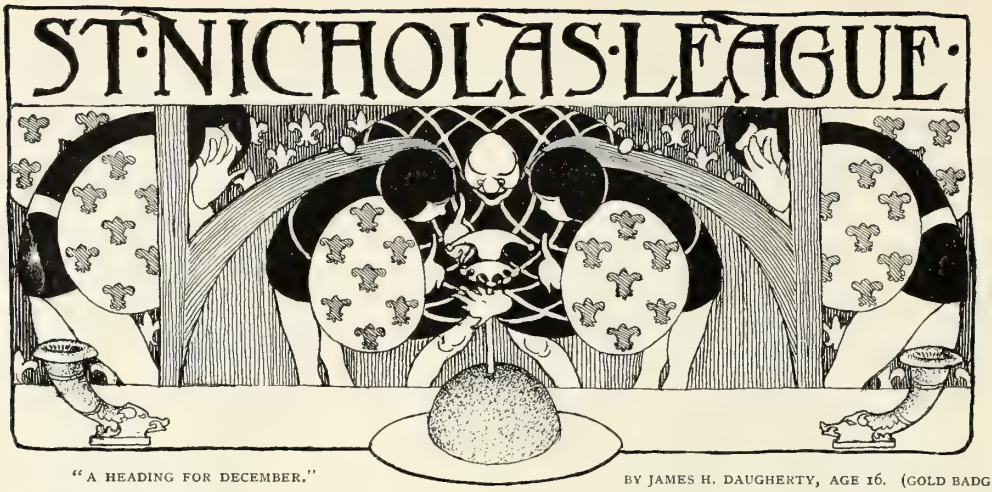


WHELK EGG-CASES.

The specimens you send are whelk egg-cases. The short string of cases with the square edges are of the whelk known to scientists as *Fulgur carica;* those in the longer string with sharp edges are of the *Fulgur canaliculata.* The square-edged cases are especially attractive. By cutting nearly around the rim with a knife or scissors, one side may be lifted as if it were the cover of a tiny box. The tiny shells are packed, though rather loosely, but without any apparent order, in this box, making the whole appear somewhat like a dainty bonbon-box well filled.



ONE OF THE CASES OPENED, AND THE TINY SHELLS DROPPING OUT.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY JAMES H. DAUGHERTY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 15).

(*Cash Prize.*)

It was midnight on the hilltop, and the fire was dim and low,
While the weary shepherds slumbered round the embers' dying glow,
When a light shone round about them, brighter far than light of day,
And they saw an angel standing in its pure and living ray.
He was dressed in white apparel and his face was gravely sweet,
And he spake unto them gently as they bowed them at his feet.

"Fear ye not," for they were troubled; "news of peace and joy I bring:
For to-night in David's city Christ is born, your Lord and King."
As he spoke, adown the heavens, borne as on the ocean's swell,
Angel forms came floating nearer, angel voices rose and fell:
"Unto God the highest glory. Peace on earth. To men good will,"
Pealed the anthem, that triumphant echoes down the ages still.

As the angel-vision vanished and the song grew faint and far,
Clear and radiant in the heavens steadfast shone the guiding star;
Then they traveled on and onward till they reached the lonely shed
Where the King of all the nations in a manger laid his head.
And the night was hushed and holy, while the star shone over them,
And the angel-song rang softly, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Nineteen hundred years have fleeted since the shepherds heard that song,
Since Judea's hills were brightened by the presence of that throng;
But adown the distant ages, when the Christmas-time draws near,
And our hearths and homes are brightened with the Christmas warmth and cheer,—
When our hearts with love grow warmer as the light glows in a gem,—
Softly steals the angels' message, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Among all evenings in the year, and all the days, there is no other evening like Christmas eve, no other day like Christmas day. Whether the eve and the day be dark and stormy, or still and fair, does not matter. The difference is not in the weather or the season, but in that more subtle atmosphere which, from generation to generation through all the centuries, has been our inheritance from that first Christmas eve and day when a new-born Babe sent its wailing cry from the manger of Bethlehem.

The world looks different through this Christmas atmosphere. However festive or sad the occasion, however gay or gloomy the streets may be, whatever may be our surroundings, the Christmas feeling is there. No one may say just wherein it lies. It is like an unseen halo that glorifies and makes holy every good thought and impulse, while it reveals in darker relief whatever is tragic, unworthy, or vicious. A great disaster on Christmas eve or day shocks us as it does at no other season; a great joy comes in that sweet raiment of gladness that only Christmas brings. Through nineteen centuries has this light lingered round the hearts of men, and through all those ages it has not grown dim. Year after year slips by and is added to the past. But with each Christmas eve and day our homes and our highways are once more filled with the old, sweet joy — the halo from that star which rose o'er Bethlehem.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 48.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Agnes Churchill Lacy** (age 15), care of Tootle Lemon National Bank, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gold badge, **Beulah H. Ridgeway** (age 14), 574 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret Drew** (age 8), St. Anthony Park, Minn., and **Aline Murray** (age 15), Metuchen, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Lester M. Beattie** (age 15), 120 E. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio, and **Lorena Mary McDermott** (age 12), St. Jo, Texas.

Silver badges, **Louise Lytle Kimball** (age 10), 5309 Westminster St., Pittsburg, Pa., and **Margaret B. Richardson** (age 11), 92 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N. J.

Drawing. Gold badges, **James H. Daugherty** (age 16), 2145 N St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Ralph G. Heard** (age 14), 27 Green St., Hudson, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Ochtman** (age 11), Coscob, Conn., **Florence Ewing Wilkinson** (age 14), Kirkham Ave., Webster Grove, Mo., and **Katherine Bagaley** (age 9), Palmer, Fla.

Photography. Cash prize, **Kenneth Howie** (age 17), 48 Sedgwick St., Mount Ary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badges, **Canema Bowers** (age 16), Montpelier, Vt., and **Marjorie C. Newell** (age 14), 9 Hovey St., Gloucester, Mass.

Silver badges, **Alice Garland** (age 14), 227 Newberry St., Boston, Mass., **Karl Dodge** (age 11), "The Osborne," 58th St. and 7th Ave., New York City, and **Hardenia R. Fletcher** (age 12), Accomac, Va.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Ruth H. Caldwell** (age 14), 20 Ridgewood Place, Springfield, Mass. Second prize, "Auk," by **Ada G. Kendall** (age 14), 215 W. Park St., Portland, Ore. Third prize, "Sea-gull," by **George Davenport Hayward** (age 14), 165 Newberry St., Boston, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Daisy James** (age 17), 4 Meadow Field, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, and **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla.

Silver badges, **Ethel Paine** (age 13), 1401 Wood Ave., Colorado Springs, Col., and **Jean C. Freeman** (age 13), 1115 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Laura E. Jones** (age 15), 1845 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.

Silver badge, **Lillian G. Leete** (age 13), 64 Alexandrine Ave., W., Detroit, Mich.

The St. Nicholas League membership is free.
Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, will be sent a League badge and instruction leaflet on application.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LESTER M. BEATTIE (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

On a day late in November, 1620, a sailing-vessel bearing the name "Mayflower" was approaching land just off Cape Cod, on the coast of New England. The day was a cold, bleak, stormy one, the wind driving the waves high up on the shore. That part of the country was then destitute of civilization, and the one hundred men, women, and children on board the Mayflower were the first white people to settle there permanently. Having separated from the Church of England, to which the king had tried to compel their allegiance, they came to America, where they might enjoy religious liberty. They were pilgrims, going far away to make their home in a strange land.

A few weeks after they had landed, on December 21, some of the men of the company made their way westward from the cape, and found a fine harbor on the shore of the mainland; so at this place the Pilgrims made their settlement, and called it Plymouth, in memory of the good old English town from which they had sailed.



"HAPPINESS." BY KENNETH HOWIE, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

During the first winter nearly half the colonists died; but when the Mayflower returned to England in the spring of 1621, not one Pilgrim went back. But they all gathered at the shore when the ship departed, and, as Longfellow says:

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage."

It is this courage that is the most wonderful and commendable of all the good qualities of the Pilgrims. With hearts strong and true they so faithfully bore the hardships and sufferings of their lives that we honor them as much as any other people in American history. Even the Indians and the terrible winters could not drive them away: they remained; and the influence of their brave example has spread over our whole country. Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrim fathers landed, has been called the "stepping-stone of New England." But I think that a better name would be, the "corner-stone of the American republic."



"HAPPINESS." BY CANEMA BOWERS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LORENA MARY McDERMOTT (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE battle of the Alamo was fought March 6, 1836, in San Antonio, Texas, in an old stone mission built in the earlier Texas days.

This bloody battle was fought by a mere handful of the Texas garrison against the Mexicans, who had the advantage of them, both in men and armament. General Travis was in charge when he heard that Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the West," as he proudly called himself, was coming to make the attack. Travis sent a message for aid, but reinforcements did not get there in time.

The noble general did not tell his men until the last hour, when he said: "We must die soon, and we have three ways of choosing the manner of our death. We can try to escape, and be slaughtered before we can get half through the enemy's ranks; we can surrender, and be shot; or we can stay here and fight. Every man may do as he pleases; but I, for one, would rather stay here and sell our lives as dearly as possible."

After he finished this speech, he drew a line across the floor, and said: "Those who are willing to stay and fight with me step across this line." All eagerly went to the other side except one man.

Soon after, Santa Anna and his army came. Some of his men wanted to fall back, but Santa Anna ordered every one to be shot who did so. There was a valiant fight on the Texas side, but at last they were overcome, and there was not one man of the brave band left standing to tell the story.

Those immortal Texas names, Travis, Bowie, Bonham, and Crockett, are dear to every liberty-loving Texan.

Texas is now one of the leading States, whose liberty was purchased by the blood of her brave sons, who fought valiantly for it until it was wrested from the grasp of her enemies. This is why all native Texans love the story of the Alamo.



"HAPPINESS." BY KARL DODGE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IN the heavens the stars are shining, while upon the earth below
Their bright glory is reflected on the pure new-fallen snow.
Far away the chimes of church bells borne upon the frosty air
Peal a welcome to the people who have come to worship there;



"HAPPINESS." BY MARJORIE C. NEWELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

While the spirit of the Christmas-time again and yet again,
Seems repeated in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Oh, that message by the angels given once so long ago
To the shepherds as they watched their flocks upon the plains below
Comes down through all the centuries and makes the whole world kin!
For the spirit of the Christmas-time each heart will enter in;
And to all men alike it comes again and yet again;
It rings out in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And heavy hearts grow lighter and care-worn faces bright,
And troubles are forgotten in the glow of Christmas light;
For old and young, for rich and poor, it rings from shore to shore;
It 's come through all the ages to bring joy for evermore;
'T is the spirit of the Christimas-time again and yet again;
We hear it in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

League members should replace their lost or broken badges. New ones are sent free. This offer does not include prize badges.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE LYTLE KIMBALL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FORT HENRY was built on the Ohio River, near Wheeling. During the Revolutionary War some Indians who were fighting on the English side attacked Fort Henry and tried to take it. All the men outside were killed. The women and children of the village had all gone to the fort for safety. When the Indians made the fiercest attack there were only twelve men in the fort. They had made up their minds to save the lives of the women and children. Every man could shoot a rifle, and they had guns enough, but very little gunpowder, so they never fired unless they were sure of hitting some one. The Indians kept shooting all the time. After fighting a long time, the Indians went into the woods to rest. The white men found that they had used nearly all their gunpowder. They now began to wish for a keg of gunpowder they had left in a house outside. They knew that whoever went for it would be seen and fired at by the Indians. The colonel called his men together, and told them that he did not want to make any one go for it, but he would like to have some one offer to go. Three or four young men offered to go. The colonel told them they must decide among themselves. But not one of them was willing to give up. Then a girl walked forward and said, "Let me go for the gunpowder." The young men were astonished. The colonel said, "No." And her friends asked her not to go.



"HAPPINESS." BY ALICE GARLAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"DEER." BY RUTH H. CALDWELL, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"You have n't enough men in the fort now," she said, "and if I am killed you will be as brave and strong as before"; and she went. The gate was opened just wide enough for her to get out. When she got to the house, she poured the gunpowder into her apron, and started back. The Indians fired at her, but missed her. The gate was opened, and she got in. And when you think of the Revolutionary War, always remember that one of the best fighters in that war was Elizabeth Zane.

MY LAST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

'T was Polly, my dolly, I dressed for the fair;
She has pretty blue eyes and light curly hair.
I took all the stitches so nice and so neat,
And when she was dressed she looked very sweet.
Thousands of people passed her by
When she was sitting there so high,
And said, "How pretty—that dolly!"
And 't was just my Polly!

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER.

BY MARGARET B. RICHARDSON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My favorite episode in history is the battle of Monmouth, where Molly Pitcher so distinguished herself. Molly was with her husband—a cannoneer—in the many battles he fought, for she scorned housework. She was with him in the battle of Monmouth, supplying him with water from a spring near by. He was fresh and cool, while others were parched with thirst that midsummer day of June 28, 1778, until he was killed by a ball shot from the English side. Then Molly showed her courage. She slipped into her husband's coat and put on his hat, and just as the men were going to roll the cannon away, Molly stepped up and said, "I will take my husband's place"; and before the astonished soldiers could stop her she had stepped to the cannon.

One would think that Molly would have been overcome with grief at her husband's death, but Molly had a soldier's spirit inside a woman's heart; so she loaded and fired the gun all through the rest of the day, to the great admiration of all the men.

The next day General Greene went to see Molly, and found her all stained with dirt and powder, as she had been the day of the battle. He led her to General Washington, who was very much pleased at her brave act; and though he did not generally give commissions to women, he did to Molly. He made her sergeant, and had her name put on the list of half-pay officers for life.

The French regiment on the American side invited Molly (or Captain Molly, as she was called) to review their troops. She did so, and as she walked up and down the line, with her hat in her hand, almost every man dropped a piece of money into it.

Molly did not live long after her last but most famous battle.

It is now one hundred and twenty-five years since this brave woman fought on the Monmouth battle-field; and one reason why this is my favorite episode in history is because the battle was fought very near our town.



"AUK." BY ADA G. KENDALL, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

CHRISTMAS.

BY ALINE MURRAY (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The snow lies deep on the moorlands,
The night sinks gently down,
While the chill wind's sad vibrations
Shake the forest bare and brown;
But although the night is dreary,
There 's a glory in the skies;
For, behold, the little Christ-child
In a manger lowly lies.

Oh, wild winds, carry the story,
And spread the tidings afar
That the birth of the King of Glory
Is heralded by a star!

Oh, angels, with exultation
Sing loud your praises sweet
While the wise men haste from distant lands
To worship at his feet!
For he was by angels welcomed,
And by prophets long foretold,
So they travel far through the gloomy night
To offer him myrrh and gold.



"SEA-GULL." BY GEORGE DAVENPORT HAYWARD, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MURIEL BACHELER (AGE 12).

BEFORE describing my favorite episode, I will speak of some of the circumstances preceding it. It was a period of great mental and spiritual darkness in all nations. The poorer classes of men were trodden down and shamefully oppressed by rich tyrants. The religions of that time were many and varied. Yet there was not one true faith, one comforting, life-giving belief, existing. Sin and cruelty there were on every hand.

In a certain small village, one night was unusually peaceful for those tumultuous times. All the world seemed waiting in an expectant hush. The moon shone with a beautiful luster everwhere, yet shone with peculiar brightness on a humble shed. Peace without, but greater peace within, this lowly cattle-shed. For here the dim lantern's rays disclosed a young woman resting on fragrant hay amidst the gently breathing oxen, with a baby on her arm, and that baby was the Prince of Peace.

The great light which flooded the dark, silent hill where the shepherds guarded their flock at the same moment that the Christ came into the world, as a little child, to seek and save, was symbolic of the greater light which then flooded the whole world and changed gloomy night into dawn. That dawn has been growing brighter and brighter till, eventually, it will become brilliant day.



"HAPPINESS." BY HARDENIA R. FLETCHER, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"HAPPINESS IN ASIA MINOR." BY EDITH C. HOUSTON, AGE 14.

I have not chosen, as my favorite episode in history, a famous battle, or the discovery of new, strange lands, greatly as such events shape the world's future. Instead, I have chosen the birth of a little child, because ultimately the battles and discoveries shall sink into oblivion, while this glad episode of Christmas day will be rapturously told by every tongue.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ELLIOT QUINCY ADAMS (AGE 15).

"WHAT! not any snow on Christmas day?"
Poor little Bobbie said.
He expected a sled all painted gay,
And he wanted to try that sled.

The week before Christmas brought no snow,
For the air, though cold, was clear,
And the mist that rose when the sun was low
With the stars would disappear.

On Christmas eve in his little cot,
By the night-lamp burning dim,
He dreamed 'mongst the presents that Santa brought
Was a snowfall white for him.

The others their stockings had emptied with glee
When he woke from his dream at last;
A glimpse through the window—how glad was he!
It was snowing thick and fast!

DOT'S FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY DOROTHY FERRIER (AGE 11).

"EDITH," said Helen to her sister, who was reading, "what is your favorite episode in history?"

"Well," said Edith, "I don't know that I ever thought of it." But here they were interrupted by their little sister Dot:

"What does episode mean?"

"Episode means an event," answered Edith.

"Well, then, my favorite is the War of the Roses."

"Why, when did you ever hear of the War of the Roses?" asked Edith, taking Dot in her lap.

"I heard Helen talking about it to one of her school friends, and I think it must have been lovely to have seen them fighting with roses, don't you, Edith?"

At this her two sisters laughed heartily, but Edith hastened to explain: "They did n't fight with roses, Dot; they used guns."

"Why did they call it the War of the Roses, then?" she asked, getting more interested. "Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Edith, "the war was in England, and it was not a war between different countries; it was a civil war."

"But I don't know what a civil war is," said Dot.

"It 's a war where, instead of two countries fighting each other, the people of one country quarrel and divide, and engage in war among themselves.

"War is a very terrible thing, so many men get killed and wounded. And civil war is the worst kind, because the people that should be loving and fighting for each other are fighting against each other. Sometimes it is different, and civil wars are to keep the country together or banish some evil. But in the War of the Roses they were just selfishly fighting for the throne.

"The two sides were York and Lancaster, and instead of taking the flag of the country, as they do in wars between different countries, they each took a rose, which is the emblem of England.

"The Yorkists took a white rose and the Lancasters a red rose.

"That is the reason they called it the 'War of the Roses.'"

"How long ago was it, Edith?" inquired Dot.

"Four hundred and fifty years ago," said Edith. "I will tell you more about it some other day, and then perhaps you will change your mind about your favorite episode."



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 16.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY JESSIE J. WHITCOMB, AGE 17.

AT CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

I HEAR the sound of Christmas bells
That chime so sweet and clear;
The old familiar carols greet
The closing of the year.

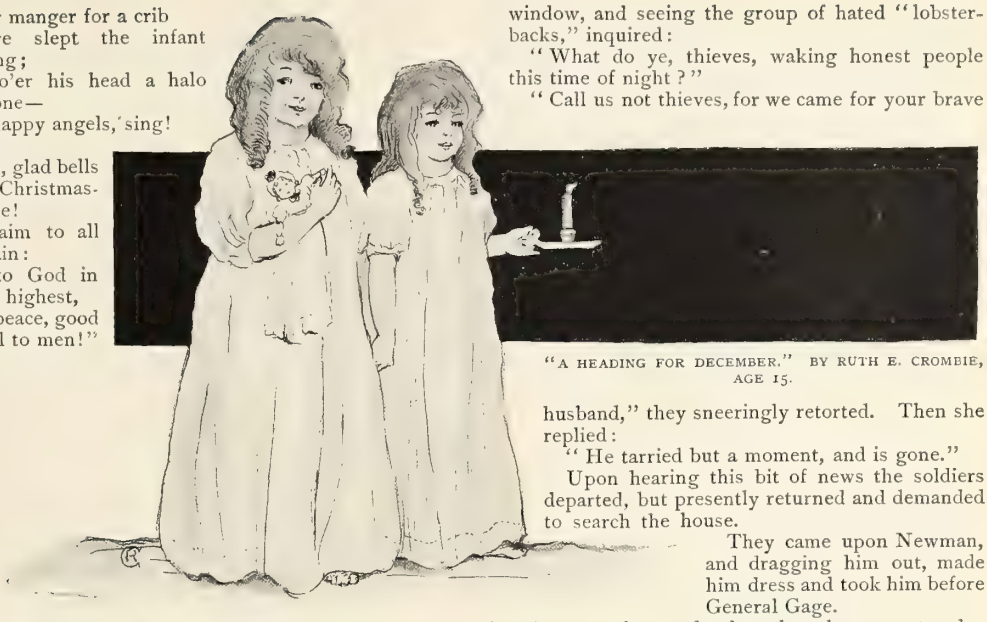
The wild sweet chimes seem to repeat
Again and yet again
The words that tell of faith and trust,
Of peace, good will to men.

Each year the olden melody
Rings out from belfries high,
And soon a peaceful quiet reigns
Beneath the starlit sky.

Long years ago a twinkling star
Shone brighter far than day;
It guided them—the wise men brave—
To where the Christ-child lay.

A lowly manger for a crib
Where slept the infant King;
While o'er his head a halo shone—
Oh, happy angels, sing!

Ring on, glad bells of Christmas-time!
Proclaim to all again:
"Glory to God in the highest,
And peace, good will to men!"



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 15.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY FREDERICK CROSS (AGE 15).

EVERY American has heard of Paul Revere, and every American has read the stirring lines of Longfellow's poem:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light.'"

But who was this friend? Few people know of *him*. He was one of the unknown heroes of the Revolutionary War! His name was Robert Newman, and he lived in a corner house a few rods away from the Old North Church.

On the evening of the 18th of April, in 1775, he wandered here and there until dark, watching all movements the British troops made.

When he had been convinced that they were going by boat to the Charlestown shore, he hastened to the church, unlocked the door, entered, and locked it behind him.

Taking his lanterns, he mounted the stairs, climbed the ladder to the belfry, hung the lights, and started down.

When about half-way down he heard the "redcoats" beating on the door with the butts of their muskets and shouting loudly for admittance.

They had seen the lanterns, knew that some one was signaling, and were going to catch that "rebel."

Newman, knowing full well the danger of falling into their hands, ran down the rest of the flight, hastened through the church aisles, and jumped through a back window just as the door fell.

After alighting, the signaler dodged through shrubbery and alleys, and, reaching his home unmolested, barred the door and crept into bed.

The British, after knocking the doors in and finding no one, supposed it was Newman (for he was known as a signaler), started for his house, and arriving there, began to beat upon the door.

His wife, hearing the noise, put her head out the window, and seeing the group of hated "lobster-backs," inquired:

"What do ye, thieves, waking honest people this time of night?"

"Call us not thieves, for we came for your brave husband," they sneeringly retorted. Then she replied:

"He tarried but a moment, and is gone."

Upon hearing this bit of news the soldiers departed, but presently returned and demanded to search the house.

They came upon Newman, and dragging him out, made him dress and took him before General Gage.

But he was afterward released, and soon entered a Massachusetts regiment and the Continental Army.

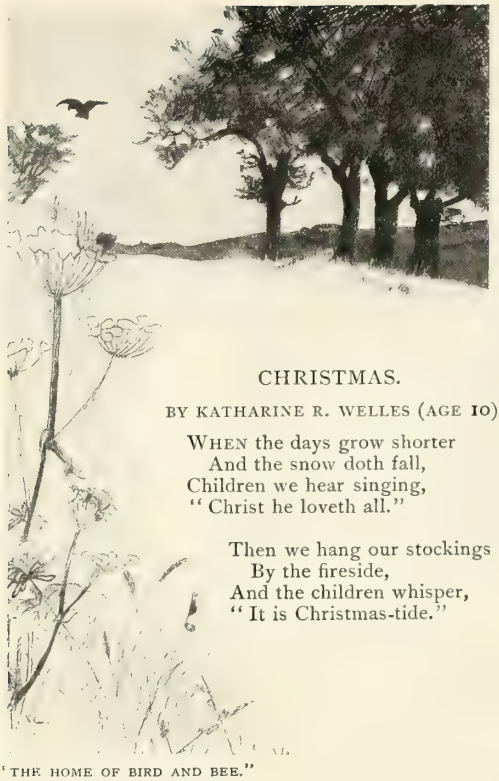
Such was the deed of Robert Newman, unknown hero.

The house in which he lived is still standing, but is converted into a bake-shop; and the church window through which he escaped is now closed up by a painting of John Adams.

Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS should be a member of the St. Nicholas League, and every member of the League should belong to a chapter.



"HAPPINESS." BY GROVER T. CORNING, AGE 17.



"THE HOME OF BIRD AND BEE."
BY MARY ISABEL WOOD, AGE 17.

CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHARINE R. WELLES (AGE 10).

When the days grow shorter
And the snow doth fall,
Children we hear singing,
"Christ he loveth all."

Then we hang our stockings
By the fireside,
And the children whisper,
"It is Christmas-tide."

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 15).

When the Carthaginians, with the aid of the Spartan Xanthippus, defeated the Romans in one of the battles of the first Punic war, Regulus, consul and commander of the Roman forces, was taken prisoner and brought to Carthage.

Here he was kept for two years, pining in captivity. At last the tide of battle turned; the Romans were victorious. The enemy, disheartened by the loss of many of their possessions, sent Regulus back to his home to make peace. He was promised his liberty if he should be successful.

Regulus went to the gates of Rome as commanded, but refused to enter, saying:

"I am no longer a Roman citizen. I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife and his two sons came out to meet him, rejoicing that he had at last returned home. Imagine how sorry they were when they learned under what circumstances he had come!

He met the Senate outside the walls of Rome. After the Carthaginian ambassadors had spoken, his turn came. "Conscript fathers," he said, "being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come, on the part of my masters, to treat with you concerning peace." When asked his opinion, he advised the Romans to continue the war, and not even to exchange prisoners; for the Carthaginian generals, he said, who were in the possession of the Romans, were healthy and strong, while he himself was worn out by long imprisonment.

Even the stern Romans were surprised to hear a man argue thus against himself, and were unwilling that Regulus should be put into the power of the Carthaginians. The chief priest declared that, since the oath had been forced upon Regulus, he was not by duty bound to keep it. However, the latter was determined to return to imprisonment, to suffer the punishments which the Carthaginians would inflict, and which he knew would end in his death.

What need to comment upon the brave deed of Regulus? The story speaks for itself. The man who will die for his country is great; but the man who, like Regulus, will endure captivity, torture, as well as death, for his fatherland—that man is a true patriot.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

In the merry Christmas season,
With the children flocking nigh,
While the bells are ringing sweetly
Far above us in the sky,

"He is coming! He is coming!"
Cry the children, every one.
"Here comes Santa! Here comes Santa!
Now for dolls and toys and fun."

And the saint, with cheeks of crimson,
While his furs are dingy brown,
Comes with bags of toys and presents—
Through the chimney he comes down.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY GEORGE W. CRONYN (AGE 15).

With Accompanying Picture.



Some rave and sing of "sweetest spring,"
Of "breeze and bird and bee,"
Of "glancing showers" and
"dancing flowers"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some moan and sigh for "summer sky,"
For "roses and sweet pea,"
For "shady trees" and "playful breeze"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some like the fall, the blackbird's call,
And hail Jack Frost with glee,
And "pumpkin-pie" and "autumn sky"—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

For then comes the cold, when the year grows old,
And the earth is sad to see
In her funeral gown of white and brown—
But Christmas-time 's for me.

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form chapters, as Entertainment Competition No. 3 will be announced very soon.

No. 673. "Busy Bees." Edith Helles, President; Helena McMullin, Secretary; six members. Address, 2631 Brighton Ave., Los Angeles, California.

No. 674. Margaret Brown, President; Helen Tripp, Secretary; three members. Address, 307 Main St., Phoenixville, Pa.

No. 675. "Kriss Kringle." Minnie Chase, President; Elsie Philip, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Bluehill, Me.

No. 676. "Pioneers." Hjalmer Nicander, President; Edward White, Secretary; six members. Address, 64 Asylum St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 677. "Girls' Southern Band." Catherine Pindar, President; three members. Address, 411 Ashley St., Valdosta, Ga.

No. 678. Vivian Dowdell, President; Beula Hines, Secretary; ten members. Address, Preston, Minn.

No. 679. "Happy Quartette." Claire Eckersley, President; Madge Denison, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 38, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Canada.

No. 680. "The Trio." Sallie Barnwell, President; Nettie Barnwell, Secretary; three members. Address, Hendersonville, N. C.

No. 681. "V. I. C." Marguerite Spratt, Secretary; seven members. Address, 555 6th Ave., Helena, Mont.

No. 682. "Goldenrod." Dorothy Kuhns, President; Anna Berryhill, Secretary; four members. Address, 550 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 683 "Sherwood Foresters." Mollie Saxton, President; Florence Greenhalgh, Secretary; five members. Address, Denehurst, 12 Baker St., Nottingham, England.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Katherine A. Page, Teaneck Road, Englewood, N. J., would like to hear again from the League member who wrote to her last summer. She has lost the letter and forgotten the address.

The St. Nicholas League does not find that it has space enough for an exchange column. We are very sorry, therefore, to be obliged to omit the many notices of stamps, post-cards, etc., offered in exchange.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received my beautiful gold badge, after some little delay caused by my being out of town, and want to thank you not only for it, but for the long months of work that at last has been successful. I am glad that my badge did not come when first I commenced to work for it — nearly three years ago, just after I earned the silver one; for I know that the many disappointments, though they were hard, helped me on to do the work that has resulted in my owning this beautiful pin. I thank you, how much it is impossible to say.

Ever your most devoted reader and League member,

ELLEN DUNWOODY.

HILLTOP FARM, LITTLETON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

I am eleven years old and I have just made up a little verse which I inclose:

EVENING SONG.

At evening when the sun is low
The hermit-thrush's song is heard;
I wish my little song might go
As far and high as that dear bird.

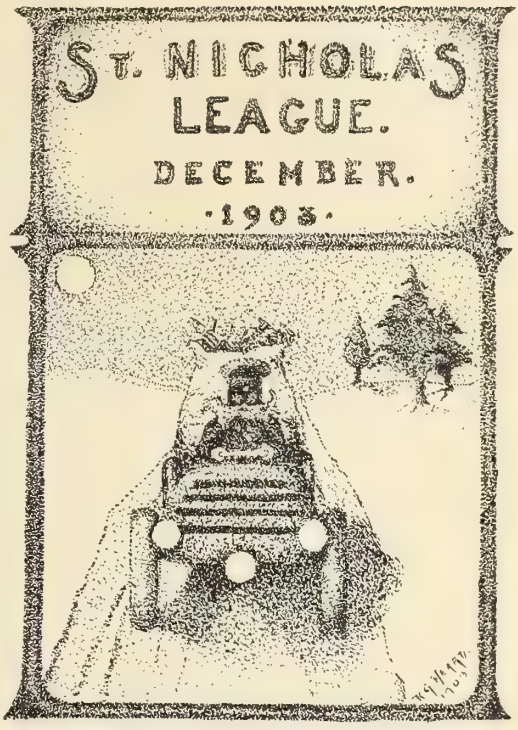
I hope I can write something good enough for the League next time. Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH ADAMS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The badge is beautiful and I am delighted with it; all my friends are, too.

The first I knew of my winning the prize was when I read of it in the morning paper, and I can tell you I was surprised; I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RALPH G. HEARD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

The only trouble is that the pin is so nice I hate to wear it for fear of losing it.

I hope sometime to win a gold badge, but at present am content with my silver one. Your loving reader, ALLEINE LANGFORD.



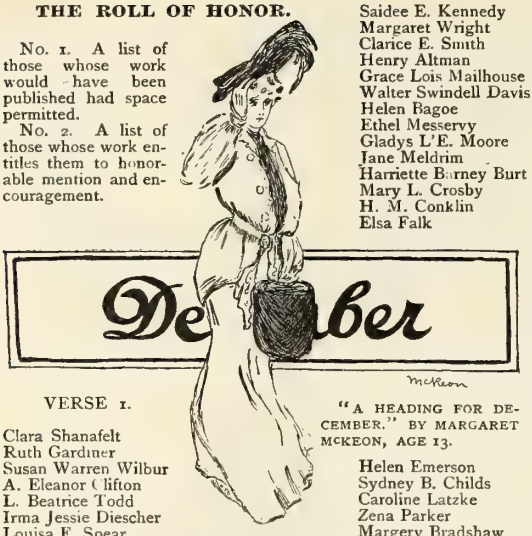
"A HOME SKETCH." BY FLORENCE EWING WILKINSON. (AGE 14.)

Other interesting letters have been received from Phœbe Hunter, Daisy James, Vivien Dowdell, Dorothy G. Thayers, Mary D. Bergen, Karl M. Mann, Melton R. Owen, Pauline K. Angell, Alma Jean Wing, Isabel M. Clark, Sidonia Deutsch, Edwin E. Bolte, Herbert Steiner, Marion E. Lane, Lillian Jackson, Helen Gyrnell Rogers, B. Hasselman, John Griffin Pennypacker, Marie Harari, Virginia Jones, Irene E. Dearnley, Catherine Pindar, Alan Gregg, Emilie A. Ide, Mildred S. Huntington, Lewise Seymour, Katharine H. Stout, Florence C. Ingalls, Anna Culver, Ruth Bartlett, Amelia S. Ferguson, Ruth Helen Brierley, William N. Coupland, Douglas Trowbridge, Elizabeth B. G. Fowler, Alice Lorraine Andrews, Charles Josef Carey, Fred Graf, Edith M. Andrews, Philip Stark, Rebecca Chilcott, Bessie Marshall, H. Constance Campbell, Jean Herbet, Eugenie B. Baker, Susan Molleson, Gertrude H. Henry, Flora H. Boggs, Grace Hawthorne Bliss, Tula Latzke, Grace Leadingham, Mabel Fletcher, Dorothy H. Kuhns, Winifred A. Shaw, Mary Cromer, Louise K. Cowdrey, Frances Renshaw Latzke, J. C. Prewitt, Susan W. Wilbur, Warren Haynes, William P. Anderson, E. Daniels, Shirley Willis, Fred W. Haserick, Ruth P. Brown, Helen Scober, B. Blake, and Kenneth Howie.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARGARET MCKEON, AGE 13.

VERSE 1.

Clara Shanafelt
Ruth Gardiner
Susan Warren Wilbur
A. Eleanor Clifton
L. Beatrice Todd
Irma Jessie Diescher
Louisa F. Spear
Brewer Goodsell
Jessie Freeman Foster
Harriet Gage
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Ruth Reeder
Marguerite Stuart
Harriet Evelyn Works
Horace Hotchkiss Holby
Emily Rose Burt
Conrad P. Aiken
Lillian E. Van Wert
Mary Yeula Wescott
Marjorie Macy
Margaret C. Richey
Helen Greene
Harriet Fox
Seward C. Simons
Marian Elizabeth Case
Frances Cobb Minor
Dorothy Lenroot
Alison Winslow
Mary Blossom Bloss
Margaret Merriam Sherwood
Helen Drew
Frances Paine
Louis Stix Weiss
Eva Levy

VERSE 2.

Marguerite Borden
Marjory C. Todd
Mildred Palmer
Helen Spear
Miriam C. Gould
Katherine Kurz
Dorothy Stevens
Mabel Guernsey
Bessie Salyer
Ellen Dorothy Bach
Laura Wells
Irma Castle Hanford
Eunice M. Schoff
Helen D. Bailey
Ruth Havenner Darden
Lucie C. Jones
Catherine Montgomery
Elizabeth Clarke
Mary Van Wormer
Clara P. Pond
Helen D. Bell
Helen E. Eberle
Lillie McConnell
Florence Gage Hatton
Christine Graham
Ruth T. Abbott
Carolyn Coit Stevens

DRAWINGS 1.

Melville Coleman Levey
May Wilson Ball
Ruth M. Keran
Elise Urquhart
Jacob Salzman
Mildred Curran-Smith
Emily B. Melcher
Helen E. Jacoby
Nancy Barnhart
Julia S. Lovejoy
Bessie B. Styron
Ruth Felt
Lucy Elizabeth B. Mackenzie
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Meade Bolton
Gladys Ralston Britton
Lettie F. Maxwell
Margery Fulton
Greta T. Frik
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret Dobson
Francis Keeline
Elizabeth Stockton
Harold Helm
William L. Brown
Bessie Townley Griffith
Rita Wood
Isadore Douglas
Marguerite Eastman
Nancy Huntly
Philip M. Ustick
Margaret Tyler
Gladys Nelson
Mary Clarke
Georgina Wood
A. Brooks Lister
Isabella Howland
Edwina Hall

DRAWINGS 2.

Annie Genge
Aimee Vervalen
W. I. Masters
Mary Clarke
Mary Selina Tebault
Alice Josephine Goss
Joseph B. Mazzano
M. Alice Clark
Margaret R. Leland
Helen de Veer
Beatrice Andrews
Joseph McGurk
Mary U. Woodman
Saidee E. Kennedy
Margaret Wright
Clarice E. Smith
Henry Altman
Grace Lois Mailhouse
Walter Swindell Davis
Helen Bagoe
Ethel Messervy
Gladys L'E. Moore
Jane Meldrim
Harriette Barney Burt
Mary L. Crosby
H. M. Conklin
Elsa Falk
Helen Emerson
Sydney B. Childs
Caroline Latzke
Zena Parker
Margery Bradshaw
Eugenie B. Baker
Frances R. Newcomb
Elizabeth Tappan
Ella Preston
Elizabeth A. Gest
Margaret Cate
Henry Olen
Florence Short
Florence Gardiner
Gretchen Walther
Katie Nina Miller
E. R. Saunders
Eunice McGilvra
Roger K. Lane
Margaret W. Peck
Madeleine Sweet
Isabel Howell
Frances E. Pennock
Jessie H. Hewitt
Marcia Hoyt
Anita Moffett
Eleanor G. Finch
Clinton Brown
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Helen S. Eggleston
Francis A. Chapin
Mildred Eastey
Anne Heap Gleaves
Marjorie Gabain
Elizabeth Coolidge
Christina B. Fisher
Lois Williams
Mary E. B. Jones
Susette Long
Katharine Thompson
Dorothy B. Wilkinson
Katherine D. Barbour
Herman Goebel
Ruth P. Brown
Clara Goods
F. Hosford
Edith Thompson
Robert H. Gibson
Alice Perkins
Charles M. Jones
Dorothy T. Hollister
Marian J. Sherwood
Mary Daniel Gordon
Katherine Gibson
Dorothy Hamilton
Emily W. Browne
Ernest J. Clare
Joan Spencer-Smith
Margaret Spencer-Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

H. O. Phillips
Amy Eliot Mayo
Eno Hamm
John E. Woodruff
Hilda Proctor
Dorothy Richardson
Charles M. Floulke, Jr.
Heyliger de Windt
Lilla B. Kirby
Marion K. Cobb
Margaret Strasser
Edwin Shoemaker
John H. Hills
M. A. Arpesani
Holden C. Harlow
W. F. Harold Braun
Gertrude W. Smith
Judith Wilkes
Julia H. Shepley
Helen A. Almy
Catherine Delano
Helen F. Carter
Warren H. Smith
Olive A. Granger
Hilda C. Foster
S. R. Jelliffe
George B. Walbridge
Clara Beth Haven
Loring C. Carpenter
J. Arthur Richardson
Marion S. Almy
Lawrence Palmer
L. Evelyn Deering
Morrison N. Stiles
Margaret C. Houston
Arthur Jennings White
Marjorie Parks
James Monaghan, Jr.
Adelaide Gillis
Constance Freeman
Claud S. Hyman
Margaret King
Bessie May Miller
Reynold A. Spaeth
Dorothy Wormser
Emma B. Atherstone

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Arthur M. McClure
Fannie H. Bickford
Martha G. Schreyer
Elene H. Bensel
Mary F. Jackson
Theoda F. Bush
Charles H. Abbott
Belle Warner Stork
Florence Hoyte
Ruth Helen Brierley
Carolyn C. Bailey
T. Sam Parsons
E. Bunting Moore
Bessie Ballard
Priscilla Mitchell Seeley
Jean Forgens
Roswell M. Curtis
Gertrude V. Trumplette
R. J. Chany
Katharine L. Marvin
Katharine Wadsworth
Isabella Puffer
A. Leonard Jacobi
Charles McKnight
Florence C. Ingalls
Mary P. Damane
Dorothy W. Stanton
Anna M. McKechnie
Morris Douglas
Barbara Horton
Rae H. Ackerson
Louise Tate
Elizabeth P. Dougherty
Henry Reginald Carey
Wardee Cheek
Susan J. Sweetser
Frederick Eckstein
Sylvia Knowles
Charlotte Sperree
Margaret Garthwaite
Betty Lockett
Jessie Dunning
Nancy Coleman
Eleanor Anderson
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Charlie W. Brown
Ruth Garland
W. Caldwell Webb
Rose Heller
Philip A. Barton
Ethel Bailey
Irving Chapman
Kate S. Tillett
H. Leroy Tirrell
Emma Atherstone
Wendell F. Power
Launcelot J. Gamble
Rudolph Willard
Marie Davenport Russel

PROSE 1.

Julia B. Chapin
Mary Thornton
J. Herbert Hodgins
Cula Latzke
Edith Muriel Andrews
Mary Frank Kimball
Nellie Caspary
Florence Lenore Wilbur
Laura Wells
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Frances M. F. Randolph
Gladys M. Cornish
Francis E. Gardner
Elizabeth Helm
Alice C. Phillips
Mary Scales Miller
Florence R. T. Smith
Francis Shriver
Anne Cushing
Virginia Livingston Hunt
H. Constance Campbell
Mary E. Cromer
Elizabeth Yardley
Frederick S. Gest
Bessie Bunzel
Constance Badger
David B. Campbell
John Rice Miner
Hilda Ryan
Bennie Hasselman
Margaret Marsh
Shirley Willis
Rollin L. Tilton
Charles P. Howard
Dorothy Russell
Edmund Wilson
Irene Weil
Leonard Swain
Lawrence H. Chenoweth
William P. Anderson
Dorothy Cuthbert Le Duc
Sarah Brown
Edna Bennet
Nannie C. Barr
Florence Stinchcomb
Hazel V. Boyd
Florence K. Hanawalt
Franklin Rowland Backus
Mildred L. Smith
Dorothy Culver
Erna Klinzing
Mary Smith
Charles Steinway



"A HOME SKETCH." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN. (SILVER BADGE.)

Katharine Lawrence Putnam
Archibald Campbell
Ada M. Keigwin
Dorothy McKee
Victor N. Loweree
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Hazel C. Cockroft
Eleanor F. Twining
Ruth P. Teele
Leila A. Haven
Fannie M. Stern
Chalmers Hall
Allen W. Reid
Alice K. Bushnell
Marjorie Browning
Harold Andrews
Phebe Hart-Smith
Philip P. Cole
Charles Ellison, Jr.
Eleanor Kinsey
Fredericka Going
J. H. Knapp, Jr.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY KATHERINE BAGALEY, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "A Family Tradition."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Best Friend, or Friends" and "A Heading for March."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

Eugene V. Connell
Nancy Moore

PROSE 2.

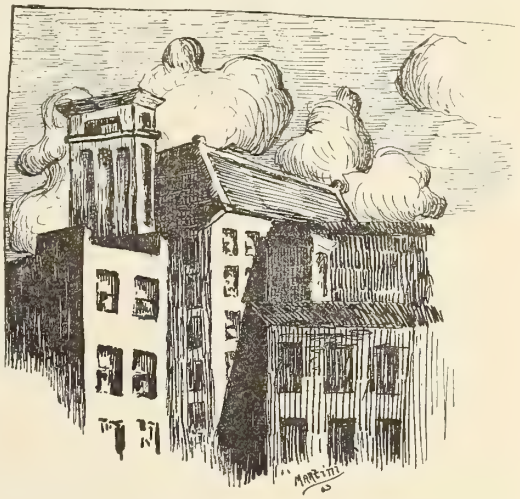
Bert Durden
Eleanor Jewett
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Edward V. White
Jessie E. Wilcox
Isabella Tilford
Rita Wanninger
Louise K. Ball
Robert A. Kilduffe
Luther Dana Fernald
Philip J. Wicksee
Adele Joline Connelly
Alan Cameron McDonald
Evelyn O. Foster
Katharine C. Hood
Alfred Andrews
Paul Mariett
Lewis King Underhill
Della Harmon Varrell
Robert Powell Cotter
Edward Stafford
Elsie F. Weil
Maud E. Dilliard
Elise Lord Bradford
Dorothea Gay
Edith Blain
Marion E. Lane
I. Hortense La Porte
Julia E. Willkie
Mary P. Parsons
Ileta Lee Gilmer
Willia Nelson
Ruth Fulton
Fern L. Patten
Helen Froeligh
Signe Swanstrom
Helen A. Scribner
Hadassah Backus
Florence O'Donnell
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Oscar D. Stevenson
Eleanor Hissey
Russell S. Reynolds
Constance Caroline Wilbur
Lester F. Babcock
Alia Lewis
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Helen Hoag
Laura Laurenson Byrne
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Katharine J. Bailey
Helen A. Lee
Anne Kress
Jeanie Slight
James J. Porter
Marguerite Brewster Hill
Oswald D. Reich
Mary Thompson
Alberta E. Alexander
Lawrence Eddy
Phœbe Hunter

PUZZLES 1.

Elizabeth Keen
L. Arnold Post
E. Adelaide Hahn
Mack Hays
William R. M. Very
Mabel C. Stark
Margaret Abbott
Wilmot S. Close
Christine Graham
James Brewster
William Ellis Keysor
Jennie S. Milliken
E. K. Harris
Laura E. Lent
Madge Oakley
Anna H. Taylor
Bonnie Ancell
Agnes Miller Lowe

PUZZLES 2.

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Eleanor Marvin
Lester Jay Reynolds
Oscar C. Lautz
Martin Janowitz
Rachel Rhoades
Medora Addison
Ruth Moss
William Munford Baker
Marion E. Larrabee
George T. Heintz
Agnes R. Lane
Charles Heintz
Arthur McAuslan
Dorothy C. Cooper
Daisy James
Gertrude Souther



"A HOME SKETCH IN NEW YORK CITY." BY HERBERT MARTIN, AGE 15.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 51.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

Competition No. 51 will close **December 20** (for foreign members **December 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Forgiveness."



"A TAILPIECE FOR DECEMBER." BY ELIZABETH BACON HUTCHINGS, AGE 14.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRECTION. In the October number the time to send in lists of books about the sea was stated to end on *September* 25, which was an error. In view of this mistake, the time will be extended to December 15.

THE PRIZE AWARD. Evidently the idea of spending a vacation in a favorite book proved attractive, for there were many competitors, and the work of all was surprisingly good. The young writers were remarkably successful in catching what is called the "atmosphere" of the books chosen, and in giving the touches of character. So good were the papers submitted that the awarding of only three prizes leaves unrewarded some exceedingly creditable work, work *very* nearly as fine as that of these three prize-winners:

First Prize, $5.00, Eunice Fuller (15), 170 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

Second Prize, $3.00, Gladys Ralston Britton (17), The Audubon, 39th St., New York City.

Third Prize, $2.00, Ruth Barratt Young (15), Kirkwood, Mo.

The three subjects chosen by these writers, respectively, were: "My Visit to the Peterkins" ("Peterkin Papers"), "A Visit to Owd Bob of Kenmuir" ("Bob, Son of Battle"), and "Boating with the Marches," ("Little Women"). The first-prize story is printed below.

Closely following these winning stories came the work of the following competitors, who specially deserve

HONORABLE MENTION.

Emily Rose Burt (15).
Marguerite Child (16).
Alfred P. Merryman (12).
Margaret M. Lenehan (13).
Olive H. Lovett (15).
Helen L. Slack (15).
Florence Clement (11).
Virginia Coryell Craven (16).
Mabel Fletcher (16).
H. Louise Chamberlain (13).
Ruth Allaire (16).
Beatrice Walmsley (16).
Doris Francklyn (16).
Edwina O'Brien (12).

As to the books selected, they varied so that it is hardly possible to group them. "Little Women" was the most favored, "Alice in Wonderland" coming next. "David Copperfield" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were chosen by two competitors each. The little "Peterkin Paper" follows:

MY VISIT TO THE PETERKINS.

By Eunice Fuller.

I had come to visit the Peterkins, and was surprised to find no one at the train, as the lady from Philadelphia had written that Agamemnon would be there. As I approached the house, I saw the family standing in a line, Mr. Peterkin at the head, and the little boys, in their india-rubber boots, at the foot. After they had greeted me, they all cried: "Where is Agamemnon?"

"I have n't seen him!" said I.

"He must be lost!" said Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin feared he was killed. She had always declared it was dangerous to walk in the street nowadays, for one never could tell about the cars, and any moment a horse might rush out at one, and she had always been afraid of trains and stations anyway.

The little boys proposed to go to find him, each taking a different direction. Mrs. Peterkin was afraid that in that way they would all be lost. Solomon John said that in such cases men always had a rendezvous. Elizabeth Eliza, however, thought one of the little boys might forget the time of meeting, and not be on hand at the right hour; then all the others would think he was lost, and go to search for him, and valuable time would be wasted.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin; "we must think of something else."

At last Solomon John hit upon a plan. He said that in ancient times, when Theseus went into a labyrinth, he carried an end of string while some one outside held the other end, and when he wished to come out he followed the string. He suggested that Mrs. Peterkin should hold the ends of several strings, while the little boys should take the other ends. In this way no one could get lost.

"That," said Mr. Peterkin, "comes of going to school."

Elizabeth Eliza, however, who had begun geometry at school, proposed that, using Mrs.

Peterkin as a center and the strings as radii, they should walk about in a circle, and thus traverse a good portion of the neighborhood. Mrs. Peterkin was sure that she should feel dizzy if so many people went around her. Solomon John was afraid this method would occasion climbing fences. But Elizabeth Eliza said Mrs. Peterkin would soon get used to the motion, and the little boys declared that from a high fence they might see Agamemnon in the distance.

So Mrs. Peterkin, with firmly closed eyes, seated herself on the door-step, and the little boys began to carry out Elizabeth Eliza's plan. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin opened her eyes with a start. One of the strings had snapped! In her fright she dropped the other strings, which fast disappeared from sight. The family grew apprehensive. The little boys would surely be lost! What was to be done?

At this moment I spied Agamemnon coming around the corner, followed by all three little boys. Mrs. Peterkin almost fainted with joy. "At last," she cried, "we are again united as a family!"

A BOOK CORNER. THERE is something more in a wood than the trees that make it, and there is more in books grouped together than their mere addition would account for. The very same volumes would be put together by different persons in a different way, and the result of one arrangement would be a library, and the other might give — only a mass of books. It is well for young owners of books to give up to them some comfortable corner of a favorite room, so as to make a "favorite place for reading" during the winter evenings. Make it so attractive that whenever you want to settle down in it you will find it occupied by your mother, aunt, or little sister; and then cultivate your moral nature by quietly withdrawing to the next most comfortable place.

SLOW READING. IF you were to travel across an interesting land, would you prefer to go through on a limited express, or to walk through, with plenty of time for side excursions and sight-seeing? And yet — Surely the moral is obvious. Some young readers find in a good book about a dozen times as much treasure as others carry away from it; and you are fortunate if you are like a young girl who said: "I can't read a good book fast. I can't understand it if I read it fast." She is likely to become well read in spite of herself. How many generations of men have been at work upon Shakspere, Dante, and Homer, without any danger of exhausting the mine of wealth these offer! And the Bible! — it is as exhaustless as eternity. No one ever will come to the end of the riches in that great library of every species of literature. Every wise man who has ever made a list of the greatest books in the world has put the Bible first. It is said that young people are reading the Bible less than they once did; if it be true, it is sure they are employing their reading hours to less advantage. Do all of you know the beautiful little "reading editions" now being published?

GROWING UP. FROM that very good book we may quote the saying concerning the "putting away of childish things"; such, for instance, as those books for young readers that die with one reading — utterly squeezed dry. It is wise to keep trying books that you may think a little too old for you. Possibly you are reading below your capacity, and that is not desirable. Ask older people to recommend books to you — but choose your older advisers with your best judgment.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS. ABOUT Christmas-time the wise child lets his taste in books be known. This is not a proverb from the Persian, but good sense from Yankeeland.

ARRANGEMENT OF BOOKS. HAVE you ever tried putting together the books that suit special moods? The amusing books, the stories of adventure, the home stories being grouped so that when you feel like reading some particular sort, you may at a glance see all your treasures that appeal to that momentary interest? It is not a bad plan. But the possibilities of arrangement are endless, and we all have our favorite plans. I wonder if there is any book-lover who can refrain from putting in one row his most attractive bindings? — the gay, gilded leather covers that make a little court of nobilities? If there is any reader who can refrain from this harmless pageantry, he must be the owner of an unusually logical mind, or else lacks the soul of order.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell your readers about a club to which I belong, which gives me the great pleasure of helping some poor children to have a Merry Christmas.

It is called the "Junior Empty Stocking Club," and the girls and boys meet once each week, from October until Christmas, to dress dolls, fill marble-bags, string necklaces, etc. We meet at the home of our young president — "Our Dorothy," as we call her.

Last year we dressed fifteen hundred little dolls for the girls, and supplied horns and marbles for the boys.

There is a Senior Club, composed of older people, to whom we report. They are kept busy collecting stockings and all the necessary good things to put in them, and have them ready for distribution on the 18th at the Grand Opera House.

When we have finished dressing the dolls — just as stylishly and daintily and richly as possible — they are collected and grouped in the big parlors of our president's house, and the parents and friends of the members are asked to examine our work. The dolls always look so attractive, and the rooms seem to be filled with immense flower-beds and bushes, with pretty dolls as flowers. They are afterward packed in hampers and sent to the Opera House to await careful distribution with the stockings.

The Senior Club has a large committee to search the city and give the poorest children, from four to twelve years of age, admission badges and car-fare. (This latter is donated by the Electric Railway Company.)

The day previous to the distribution, the Senior members meet on the big stage, where barrels of candy and barrels of apples, bags of nuts, boxes of oranges, stacks of handkerchiefs, etc., are waiting to be divided and placed into the black stockings, two thousand pairs of which are in immense piles. This is what each stocking contained last year: its mate rolled up in the toe; a pocketbook with five new pennies; a good linen handkerchief; bag of candy; nuts; an orange; an apple.

When *all* are filled and securely tied, they are placed in hampers, ready for good Santa the following day. When those two thousand children are gathered in the Opera House, it is a sight that makes us think how contented *we* should be.

They are first entertained by the chaplain of the club, who is the good friend of every boy and girl he meets.

Moving pictures and a drill by the Juniors next hold their attention. Then a comedian appears and asks them to assist him to sing some popular melodies, and they will sing and sing, until their voices seem to raise the roof.

When the curtain rises again all is dark. Suddenly a big star shines up in the air; smaller ones appear, and then all the lights shine, and a glorious Christmas tree, twenty-five feet high, is greeted with happy childish cheers.

All about the stage are banks of stockings, horns, and such a lot of dolls, etc. In the meantime Santa Claus appears and speaks to the children, telling them to march up on the stage and each will be given a stocking — "if they 're good."

The music commences, and the march across the stage begins. We are allowed to give out the dolls, and the Junior boys the horns and marbles, while good St. Nicholas places a well-filled stocking in each happy hand.

When it is all over, we wish our friends a Merry Christmas, and I know we children, for the past five years that we have done this work, have been happier for having put some brightness in the lives of our poorer neighbors. I always like to think of the little girls going to sleep with the dolls in their arms.

Lovingly your friend,

MAY RICHARDSON.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how fond of you I am. My father gave you to me for Christmas two years ago, and I like the stories and sketches very much. I am a little girl eleven years old, and I travel around with my father, who is captain of a trading vessel. We have been at Gibraltar, where there are so many British soldiers. It is a very interesting old town. But I like America best of all the countries I have been to, and I was very glad to land at Gloucester, which papa says is one of the greatest fishing ports in the world. Good-by! From your devoted little reader,

ANGELICA BUTTS DE BLOIS (age 11).

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for giving me the cash prize in the League competition. It certainly was a surprise, for I did not even dream of getting it.

Even my little baby sister, four years old, wants to send a picture to ST. NICHOLAS, and rigs up a box for a camera to take one. My parents always say their children have been half raised on ST. NICHOLAS, and I am thankful for it, for nothing on earth is better.

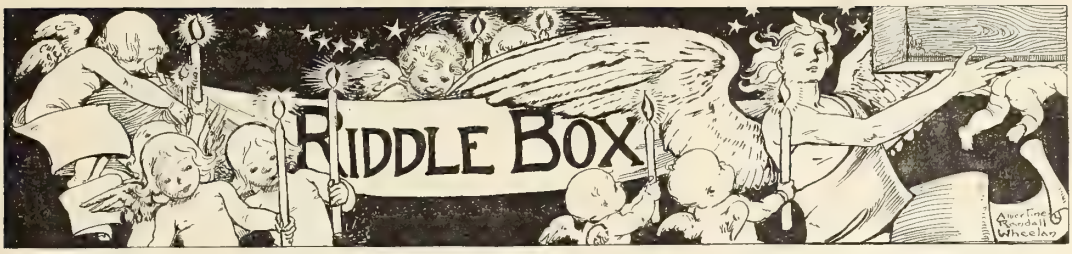
Your faithful reader, HUGO GRAF.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five New Yorkers on our way to California to spend the winter with our mother, who is ill, and we are stopping here for two days. We spent our summer in the Tyrol, and it was lovely. The Swiss lakes are beautiful, and there were so many English children to play with. We each had a lovely little donkey to ride, and there were a good many goats. Then we went to France and Germany, and afterward to England, where we stayed at a real English country house, near Oxford, which belonged to our great-grandmother. They have many automobiles or motor-cars there. We have taken you since 1896 and like you very much. You traveled through Europe with us, and now you are going to California. We are all going to sign this.

Lovingly yours,

JOHN BEEKMAN BARRY (14).
ELIZABETH LORING BARRY (13).
DOUGLASS PALMER BARRY (9).
DOROTHEA PAULINE BARRY (9).
ANGELA MURIEL BARRY (6).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE. Extenuate (x-ten-u-8).

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Blast. 2. Lance. 3. Annex. 4. Scent. 5. Texts.

CONCEALED DIAGONAL. Election. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Entrance. 2, Slippers. 3, Elegance. 4. Pitching. 5. Inaction. 6. Parisian. 7. Governor. 8. American.

TWO ZIGZAGS I. 1. Corn. 2. Dove. 3. Rock. 4. Anon. 5. Sack. 6. Lone. 7. Nose. 8. Ague. From 1 to 2, Corn-song. II. 1. Flaw. 2. Ache. 3. Levi. 4. Mite. 5. Coat. 6. Lair. 7. Tale. 8. Pare. From 3 to 4, Whittier.

MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE. R-I-D-D-L-E B-O-X.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

HE comes! He comes! The Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields
And the brown hill's withered brow. J. G. WHITTIER.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Orange. 2. Gentle. 3. Length. 4. Thrash. 5. Shiver. 6. Ermine. 7. Nectar. 8. Armada. 9. Damsel. 10. Elapse. 11. Search, 12. Change.

ZIGZAG. Thanksgiving. Cross-words: 1. Tavern. 2 Thrive. 3. Autumn. 4. Annual. 5. Kindle. 6. Aspect. 7. Gobble. 8. Circle. 9. Violet. 10. Divide. 11. Notice. 12. Aghast.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Joe Carlada — "Allil and Adi" — "Johnny Bear" — "Chuck" — Laura E Jones.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Alfred Satterthwaite, 4 — Harold L. Godwin, 3 — M. Davis, 1 — J. Charleston, 1 — Amelia S. Ferguson, 6 — Helen de Haven, 7 — Wilmot S. Close, 5 — Lillian G. Leete, 8 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — A. Canfield, 1.

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a December festival.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An assembly. 2. Tending to promote health. 3. A beautiful blue mineral. 4. Withdraws definitely from a high office. 5. Additional. 6. To find out for a certainty. 7. A plum-like fruit, very harsh and astringent until it has been exposed to frost. 8. The principal church in a diocese. 9. A full collection of implements. MARJORIE HOLMES.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in butcher, but not in kill;
My *seconds*, in note, but not in bill;
My *thirds* are in gallon, but not in quart;
My *fourths* are in long, but not in short;
My *fifths* are in rain, and also in hail;
My *sixths* are in thunder, but not in gale;
My *sevenths*, in almond, but not in nut;
My *wholes*, three countries of Europe.

DAISY JAMES.

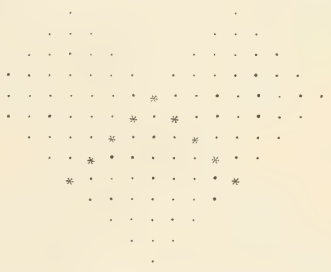
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of eighty-one letters, and I form a quotation from one of Scott's poems.

My 76-61-54-73-47-19-21-58 is an old name for Christmas. My 59-42-30-69-77 are juicy fruits. My 72-66-67-15-80-10-31-60-57 is an ancient heathen emblem used at Christmas. My 24-44-9-12-81-71 are songs of joy. My 52-70-40-23-3-22-50 is a beverage formerly much used in England at Christmas. My 7-79-65-34-16 is merriment. My 5-14-35-20 is an ancient norse deity. My 37-26-6-36-2-75 is the coldest season of the year. My 56-17-43-28 is part of a ship. My 25-13-4-33 is expectancy. My 64-49-32-68 is the handle of a sword. My 18-46-27-55 is to determine. My 11 is a point of the compass. My 29-8-41-1 mean a couple. My 63-74-53-45-78 is the summit. My 48-38-39-62-51 is to swing in a circle. ETHEL PAINE.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



THESE diamonds are only to be read *across*. The long middle word, however, may be read either across or up and down.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A cooking utensil. 3. A poet. 4. To associate with. 5. A flower named for a beautiful youth who became enamoured of his own image. 6. A vegetable. 7. A bowl. 8. The whole amount. 9. In strong.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A weapon of war. 3. A musical instrument. 4. A masculine name. 5. A large, showy flower. 6. A feminine name. 7. Birds of prey. 8. A large body of water. 9. In strong.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. To stuff. 3. The next after the eighth. 4. Pastures. 5. A small shore game-bird. 6. A fruit. 7. A scholar. 8. To perceive. 9. In strong.

DAISY JAMES (League Member).

CHARADE.

My *first* proclaims the peep of day;
My *second*'s filled with sweetness;
My *second* smooths life's tangled snarls
And aids the maiden's neatness.
My *whole* adorns my pompous *first;*
My *whole* in pride is basking;
My *whole* believes that every maid
Would wed him for the asking.

AUGUSTA L. HANCHETT.

CONCEALED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous cardinal.

1. If you fear a certain animal, avoid it.
2. He slid each time he passed the slippery path.
3. Tragic as the ending was, it made no great impression.
4. Hannah and I will join you soon.
5. Henry says the moon will disappear late to-night.
6. The animal ate all the food I offered.
7. I risked my life in climbing the steep cliff.
8. Grace picked a large bouquet this afternoon.
9. The house, repainted, looked as good as new.

MADGE OAKLEY (League Member).

SWORD PUZZLE.



READING DOWNWARD: 1. A feminine name. 2. A book for autographs. 3. An organ of the body. 4. In addition. 5. A waterfall. 6. To endure. 7. A poem. 8. A swamp. 9. Skill. 10. An article. 11. Useful in a small boat. 12. A feminine name. 13. To lubricate. 14. Entire. 15. Consumed. 16. A measure of weight. 17. In cardinal.

From 1 to 2, a famous man who perished by the sword.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the first and last names of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To tell over again. 2. Good sense. 3. Posture. 4. A cap worn in bed to protect the head. 5. A brief statement of facts concerning the health of some distinguished personage. 6. An absolute sovereign. 7. To establish the identity of. 8. One of the United States. 9. A severe snow-storm. 10. Faint-hearted. 11. Aloft. 12. The universe. 13. A pointed instrument of the dagger kind fitted on the muzzle of a rifle. 14. A formal method of performing acts of civility. 15. Approbation.

JEAN C. FREEMAN.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Method. 2. An engine of war. 3. A nose. 4. To conduct. 5. Showy clothes. 6. A sudden alarm.

RICHARD BLUCHER (age 9).

BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead to chide sharply, and leave aged. 2. Doubly behead high estimation, and leave a conjunction. 3. Doubly behead a kind of small type, and leave devoured. 4. Doubly behead the Mohammedan Bible, and leave raced. 5. Doubly behead passages out of a place, and leave a possessive pronoun. 6. Doubly behead a fish, and leave a place of refuge. 7. Doubly behead value, and leave a form of water. 8. Doubly behead the after-song, and leave a lyric poem. 9. Doubly behead to dress, and leave a line of light. 10. Doubly behead an inhabitant of Rome, and leave a human being. 11. Doubly behead a masculine name, and leave to conquer.

The initial letters of the words before beheading will spell the name of a very famous personage.

SAMUEL P. HALDENSTEIN (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WE hold the merry Christmas cheer
And greetings of the glad new year.

CROSS-WORDS.

(One word is concealed in each sentence.)

1. Minerva pinned, with perfect taste,
A chestnut bur upon her waist.
2. A band of coral one inch wide
Adorned her hat-brim's under side.
3. And, as she walked, she swung with grace
A parasol around her face.
4. Across the lawn she swiftly moved,
But high-heeled boots her downfall proved.
5. For when the bordering walk she jumped,
She hurt her pride — her nose was bumped.
6. She tried to run because it rained,
And found her foot was badly sprained.
7. She simply said: "I jumped too soon;
One should not jump in May or June.
8. I 've hurt my instep some — it feels
As if I needed higher heels."

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"RAISING MY GUN, I SENT SHOT AFTER SHOT INTO THE HOWLING, SURGING PACK."

("*Chased by Wolves*," *page 214*.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. JANUARY, 1904. NO. 3.

AN OFFICER OF THE COURT.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

JUST where "Jimmie Dandy" got that name probably never will be known. There is a tradition in the ward to the effect that an admiring stranger once asserted that the boy was a "Jim Dandy," and, as "Jim" seemed rather a harsh name for so small an urchin, his companions made it "Jimmie." At any rate, to all intents and purposes, Jimmie Dandy was his name — the only name to which he answered. Even his mother had finally accepted it, although it in no way corresponded with the name by which she was known. It was easier to do this than it was to hold to the real name, and Jimmie's mother was more inclined to reduce than to increase the hardships of life.

In a sense, the name certainly was appropriate. Jimmie Dandy was bright and resourceful. He had the elements of leadership, and it was due to his surroundings rather than to his nature that this leadership took an unfortunate turn. There was nothing innately bad about Jimmie, but there was about his surroundings. His only playground was the street, and the associations of a slum street are far from good. There were some of the boys in the neighborhood who went to the Juvenile Court, and returned under surveillance. They were not exactly watched, but the probation officer made periodical visits at irregular intervals to their homes to see how they were getting along.

In these surroundings Jimmie thrived and prospered, according to his opportunities. In other words, he was foremost in mischief of all kinds. He had had the truant officers after him several times, and he had been known to play tricks on the policeman on the beat. Then, too, he had been accused of pilfering in a small way, and, at the head of his "gang," he became a terror to small shopkeepers. The good-natured policeman warned him once or twice, but Jimmie had acquired the overweening confidence of power — the power to lead and control "the gang."

So it happened that one morning he found himself in the Juvenile Court, and his mother was there also, whining and pleading. Jimmie regarded her — alas! — with some contempt. *He* would n't whine or plead — not he. The law had caught him, and he would simply make the best of it. To put it in words that had become familiar to him, he would "take his medicine like a man."

The judge seemed to share the boy's disrespect of the mother's behavior. He was almost impatient with her.

"Please, judge, your honor," she begged, "he's a good boy, only a little wild. Don't be hard on him, judge. Listen to a poor mother, judge, an' don't be hard on him."

"If you would give him a little more strict

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attention yourself, he might be a good boy," said the judge.

"Judge, your honor, I 'm a poor woman!" wailed the mother.

"I know all about it," asserted the judge. "Everything possible was done before bringing the boy here, but you refused to assist the truant officer in any way. In fact, you told her to mind her own business."

"But, judge, your honor—"

"Stand back, please!" interrupted the judge.

There are mothers and mothers, and the judge of a Juvenile Court becomes familiar with all kinds. The one who resents all efforts to help her child, who thwarts the truant and other officers in every possible way, and then comes whining into court, is the one with whom he has the least sympathy, although he may understand perfectly that her neglect is due to ignorance rather than lack of interest.

The judge beckoned to the truant officer—a woman—at whose suggestion the boy had been brought into court.

"Don't listen to her!" cried the mother. "She 's tryin' to give the boy a bad name."

"Be quiet!" said the judge.

Then the story was told. The boy had been drifting from bad to worse, until it seemed advisable to send him to the Parental School. He had played truant repeatedly; his petty pilferings had made life a burden to the corner grocer; he had run amuck with his "gang," to the great distress of Italian fruit-peddlers; he had thrown stones with considerable resulting damage: in fact, without committing any serious offense, he had been guilty of a large number of minor ones, and, unless checked in time, there was every likelihood that he would enter upon a career of crime and disgrace.

"But I don't think he 's a bad boy," added the truant officer. "If he had proper influences I think he would be all right."

"Listen to that, now!" broke in the mother; "an' me doin' all I can for him! Oh, judge, your honor—"

"If you don't keep still," threatened the judge, "I shall have to have you removed from the room."

"How can I keep still, judge, your honor, when poor little Jimmie Dandy—"

"Bailiff!" cried the judge, motioning to the woman.

"I 'll be still, judge, your honor," she hastily interposed, "only I can't help tellin' your honor—"

The bailiff put his hand on her shoulder, and she was silenced for a time.

"Harry," said the judge, in a kindly tone, turning to the boy.

"I 'm Jimmie Dandy," put in the boy.

"I understood your name to be Harry Bagley," remarked the judge, in surprise.

"'T ain't right," asserted the boy. "I 'm Jimmie Dandy. There ain't nobody in de ward dat don't know dat."

"His nickname," explained the truant officer, "but even his mother calls him by it."

"Oh!" said the judge. "Well, then, Jimmie, I 'm uncertain just what to do with you. You 're a bright boy, and I know you could be a good one, but I 'm not at all sure that you will be. Perhaps the Parental School would be a good place for you, and yet—"

"Look here, jedge," interrupted Jimmie. "Don't send me to no school. If I ain't bad enough to lock up, lemme go."

Jimmie's pride was touched at this suggestion of a school instead of imprisonment of some kind, even though at the Parental School he would be practically a prisoner. The purpose of the school was to provide for boys who could not be controlled at home, and it could be entered only through the Juvenile Court. But the aim of the judge was to secure the best results with the least possible severity. If he could gain the desired end without sending a boy to the Parental School or the State Industrial School or any other institution provided for the wayward, why, so much the better.

"Suppose, Jimmie," he said thoughtfully, "I put you in charge of a probation officer."

"Naw," said Jimmie, indignantly. "I don't want none of them fellers botherin' me. I ain't a kid. I kin look out fer myself. Why, jedge, I 'm boss of de gang."

"Oh!" mused the judge. "You 're boss of the gang?"

"Dat 's wot I am, jedge," asserted Jimmie, with a proud shake of the head. "De gang knows dey got to do jest what I tells 'em to."

"Then why don't you make a better gang of it, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"Don't mind him, judge, your honor," put in the mother, thinking the boy was admitting too much. "He don't know what he 's sayin'."

"Bailiff!" said the judge, and the bailiff again approached the woman.

"You 're leadin' him on!" she cried, "an' him the only boy I 've got! Oh, to think of a lot of big men tryin' to come it over a little boy! I 'll tell him what to say. Jimmie—"

But the bailiff had her by the arm, and she again subsided.

"Jimmie," said the judge, turning to the boy, "if I thought you 'd help me, I 'd send you back home."

"*Me* help *you!*" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes," said the judge, without even a smile. "I 've heard a good deal about the boys in that neighborhood, and you can do more with them than I can. I don't want them brought in here, Jimmie, and they will be if there is n't a change pretty soon. Don't you think you can manage somehow to keep them away?"

"Sure!" answered Jimmie, promptly.

"Will you do it?"

"Sure!" answered Jimmie again. "But say, jedge, are you makin' me an officer of de court?"

The judge smiled and nodded.

"That 's just what I 'm doing, Jimmie," he said. "I want you to look out for those boys, and I want you to come in here and report to me every Friday afternoon. I want to know how you 're getting along and how the others are getting along."



"HIS ONLY PLAYGROUND WAS THE STREET, AND THE ASSOCIATIONS OF A SLUM STREET ARE FAR FROM GOOD."

"I ain't no spy," protested Jimmie.

"I don't want you to be one," said the judge. "I want to know most of all about yourself and how you 're succeeding with the other boys, for you 're the leader, Jimmie."

"Jedge," said the boy, impulsively extending his hand, "it 's a go. Put it there!"

The judge had to lean pretty far over his desk to reach the grimy hand extended to him, but he grasped it and the compact was sealed.

Then he added, sternly but kindly: "But, re-

member, you must be an example as well as a commander. If you undertake this responsible post, you must n't do yourself what you won't let the other boys do."

The judge, as a matter of fact, was merely adopting a very common expedient. Jimmie was not the only boy who was reporting regularly to the court, but in no other case had the matter been put exactly in this light. The others were reporting solely to show that they were on their good behavior; so was Jimmie, but Jimmie did n't know it. Very likely he would have resented it if he had thought this was only one method of attempting his reformation without sending him to an institution. But a sympathetic and resourceful judge, in charge of such a court, soon learns how to handle those brought before him, and he abandons all general rules. "What is best for the boy?" is the important question to be answered.

Jimmie went back to his companions with all the dignity of a new and important official position. His visit to the Juvenile Court had been most gratifying in its results, and had given him a new interest in life. Instead of being regarded as an offender, he had been put on the same plane with the judge, so that he and the judge were now engaged in the same work.

"Don't talk to me about de jedge," said Jimmie later that day. "He 's all right. Me an' him understands each other."

Then he told his astounded comrades how the judge had asked his assistance.



ONE OF THE INCIDENTS WHICH JIMMIE HAD TO REPORT TO THE JUDGE.

"Aw, you 're kiddin', Jimmie," insisted one of the boys.

"You 'll find out if I 'm kiddin'," retorted Jimmie, "if you go to tippin' over dat Dago's stand any more. De jedge an' me is goin' to stop dat sort of thing, an' we ain't like men dat can't do it."

The other members of "the gang" were impressed, but they were somewhat puzzled. They

could not tell just where it would lead or just how serious it would be in its immediate effects.

"Can't we have no fun any more, Jimmie?" was one of the first questions that was quite naturally put to the leader.

"Sure," said Jimmie; "but some things is goin' to be cut out."

Now the reformation of a crowd of urchins is not a task to be lightly undertaken, even by their leader, and a stranger in the neighborhood would have seen much in their actions with which to find fault. But to the residents there was a great improvement. Jimmie's ideas as to right and wrong were somewhat hazy, and the dividing-line was not distinctly drawn. Nor, in some minor ways, was he always successful in controlling the others, but he did his best, and he regularly reported progress to the judge. He did this seriously and solemnly, and the judge was wise enough to accept the reports with due gravity, realizing that he was getting a hold on the boy that would be impossible in any other way.

"Jedge," said Jimmie, in making one of his weekly reports, "dat gang ain't no cinch to handle."

"I 'm informed, Jimmie," returned the judge, "that there is less trouble there than ever before."

"Sure," admitted Jimmie; "but de job you give me ain't no cinch, jedge, an' it keeps me hustlin'. Y' see, de gang 's so used to smashin' things dat it 's hard to break away, an' sometimes dey slips up. De Dago was up ag'in' it Monday."

"What do you mean, Jimmie?"

"They upset his cart an' swiped de banan'."

"Do you know who did it, Jimmie?"

"Sure."

"Well," said the judge, thoughtfully, "you tell him I want to see him. I think perhaps if I talk to him a little it may do some good."

"No use, jedge," returned the boy. "Dat 's all fixed now. I licked him good an' plenty fer it."

The judge explained that, even as an officer of the court, Jimmie was not authorized to inflict punishment on offenders, and Jimmie promised not to do it again.

"But, jedge," he expostulated, "dat 's a tough gang to handle any other way."

"No doubt," admitted the judge; "but perhaps I could do it."

"You kin *try*," assented Jimmie, dubiously; and a week later, when he made his report, he brought another urchin with him. The latter seemed disposed to run if opportunity offered, but Jimmie gave him no chance.

"What 's the matter, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"He says I ain't an officer of de court," explained Jimmie, "an' you won't let me lick him; so I brought him here. An' he says," added the boy, while the judge was considering what to say, "dat no one don't have to come to court when I say so — dat I 'm a bluff."

The judge looked thoughtful. This idea might be carried too far, but there was no doubt that so far a great deal of good had been accomplished. On the whole it seemed best to continue.

"When Jimmie tells you to come to me," said the judge, addressing the other urchin, "you come, or I 'll send some one after you."

That settled the question of Jimmie's official standing. He was the most important boy in the whole district, but he was wise enough not to presume too much on his position. Perhaps the suggestion of the judge that "We don't want to be too hard on them, Jimmie," had something to do with this moderation in the exercise of his trust. At any rate, it was conceded by others that he had reached the very pinnacle of worldly success, and all desired to emulate him. In order that some might shine in his reflected glory, Jimmie appointed two or three assistants, although of course none but himself had the honor of reporting directly to the judge.

But problems beset this minor juvenile court that were hard to solve, and occasionally they were passed along to the higher authority. Thus Jimmie once appeared with a sadly troubled face, and, to the inquiry as to how everything was getting along, he answered: "It 's all right, jedge. De gang 's behavin' fine. But, jedge —"

"Well?"

"'T ain't wrong to throw mud at a Chinyman, is it? De gang says dat 's de only fun

left. Course we don't never bother white folks no more; but Chinymen an' dogs is diff'rent."

"Well," returned the judge, soberly, "I don't believe I 'd bother even Chinamen and dogs. They have a right to live in peace, you know."

"Is dat right, jedge?" asked Jimmie, in plaintive surprise.

"Certainly. The law gives them that right."

"Well," said Jimmie, resignedly, but with a satisfied judicial air, "if it 's de law, dat settles it."

It cannot be denied that it required infinite patience to handle Jimmie, for his idea of his own importance was such that he had no hesitation in taking up as much of the court's time as his fancy might dictate; but, with one exception, he always reported on Fridays, when the judge was sitting in the Juvenile Court. The exception, however, proved that he felt it his right and his duty to seek the judge anywhere in an emergency. He appeared before him one day when he was engaged in hearing an important civil suit, and, when a bailiff tried to stop him, he explained that he was an officer of the court, and then promptly dodged under the bailiff's arm. The lawyer who was talking stopped, and every one looked at the boy.

"What is it, Jimmie?" asked the judge.

"Dey got a new cop on de beat, jedge," explained Jimmie, "an' he 's got it in fer me, 'cause I was playin' ball in de street when somebody busted a winder. I did n't do it, jedge, but I sassed him, an' he 's goin' to pinch me de first chance he gits, an' den how kin I report to you? He 's too fresh, jedge — a reg'lar fly cop — an' he 's worryin' de gang bad. Dey 'll be worse 'n ever if he don't let 'em alone."

"What do you want me to do?" asked the judge.

"Why, jedge, I t'ought you 'd give one of dose 'junctions to make him let me alone."

The lawyers laughed, but the judge's frown quickly checked them. He took a pen and wrote:

> This boy is in my charge. If he does anything wrong, report it to me, but do not arrest him.

This he signed and handed to Jimmie.

"I think that will fix things," he said. Then, turning to the lawyers, still without a trace of a smile: "You may proceed, gentlemen."

After the adjournment of court one of the lawyers hunted up the judge in chambers. The seriousness with which both parties had enacted their parts during the little scene had impressed him.

"Who is that boy?" he asked.

"One of my most valuable assistants," answered the judge. "He has pretty nearly reformed a neighborhood."

Then he told the story.

When Jimmie made his next regular report, the judge kept him until court adjourned, and then took him to his private room.

"Jimmie," he said, "there is a man who wants you."

"Wants *me!*" exclaimed Jimmie.

"Yes; he wants you in his business."

"Don't you need me in yours?" demanded Jimmie.

"Well, he can give you a better chance than I can," explained the judge, "so I will try to get along without you; he wants to send you away to school."

Jimmie looked dubious.

"Dat Parental School?" he asked.

"No; not that kind of a school at all. He 's a friend of one of the lawyers you saw here the other day, and he 's looking for bright boys, but they 're of no use to him unless they know something. He wants you in his business, Jimmie; but he does n't think you 'll ever become fitted for it where you are now. If you 'll go, he 'll send you away to school for a time, and give you a chance to become as big a man as he is when you get through. And that 's saying a good deal. Now I 've told him that I know you well, and that you 'll do whatever you say you 'll do. Is that right, Jimmie?"

"Sure," answered the boy. "I always played square with you, did n't I, jedge?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the judge, "and that 's why I know you will with him. This is your chance to become a man. Will you take it, Jimmie?"

"Jedge," said the boy, after a pause, "I 'd like to see de guy dat 's makin' de bluff first."

"I 'll send you to him," returned the judge, with dignity, and he hastily wrote a note of explanation. "By the way, Jimmie," he added, "how did you come out with that new policeman?"



"'JEDGE,' SAID THE BOY, IMPULSIVELY EXTENDING HIS HAND, 'IT 'S A GO!'"

"Oh, he 's all right," answered the boy. "Dat 'junction did de business, an' we 're good friends now. He 's been helpin' me."

The matter was settled when Jimmie returned to the judge. He was pleased with his patron, and his patron, previously interested through the reports he had received, found much of promise in the boy.

"He suits me," Jimmie announced. "He ain't none of yer kid-glove kind. He 's business from de ground up, an' when I says, 'It 's a go,' we shook hands jest like you an' me did, jedge. Oh, he 's all right. He ain't workin' no charity dodge. He wants me, an', jedge, I want him. We 're goin' to be a great team some o' these days."

"I believe you will be," said the judge, earnestly.

"Sure we will," asserted Jimmie; "an' he 's goin' to look after me mudder a bit, so she won't feel too cut up 'bout me goin' away. An' I 'm goin' to report to him reg'lar how I 'm doin', so he kin know how near I am to bein' ready to help him out. He 's holdin' a job fer me right now, an' he 'll hold it till I kin take it; but I got to hustle some. We got it all fixed right an' proper. But, jedge!"

"Well?"

"How 'bout de gang? Dey 'll go to de bad sure when I quit. What you goin' to do fer 'em?"

"I think, Jimmie, that I 'll have to appoint another officer of the court," said the judge, reflectively.

"Who?"

"I 'll leave that to you, Jimmie; but I want you to pick out the very worst member of the gang. When you have decided who that is, tell him to come and see me next Friday afternoon. I really must have an officer of the court in that district."

"Sure you must," assented Jimmie, "an' I 'll send you a corker. So long, jedge. Me 'n' you 's been good friends, an' I guess we 've helped each other some."

"I hope we have, Jimmie."

The judge remained buried in thought for some time after the boy had left.

"The boy is all right," he said at last, musingly. "He will make a fine man, I verily believe."

And does the story end with the familiar "all lived happy ever after"?—with Harry Bagley, once "Jimmie Dandy," now not only a respectable citizen but a lawyer of distinction, and with his mother riding in her own carriage, and so forth, and so forth?

Not a bit of it.

The boy's mother, although a wiser and a happier woman than she was, still frets often enough that "poor Jimmie is studyin' too hard and killin' himself with books."

As for the lad himself, it is too soon to tell what will be the sequel to the judge's experiment, for all that is here recorded happened only a year ago. Perhaps the full story of our young hero's success or failure may yet be told in ST. NICHOLAS.

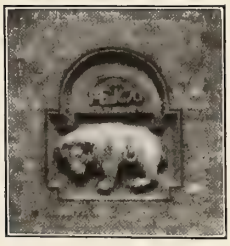
For the present, let us hope that Harry Bagley's school career will fulfil the judge's faith in him when he appointed "Jimmie Dandy" an officer of the court.



THE SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

By Julian King Colford.

II.



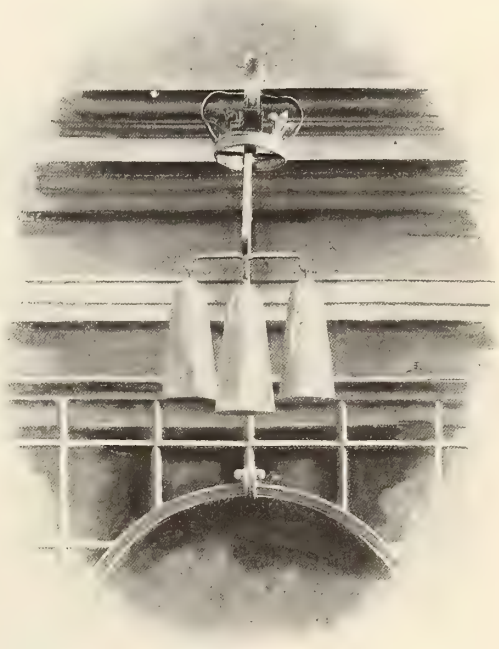
"THE CHAINED BEAR."

The seventeenth century was just beginning when tea was introduced into Europe by the Dutch. Not until the half-century mark had been reached did it find its way to England; even then its use was confined to the wealthier classes, as the prices ranged from six to ten pounds (thirty to fifty dollars) a pound. Pepys, in his great diary, records his first "cup of tea" September 25, 1660. In 1669 the East India Company began the importation of tea. Duty was imposed upon the tea shipped to America in 1767. I have never cared much for the calendar; but these dates, as well as this trade, loom up in the history of mankind. It was a time when out of tea they made most momentous history. The young colonies rebelled at the principle of taxation without representation, and the spirit of rebellion put its best foot forward in December, 1773, when it repelled British tea and taxes by hurling into Boston harbor some 340 chests of tea, and the war of the Revolution was on.

The historic house which exported to America those celebrated chests of tea was founded in 1650. While the contest gave America her independence and set aside the rule of George III, it did not overthrow the business of the oldest tea house in Great Britain. The business is carried on to-day in the same old place as in Revolutionary times. Its sign — the sign of "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves" — has survived the stress of age and storm and fire. The Great Fire of London swept within half a block of the shop, but the old sign itself reigns to-day. Through the generous hospitality of the management I was permitted to photograph it.

"How are the mighty fallen," however, is a phrase you will recall if you walk from "The Crown and Three Sugar Loaves" across the Thames to Newcomen Street, where may be seen a wonderful piece of heraldic carving set forth as the royal arms of King George III. This splendid piece of chiseling was taken from the Southwark end of Old London Bridge, which was pulled down in consequence of an act of Parliament passed for the destruction of the buildings on London Bridge and the widening of the roadway. These arms are now used as the sign of a public house. The sculpture bears the initial of George III and the date 1760.

Many of the old London signs show the cere-



"THE CROWN AND THREE SUGAR LOAVES."
A SIGN PECULIARLY INTERESTING TO AMERICANS.

monial head-dress of a bishop of the church. One of the most beautiful miter signs in Lon-



"THE ROYAL ARMS OF GEORGE III," FORMERLY ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

don, also the most ancient,—reputed by the best authorities to be the very oldest fourteenth-century relic in the metropolis,—is to be seen set into the brick wall of a public house in Mitre Court, a narrow alley just off from Hatton Gardens. It bears the date 1546. It should be 1346, some miscreant having changed the three to a five. The miter is carved in bold relief, and the work is marvelously well done.

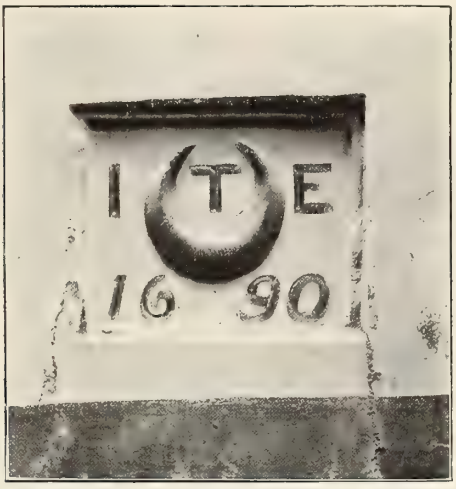
This public house was erected on the site where once stood the town residence of the Bishops of Ely. The remains of the house, with the ground attached to it, were conveyed to the crown in 1772. The site was afterward sold to an architect named Cole, who leveled everything to the ground save the chapel, dedicated to Saint Etheldreda, which still stands hard by. The rural glories of this spot may be inferred from accounts which have come down to us from the middle of the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth rented a portion of Ely House and gardens to her Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. The rent was a red rose, ten loads of hay, and ten pounds a year.

From "The Mitre" let us go to "The Moon"—or rather "The Half-Moon." On the Southwark side of the Thames, in what is called the Borough, in company with other narrow and winding streets, streets laden with still remaining houses and hovels forever glorified by Dickens, may be seen the sign of The Half-Moon Inn. The sign is located about four feet from the ground, and has on it the initials "I. T. E.," supposed to be those of the landlord who rebuilt the house in 1690, the year after the great Southwark fire in the preceding September. One of the features of London life in those days was the Southwark Fair. In his celebrated picture of this fair, Hogarth introduces the sign of "The Half-Moon"—perhaps the only old sign in London to-day that remains in its original position, devoted to the use for which it was designed.

The history of "The Bear" signs of London would make quite a contribution to zoölogical lore. There are black, white, brown, and red bears; bear inns and bear quays; loose bears



THE SIGN OF "THE MITRE," ON A PUBLIC HOUSE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE OLD TOWN RESIDENCE OF THE BISHOPS OF ELY.



"THE HALF-MOON."

and chained bears. A chained bear, located nearly in its original position, is to be seen on lower Thames Street. The sign belonged, there is little doubt, to "The Bear Quay," the site of which is now occupied by the Custom-house. This quay a hundred years ago was used for the landing and shipment of wheat.

Interest increases as we stroll along into Fleet Street, for we are treading the paths hallowed by the footsteps of Johnson, Shakspere, Lamb, Goldsmith, Dickens, and Tennyson. In Fleet Street, near the site of the old Temple Bar, once stood the old Cock Tavern, now moved across the way. This famous hostelry was established prior to 1635. A redoubtable cock struts with becoming gallantry above the tavern door. This bird is said to have been carved by no less a hand than that of the celebrated Grinling Gibbons. The Great Fire of London halted at Temple Bar, and "The Cock," surviving, looked down upon the waste of ruins. That the tavern was of some importance is proved by its carved fireplace, which certainly dates from the time of James I.

Tennyson, in his "Will Waterproof's Lyric," immortalizes the Cock Tavern. He sings:

> "Oh plump head waiter at The Cock,
> To which I most resort";

and with many pathetic memories the bard, recalling the sunshiny hours spent at this famous hostelry, exhorts the reader in these lines:

> "Go, therefore, thou! thy betters went
> Long since, and came no more;
> With peals of genial clamour sent
> From many a tavern-door,
> With twisted quirks and happy hits,
> From misty men of letters;
> The tavern-hours of mighty wits —
> Thine elders and thy betters."

That king of birds, the eagle, had also his many admirers among the carvers of old London signs. There are indeed many eagles, and some makers of sign-boards were not content until they had placed two heads on the neck of one bird. The eagle was used as a sign over the shops of booksellers. There was "The Black Spread Eagle" in St. Paul's Churchyard in 1659. Stow mentions a great storm in 1506 that blew down the eagle of brass from the spire of St. Paul's Church, and, in falling, the same eagle broke and battered the Black Eagle that



"THE COCK." THE SIGN OVER A PUBLIC HOUSE IMMORTALIZED BY TENNYSON.

hung for a sign in St. Paul's Churchyard. The spread eagle here given is carved in stone, and has on it the initials "R. M." and the date

1669. There is much evidence to support the belief that this sign was placed, after the Great Fire, on the house in Bread Street where John Milton, the poet, was born on the ninth of December, 1608.

It is not to make any unfair comparison that I mention "The Goose" last among the bird signs. There existed long before the Great Fire, in St. Paul's Churchyard, a very popular music house called "The Mitre." Here concerts were held, and the music at these performances had at least the merit of volume and joyousness. But the Great Fire laid the building in ruins and banished the music. When the place was rebuilt, the new tenant, wishing to ridicule the character of the former business, chose as his sign a goose stroking the bars of a gridiron with her foot, and wrote below, "The Swan and Harp." At "The Goose and Gridiron" Sir Christopher Wren presided over the St. Paul's Lodge of Freemasons for over eighteen years, and he presented to the lodge the trowel and mallet with which he laid the first stone of the cathedral. The goose is still preserved with her unmusical "harp" in Guildhall.



"THE GOOSE AND GRIDIRON."
("THE SWAN AND HARP.")

The English are a music-loving nation, and they love to hear music even when going about their daily occupations, and so it is that the spires and towers of her mighty cathedrals are hung full of glorious bells. So fond of bell-ringing is "Merrie England" that Handel once said the bell is her national instrument. It is not strange, therefore, that we find this instrument frequently adopted as a public sign. From early in the seventeenth century Bell Inns were numerous in London. In Knightrider Street there was an old inn the walls of which were prefaced with a giant bell carved in bold relief; the keystone had the initials "M T A." and the date 1668. This fine specimen is now in Guildhall. But a little step away, in Carter Lane, there was another Bell Inn, which has the proud distinction of being the hostelry from which Richard Quyney wrote, in 1598, to his "loving good ffrend and countreyman, Mr Willm Shakespeare," the only letter addressed to the Bard of Avon now known to exist. The letter is preserved in Stratford, the home of the world's greatest poet. Not far away, again, there is a modern Bell Tavern, a place where it is said that Dickens loved to go when making notes for "David Copperfield."



"THE BLACK SPREAD EAGLE."

One of the most ancient and reputable wholesale druggists in the city, while rebuilding on his old site, dug out of the foundations of the ancient house an old sign of "The Bell and Dragon." It had lain there for more than two hundred years, having been used on a prior

building before the disasters of the Great Fire, and had fallen through into the general ruins. The peculiarity of the situation is that the firm had adopted "The Bell and Dragon" as their trade-mark before the discovery of this fire-touched relic. This splendid old stone bas-relief is jealously preserved, and occupies a prominent place in the entrance of the Holborn branch of the firm.

In 1467 an English punster was put to death for his ill-chosen wit. One Walter Walters, who



THE SIGN OF "THE BELL."

kept "The Crown" in Cheapside, innocently said that he would make his son "heir to the Crown," which so much displeased King Edward IV that he ordered the man put to death for high treason. Yet many an inn has proudly boasted this heraldic sign. The origin of the three crowns — a fine example taken from Lambeth Hill, dated 1667, and now in Guildhall — is of interest. The account of it is in very curious old spelling. Let me quote a part of it from the Harleian Manuscripts, No.



"THE BELL AND DRAGON."

5910, Vol. I, fol. 193, and this at a time when Addison was writing the "Spectator":

> Mersers in thouse dayes war Genirall Marchantes and traded in all sortes of Rich Goodes, besides those of soelckes [silks] as they do nou at this day; but they brought into England fine Leninn thered [linen thread] gurdeles [girdles] finely worked from Collin [Cologne]. Collin, the City which then at that time of day florished muche and afforded rayre commodetes and these merchāts that vsually traded to that cyte set vp their signes ouer ther dores of their Houses the three kinges of Collin, with the Armes of that cyte, which was the Three CROUENS of the former kinges in memorye of thém, and by those signes the people knew in what wares they deld in.



"THE ANCHOR," FROM ST. CLEMENT'S INN.

This passage accounts also for the sign of "The Three Kings," a sign representing the three Eastern Magi who came to do homage to the Infant Saviour. The figures are represented standing in similar attitudes; they have scepters in their right hands, and the left hand is laid across the breast.

There is, too, a beautiful stone bas-relief of an anchor now in Guildhall. It bears the date of 1669. There is no reliable information concerning its original position. We have this to rely upon, that the anchor was never set up as an advertisement of the shipping trade, but used as an emblem. Some of the old printers were fond of it. It was carved in stone over the gate of St. Clement's Inn, and as an emblem of true faith is associated with St. Clement, who, according to tradition, was cast into the Thames with an anchor about his neck, by order of the Emperor Trajan, on account of his firm adherence to Christianity. Fitly, therefore, an anchor forms the vane of the Church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; and the anchor design also appears on various parts of the building.

No lover of old signs should fail to see, also, the interesting arms of the Inns of Court. The gate-house of Lincoln's Inn, with its fine set of shields, built in the time of Elizabeth, has been described as "an admirable relic of the Tudor age." It is built of the small red bricks peculiar to the period, and the old gates, as sound as when their solid oaken timbers were brought by Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., from Henley-on-Thames, have been regularly closed at night ever since the year 1564. They were open at the hour when I got the sun above the house-tops to photograph the crest — but the obliging lodge-keeper partially closed them that I might get their historic outlines. The Earl of Lincoln gave his name to this system of law courts, reaching back three and a half centuries, with its list of illustrious names, such as Sir Thomas More, Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Thurlow, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Erskine. In these chambers Thurlow and Cromwell met. The Inns of Court are four in number, viz: the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. They are called Inns of *Court* because when they were established they were held in the Aula Regia, or court of the king's palace.



"THE THREE CROWNS" AND "THE THREE KINGS."

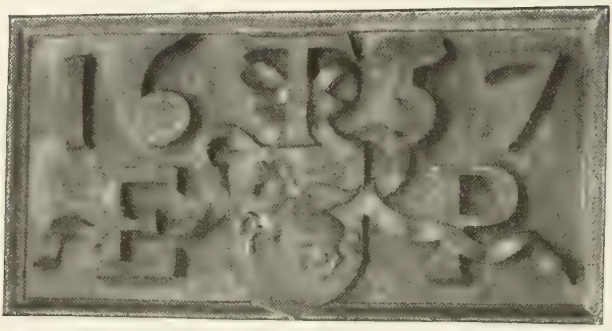
Passing, then, to the Temple, home of the Knights Templars, recruiting-place for the Crusades, final resting-place of the mighty dead, a sanctuary for the mighty living, and last of all a supreme place of justice, we reach a spot hallowed by nearly a thousand years of sacred history.



LINCOLN'S INN GATE, FACING CHANCERY LANE

The order of Knights Templars, established by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, in 1118, found a home on the banks of the Thames in 1128, when the Pope abolished the proud order. Through King Edward II it came into the hands of the Earl of Lancaster, who in turn let it to the students and professors of common law. The colony gradually became organized

into a collegiate body. It was in the Temple gardens that Shakspere laid one of the scenes of his "King Henry VI." Near the great round church of the Temple, finest of its kind in all England, is the grave of Oliver Goldsmith, author of "The Vicar of Wakefield."



A SLAB BEARING THE TEMPLE ARMS OF "THE FLYING HORSE."

The old Templar arms was a plain red cross on a shield, with a lamb bearing the banner, surmounted by a red cross. During the reign of Elizabeth a man by the name of Leigh persuaded the authorities of the Inner Temple to abandon the old Templar arms and adopt "The Flying Horse," and so this sign rides over many Temple gateways and doorways.

On Fleet Street is a fine gate-house to the Middle Temple, built in 1684 from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren. It has sculptured on it the Templar arms, the Lamb and Flag. Behind these gateways and ancient heralds may be found a mighty masonry. Were its walls endowed with speech, how great would be the tale! Here Shakspere played "Twelfth Night" before Queen Elizabeth. And it was here that Johnson, Lamb, Goldsmith, Blackstone, Pope, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Cowper, and a host of poets, lawmakers, and men of letters and genius, held converse and quickened the best thought of the world.

THE SNOW HOUSES OF THE SEAL AND OF THE BEAR.

By James C. Beard.

I. THE SEAL.

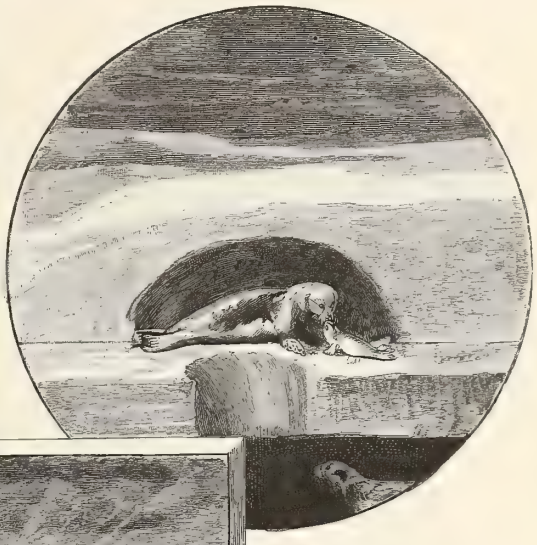
Although the seal spends its life in and under the water, it is an air-breathing animal and cannot live for any great length of time without air. As winter spreads sheets of ice over the fast-freezing arctic sea, the seal breaks a hole in the ice over the water where it lives. This hole it is very careful to keep open all winter long, breaking away each new crust as it forms, so that, no matter how thick the ice becomes, the animal always finds there a breathing-place and a passage to the surface of the ice above, where it can get fresh air and take a nap, for it does not sleep in the water. Then again, although the seal can exist for a time out of the water, it has to seek its food in the sea; so that without both land (or ice) and water it could not survive the arctic winter. How, after once leaving its breathing-hole in search of the fish upon which it feeds, the seal can find its way in the dark under the ice, a yard in thickness, and spreading over many miles, back again to its hole, no one knows; but it is not the less certain that when it needs air it swims as straight to its breathing-place as a bird would fly through the air to its nest.

When the seal is about to build her house, she first makes the breathing-hole larger, and then, by means of her strong claws and flippers or fore paws, scoops out the snow, taking it down with her through the ice until she has made a dome-like apartment of the same shape, though not the same size, as that built by the Eskimo. Unlike the huts built by man, however, it cannot be seen from without, for above it stretches

the long slope of untrodden snow, and the baby seal for whose comfort the house was built, and its mother, are safe from any foes that cannot find where the house is by the sense of smell.

The house, however, is sometimes discovered by the great polar bear, who, when his nose has told him that he is upon the top of the seal house, leaps in the air and, bringing his feet together, comes down with all his great weight, breaking through the roof and catching the baby seal before it can get away. Hooking one of his sharp claws into its little flipper, the bear then does a very cruel thing. He lets the cub down the breathing-hole so as to lead the anxious mother to come to it as it struggles in the water. When she does so, he slowly draws it up again, and, as she follows it, strikes and secures her with the claws of his other foot.

Very few of these seal houses are found out, however, either by men or beasts of prey; and they last until the feeble arctic summer partly melts the snow that covered and concealed them. Of course by this time the baby seal has grown large and strong enough to take care of itself, and lives a great way from its place of birth.



THE HOUSE OF THE SEAL.



THE HOUSE OF THE POLAR BEAR.

II. THE POLAR BEAR.

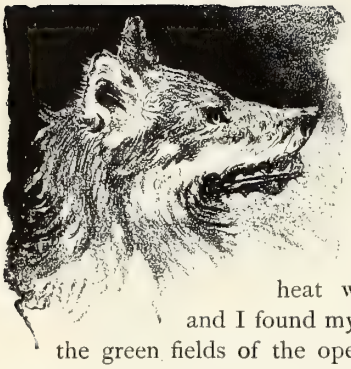
Not only are baby seals and baby Eskimo born in snow houses, but also baby bears. Toward the end of the year the old mother white bear looks about over the ice-fields and snow-covered country to find a home for her little ones. Unlike the seal, she does not need to seek food, for, strange as it may appear, after retiring for the winter, three months will pass before she again requires food. Previous to building her house, she has eaten enormously and become very sleek and fat, and does not need anything more in the way of food for a long time. Having found a windy corner among the rocks where the storm is drifting the soft new snow, she digs her way into it until it covers her. When this is done, she settles down and remains quiet. Outside, the drifts are heaped up higher and higher and she is buried deeper and deeper under the snow. Here she remains the long winter through, and here the little bears are born and live with their mother until summer comes to unlock their door of frozen snow, and to send them with their half-famished parent to look for food. As the old bear lies in the snow, her warm breath and the vapor from her body slowly melt quite a hollow place about her; a cave or home in the drift is thus formed, with perhaps only a very small opening to the air above.

Sometimes, however, the dogs of the Eskimo find this hole in the snow, and their loud yelping gives their masters warning that a bear or a seal is beneath the frozen crust. The Eskimo break away the snow, reach down, and spear the sleeping mother and carry off her and her cubs on their sledges to their huts, where the flesh will be eaten, the hide made into garments, and the bones into knives, needles, runners for sledges, and other useful things.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

(A True Story of an Adventure in the Mountains of Colorado.)

By J. H. Rockwell.



I was seated in my office on the fifth floor of one of the large business blocks in Chicago, late in June, a few years ago. The heat was intolerable, and I found myself thinking of the green fields of the open country, and the cool, refreshing shade of a certain grove of redwoods I had found some three years before while visiting my friend Richard Armstrong on his ranch in northwestern Colorado.

It has often happened that whenever I have been thinking intently of any one I am sure in some way to hear from him; and so I was not greatly surprised, when the postman tossed half a dozen letters on my desk, to find among them one from my old friend Armstrong. He had been in the West for some fifteen years, and I had twice visited him on his ranch. He had married just before leaving for the West, and now had two children, one a girl of twelve, the other a boy of five. It was an ideal family, and their home, as I recalled it, one of the most delightful spots in the whole Wonsitz Valley. Memories of my friend and his home came to my mind as I picked up the letter and opened it. It was a cordial invitation to join Armstrong in a trip to the mountains, where he and his family were to spend the remainder of the summer in hunting and fishing.

Nothing could have suited me better. My business affairs would easily take care of themselves for a month or two, and the heat of the city was daily becoming more and more oppressive. There was no reason why I should not go. So I wrote at once that I would come, and three days later I left to follow my letter into the region of the Little Snake River and the sylvan retreats of the Elk Head Mountain.

The trip out, although uneventful, was a most delightful one, and I reached Windsor late in the evening of the fourth day, feeling absolutely fresher than when I left Chicago. Dick was at the hotel waiting for me, and as I climbed down from the driver's seat of the stage that had brought me from Glenwood, Dick's welcome came like a breeze from the hills.

The drive to the ranch was a trifle more than twelve miles over a road as hard and smooth as asphalt, although the land on either side was thoroughly irrigated and rank with the growing alfalfa, and we made the distance in less than an hour and a half. Mrs. Armstrong and the children were still up, waiting for us, and it was long past midnight before we finally separated for bed.

Early the next day preparations were begun for our stay in the mountains. A log cabin had been built for our accommodation, and we were to take up its furnishings besides fishing-tackle and guns and such other outing equipment as might be needed. These we loaded into a large farm-wagon, while the provisions and necessary clothing for the expedition were packed in the camp-cart and assigned to "Billy," the big mule, for transportation.

Poor old Billy! We little suspected at the time how much we should owe to him before we were back at the ranch again!

The first day's drive took us some thirty miles to the Baker ranch, almost at the foot of the mountains, where we stopped for the night, completing our trip the next day.

For a distance of four or five miles the road wound up the mountain-side, and, although steep and somewhat narrow, was comparatively smooth. We followed this road to its end, which was in a sort of plateau, miles in extent, and heavily timbered. Beyond this point the

road was entirely of our own making; but as there was little or no underbrush and the ascent gradual, we were not long in reaching our camping-place, and a better could not have been found anywhere in the whole range. The cabin which Dick had built was a most picturesque affair indeed, standing at the edge of a small clearing, deep in grass that sloped down gently to a good-sized mountain stream that came sliding and gurgling from miles above us, cool and sweet and clear as crystal.

It did n't take long to get things in shape for living, so that within a day or two we had pretty well settled down to a thorough enjoyment of the summer's outing.

There was not much hunting. We were rather far up for that, although we occasionally saw a big wolf skulking in the undergrowth; but the fishing was superb, and we made long excursions up the mountain, and along the stream that ran by the camp.

The end of September finally came, and the nights were getting to be somewhat chilly and we began to talk of breaking camp; but day after day and week after week went by, and still no preparations were made for leaving.

One day as we were returning from a long tramp up the mountain, Dick called my attention to a widely extended reach of hemlock forest lying for twenty miles along the sloping ground below us.

"It is certainly very fine," I said.

"Yes, and, what 's more to the point, it is very valuable, and I have bought every acre of it."

"Bought it!" I exclaimed. "And what in the name of reason will you do with it?"

"Do with it? Within the next twelve months I 'll have right there one of the biggest shingle-mills planted anywhere west of the Mississippi River.

Work on the mill had little more than begun when the snow began to fall in earnest. It was now late in October.

In the meantime I had busied myself in cutting some runners out of a plank I had found at the mill, and had made a sleigh, rough and unsightly, to be sure, but strong and large enough to hold Mrs. Armstrong and myself and the two children; for, as snow had already begun to fall, a sleigh would be more easily managed, I knew, than a cart, especially if the storm increased and the roads drifted, which seemed probable. Altogether it was high time that we returned to civilization.

Sure enough, the storm continued to increase in fury, and for three days the snow came sifting down through the pine boughs, fine as flour, and the wind blew almost a hurricane.

Meanwhile it had grown intensely cold; we did not mind that much, however, as there was plenty of fuel and the house had been snugly built; but there was danger of being blockaded, perhaps for months, and we were anxious to get down while we could. Still it was days before the air cleared of the snow that came on the wind like small dust, and we found it possible to start.

Dick went on ahead early in the morning to blaze out a way for us through the woods to the open road, and was to go on at once to the Baker place, waiting there until we came up. When I brought old Billy around to hitch him to the sleigh, he regarded the newfangled vehicle with violent disfavor; he had been used to the heavy shafts of the camp-cart, that came straight along his sides, while these came slanting up from somewhere about his heels, being fastened by pieces of stout leather to the top of the low runners, and he did not like it. But he was easily quieted, and I soon had the children and their mother comfortably stowed away in the sleigh among the bed-quilts and rugs we had brought up from the ranch. There was no room for any of our belongings except the two rifles Dick and I had used, and some clothing.

For the first few miles we made exceedingly slow progress — indeed, we were hardly able to get on at all, the snow was so deep; but when we reached the graded road, where the wind had had a fairer sweep and there was less snow, old Billy took us along at a good pace, though not fast enough to make up much of the time we had lost while coming down from the cabin through the heavy drifts.

It was already growing dark when we had made but little more than half the distance down the mountain; still, if the sky cleared, as it promised to do, we should soon have the full moon directly in front of us, and within half an

hour we should be out of the woods into a sort of scrub growth — the pines, however, still grew above us some little distance back, but closely following the turns and angles of the road. At this point the descent became much sharper and the road much more crooked, until it reached the level of the valley at Baker's. We had fairly emerged into this more open country, and were within three miles, perhaps, of the steepest, crookedest grade on the road. The sky had only partly cleared, and the light was very uncertain. I had just turned to speak to Mrs. Armstrong and see how the children were doing, when old Billy, who had been acting queerly for some time, suddenly gave a lunge toward the outer side of the road that came very nearly throwing me to the ground and sending the sleigh straight down the side of the mountain. Involuntarily I tightened my grip on the lines, and barely saved myself from going out. At the same moment there came from somewhere out of the pines, far up the mountain, a single long-drawn howl, followed a moment later by another and then another, until from every side came the high, quavering notes of the big mountain wolves.

For a moment I was utterly stupefied. The possibility of such a danger as this had never, in the faintest way, occurred to me, and the suddenness and horror of the situation were simply appalling. The frantic plunging of the now thoroughly stampeded mule soon brought me to myself, and to a sense of the danger of our being capsized and thrown to the wolves without so much as the shadow of a chance for our lives. By exerting all my strength on the lines, and speaking soothingly to the half-crazed animal, I succeeded in quieting him in a measure. I directed Mrs. Armstrong — who was behaving most courageously — to get out the two rifles from the bottom of the sleigh; for I was determined to fight to the very last to bring us, in some way, safely through our terrible danger.

In the meantime the wolves, in twos and threes, could be seen coming out of the woods and out of the scrub — noiselessly now, but with an eagerness and swiftness in their pursuit that showed only too plainly our utter helplessness against them. Poor old Billy was already showing the effects of the hard day he had come through, and I knew it would be impossible to continue the unequal race more than a few minutes longer, and then the only thing between us and an awful death — a death revolting and terrible beyond thought — was the two rifles with their fourteen cartridges: a pitiable defense against more than thirty half-famished mountain wolves, that were now so near we could hear the patter and rustle of their feet along the hard snow, and see their long red tongues hanging from their snapping mouths.

I took up one of the guns, passed the lines to Mrs. Armstrong, and, turning just as one of the great brutes made a spring for the sleigh, shot it squarely through the head. Instantly the whole pack was a whirling, snarling, fighting mass about the carcass. But our respite was of short duration, for in less time than it takes to tell it the wolves were in full chase again.

As I glanced ahead and saw that the steep grade — the last sharp descent into the valley just below — was right before us, there flashed through my mind one desperate possibility of escape, and I acted on it without a moment's hesitation. Raising my gun, I sent shot after shot into the howling, surging pack, so near now that the flash of the powder almost singed their hair; and waiting only long enough to see that the shots had taken effect, and that the wolves had dropped back a little, I took out my pocket-knife and, stooping over the front of the sleigh, cut the leather straps that held the shafts in place, and snatching the lines, pulled the mule sharply to one side.

For a single moment the sleigh hung on the verge of the grade as it swerved a little from the pull I had given the lines, and then we went shooting down the steep incline like the wind, saved from those savage beasts by a narrow margin.

When we last saw Billy he was bravely fighting his way through a very ferocious circle of enemies.

As for ourselves that was a fearful ride; we even succeeded in rounding a particularly sharp curve with one runner of the sleigh hanging over an abyss of more than a hundred feet. But we got down without the slightest injury,

and found Dick, with half the people of the little town at Baker's, waiting for us in the street, from where they had been anxiously watching for some time, and wondering why we were

We stopped just long enough to relate our adventure to the people who had witnessed our strange descent, and then, waking the children, — for they had slept through it all, — Dick



"WHEN WE LAST SAW BILLY HE WAS BRAVELY FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH A VERY FEROCIOUS CIRCLE OF ENEMIES."

coming down in such a fashion, none of them having suspected for a moment the real cause, although the fact that the mountains were full of wolves was well known to all of them.

Dick had become uneasy at our delay and had come over from the ranch to look for us; and as the moon was shining and the ground covered with snow, we could be seen distinctly for a long distance as we came down the side of the mountain above the village.

hurried us away to the ranch, where supper was waiting for us, and where we might have a chance to recover a little our badly shattered nerves.

The next day found us still at Dick's place, none the worse from our frightful adventure of the day before; and the day following I left for home, bronzed and greatly benefited by my long vacation, and not forgetful of my deep indebtedness to old Billy, the mule.

O Santa San



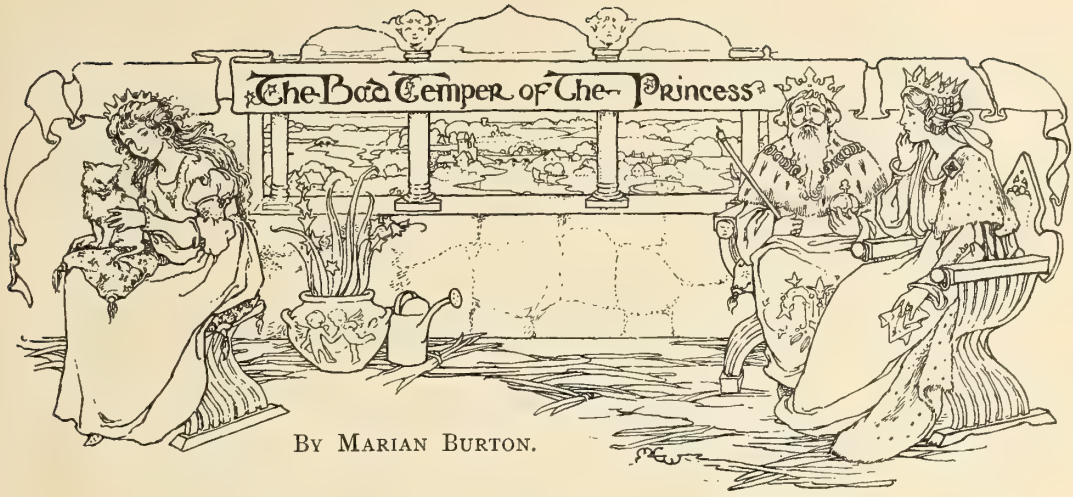
By Aldis Dunbar

WHAT if he strayed to far Japan,—
The dear old saint,— and there began
For all their girls and boys to plan,
Without a pause?

For, drive his reindeer low or high,
No open chimney could he spy,
No empty stockings hanging nigh!
He would grow homesick by and by,
With ample cause.

For should they catch that puzzled man,
They 'd surely paint him on a fan
And label it "O Santa San"—
Our Santa Claus!





By Marian Burton.

Once upon a time, in a dainty little kingdom all parks and rivers and cottages and flowers, there lived a jolly, red-faced king named Rudolpho. Every one of his subjects loved him, the surrounding kings were his loyal friends, and the neighboring kingdoms were on the best of terms with him. Indeed, they had a happy way, these old kings, of exchanging thrones for a week now and then, just as some preachers nowadays exchange pulpits — to prove, I suppose, how very good their own is, after all. This king about whom I am telling you was fat, of course, and looked very like our good friend Santa Claus.

Yet, strange as it may seem, with all these blessings,— a rich kingdom, faithful subjects, and a loving wife,—this good king was not happy. There was one cloud, a very pretty silver-edged cloud, but yet a cloud, which hung just in front of the sun of his happiness and cast a great big shadow.

The king had a daughter, the Princess Madge, his only child; and though she was obedient in everything else, she just would n't, *would n't*, marry. Now the king was very anxious for her to marry and settle down on the throne, because he was growing old. Every morning for three weeks, just before breakfast, he had had three separate twinges of pain. The queen said it was because of his rheumatism, but he knew better; he was sure that it was old age, and it made him very eager to have the kingdom in the hands of the new son-in-law king before he died.

Of course there were plenty of princes and dukes and barons and lords who would gladly have wedded the pretty princess for her own sweet sake alone, to say nothing of the prospect of being king some day, but she would n't have one of them. There was not a man in the kingdom nor in any of the surrounding kingdoms who suited her capricious fancy. Princes of haughty mien, princes of gentle manner, handsome princes, ugly princes, tall princes, short princes, fat princes, lean princes, had been introduced at the court, had been encouraged by the king and queen, and had sought to gain her favor. She had been showered with gifts of rare flowers and precious stones, and had received thousands of little letters smelling of perfume; but from prince, from jewels, and from written vows of love she turned away with the same cheerful determination.

A princess is a lonely little body, you know, and custom was so rigid in the time of the Princess Madge that she had no one to talk to excepting Pussy Willow, the royal kitten. She had no brother, no sister, no cousin, and no dearest friend. She did n't even have a chance to speak freely to her own father and mother. It is true, she took breakfast with them every morning at eleven in the great breakfast-room, but the butlers and waiters and pages and flunkies were always standing about, with their

ears pricked up and their eyes bulging out, so that no one dared whisper a secret or have even the jolliest little family quarrel. It is true her royal mama came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her good night every evening, but there about him!" Whereupon Pussy shook her head till her gold-bell necklace tinkled loudly, then she yawned a little and began to wash her face. She looked very wise as she sat there stroking her whiskers and thumping



Came at precisely ten o'clock to kiss her goodnight

were always a dozen maids and ladies-in-waiting, and it was impossible to have a real good talk. But Pussy Willow was her constant companion, and to Pussy she told everything. That friendly cat was the only living thing in the whole kingdom that really knew that the princess intended to marry sometime. That was what worried the king and queen so much; Madge made them believe that she would never marry any one, never, *never*, NEVER, but would live alone to the end of her days and leave the kingdom to any one who wished for it.

"Pussy, I would n't tell a story to the king and queen for the world, but is n't it fun to see them take on so? If I really thought that papa was ill and likely to die, I would be as good as gold; but those little pains of his are only rheumatism, I am sure, so I don't mind teasing him just a little. You know, Pussy, that when my ideal comes — oh, you need n't look up and blink in such surprise, for I really have an ideal, and I will tell you all thoughtfully on the floor with her bunchy tail. After thinking thus seriously for a few minutes, she suddenly began a sympathetic little purr-song which seemed to say:

"Go on, little mistress; I am all ready to listen, and I 'll not tell a soul." Then Princess Madge continued:

"I don't care whether he is prince or pauper, high or low, handsome or plain; but he must in any case be contented. You know what contented means, Pussy — satisfied with what he has until he deserves and can get something better. If he is like that he will always be unselfish and happy. Oh, yes, and I shall be happy, too. Now I am going to write a letter to papa and tell him that I will marry if he will find me a contented man."

Quick as thought, the princess opened her rosewood and gold desk, drew out some paper with her crest on it and a jeweled pen, and wrote daintily and carefully. It took her a very long time, Pussy Willow thought.

"Now, kitty, listen; I will read it to you:

"To his Majesty the King, from her Royal Highness, the Princess Madge.

"DEAR OLD PAPA: I have at last decided to be married if you can find a man to suit me. Now read, my dear papa, and remember that this decision is final. I will marry the first contented man you can find, no matter who he is. Read this little poem; it is my guiding star at this very serious time:

"'There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold.
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught — *content.*'

"What I have written, I have written.

"Your own MADGE.

"That sounds very well, does n't it, Pussy? I am going to fold it so, and so, then cut off a strand of my hair — see, Pussy, it is nearly a yard long, and it will go around and around this letter and tie in a great golden knot. When the king sees that he will know it is very important. Now I will go to the door and tell the page to run with this to papa, and then — oh, I wonder what he will say!"

She ran to the door, spoke a few words to the page who stood just outside, then returned to the great cushioned chair by the window. Pussy climbed into her lap. They both winked a few times and blinked a few times and then fell fast asleep.

II.

HALF an hour later the king, with his crown comfortably pushed back on his head, and a smile very much all over his ruddy face, burst into the queen's sitting-room. He held a tangle of golden hair in one hand and a sheet of blue note-paper in the other.

"My dear, my dear, what do you think has happened? Here, written by her own hand, the hand of the Princess Madge, are the happy words which drive away all our fears. She will marry, my dear, she will marry; and listen: she cares not what may be his rank or age or condition — he must be a *contented* man, that is all. Oh, what a child, what a child!"

"Oh, Rudolpho, my love, is it true? Why, why, I am so happy! Is it really true? Do give me my fan. Yes, thank you. Fan me, dear; a little faster. It quite took my breath away. Just to think of that! Now go at once and issue a royal edict summoning every contented man in this kingdom and in all the surrounding kingdoms to a grand feast here in the palace. After the feast we will hold a trial, and the Princess Madge shall be the judge."

Away rushed the king, the pages-in-waiting outside the door vainly trying to catch the end of his fluttering robe.

The next day a cavalcade of heralds set out from the palace gates, bearing posters which were hung in the market-place of every village for leagues about. In blue letters on a gold ground were these words:

Ho, ye! Hear, ye! Ho, ye!

On the twenty-third day of the month now present, every *contented* man throughout the universe is summoned to the court of King Rudolpho for a feast and a trial for the hand of the Princess Madge. He among you all who is absolutely contented shall have the princess's hand in marriage, together with half the kingdom. Every man will be tried by the princess herself. Every man who falls short and stands not the test shall never again enter King Rudolpho's court.

My hand + My seal +.

RUDOLPHO, *Rex.*

The day dawned, brilliant and glorious. How the contented men jostled each other, and frowned at each other, and scolded each other as they thronged through the palace gates! They all gathered in the banquet-hall, where a wonderful feast was spread — a roasted ox, with wild boar and lamb and turkey and peacock, and a hundred kinds of fruit, and fifty kinds of ice-water; but as a dinner-party it was not a success. Conversation was dull, each man glowered at his neighbor, and all seemed eager to finish the feast and begin the trial.

Finally it was over, and five hundred and fifty contented men assembled in the royal court-room. The king and queen were seated on their thrones, but the princess was nowhere to be seen. There was a moment of breathless waiting — then suddenly a door at the side of the court-room opened and the Princess Madge, carrying Pussy Willow, entered and was followed by her train-bearers and maids of honor. She wore a wonderful gown all white and gold down the front, with the foamiest of sea-foam green trains hanging from her shoulders away out behind her. Slowly, majestically, she


The Princess Madge Enters
Margaret Ely Webb

walked across the room, and stopped before a table on which lay a golden gavel. A quick tap of the gavel silenced the little murmur that had arisen at her entrance. The king glanced at the queen, and they both smiled with pride in their stately daughter. The princess tapped again and began:

"Princes, baronets, honorables, commons of this kingdom and our neighboring kingdoms, I bid you welcome. You have come to sue for my hand and my fortune. I know full well, my noble men, that if I asked it you would gladly give me some great proof of your bravery and goodness — but I ask you to take no risk and make no sacrifice. I merely wish to know whether I can find in any of you that secret of all true courage and happiness — contentment. Now let every man of you who is contented, *thoroughly contented,* rise. Remember, there are no degrees in contentment: it is absolute."

The black-robed throng arose — some eagerly, some impatiently, some disdainfully, some few slowly and thoughtfully, but they all stood and waited in utter silence.

"As I put the test question, if there is any one who cannot answer it, let him go quietly out through yonder door and never again show his discontented face in this court. You say you are contented — happy, unselfish, and satisfied with what the gods have given you. Answer me this! Why, then, do you scowl and jostle one another? Why do you want to marry any one — least of all, a princess with half the riches of a great kingdom as a dowry, to spoil your happiness? Greedy fortune-hunters! Do you call that contentment?"

The contented men stood a moment in baffled silence, then turned, one and all, and slowly marched out of the room. As the door closed upon the last one of the disappointed suitors, the princess picked up her pretty kitten and, turning to her father and mother, said:

"Would you have me marry one of *those?* Why, they are n't half so contented as a common, every-day pussy-cat. Good-by!" And she laughed a merry laugh, threw a kiss at the astonished king and queen, and ran from the room.

The king looked at the queen in melancholy disappointment; the queen started from her throne to call back her wilful child; but the door at the left was flung open with a bang, and the crier announced the prime minister and the members of the royal bench. The work of the day was at hand.

III.

At luncheon one day many months after the dismissal of the discontented suitors, the prime minister entered the dining-room and announced to the king that a man had been found within the palace gates without a royal permit, and had been immediately put in the dungeon. He was a handsome fellow, the prime minister said, but very poorly clad. He made no resistance when he was taken prisoner, but earnestly requested that his trial might come off as soon as possible, as he rather wanted to make a sketch of the palace and gardens, and he could n't see very well from the slit in the top of the dungeon; but he begged them not to put themselves nor the king to any inconvenience, as he could just as well remain where he was and write poems.

"In sooth, your Majesty," said the prime minister, in conclusion, "from all we have heard and seen, it seemeth that at last we have found a contented man."

As soon as the king finished his royal repast he disguised himself in the long cloak and hat of a soldier and went with the prime minister and the turnkey to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. As they approached the dungeon they heard a rich bass voice singing:

> "Let the world slide, let the world go!
> A fig for care, and a fig for woe.
> If I must stay, why, I can't go,
> And love makes equal the high and low."

The king drew nearer, stooped, and peeped through the keyhole. Just opposite the door, on a three-legged stool, sat the prisoner. His head was thrown back and he was looking at the sky through the bars in the top of his cell. The song had ceased and he was talking softly to himself. The king, in a whisper, told the prime minister to bring the princess and have her remain hidden just outside the door. Then he motioned to the turn-



key to throw back the bolts, and he entered the dungeon alone.

"Why are you talking to yourself, man?" he asked. The man answered:

"Because, soldier, I like to talk to a sensible man, and I like to hear a sensible man talk."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the king. "Pretty good, pret-ty good! They tell me that all things please you. Is it true?"

"I think I can safely say yes, soldier."

"But why are you so poorly clad?"

"The care of fine clothes is too much of a

burden — I have long ago refused to be fashion's slave. By the way, that cloak of yours is n't especially elaborate, soldier." The king ignored the remark.

"But where are your friends?"

"Of those that I have had, the good are dead, and happier so than here; the evil ones have left me and are befriending some one else, for which I say, 'Joy go with them.'"

"And is there nothing that you want?" As the king asked this question he looked at the man in a peculiarly eager way, nor did the answer disappoint him.

"I have all of the necessities of life and many of the luxuries. I am perfectly content. I know I have neither land nor money, but is not the whole world mine? Can even the king himself take from me my delight in the green trees and the greener fields, in that dainty little cloud flecking heaven's blue up yonder like a bit of foam on a sunlit sea? Oh, no! I am rich enough, for all nature is mine —"

"And *I* am yours," said a sweet young voice. The man looked up in surprise, and there before him, holding out her pretty hands toward him, stood the Princess Madge, who had slipped into the cell unnoticed by either the prisoner or her father. She seemed more beautiful than the green trees and the fields and the sky and the clouds all put together.

The man sprang to his feet, clasped the little hands in his, and said:

"I know not what you mean, sweet lady, when you say that you are mine; but oh, you are passing beautiful!"

"Papa," called the princess, "this is quite dreadful. Quick, take off that ugly soldier's coat and tell him who we are and all about it!"

The king, starting as if from a dream, threw off the rough coat and hat and stepped forth into the beam of sunlight, resplendent in gold and ermine.

"Thou dost not know me, my man? I am the king. Hast thou not read our last proclamation?"

"No, your Majesty; I never do read proclamations."

"Then thou didst not know that the hand of the princess is offered to the first contented man who enters the palace?"

"No, your Majesty; I knew it not."

"Then know it now, and know, too, that thou art the man. To thee, my son, I give my daughter in marriage, together with one half my kingdom. No, no — not a word. She is thine. Thou deservest her. May you be happy!"

The prisoner, almost dumb with astonishment, almost dazed with joy, knelt and kissed the princess's white hands, then looked into her eyes and said:

"Ah, well it is for me that I saw you not until now, for I should have been miserably discontented until you were mine!"

REMEMBER — THE LITTLE MEMBER!

By Henry Johnstone.

You may keep your feet from slipping
And your hands from evil deeds,
But to guard your tongue from tripping,
What unceasing care it needs!
Be you old or be you young,
Oh, beware,
Take good care
Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!

You may feel inclined to quarrel
With the doctrine that I preach,
But the soundness of the moral
Sad experience will teach:
Be it said or be it sung
Everywhere,
Oh, beware
Of the tittle-tattle, telltale tongue!



L.L. POATES, ENGR., N.Y.

[See Letter-box, p. 286.]

HOW WE BOUGHT LOUISIANA.

By Helen Lockwood Coffin.

It is a hard matter to tell just how much power a little thing has, because little things have the habit of growing. That was the trouble that France and England and Spain and all the other big nations had with America at first. The thirteen colonies occupied so small and unimportant a strip of land that few people thought they would ever amount to much. How could such insignificance ever bother old England, for instance, big and powerful as she was? To England's great loss she soon learned her error in underestimating the importance or strength of her colonies.

France watched the giant and the pygmy fighting together, and learned several lessons while she was watching. For one thing, she found out that the little American colonies were going to grow, and so she said to herself: "I will be a sort of back-stop to them. These Americans are going to be foolish over this bit of success, and think that just because they have won the Revolution they can do anything they wish to do. They 'll think they can spread out all over this country and grow to be as big as England herself; and of course anybody can see that that is impossible. I 'll just put up a net along the Mississippi River, and prevent them crossing over it. That will be the only way to keep them within bounds."

And so France held the Mississippi, and from there back to the Rocky Mountains, and whenever the United States citizen desired to go west of the Mississippi, France said: "No, dear child. Stay within your own yard and play, like a good little boy," or something to that effect.

Now the United States citizen did n't like this at all; he had pushed his way with much trouble and expense and hard work through bands of Indians and through forests and over rivers and mountains, into Wisconsin and Illinois, and he wished to go farther. And, besides, he wanted to have the right to sail up and down the Mississippi, and so save himself the trouble of walking over the land and cutting out his own roads as he went. So when France said, "No, dear," and told him to "be a good little boy and not tease," the United States citizen very naturally rebelled.

Mr. Jefferson was President of the United States at that time, and he was a man who hated war of any description. He certainly did not wish to fight with his own countrymen, and he as certainly did not wish to fight with any other nation, so he searched around for some sort of a compromise. He thought that if America could own even one port on this useful river and had the right of Mississippi navigation, the matter would be settled with satisfaction to all parties. So he sent James Monroe over to Paris to join our minister, Mr. Livingston, and see if the two of them together could not persuade France to sell them the island of New Orleans, on which was the city of the same name.

Now Napoleon was the ruler of France, and he was dreaming dreams and seeing visions in which France was the most important power in America, because she owned this wonderful Mississippi River and all this "Louisiana" which stretched back from the river to the Rockies. He already held forts along the river, and he was planning to strengthen these and build some new ones. But you know what happens to the plans of mice and men sometimes. Napoleon was depending upon his army to help him out on these plans, but his armies in San Domingo were swept away by war and sickness, so that on the day he had set for them to move up into Louisiana not a man was able to go. At the same time Napoleon had on hand another scheme against England, which was even more important than his plans for America, and which demanded men and money. Besides this, he was shrewd enough to know that he could not hold this far-away territory

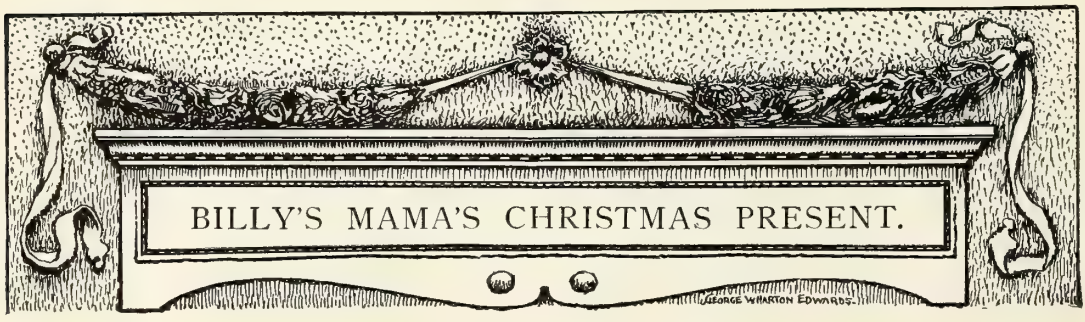
for any long time against England, which had so many more ships than France. He suddenly changed his mind about his American possessions, and nearly sent Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston into a state of collapse by offering to sell them not only New Orleans but also the whole Province of Louisiana.

There was no time to write to President Jefferson and ask his advice, and this was before the days of the cable; so Monroe and Livingston took the matter into their own hands, and signed the contract which transferred the Louisiana territory to the United States for a consideration of $15,000,000. They were severely criticized by many of their own countrymen, and they had some doubts of their own about the wisdom of their action. You see, nobody knew then that corn and wheat would grow so abundantly in this territory, or that beyond the Mississippi there were such stretches of glorious pasture-lands, or that underneath its mountainous regions were such mines of gold, silver, and copper. Americans saw only the commercial possibilities of the river, and all they wanted was the right of navigating it and the permission to explore the unknown country to the westward.

But Jefferson and Monroe and Livingston builded better than they knew. All this happened a hundred years ago; and to-day that old Louisiana territory is, in natural resources, the wealthiest part of the whole United States. Without that territory in our possession we should have no Colorado and no Wyoming, no Dakotas, or Nebraska, or Minnesota, or Montana, or Missouri, or Iowa, or Kansas, or Arkansas, or Louisiana, or Oklahoma, or Indian Territory; and, naturally, no Fair at St. Louis next year.

If Columbus had never discovered America, you know, we could never have had a World's Fair in Chicago ten years ago; and if Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston had never purchased Louisiana, we could have no Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

For all these reasons we owe our most sincere and hearty thanks to the patriotic and far-sighted men who were concerned in buying this territory for the United States.



"MAMA," said Billy, "what do you want for Christmas?"

"Dear me!" said Billy's mama, "I don't know of a single thing that I want."

"But you must *say* you want things," said Billy. "You *must*—it 's a sort of game. It does n't matter whether you really want the things or not."

"Oh, I did n't understand," said mama, entering into the game. "Well, then, let me see. I should like a diamond pin."

"And what else?" said Billy. "You must want more."

"I want a long sealskin ulster."

"Say something else — say lots of things."

"I want a new carriage and a lace collar and some curtains for baby's room."

"Mama," said Billy, coming close to her side and speaking very earnestly, "don't you want a card like that one I painted this morning?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said mama, quickly, "I



"'MAMA,' SAID BILLY, 'WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?'"

should love to have a beautiful card like those you paint!"

Billy went to the window and looked out at the snow and the sparrows hopping on the walk that ran down to the street.

After a minute or two he came to mama's side again. "Mama," he said very solemnly, "I won't say which, 'cause I don't want to spoil your surprise; but one of those things you told me you want you 're *surely* going to get for Christmas."

Mama leaned over and kissed his bright little face, and said softly: "I do wonder which it will be!"

Anne Warner.

THE LITTLE BOY.

By Alice Gertrude Field.

"Oh, Jim!" called Dorothy, hanging over the banisters. "Is that you?" (As if there was anybody *but* Jim who came in with a slam and a double-shuffle and a whistle!)

"Nope," said Jim; "I 'm Great-grandaunt Maria," and he double-shuffled again.

"There 's a telegram on the hall table for uncle. It came just after he left and I did n't like to open it. Would you?" She was coming downstairs now.

"Yes," said Jim, with his most lordly air; "*I* would, but *you* should n't." Why should he



"'I 'LL JUST GLANCE THROUGH THESE WHILE I 'M DRIVING.'"

not feel lordly? Was he not the senior member of the family for two days? The family just at present consisted of his cousin and himself, for Jim's father and mother and Dorothy's father had made up a party and gone off for a few days. Jim's mother was Dorothy's aunt, and that is how he and Dorothy were cousins.

Unfolding the yellow slip, he glanced over its contents; then whistled long and shrill. "Great jumping Jehoshaphat! It 's from Mr. Brandon; he 's coming to stay overnight."

"Who 's he?" Dorothy asked. "A friend of uncle's?"

"Yea, verily,— Mr. Brandon! Don't you know *him?* Giles *K.* Brandon!" Jim gave the "K" with an impressive emphasis that carried understanding to Dorothy's brain. For a minute she stared at him with panting lips, then whirled, dropped on her knees, and fell to rummaging in the lower shelf of the bookcase.

In a moment she found what she sought, and springing up, waved a book wildly in the air, and stuck it under his nose with the laconic query, "*Him?*"

Jim withdrew his nose until he had room to read on the book's cover: "Essays. Giles K. Brandon." "The same," he said. "Why do you keep him on the lower shelf? It seems a strange place."

Dorothy giggled. "But I was reading him."

"Yes?" encouragingly.

"Don't be so silly — I was reading, and uncle came along and began to tease me about something, and I laid the book down there in a hurry and chased after uncle when he ran out of the room. I had forgotten all about it. Now tell me quick. I did n't know uncle knew him. What a pity he chose to-day of all times! You must telegraph him right away not to come."

"Not I! Why, I want to meet him!"

"So do I; but we can't have him here with only us to entertain him."

"Then let him entertain *us*. I don't doubt," added this shrewd boy, "that he 'll enjoy it quite as well. Anyway, he 's coming. And we *can't* head him off, for he does n't give any address. He 's just passing through, I suppose, and thought he 'd stop off and see father."

Dorothy gasped. A wild look came into her eyes. She started to run in three different directions, and changed her mind each time, whereupon James took her firmly by the arm, saying decisively: "Now, Dorothy, there 's no necessity for cleaning the preserve-cupboard, and I won't have it. He 'll never know in the world."

"'T was n't the preserve-cupboard, Jim; it 's that shelf in the guest-room closet. Put anything on it and it tumbles right down on your head; it needs another brace."

"Well, I 'm sure he is n't coming with a Saratoga trunk to store all his clothes in our closets. And think what larks for us two to be entertaining the great Giles K. Brandon!"

"If we can," said Dot, doubtfully.

"Of course we can! I know just how to begin"; and he walked down the hall to the telephone, called up his tutor, and composedly canceled the afternoon's appointment for his Greek lesson.

"And now, Dot," he said briskly, as he hung up the receiver, "what shall we play with Giles K. while he 's here?"

"Oh, dear! What time does he come?"

"The train gets into the city at half-past three. I 'll drive down and meet him. Taking it easy, we 'd get here about four-thirty."

"Jim! That would be three hours before dinner. I can't have him on my hands all *that* time. Can't you amuse him in the city through the afternoon?"

"I suppose I might."

"What a pity you can't take him to the club!"

"M-m"—Jim reflected, then brightened, and added: "I don't know but I will!"

"Jim Saybrooke, you 'd never dare!"

"I don't know why not."

"But you 're not a member!"

"Well, father is, and all the uncles. I shall be, probably, as soon as I 'm—"

"Old enough!" said Dot.

"Eligible," continued Jim, with dignity. "It 's the proper place to take him, of course. Father would, and I 'm substituting for him. I 'm sure the members will be grateful to me for introducing 'em to Giles *K.* Brandon."

"Oh, I never heard of such—assurance! Just suppose that they should turn you out?"

"Nonsense! How would they look bundling a distinguished literary gentleman and the son, grandson, and nephew of a lot of their members out of doors? I 'm glad you suggested it, Dot. I think Mr. Brandon will enjoy seeing the club; and then," he added carelessly, "I 'd just as lief see it myself."

"I don't doubt you would." She sighed in mingled apprehension and admiration for his daring. "It 's after two now. Sha'n't I order the horses?"

"Do, while I skip upstairs and get ready."

"Well, dear—dear—dear—dear! Where *shall* I begin?" And as Jim disappeared around the turn of the stairs his cousin was beginning to look wild again.

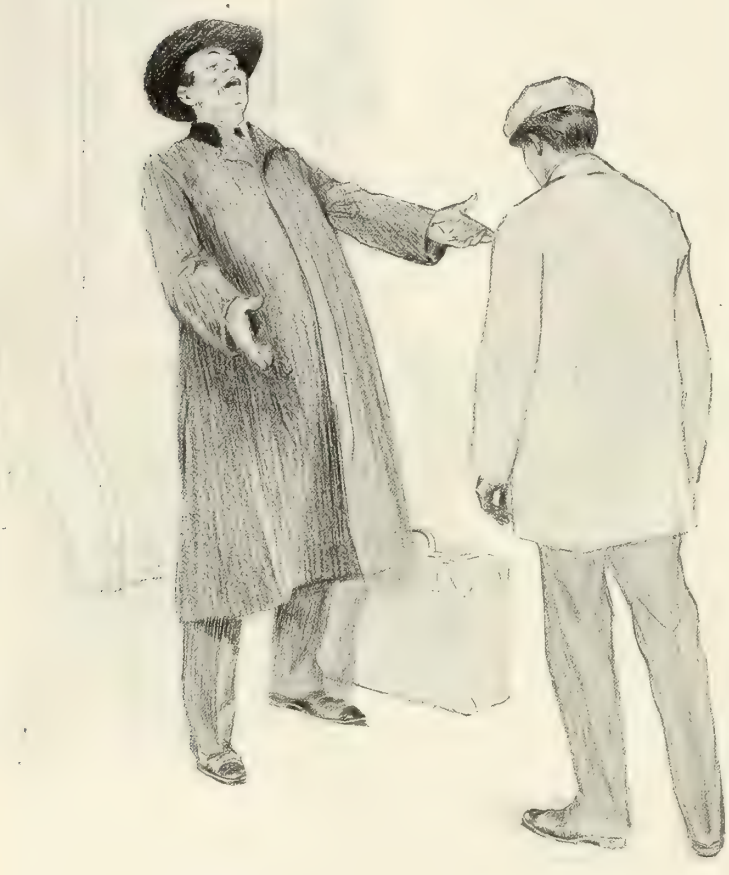
When he came down, the sleigh was at the door, and Dorothy was feverishly dusting what appeared to his masculine eye a perfectly immaculate room. "Jim," she exclaimed, "how will you know him?"

"Oh, that 'll be easy," he said with assurance, though the question had not once occurred to him. "Here!" He swept up a handful of magazines from the library table. "I 'll just glance through these while I 'm driving down to the city, and I shall undoubtedly find him in the advertisements. Good-by, Dot. Put on that reddy-pinky silk thing you look so pretty in, and don't forget to have clean towels in his room," at which caution Dorothy gave a superior lifting of the eyebrows.

While the busy hostess scurried about her rooms, the young host was speeding cityward to the music of jingling sleigh-bells. One hand kept a guiding touch on the lines, while the other hastily flapped over the magazine leaves; and Jim grew hot with nervousness as in one magazine after another he hunted up the advertisement of Mr. Brandon's new book, only to find that its author's face was not pictured. At last he gave up, and threw the magazines under the seat in disgust. "Oh, well," he thought, "I know how he looks: something over forty, about medium height, and thin, with dark hair and a long, droopy, dark mustache. I think I 've heard father describe him. If I keep an eye on the drawing-room car I can't miss him."

Accordingly, as the New York train came puffing into the station, Jim stood on the plat-

form, all attention, and so absorbed in surveying the persons coming down the steps of the parlor-car that he did n't notice a stout, florid, smooth-shaven gentleman who emerged from the smoker and looked about as if searching for a familiar face. When his eye lit upon Jim he evidently thought he had found it, for he walked straight toward the boy, set down his suit-case with a thump, and extended both hands.



"'HULLO!' HE SHOUTED CORDIALLY. 'SO THIS IS THE *LITTLE* BOY!'"

"Hullo!" he shouted cordially. "So this is the *little* boy!"

For a second Jim was completely bewildered by the sudden appearance of this meddlesome individual who distracted his attention from the great Giles K. Brandon: and then, too, his five feet seven was not accustomed to that style of address. In another instant he had grasped the situation, and also the fact that the merry gray eyes of the stranger were some inches below his own. "Why, so it is!" Jim cried with hearty emphasis, gripping the offered hands.

Then they said "Ha, ha, ha!" in concert, and were fast friends from that moment.

"So I 'm not to see the big boy?" Mr. Brandon said, as they walked along the platform together. "Now I call that mean of you, Jem Saybrooke, to cheat me out of him that way! Your name is Jem Saybrooke, of course, little boy?"

"Jim," amended the "little boy."

"Jim, to be sure. That 's better. Is this your sleigh, little boy?"

"It is. Hop right in, little boy, yourself," said Jim, with grave mouth and dancing eyes, and with a sly look down at his guest to see if he would resent the liberty of having the tables turned on him, or of being called the little boy.

"Well, he *is* bigger than you," insisted Mr. Brandon, tucking the fur robe comfortably around him, and measuring Jim with his eye.

"Of *course* he is!"

"Big as ever, is he?"

"Indeed he is: biggest man *I* know."

"That 's right, little boy."

You see, the famous Giles K. Brandon was by no means a stiff person, one with whom it

was necessary to mind one's *p's* and *q's;* and this was a great relief, as Jim had naturally feared that in the company of so distinguished an essayist and critic he must be "extra particular" in his own speech.

Accordingly, with a mind care-free and a tongue wagging in its own natural way, he drove his guest about the city, pointing out to him, with inimitable "Jim-comments," various architectural freaks which were not ordinarily classed as show sights of the town. Then on to the club, where he had the good fortune to find several gentlemen who nodded to him, but who were not quite intimate enough to shout, "Well, youngster, how did *you* get in?" With a nice discrimination, he selected and introduced those members who were friends of his father's, or who, as he thought, would be specially interested in or interested by the great Giles K. Having presented these individuals, he dropped modestly out of the conversation; and this, too, was fortunate, for he could not easily have answered all of the gentlemen's questions.

It was about five o'clock when they left the club. And out in the crisp air again Jim's spirits rose amazingly, for he had felt a bit apprehensive about that experience, though he would n't have had Dorothy guess it for worlds. The sleigh flew jingling up the homeward road, while the air rang with their jovial voices, and, almost an hour before dinner-time, they sped up the drive between the big trees, the house windows, brightly lighted, shining invitation and welcome.

Dorothy, in the "reddy-pinky thing," with a pompadour that might have graced the queen's drawing-room, met them in the hall, and her look of horror and astonishment when he presented the guest as "the *little* boy" caused Jim's soul fairly to "chortle" within him.

After a few minutes' chat before the hall fire, the gentlemen started upstairs, Jim calling over his shoulder: "Oh, I say, Dot, we met Dr. Everett down the road a bit, and stopped to speak to him. It seems Mr. Brandon knows him very well."

"Really?" returned Dorothy, with polite interest, as became a hostess. "Was n't that nice? Why did n't you ask him to dinner?"

"I did," said Jim, and he nearly choked trying to swallow his amusement at the swiftness with which his cousin's expression of amiability changed to one of dire displeasure.

Half an hour later the two gentlemen, in dinner garb, walked into the library, to find the hostess posed in a low chair before the fire, pretending to read the evening paper. (Jim knew it was a pose, but Mr. Brandon mistook it for grace.) The boy wore his dinner-coat with an acquired ease designed to conceal the fact that this was but its third wearing, and of the two he appeared the more distinguished. But when the Rev. Dr. Everett — tall, broad-shouldered, and gray-haired — arrived, the palm went to him, Jim looking sweet and young and rosy by comparison. (This Dorothy told him later, to his consequent indignation.)

Dinner was great fun, more so for Jim than for Dorothy, on whom her responsibilities sat rather heavily. The waitress was noiseless and quick, the dinner appetizing, the centerpiece of pink roses fairly regal, and the very best glass and silver, china and damask made a brave show. Jim said afterward that he did n't have a minute's peace throughout the course that Dorothy had daringly ordered to be served on his mother's Royal Worcester, but he behaved with as great *sang-froid* as if his new first shaving-mug were of Sèvres.

Toward the end of the meal Jim saw his opportunity to suggest a plan that had occurred to him as being rather good. Both Mr. Brandon and Dr. Everett, he had learned, were enthusiastic whist-players: why not invite in two whist cronies of his father's, and thus keep the guest entertained through the evening? But this suggestion met with slight response from the "little boy," who said, in substance, that he could play whist any time, and the people *he* wanted to meet were the friends of his host and hostess — if they could put up with an old fellow like him.

"Put up with you!" echoed Jim. "Why, they 'd be complimented nearly out of their wits!" Which speech Dorothy frowned upon as gushing, not to mention inelegant; but it had a genuine ring that seemed rather to please the noted writer than otherwise.

After dinner, therefore, having first produced



"HALF AN HOUR LATER THE TWO GENTLEMEN, IN DINNER GARB, WALKED INTO THE LIBRARY."

a box of his father's best cigars, Jim sought the telephone in the hall. Barney Dudley, his own particular chum, and Maude Stuart, his cousin's, were invited to "come over and meet Mr. Brandon, who 's staying with us." Barney was absent-minded that evening, and his blunt query of "Who in thunder 's he?" was almost as difficult to answer as Maude's excited "What shall I wear?" To both these demands he diplomatically replied, "Ask your mother"; and Dorothy, overhearing, wondered where Jim had picked up that sweet filial docility.

On his return to the library, Mr. Brandon turned to the young man with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. "Capital cigars, these of yours, little boy," he commented. "I 'm glad to see you don't smoke, yourself."

Dorothy listened anxiously, fearing some transparent excuse; but Jim answered with composure, "No; father does n't want me to yet," and she breathed again, proud of his honesty and good sense.

It was evident, when the younger guests arrived, that they had profited by their appeals to maternal authority; for Barney had Mr. Brandon's books on the tip of his tongue, and proceeded to recite the list into Dorothy's ear at the earliest opportunity; while Maude's costume was in every way most appropriate.

That evening was one to remember. With lights turned low, they drew their chairs about the fire, laid driftwood on the blaze, and then they talked! Mr. Brandon, who belonged to a hunting club in Canada of which a poet, an artist, and a prominent financier were also members, talked of his adventures, and Dr. Everett narrated some of his experiences in foreign lands, both speaking in a simple, familiar way that seemed to assume that some day you, too, would dine with the big-wigs or go hunting with the President.

Mr. Brandon was a gentleman; there was no question about that. What do you think he did in the midst of one of his most exciting hunting stories? What but break off and, turning to Jim, say to that astounded and flattered young man: "I wonder, little boy, if I can't persuade you to join us at the club sometime next summer?"

So overcome was the "little boy" that he actually stammered; and the other "little boy," observing his confusion, dismissed the subject with a kindly "We 'll have to see if we can't manage that somehow."

"Little Boy" Brandon's tastes really were boyishly companionable; for, after the dinner-guests had departed and the little lady of the house had been bidden a ceremonious good night, he was quite unwilling to retire in silence to bed. "Let's leave it open, Jim!" he said, pointing to the door between his own room and Jim's; and far into the night, chuckles, snatches of song, and mysterious whisperings traveled through that doorway. But none of them were loud enough to disturb Dorothy on the floor below.

Despite this midnight dissipation, both "little boys" were up betimes in the morning; and, after an early breakfast, the guest was escorted to the station in the big sleigh. The young people felt truly sorry to say good-by, and Mr. Brandon said he felt so, too. When they had seen the last of the genial face nodding from the car window, and the horses' heads were turned homeward, Dorothy drew a long sigh of gratification. "I do wonder, Jim," she said, wickedly regardless of grammar, "if 't was *us* or *him* that did it!"

"Now don't blab about this the minute the folks come home, Dot," said Jim; "it 'll be a lot more fun to have it crop up 'casual like,' you know." So when their elders returned, the cousins listened to the account of their trip with polite and genuine interest, and suppressed for the time the news they themselves were eager to tell.

The "cropping up" came the morning after the arrival of the parents when — oh, happy chance! — all were at breakfast. The postman brought Dorothy a letter stamped with the monogram of a well-known New York club, and a flat, square package securely sealed in extravagant disregard of postal rates.

"Who 's your correspondent, Dolly?" teased her uncle, making big eyes; and oh, how it tickled Dorothy to say nonchalantly, "Oh, why, it must be from Mr. Brandon."

"Mr. Brandon!" echoed Mr. Saybrooke. "You don't mean Giles K., I suppose?"

Dorothy was apparently absorbed in her let-

ter; but Jim said carelessly: "Who else? Pass the grape-fruit, please, Jenny."

"No, is it, really?" cried Mrs. Saybrooke, incredulous, while Dorothy's father picked up the discarded envelop and passed it to his brother-in-law, who cried in excitement, "Well, upon my word, it is!"



"FAR INTO THE NIGHT, CHUCKLES, SNATCHES OF SONG, AND MYSTERIOUS WHISPERINGS TRAVELED THROUGH THAT DOORWAY."

"Why, certainly," said Jim, looking surprised at his father's vehemence; and then, as if with a sudden recollection, and in the most nonchalant manner in the world: "Oh, we did n't tell them, did we, Dot? And we 've had a lark that was worth telling. Mr. Brandon made us a visit while you were away."

The sensation caused by this announcement was as great as the young wretches could possibly have wished. For a few seconds they succeeded in looking demure and innocent, then broke into merry peals of laughter. "Do open it, Jim! Open it, Jim!" cried Dorothy, hopping up and down in her chair. "I 'm simply expiring to know what he 's sent me! Oh, this *is* the nicest letter, thanking us for our 'kindness and hospitality'; Mr. Brandon is a perfect dear! And — oh, here 's a hearty message to you all. 'Remember me to your aunt and uncle, please, and your father. Please tell them how sorry I was to have missed seeing them.' Is n't that lovely? Is the string cut, Jim? Let *me* undo it!"

"It" proved to be an autographed copy of Mr. Brandon's new book, and a vainer person than Miss Cheswick the family had never beheld.

It so chanced that in their account of Mr. Brandon's visit the cousins rather slurred the afternoon at the club, in their eagerness to tell of the delightful evening in their own home.

It was not until Mr. Saybrooke strolled into his club later in the day that he heard, on every side, the full story of Jim's "guileless visit."

He intended to reprove his son's forwardness, but he did not, for when he reached the home gateway that night Jim came flying out of the door bare-headed, and rushed down the snowy drive to meet him, waving a letter above his head and pleading, "Oh, daddy, *do* let me go!"

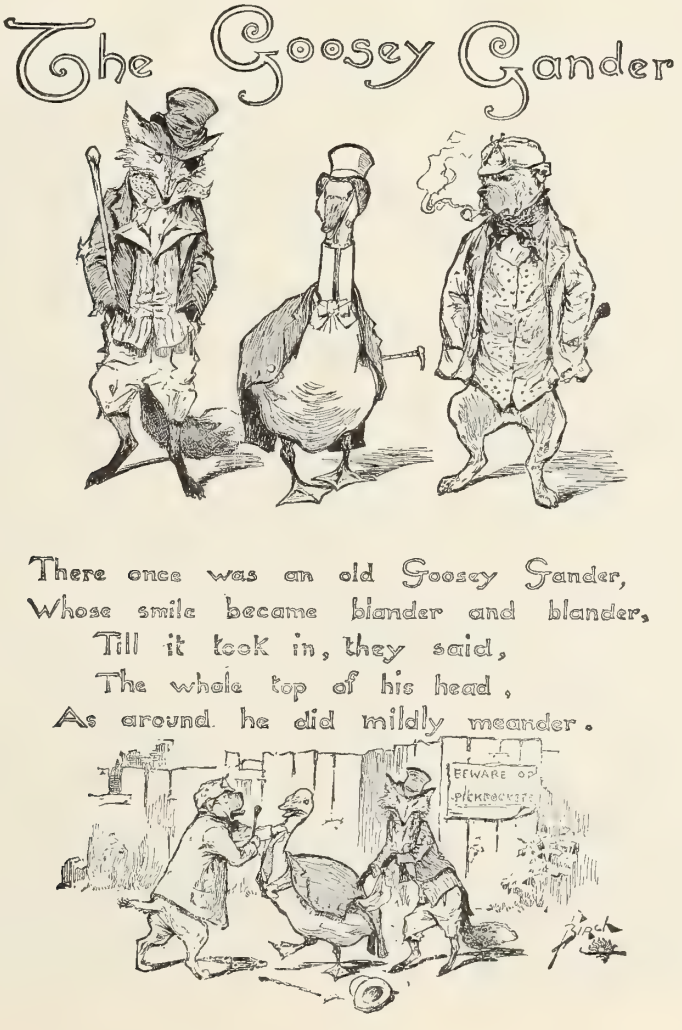
One glance at his cheeks and eyes told the experienced parent that it would be useless to talk prudence to him then. So, overlooking his son's thoughtlessness in rushing out into the cold air without at least his hat, he pulled open his overcoat, tucked the ecstatically wriggling boy inside, and held out his hand for the letter. It was short but sweet:

My dear Little Boy: This is to thank you for the "cracker-jack" (I think that's the name) time you and your jolly little cousin gave me. It is also to say that I saw Hawes this afternoon, and he tells me that reports from the fishing club indicate that August will be the time he and I shall choose for our trip. Remember, I am counting on your joining us, and shall not 'et you off for anything but a really incredibly good reason — reason, you notice, not excuse.

Can't you bring the Big Boy along?

Cordially your friend,

The Little Boy.

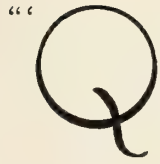




THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

PROVING A STATEMENT.

By Arthur J. Burdick.



"'Q' stands for cat,"
Said Johnny Pratt,
"And this is how I show it:
I put on ears;
It then appears
Just how I chanced to know it."



JAPANESE ATHLETICS FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

By H. Irving Hancock.

More than twenty-five hundred years ago there sprang into existence, in Japan, an order of knights who were known as the *samurai*. To them was imparted all the learning, the polite breeding, and the forms of superiority that mark the gentleman. They were skilled in arms and versed in the arts of war, for they were the emperor's fighting-men, and none but they were allowed to bear arms.

As there could not always be war on hand, and as it was considered beneath the dignity of the samurai to go into any ordinary callings, it came about naturally that these little knights found much idle time on their hands. Being men of war, they turned their attention to athletic feats. One among the samurai conceived the idea of learning, by practice, the location of every sensitive nerve and muscle in the body. After that he discovered all the joints of the bones that could be seized in such a way as to give momentary power over the muscles of an adversary. He practised with his fellow samurai, and thus by degrees was developed the most wonderful system of athletics known in the world. The Japanese call this work *jiu-jitsu*. The deft pressures applied in the practice of jiu-jitsu produce only momentary pain but do not really injure the muscles or nerves. In all other things the Japanese are the most polite people in the world; so it follows that even in their fighting they have developed a humane yet effective method of self-defense. They do not strike out with the clenched fist, and seek to bruise, as do the Anglo-Saxons in their boxing contests.

A knowledge of jiu-jitsu enables one almost instantly to convince his opponent that it is useless to fight. There are now schools of jiu-jitsu everywhere in Japan. Every soldier, sailor, and policeman is obliged to perfect himself in the system. A Japanese policeman, possessed of the art, has been known single-handed to reduce to submission and to take to the police-station four sturdy sailors of a foreign Asiatic squadron.

But it is not merely as a means of gentlemanly self-defense that jiu-jitsu is to be considered. The system is undoubtedly the best one that has ever been devised for developing strength, and it is this feature of it which I wish to describe to the young readers of St. Nicholas. While associated with the troops of other nations during the advance of the allies on Peking in 1900, the Japanese troops proved themselves in many cases able to march farther than the best American or English troops. President Roosevelt, who is a firm believer in all decorous athletic sports, is said to have devoted some of

his recreation-time during the last two or three years to the study and practice of this wonderful Japanese system.

First of all, suppose we look into the feat which the Japanese consider the very best one for hardening muscles and increasing endurance. It is known among them by a name that may be translated as the "struggle." Two boys of as nearly equal height, weight, and strength as possible should engage in this. Girls, however, may try this and most of the other exercises with as much physical profit as their brothers. The two opponents take position with arms stretched out horizontally sideways. They next clasp hands, interlacing the fingers and securing a good grip. The feet are spread far apart, and each throws his chest against the other's. Now, balancing on the balls of the feet, and holding the arms as tense as possible, each strives to push the other away from him. Almost every muscle in the body will be brought into play in this struggle.



THE "STRUGGLE."

After awhile, as the exercise continues, one of the opponents will gain the advantage and push his fellow back inch by inch. When the victor is sure that he has won, he should bring his adversary's wrists down before him by means of a quick jerk and push him to the wall of the

room. This conflict is exhausting and should not be extended beyond a minute's time for beginners, and not even those who have practised it for months should be allowed to stretch the time beyond two minutes. A rest, devoted to deep breathing, will be found necessary after each struggle, and not more than three or four such trials are advisable in one day's work.

In order to secure the best grip with the hands in the "struggle" and in the other exercises that are to be described, it is necessary to strengthen the hands and wrists to the greatest extent. When seated at a desk or table, hold the hand perpendicular to the wooden surface. Strike rapidly up and down with the lower edge of the hand, as if chopping with a hatchet. By "lower edge" is meant the little finger side of the hand. The thumb edge is indicated by the word "upper." When the lower edge of the hand has been sufficiently exercised, strike the upper edge against the bottom of the desk-top. It is sufficient to exercise one hand at a time, and this may be almost unconsciously accomplished while reading or studying. The same work may be carried on against the arm of a chair. At first it is much better to strike the edges of the hands lightly against the surface used. After a while it is possible to strike forcibly without fatigue or pain. In Japan some masters of the art can take up a stick of wood an inch in thickness and break it in two with a single blow by merely striking hard enough with the lower edge of the hand.

It is possible, after a few weeks of practice, to double or treble the former muscular strength of the thumbs and fingers. Clench the fists as if about to strike a blow; next spread the thumbs and fingers as far apart as possible. Repeat this with as much speed as regularity of movement permits, and continue for two or three minutes at a time.

Strength of wrist is acquired more readily through jiu-jitsu than by ordinary means of physical training. Simply hold the arms horizontally forward, fists clenched and palms upward. Move the fists only upward and downward, as far in each direction as it may be done. After a full minute of this, twist the fists from side to side, and not only the wrist but the whole arm will become more muscular.

Now here is a little bit of strategy that is at once the most harmless and amusing as well as one of the most effective things in the way of self-defense. Let the opponent with whom you are practising reach out for you with his hands, or else ask him to attempt to strike you. Thrust both arms between his, take a firm grip upon the lapels of his coat, and pull his coat off and downward over his shoulders until the sleeves are brought down so that the shoulders of the coat are held securely just above the elbows. So simple is this trick that any boy can hold at utter disadvantage a fellow-contestant who possesses twice his strength.

We will now turn to Japanese feats that are used to strengthen rapidly the arms and increase the size and power of their muscles. Stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, with arms extended straight out. Cross your extended arm with the opponent's arm, the point of contact in each arm being midway between elbow and shoulder. Still keeping the arm straight out, try to swing your companion around. He must keep his arm in a straight line, employing just enough strength to offer fair resistance. Then the opponent should be given his opportunity to force your arm around in the same way. Five or six exercises of this kind for each contestant should be enough at any one time. The work should never be carried to a point that will cause labored breathing. After a rest go through similar work with the forearms opposed at a point midway between wrist and elbow. Then the same work may be done by opposing wrists. When these arm exercises have been faithfully carried out for a few weeks, there is no reason why any boy should have to confess to owning puny arms. Japanese masters of jiu-jitsu often have slender arms, but the strength in them is truly wonderful.

Here is another exercise: Hold the arms slantingly down before you, and clasp your opponent's hands with the fingers tightly interlaced. One of the young gymnasts should try to force the other's arms upward and backward over the opponent's head. The work should be done slowly and be met by as much resistance as possible. Three or four repetitions of this exercise are all that are desirable at one time, as you

will soon discover. On another day the exercise may be varied by clasping hands with arms at the sides and endeavoring to force the opponent's hands back of him past his hips. Practice like this will accomplish more to build up a manly arm than can be effected with the expenditure of far more time in Indian-club and dumb-bell drills.



A SIMPLE TRICK.

In this first article the author has described two tricks of self-defense, and has explained a system of physical training that will make any boy strong who is not at the outset an absolute weakling. The Japanese, although men of very small stature, are among the strongest in the world. Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practise their system of producing strength will find himself, at the end of a few months, able to cope in feats of power with the average man of twenty-five; and all this without the dangerous practice of lifting very heavy weights. It should always be remembered that rest must be taken after each exercise. While resting try deep breathing. Stand erect, though not in a strained position, and at each breath draw the abdomen in and throw the chest out. As the breath is exhaled, let the chest fall inward again and the abdomen outward. From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to jiu-jitsu, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rests—for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible. In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth, as preferred; in exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.

The next article will describe additional feats for increasing strength, learned by the writer in Japan.

(To be continued.)

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter IX.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

They proceeded in a body, Mme. Tussaud heading the procession and showing the way with the bull's-eye lantern. Marybud Lodge and grounds formed quite a little estate, occupying about twenty-five acres, and it took the queer company several minutes to skirt the wall, which, as Lucy had informed them, completely inclosed the property. The servants' door at the back was of solid oak, and there was not a chink to peep through; neither was there any loophole in the stone wall through which they could peer into the grounds.

"We must carry the place by assault," said Oliver Cromwell.

"An we had a battering-ram with us," said Richard I, "the task would be much simpler."

"We will hammer on the postern," said Guy Fawkes, "and when it is opened, though but the tenth part of an inch, I, being to the fore, will push my way in and slay the seneschal."

"No, no, no!" cried Lucy. "It would be cruel — cruel! Poor old Rowley has the rheumatism."

"Being old and rheumatic," said Richard III, with a sardonic smile, "he is the more easily disposed of. One twist of his neck with these fingers, and there 's an end of him."

"No, no, no!" Lucy continued to protest. "You must not hurt poor Rowley." And then she said passionately: "I believe all I have read about you — yes, I do. So there!"

"If we made our presence known," said Cromwell, "would not one of the maids respond to our summons?"

"No, sir. Rowley always opens the door at night."

"What post doth Rowley hold, sweetheart?" asked Henry VIII.

"He is our gardener, please your Majesty."

"As none of our plans seem to suit this froward minx," said Richard III, "we will set fire to the place and roast the inmates in their beds."

"You monster, you monster!" sobbed Lucy. "Oh, why did you let such a cruel king come along, Mme. Tussaud?"

"Don't distress yourself, child," said the old lady. "No one shall be hurt."

"An we had picks," said Richard I, "we could make a subterranean passage."

"There is no time for that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Besides, we have no picks."

"Is there a scaling-ladder at hand?" asked Cromwell.

At mention of a scaling-ladder Mme. Tussaud looked up at Loushkin. "Can you see over the wall, Loushkin?"

"Very nearly," he replied, tiptoeing. "It is too dark to see much, but it looks to me as if the ground was higher on the other side."

"I have it," said Mme. Tussaud. "We must climb the garden wall."

"Impossible!" cried Queen Elizabeth. "We are not cats."

"There is no other way. Loushkin shall be our ladder. We will climb up on his shoulders, step upon the wall, and jump into the grounds."

"Well said, madame; an excellent device!" exclaimed Henry VIII.

"No device is excellent," said Queen Elizabeth, frowning, "with the rabble looking on."

"Rabble!" exclaimed Mary Queen of Scots, bridling up. "Rabble thyself, madame!"

"Have a care, Mary," said Elizabeth, warningly, in answer. "The headsman waits for our behest."

"He is *my* executioner, Elizabeth," interposed Mme. Tussaud, "and obeys no orders but mine. What is resolved upon must be carried out. Can any one suggest a better plan for obtaining entrance?"

"There is no better," said Richard I. "Our royal cousin must needs forego her scruples."

"We yield to superior force," replied the haughty queen; "but nath'less we will not forget. A day will come!"

"But now to get over the wall," said Mme. Tussaud, interrupting. "Lucy, can the first person who enters the grounds unlock the gate from the inside?"

"No, ma'am. Papa takes the keys into his bedroom every night."

"Then there is no alternative. Richard of the Lion Heart will kindly show the way. He will be able to assist the ladies down when they stand upon the wall."

Loushkin placed himself in position, and Richard I climbed up his body, stepped upon the wall, and jumped into the grounds.

"Shall we go next?" asked Mary Queen of Scots.

"If you please, your Majesty," said Mme. Tussaud.

In a moment the royal lady was standing on the top of the wall.

"Jump!" cried Richard I, from within the grounds.

"Would we were there to catch thee!" shouted Henry VIII, as Mary disappeared.

"Now you, Julie," said Mme. Tussaud to Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

Kissing her fingers to the company, the young beauty climbed vivaciously up to Loushkin's shoulders and sprang over the wall like a bird.

"The gentlemen will go next," said Mme. Tussaud, "and will settle the order of precedence among themselves."

Cromwell stepped forward, but was pushed aside by Richard III, who, with the scornful remark, "First the lords, then the commons," was soon over the garden wall, despite his infirmity. Charles II yielded precedence to Henry VIII, who, being fat and scant of breath, begged his assistance.

"Give me a leg up, Charles," he said, "and be tender with me an thou lovest me."

"Yes, Charles," said Mme. Tussaud, "get down on thy knees and serve as a step for Henry —i' faith, he is too heavily accoutred to climb up there alone! Dear me, how natural it is to drop into the quaint speech of these dear old celebrities!"

It was with difficulty that he reached Loushkin's shoulders, but he laughed good-humoredly all the time, and laughed the more when, in taking the jump, he alighted atop of Richard III and sent him sprawling.

"A murrain on thee!" growled Richard,



"'GIVE ME A LEG UP, CHARLES,' SAID HENRY VIII."

rubbing his shins. "Canst not see where thou art leaping?"

"Murrain in thy throat, thou misshapen knave!" roared Henry. "Keep a civil tongue in thy head, thou saucy king, and take a jest in good part when it is served on thee!"

Knowing he was not a favorite and would

be outmatched if it came to blows, Richard deemed it prudent not to pursue the quarrel. Then Charles II, Cromwell, and Hougua joined the company in the grounds.

The headsman came next, and after him Guy Fawkes, who had stood in the rear, biting his nails.

"Will your Majesty follow?" said Mme. Tussaud, with great deference.

"An it must be, it must," replied Elizabeth, gathering up her skirts. "Tom of the Thumb, I will make a stepping-stone of thee."

Tom looked rather serious at this, and whispered aside to Mme. Tussaud, "Pick up the pieces, and let the green grass wave over my grave." Nevertheless he bent his back, murmuring quietly to himself, "This beats Sir Walter Raleigh"; and after repeated efforts Elizabeth reached the garden wall and with a great deal of fuss was lifted safely down. There remained now only Loushkin, Tom Thumb, Lucy, and Mme. Tussaud.

"I have been thinking," said the old lady, "that it will never do to leave the post-office van in the lane. It would cause inquiries to be made, and we might be discovered."

"There is an old stable belonging to papa a little way down," said Lucy. "It is not used for anything, and is quite empty. We have a nicer stable inside our grounds."

"That will do capitally; we will put the horses and van in there."

"But there is no corn for them to eat."

"I will give them a touch of my magic cane. Then they will not need any corn."

Loushkin led the horses into the stable, Mme. Tussaud gave them the magic touch, and the door was secured. Then Loushkin lifted Tom Thumb, Mme. Tussaud, and Lucy over the wall, and climbed over it himself. The entire party was now within the grounds.

Chapter X.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

From where they stood they could see, through the trees and bushes, the outlines of the dwelling-house, about a hundred yards away. It was a large, odd-looking building, dating back to the seventeenth century, and, as additions had been made from time to time, a wing here and a wing there, without any regard to architectural design, it presented a very straggling appearance. There were banks and beds of flowers about, from which a pleasant perfume arose, and a number of trees; and in front of the porch was a nice patch of level grass, upon which was a lawn-tennis net. Richard III stumbled over the pegs, which set him growling and fuming, and most of the others to smiling.

"Everybody is asleep, I suppose," said Mme. Tussaud, peering up at the windows; and Lucy replied they were sure to be. "We must get in somehow. Where does Rowley sleep?"

"At the back of the house; and Flip sleeps in the room with him."

"Who is Flip?"

"The Odd Boy. He helps Rowley in the garden, and we call him the Odd Boy because he is the only one we keep."

"A very good reason. We will go to the back door, and you shall wake Rowley. We will keep out of sight until the door is opened. Then I will explain."

"And if Master Rowley be not satisfied with the explanation," said Richard III, "we will undertake to make him so."

"I will have no violence," said Mme. Tussaud; "I have given my promise."

"Promises are but words," said the scheming meddler.

"When a promise is made it must be kept, Richard," said Mme. Tussaud, "and I will take good care that my promises are kept."

"Bully for you, madam," said Tom Thumb; "the American Eagle waves its flag over you. The more I see of you, Richard Three, the more I don't like you. You are not popular, king, with T. T., nor with the company generally, if I am a judge of human nature. Three cheers for Richmond! Oh, you may frown! I guess I can take the starch out of you. Do you know what Sweet Will says of you?

> "A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
> One raised in blood, and one in blood established.

That 's your record, Richard Three, in black and white — a plagued sight of black, and not much white to speak of."

This defiant speech was spoken while they

were walking to the back door, at which they now paused; and Lucy, advancing, rapped on it till she had made herself heard within.

"Who be there?" a voice cried from the room. "If it be burglars, bide a bit till I get my gun."

"No, Rowley, no," Lucy cried softly; "don't get your gun. It is n't burglars. Open the door — quick!"

"La me!" the same voice exclaimed. "Be that you, little missy?"

"Yes, Rowley, yes. Do open the door!"

"Bide a bit, missy, till I get my candle. Flip, you raskel, git up, or I 'll leather ye." Those outside now saw through the window the glimmer of the candle Rowley had lighted. "I sha'n't be a minute, missy; but, 'eaven and earth, what be the matter? Be the house afire?"

He opened the door and stood there, half dressed, shading the candle with his hand. The Odd Boy, in his bare feet, stood behind him. Lucy stepped into the room and kept her back to the door.

"It be little missy, surely," said Rowley, an old man with the gardener's stoop in his bones, which were all curves. "Well, well — a feather 'd upset me. Land o' mercy, who be these?" For the celebrities were now slowly filing in, one after another, and Rowley retreated to the extreme end of the room in a state of terror, while the Odd Boy bolted under the bed and howled.

"They are my friends, Rowley," said Lucy, speaking very rapidly. "Please don't cry out, or papa will be angry, and you will get me into trouble. You would n't do that, would you, Rowley?"

"N-n-noa, missy," Rowley managed to answer, with chattering teeth.

"Flip, be quiet!" cried Lucy. "If you keep on whining, papa will give you notice, and then what will your mother do?"

"Be I asleep or awake?" exclaimed Rowley. "Come out o' that, Flip, and give me a pinch. That 'll do, ye young rapscallion! I be awake, surely."

"Now, Rowley, be good — you 've always been good to me."

"Thank ye, missy, but I be a kind o' flabbergasted with all these grand folk at this time o' the morning. Where 'd ye all come from, if I do not make too bold in asking?"

"From London, Rowley."

"From Lunnon — all the way from Lunnon! No, I be n't awake; I be asleep."

"Let me explain," said Mme. Tussaud, stepping forward. "Miss Lucy has given you a very good character — "

"Thank ye, missy, thank ye."

"And looks upon you as her friend — "

"I be that surely. I 'd do anything in the world for missy; but doan't her feyther know — "

"Her father knows nothing," said Mme. Tussaud. "He 's an unreasonable, obstinate old gentleman — "

"Ay, ay; you 're not fur off there, my lady."

"And is bent upon making everybody miserable — "

Here Lucy broke in with her fresh, eager voice: "You know, of course, Rowley, that Lydia hates the monster — Mr. Lorimer Grimweed, I mean — "

"That be a fact — and so do I, missy."

"And so do we all," said Mme. Tussaud. "Do we not, celebrities?"

With the exception of Richard III, they cried as with one voice, "We do!"

"Good! but not so loud next time," warned the Little Old Woman in Black.

"And we all like Harry Bower, do we not, celebrities?"

"We do!" — this in a hoarse whisper.

"You doan't say, missy," said Rowley, "that all these grand folk be friends o' Mr. Bower's?"

"They are, Rowley — all of them."

Then, as though she were directing a band of musicians, Mme. Tussaud turned to the celebrities and waved her cane, whereupon they said, as before, "We are!"

"Then plagued if they be n't friends o' mine, and there 's my fist on it."

He held out his horny hand, but the only one who showed a disposition to take it was Tom Thumb, who, jumping up and darting forward, said:

"For one and all, old man. Shake!"

"So, as we are determined," continued Mme. Tussaud, "that Miss Lydia shall not be made miserable by that Grimweed man, we have come down to bring her papa to reason."

Rowley slowly shook his head. "It be more than any one can do, my lady. It 's unpossible. Why, he knows what 's good for everybody better than anybody. Bring measter to reason! 'T ain't to be done. 'T ain't to be done."

"Ay, my lady," said the devoted old man. "I 'll stand by little missy and Miss Lyddy through thick and thin."

"On thy knees and swear it!" roared Henry VIII, striding forward and clapping his



"AND EVERY ONE WAS AS JOLLY AS JOLLY COULD BE." (SEE PAGE 247.)

"We shall see. We are not going to hurt Mr. Scarlett — we have too much respect for him. But we have *no* respect for the Grimweed man, and should not mind hurting *him* a little — only a little — just enough to make him understand. And so that Lydia and Lucy may be happy, we want you to help us."

"You will, won't you, Rowley?" said Lucy. "You would n't break my heart—and Lydia's!"

"Break your hearts, missy! Why, I be ready to lay down my life for ye."

"Then you will do what we wish you to do?"

"Ay, that I will."

"And what we tell you to do," said Mme. Tussaud, "that you will faithfully do?"

hand on Rowley's shoulder, who shook as though he had been seized by an ague.

"Yes, do, Rowley, for my sake," pleaded Lucy, and whispered in the old fellow's ear: "You must n't mind the way they speak; it 's the way they 've been brought up."

Rowley dropped on his knees with a "Marcy! Marcy! What will be the end o' me?"

"Dost thou swear to be faithful and true?" demanded Henry.

"Say 'Yes, your Majesty,'" whispered Lucy.

"Yes, your Majesty," stammered the fear-stricken gardener.

"'T is well. Play us false and thy head shall grace the Tower gates. And thou, Flip

of the Odd, down on thy marrow-bones and swear!"

Down flopped the Odd Boy by Rowley's side. Mme. Tussaud would have intervened, but Henry waved her aside, saying:

"We play not quite the part of mice, Mme. la Tussaud. Doth our royal dignity count for naught? Hath the varlet sworn, ma belle?"

"Yes, sire," Lucy replied. "I answer for them both."

"Thou art wise beyond thy years, sweetheart, and these faithful servitors shall be rewarded. Rise, Sir Rowley. We attach thee and Flip of the Odd to our royal person. Lead the way to the banqueting-hall and set before us thy choicest viands."

"My goodness gracious, Rowley," exclaimed Lucy, "King Henry has made you a knight!"

"What be that, missy?" asked Rowley, rising from his knees. "Nothing bad, I hope. Doan't ye be telling me it 's something bad, doan't ye now!"

"No, it 's nothing bad. You are *Sir* Rowley. Oh, how funny! What *will* papa say? And where 's your sword and shield? Sir Rowley, if you please, we are all very hungry. Is there anything in the larder?"

"There be always something in the larder, missy," he answered, bewildered by the explanation; "but 't is more than I dare to do, to go there without Mrs. Peckham's leave, and there 's no getting her at this time o' night. She keeps her door locked, and sleeps like a top. She 's mighty particular about her kitchen, missy, as you know."

"Yes; but you 'll do what we want, Rowley, won't you?"

"Of course he will," said Mme. Tussaud, answering for him. "Show the way, Lucy."

"I hope you won't mind eating your supper in the kitchen," said the little girl, turning to the celebrities. "The banqueting-hall—I mean the dining-room—is under papa's bedroom, and we might disturb him."

"Let us go, let us go," said Henry. "We are famishing."

Thither they proceeded, the Odd Boy going first with a candle; and after the gas was lighted the celebrities made themselves so much at home that Mrs. Peckham, the cook, would have gone into hysterics had she witnessed the scene. The kitchen was a picture of neatness. Everything was in apple-pie order. The floor was swept clean, the hearth brushed up, the tables and dressers sweet with the last vigorous scrub, the saucepans, the dish-covers, the frying and stewing pans, and every tin and copper utensil shone like silver and gold. Cups and saucers, plates, dishes, mugs, jugs, knives, forks, and spoons — there was not a single article where it ought not to have been. You might have eaten off the floor and been none the worse for it.

Three cats witnessed the entrance of the invaders, a black, a tortoise-shell, and a white Persian. For the last of these, cook made a bed every night in a basket lined with flannel. The two feline commoners purred when the gas was lighted, and made themselves quite friendly with the company, rubbing their heads against the royal visitors as though they had been on intimate terms for years. The fat and indolent Persian did not move from her warm couch, but merely blinked her eyes and gazed indifferently at the intruders through her half-closed lids.

Here occurred an exciting episode which set the party in commotion. The three lady celebrities began to scream loudly, and jumping on the kitchen table, pointed with terrified looks to a nimble little mouse trying its best to escape from the room. By the time the gentlemen had armed themselves with pokers, tongs, and shovels the creature had disappeared, and the ladies were prevailed upon to be seated; but as there were only two chairs in the kitchen the company was obliged to sit upon the table. This adventure happily ended, plates, dishes, knives and forks, and spoons and glasses were taken from the dresser-shelves and drawers, and then Lucy and Rowley and the Odd Boy and Mme. Tussaud, and of course Tom Thumb, ran in and out of the larder, fetching everything eatable that could be found, and laying it before the celebrities.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear me!" thought Lucy; "what *will* Peckham say when she comes down to cook the breakfast, and what *would* she say now if she peeped into the room? Oh, how she would stare!"

The sight would have made any one stare. It is not every day that Henry VIII can be seen sitting on a kitchen table between a fashionable French beauty and a Scottish queen, sharing a roast chicken with them, giving them the titbits, and, like a gallant monarch, eating the drumsticks himself; nor Queen Elizabeth with a dish of pigeon-pie on her lap, which she was enjoying greatly; nor Richards I and III and Charles II and Oliver Cromwell disposing of great slices of ham and beef; nor Guy Fawkes and a Russian giant, whose head touched the ceiling, reveling in the remains of a beefsteak-pudding! Houqua, with a pair of chop-sticks, which he took from the folds of his padded robe (where he seemed to keep a general store), was dexterously eating a dish of boiled rice like a conjuror. General Tom Thumb was engaged in cutting a piece from a big cherry-pie; and the Executioner of the good old days was heartily munching bread and cheese, while his eyes glared through his mask. No, indeed! Even in Guildhall such a sight could not be seen at the beginning of the twentieth century.

And how they all enjoyed it! And how graciously Queen Elizabeth bent over Tom Thumb as, upon one knee, he gallantly offered her a generous share of his cherry-pie. And what subdued laughter and clapping of hands at the discomfiture of Richard III and Guy Fawkes when they tried to filch choice morsels from their neighbors' plates! And how Henry called for more, and then for something to wash it down! There was a nine-gallon cask of cider in the larder, which was immediately laid under contribution; and everything was going on swimmingly, and every one was as jolly as jolly could be, when all at once Lucy held up her hand and cried:

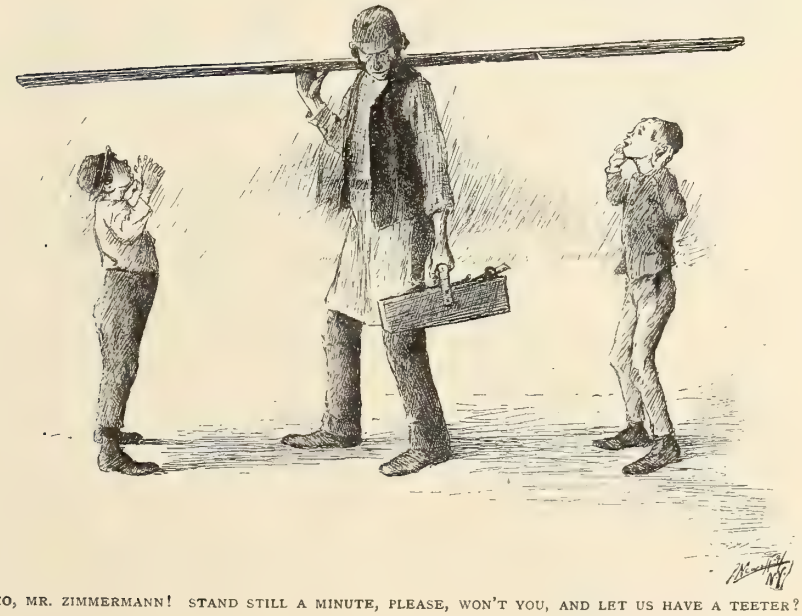
"Hush!"

They all stopped and listened. The sound of soft footsteps fell upon their ears.

Somebody was coming downstairs!

(To be continued.)

A MODEST REQUEST.



"HO, MR. ZIMMERMANN! STAND STILL A MINUTE, PLEASE, WON'T YOU, AND LET US HAVE A TEETER?"

AMNES AND HIS CAT

By Margaret Johnson.

Far, far away, beside the Nile,
Where dwells the sacred crocodile
(Nor ever wore so wide a smile
  The fabled fierce chimera!),
The pillars and the porticos
Of Nepthah's princely house arose,
Three thousand years, as I suppose,
  Before our modern era.

And there, one hot Egyptian noon,
His guests, arriving late or soon,
  He met with welcome hearty;
For Nepthah and his lady gay
Were giving on this summer's day,
In their antique but graceful way,
  A little dinner-party.

That was not much to them, you know.
And though he built a sphinx or two
When he had nothing else to do,
The obelisk was quite the thing,
All nicely carved with disk and ring.
  To guard a mansion stately.

Here, one by one, the guests rode in,
With curricle or palanquin.
How bad the walking must have been,
Just when the Nile's receding flood
Had covered all the land with mud,
  I leave you to conjecture!

The ladies came with parasols,
And chains and rings and fol-de-rols,



Near by were palm and tamarisk,
And in their midst an obelisk
  The prince had bought but lately;
For pyramids, along the Nile,
Had been considered out of style
For quite a long (Egyptian) while —
A thousand years, perhaps, or so;

And dangling beetles by the score
(A very stylish bug of yore!),
And braided chignons, too, they wore,
  Of wondrous architecture.

The men were — well, in evening dress,
Of cut peculiar, I confess,

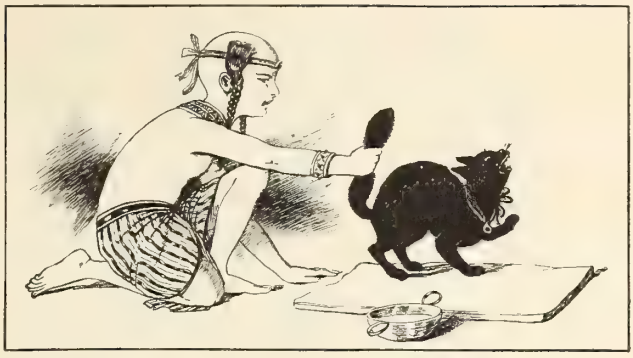
And, make no doubt, domestic;
Each proud and splendid in a big
Egyptian kind of periwig,
And on his brow, serene, unmoved,
That lofty calm by kings approved,
A gravity majestic.

Their brows, with oil politely wet
(I 'm glad it 's not the custom yet!),
With lovely garlands, too, were set,
Of lotus and papyrus;
And in the parlor soon they sat,
Engaged in hieroglyphic chat —
If we could only talk like that,
How people would admire us!

Meantime, by bitter feelings rent,
While all within were well content,
The scion of this noble house
By Nepthah and his careful spouse
Was from the feast excluded.
No comfort his but — sorry day! —
A cooky made with caraway,
Which in his listless fingers lay.
He leaned, in clothing somewhat scant
(His costume is not now extant),
Against the wall's convenient slant,
And on his miseries brooded.

Within the parlor's perfumed bowers
Those happy guests would sit for hours,
All smelling of their lotus-flowers.
And lovely music there would be,
And dancing, too, and jugglery,
Beheld by every flunky!
While he, forsooth, was not allowed
To mingle in the festive crowd,
Where chattered, quite sedate and proud,
His mother's favorite monkey!

At dinner-time, oh, luscious juice —
He smelled it now — of roasted goose!
There would be game, with onions girt,
And watermelon for dessert,
And cakes all sweet and crumby.
His aunts and uncles would be there,
His parents, in a double chair,
His grandma, too, all painted red —
For though, good lady, she was dead,



"DELIBERATELY HE SQUEEZED IT!"

They did not mind a thing like that,
But fondly, where she should have sat,
Placed her belovèd mummy!

Now Amnes was a lovely boy,
His princely parents' pride and joy,
If we indeed may trust 'em;



"PRINCE NEPTHAH FROM THE TABLE FLEW."

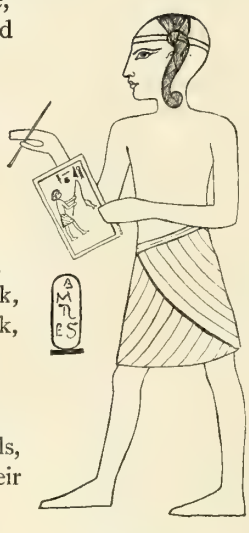
His little nose was nice and straight,
Like Pharaohs' of an early date;
And though we can discover but
His profile in this little cut,



HER LADIES COMING UP IN ROWS HELD LOTUS-BLOSSOMS

His eye, you see, is clear and wide,
And we must hope he was supplied
With one upon the other side,
And that he did not always go
With both feet in a line, although
The artist represents it so,
As was their playful custom.

At school he learned arithmetic,
And measuring rivers with a stick;
And if, when teachers failed to look,
He sometimes scribbled in his book,
Why, who can little Amnes blame,
When all his family did the same,
Like good and true Egyptians?
They scribbled up their parlor walls,
Their tombs, their temples, and their halls,
And quarried columns by the ton,



AMNES.

And set them up, just for the fun
Of putting on inscriptions.

But now, bereft of all employ,
The prince was still a little boy,
And Satan, then as now, could find
Some mischief still, an idle mind
And idle hands bestirring.
As lorn and lonely Amnes sat,
He all at once espied a cat
That curled near by upon a mat,
And coaxed her to him, purring.

Now little boys in Egypt land
Were early taught to understand
The cat was sacred, tooth and claw,
From velvet ear to cushioned paw,
A thing to hold in reverent awe —
Alas for him who teased it!



ROSE UP AND FLED

But Tabby's tail was thick and soft;
With yearning he had marked it oft,
And now — temptation was too great:
He grasped — oh, awful to relate,
Regardless of his future fate,
  Deliberately he squeezed it!
. . . . . .
Within the hall the feast was spread,
The guests filed in, by Nepthah led,
Her ladies, coming up in rows,
Held lotus-blossoms to her nose,
While ran the guests, in panic wild,
To seek and seize the erring child
  Whose fault their feast had tainted.

But Amnes, listening from without,
Felt, all too late, a fearful doubt,
  Beheld his crime atrocious;



"THE WANDERER, SEATED PITEOUS
UPON A CHILL SARCOPHAGUS."

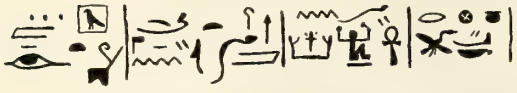
  The view was more than pleasing,
When on the air, so calm but now,
There rose a shrill and dreadful *Miaow!*
That drove the color from each brow,
  Their blood with horror freezing.

Too well that anguished wail they knew!
Prince Nepthah from the table flew,
  The princess screamed and fainted.
And gripping Tabby close, for fear
That she might tell,— the cats, we hear,
  In Egypt were precocious,—

Rose up and fled. The barn, the pond,
The brimming granaries beyond —
  These would not do for hiding!
The sphinxes, looming vast and dim,
Looked dumb reproach and scorn on him!

Alas!
Then all at once he stopped.
A thought into his head had popped:
There was a place whose friendly gloom
For him and Tabby too had room,
A cheerful spot — his father's tomb,
The prince's own providing.

Upon the hill, not far away,
This crown of Nepthah's splendor lay;
And here they found, when twilight fell
(For not a sphinx, it seems, would tell),
The wanderer, seated piteous
Upon a chill sarcophagus.
"My son!" And Nepthah would, I wis,
Have something said that looked like this:



Well might young Amnes fear him!
But suddenly upon the wall
The angry father's glance did fall,
And there, portrayed in lively tints,
Amazed, he saw *himself*, the prince!
His wife, too, in her Sunday chintz,
Both smiling sweetly as they could
On Amnes, who before them stood
Angelically mild and good,
With pussy purring near him.

"What!" Nepthah cried. "My dear, 't is
Us!"
(For even princes stumble thus.)
"The likenesses are marvelous!
And see, his brush is in his hand!
I quake — I fear to understand!
My noble boy, you painted *that?*"
Forgotten was the injured cat,
The horrid deed that he had done,
As, weeping, they embraced their son,
His genius recognizing;
He too, an honored hero now,
Had garlands for his gifted brow,—



"HAD GARLANDS FOR HIS GIFTED BROW."

A lotus-flower to smell, I trow,—
And home was borne in happy state,
Where, with the rest, his dinner, late,
But sumptuous to the end, he ate
With appetite surprising.

My story 's told. But let me say
That never from that fateful day —
So much experience doth avail —
Did Amnes pull a kitten's tail
Or puss have cause to doubt him.
An artist great he lived to be
Of that distinguished dynasty;
And when some day to Thebes you go,
Through tomb and temple wandering slow,
Perchance to you it may befall
To see upon the sculptured wall,
In fading lines of red and blue,
The picture little Amnes drew,
Three thousand years and more ere you
Were born, to read about him!

UPS AND DOWNS.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

When we 've chopped down a tree,
  Will it grow, sirs, or not,
If we straight chop it *up*
  On the very same spot?

Say a house has burned down
  In a terrible fire —
Had it burned *up*, instead,
  Would the flames have gone higher?

And answer me this:
  When we 've emptied our cup,
Have we drunk *down* our tea,
  Or, forsooth, drunk it *up?*

So, to show where our speech
  Has one claim to renown,
I am writing it up
  While I 'm writing it down!

JINGLE.

By Malcolm Douglas.

A little man's gift was a stiff brush and comb,
  And he 'd have been highly delighted, no doubt,



But he had n't a hair on the top of his head;
  Now, what was good Santa Claus thinking about?

LITTLE FAIRY FLYAWAY.



LITTLE Fairy Flyaway tore her gauzy wing:
She fell into a bramble-bush from out her cobweb swing;
The fairies always *knew* she was a careless little thing!

Sorry little Flyaway, sobbing in despair,
Heard a sudden humming through the summer air—
Looked to find a Dragon-fly close beside her there.

"Don't you know me, Flyaway?" loud and long buzzed he.
"I 'm the fairies' darning-needle—if it were n't for me,
What a very ragged set you thoughtless elves would be!"

Busy, buzzing Dragon-fly darned the tear with speed,
Made the pretty, filmy wing beautiful indeed;
Even fairies find it good to have a friend in need!

Hannah G. Fernald.

A WORD ABOUT WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, LIEUTENANT U. S. N.

SOME time ago, after a few days' leave, a naval officer went to a certain city, early one morning, to rejoin his ship, and found that she had sailed away. Not knowing where she was bound, he felt very much "at sea," when a friend asked him why he did not telegraph.

Said the friend: "Your ship has been fitted with the wireless telegraph apparatus, and there is a wireless station here."

"Can you call up the 'Prairie'?" asked the officer, at the wireless station.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, and the operator tapped off a few loud and luminous sparks on his transmitter. Almost immediately the little wheel at his elbow commenced reeling off its tape with dots and dashes on it.

"Ask the Prairie where she is," said the officer, "and inform her captain that I am here waiting to report on board."

The message was quickly sparked on its way, and within three minutes the tape reeled off, in reply:

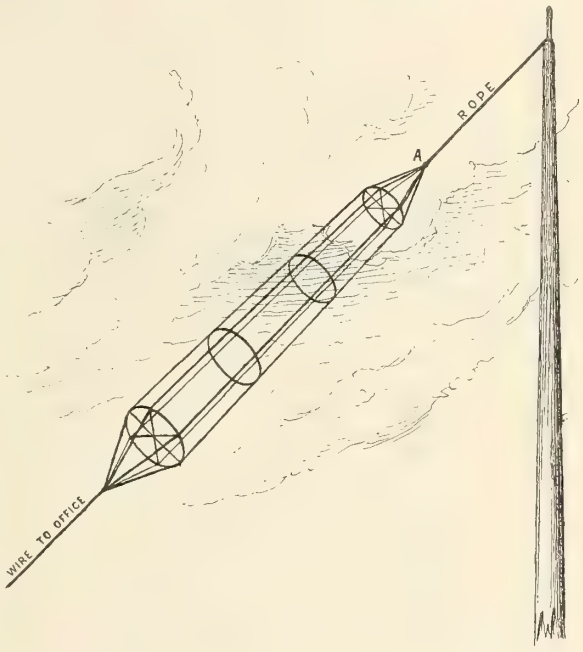
"The Prairie is one hundred and twelve miles at sea, but will return this afternoon."

"All right," said the much relieved officer. "Telegraph her steward to save my lunch."

Since the beginning of 1903 two ships in the navy, the "Prairie" and the "Topeka," have been engaged in experiments with wireless telegraphy between each other at sea and between themselves and the shore. Several systems have been tried under the supervision of a board of naval officers, and after the completion of these experiments some one of the systems may be adopted. Stations have been established at places on shore, such as Cape Elizabeth, Montauk Point, Annapolis, and Washington, and, just before the naval manœuvers last summer, four additional ships were equipped, so that the "wireless" could be used in the "war games."

A wireless telegraph system on board ship consists of a dynamo to generate an electrical current; of a special telegraph apparatus to control that current, to break it up into long waves and short waves, and to send these waves through the air until they hit upon the receiving apparatus of another station and make dashes and dots on its receiver; and, finally, of wires from the telegraph apparatus to the masthead of the ship, so that the waves can start from there clear of all obstructions. These waves are spherical in shape and so extend in every direction. They might be compared to huge soap-bubbles that increase in size as they grow out from their source — the greater the distance, the thinner or weaker they become.

And here lies the trouble with wireless telegraphy: that the message goes in all directions. Not only the station for which it was intended will receive the message, but any other station which the message waves may reach before they lose their strength will also receive it. For use in war, that part of the trouble could be overcome by using a cipher code; but even then an enemy's ship, receiving a message in an unknown cipher, would know that some vessel of the defending squadron was near. The worst part of the trouble caused by the waves going in all directions is that one set will get mixed up with other sets from other sending stations, just as waves circling away from two or more stones dropped in the water will meet and get jumbled up. If two or more sending stations try to talk at once, it will be, at the receiving

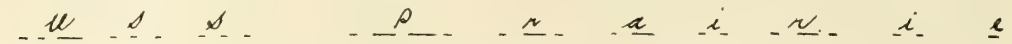


SKETCH SHOWING HOW THE WIRE IS FASTENED TO THE MASTHEAD.

station, like trying to listen to several conversations at the same time. If one station is saying c-a-t and another d-o-g, the receiving station may get c-d-a-o-t-g, or the waves may overlap so as to turn dots into dashes and make no letters at all. So, again, an enemy's vessel, approaching a coast and hearing on his "wireless" a defending scout trying to tell of his coming, can break in on the message merely by continuously repeating a single letter, and make the information completely unintelligible. It is said that this may be overcome by having the instruments, so to speak, "tuned up" differently from those of the enemy, so that the waves sent out would not fit his receiver, and *vice versa;* but even then the enemy could probably, by "tuning" his instrument up or down, strike the proper key and accomplish his interference.

Sometimes other electrical connections in a ship get mixed up with the wireless telegraph. On a certain vessel in the navy, newly equipped with "wireless," there were electrical connections to her pilot-house to show the revolutions of the engine and also the speed registered

by the taffrail-log. As soon as the vessel got under way a most garrulous conversation began over the "wireless" between the propeller and the taffrail-log. No doubt the propeller was quarreling with the log for not telling the truth about the speed.



A WIRELESS CALL.

The distance to which a wireless message can be sent is chiefly a question of the strength of the electrical current generated and sent out, and instruments are manufactured for different strengths according to the distance over which they are intended to be operated; but an instrument powerful enough to carry, say, one hundred miles can be adjusted to a radius of only ten or fifteen miles, and to intermediate distances. Here, again, an enemy might introduce serious interference, for it is said to be possible that an apparatus adjusted for short distances can be burned out or seriously deranged by receiving upon it the waves from another apparatus of much higher power.

Wireless telegraphy is as yet almost a failure overland. Mountains, hills, forests, and tall buildings seem to break up the waves and make them unintelligible. Coast stations are, therefore, established on prominent headlands, like Montauk Point, Cape Cod, and Cape Elizabeth, where there are no outlying islands to seaward.

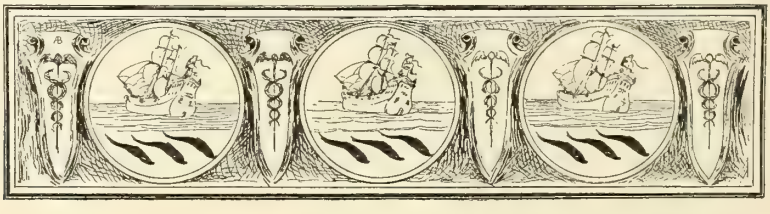


A JUMBLED WIRELESS MESSAGE.

These imperfections make wireless telegraphy at present chiefly useful in communicating with isolated places having no other telegraph; but we must remember that when the telegraph and telephone first came into use they were in many ways even more imperfect, and their development into the systems of to-day was never even dreamed of.

It is plain to see that the need which nothing but wireless telegraphy can fill is that of communication with vessels at sea. Our government, with its usual enterprise, seems alive to this, and the wireless telegraphy has undoubtedly come into the navy to stay and to grow in usefulness and importance. Its commercial application over the seas is already vast. We have been accustomed to feel that when loved ones went out upon the great deep they passed, for the time being, beyond our knowledge and beyond reach of our sympathy, and became imprisoned in a realm of danger from which no cry for help or assurance of safety could reach us. Now, through this wonderful invention, we may learn their progress from day to day, even from hour to hour. They can tell us of their daily health; they can transact matters of daily business; they can assure us that they are speeding over sunny seas; or they can ask, when in distress, that a vessel be sent to their relief.

All this is possible, and is practised even now, in these earliest stages of wireless development, not only on some of the naval vessels of various nations, but also on many of the great transoceanic passenger liners, and we cannot doubt that the present confusing and amusing imperfections will be, in time, completely overcome.





Count Geoffrey's Crest.

By Caroline K. Herrick.*

One autumn morning of a far-away time, in the fair land of Anjou, Gaspard, the charcoal-burner, was setting out from his humble cottage in the forest.

"Farewell, good wife," he said cheerily. "I am off for another day's work."

"Ay, another day's work, to earn but just another day's bread," replied the wife, sadly. "While we eat each day all the earnings of the day before, how shall we ever begin to save for Babette's marriage portion?"

"The child is scarce six years old," said the father. "She will not marry next week."

"Neither shall we begin to save for her next week, nor next year, nor ever, I fear," answered his wife.

"Have faith in God," said Gaspard. "It may please him to make us rich before the child is grown."

That evening the wife waited in vain for her husband's return. At midnight she barred the door and lay down to a sleepless night, haunted by dread of calamity.

But morning brought her husband back, with a strange jingle of gold in his pouch and on his lips a wondrous tale of having guided a knight out of the forest and to the castle of Loches, where the knight proved to be none other than the lord of the land, Count Geoffrey of Anjou, who graciously caused his peasant guide to be seated beside him at table, entertained him as an honored guest, and dismissed him on the morrow with a reward for his services that would have paid him for six months' work at the kiln.

"Heaven be praised!" cried the wife, when she saw the gold pieces. "We *are* rich! Let us buy a flock of geese, and lay aside the price of every tenth goose for Babette."

In the edge of the forest, when spring had returned and the yellow bloom was brightening all the country-side, a small maiden sat singing to herself as she wove a garland of the gay blossoms.

"I am a queen," she sang. "This is my golden crown."

She pressed it down on her dark hair, then sat stiffly upright, her feet close together and hands crossed before her — the right holding a long wand of which she had made use in a recent contest with a morose-looking gray goose that waddled about near by, trailing one wing on the ground.

A young knight came riding along the forest road. At sight of the quaint little figure he smiled and reined in his horse before her, while the gray goose lurched toward him with extended neck, hissing.

"Good day, little maid," said the knight, "thou art like a queen on her throne."

* See note in Letter Box, page 286.

"I am a queen," the child replied in all seriousness. "This is my golden crown."

"And what is thy name, little queen?" he asked.

"I am Gaspard's Babette," she answered. "What is thy name?"

"I am Foulque's Geoffrey," he replied, with a smile.

"Art thou lost?" she asked.

"Nay, little one," he replied.

"Ah, what a pity!" sighed the child. "It is weary waiting for some one to get lost."

"And why dost thou want some one to get lost?"

"Because," she answered, "they would ask me of the way; and I should show them how to get out of the wood" (it was but a stone's-throw from the highway), "and they would take me to the castle and show me wonderful things and give me money to bring home."

"Ah, I see," said the knight. "Is thy father the good man who guided the count out of the forest?"

She nodded her head.

"My father says it was like fairyland at the castle. He brought back so much money that we are quite rich now. We have a flock of geese. I watch them in the meadow."

"I see but one goose; and this is not the meadow," said the knight, somewhat puzzled.

"I am here to-day," said the child, "because this fiery old gray goose pecked the little white goose that I love—she is so gay; and I punished the old one with a stick and"—she hung her head and spoke very low—"I broke her wing. So my father says I shall no longer keep the flock, but only the gray goose, until her wing is well and I have learned wisdom."

"And when will that be?" he asked.

"Her wing will be well next week," said Babette.

"Wilt thou have learned wisdom by that time?"

"I have learned," she answered. "I shall use a thinner stick next time."

"Art not thou lonely here, with only the gray goose for company?" asked the knight.

"Yes," she replied, "since no one gets lost in the forest. I would that some one might come to play with me." Then, eying him critically, she added, "Wilt thou stay and play with me?"

"For a little while," he agreed. "What shall we play?"

"Thou shalt be king and I queen," she said. "I will make thee a crown like mine."

The knight looked in dismay at the bristling yellow garland that encircled her head like a halo, and suggested that a smaller one would do for him: "Just one branch for a plume of gold."

She pulled a branch from a bush and offered it to him. "Thou must crown me," he said. "Canst thou stand on my foot to reach up?"

She kicked off her wooden shoes and, by the help of his hand, clambered up and stood with her two small feet resting on his foot and the stirrup, her left hand clinging to a tuft of the horse's mane, while she arranged the broom in his cap.

"Thou art my lady," he said, as he lifted his head with its golden plume, "and I shall wear thy colors in the lists at the Whitsuntide tourney at Chinon."

"Dost thou live so far away as Chinon?" she asked in a tone of regret.

"Sometimes," he answered. "But now I am living at Loches. Wilt thou come with me and see my home?"

"Canst thou show me the castle too?" she asked eagerly.

"Thou shalt see it," he promised. "Get thy shoes and climb up before me."

"Thou must take the gray goose, too," she said. "My father would be angry if I left it here."

"If I must, I must," said the knight, laughing, and he held the flapping creature under one arm while the other lifted the child to the saddle-bow; then he placed the goose on her knees, and she threw both arms across its back, while, with the same strong hand that held the child against his breast, he grasped the goose's writhing neck to prevent the vicious pecks with which it assailed the horse.

As they emerged from the shadowy wood upon the sunny highway, the knight looked down into the happy little face lying upon his bosom, at the hissing, struggling bird, and asked himself, "What would my good wife the Empress Matilda say could she see me in this plight?"

To six-year-old Babette everything in the world was still so new that nothing was surprising; so it was only a part of the beautiful story, and no marvel, to discover that her kind playfellow was no other than the Count of Anjou himself, and the great castle his home.



"'GOOD DAY, LITTLE MAID,' SAID THE KNIGHT, 'THOU ART LIKE A QUEEN ON HER THRONE.'"

On their arrival, the gray goose — in spite of indignant quacks and hisses — was crowded into a huge basket with a bountiful supply of corn and a pan of water, and Babette was sent to Dame Agnes, wife of the castellan, with a request that the little peasant should be made ready to sit with the count at the dinner that would soon be served.

When the child was led into the great hall at the dinner-hour, her face shone from the scrubbing it had received, her wind-blown hair hung in smooth braids, drawn forward over each shoulder. Here the improvements ceased. There were no children in the castle whose clothes could be lent to Babette, no shoes small enough for her feet; so, since wooden shoes were quite out of the question, she pattered across the pavement of the hall on bare feet, whose little pink toes showed beneath the scant gown that Dame Agnes had tried her best, but in vain, to lengthen.

"May I have these things?" Babette asked, looking with wide eyes of wonder at the dainty food that was placed before her. The count nodded assent. Selecting a roll of wheaten bread and a small meat-pie, she prepared to crowd them into the bosom of her dress. "I will take them to my mother," she said, with a happy smile.

"Eat them, little one," said the count, "and thou shalt have more to take to thy mother"; and the roll and the pie were set down again upon the table.

"Thou must have something to take home for thyself," said the count; and, unclasping a chain of gold from his neck, he threw it about the child's shoulders. "It is my marriage gift

to thee," he said; "and mayst thou find a good lad for a husband."

"Nay," Babette protested; "I shall not marry a boy! I like not boys. They are rough and pull my hair. If I must marry, I shall marry Michel's Cècile. She is good and gentle, and I love her."

"Possibly thou mayst change thy mind before thou art grown," said the count, smiling.

After dinner Count Geoffrey led the prattling child by the hand all through the castle, even up the narrow, winding stair to the roof of the Black Count's grim tower, from which she saw more of the world than she had ever seen before: the town of Loches, covering the slope of the hill below; the sunny plain, with the silver ribbon of the Indre flowing smoothly northward to join the swifter current of the Loire; to the eastward Beaulieu, with its stately abbey and rich farm lands; to the westward the dark forest, stretching almost to Chinon, forty miles away.

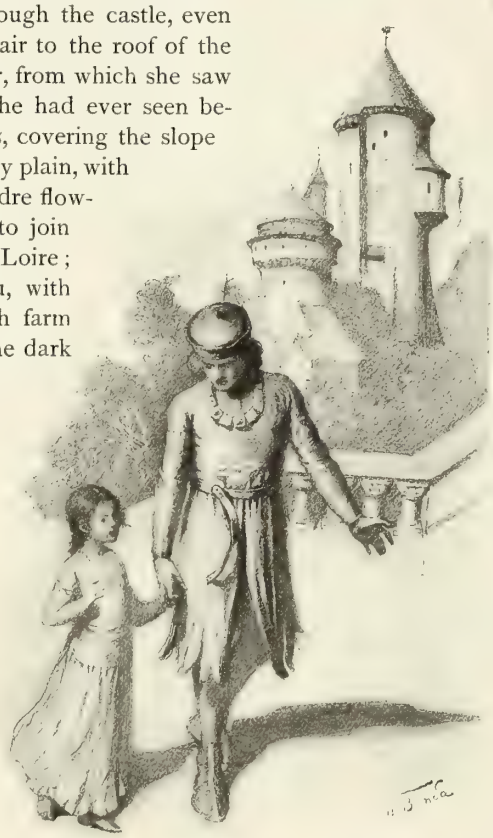
"Ah, but it is beautiful — more beautiful than my father told!" exclaimed the child.

"Wouldst thou like to stay here and play with my little lads, when my squire brings them home a week hence?" asked the count.

"Nay," replied Babette. "I like not boys. I had rather play with thee. Thou art as gentle as Cècile, and I love thee"; and she laid her round cheek in the palm of the hand which she held.

"But now I must go home. I drive the geese in when the sun gets as low as this. My mother will be looking for me."

"It grieves me to let thee go, child," said the count. Instead of leading her down the turret stair, he lifted her in his arms and carried her tenderly down to the castle court. The most trusty of his men-at-arms was called to carry her to her home. The gray goose made the journey in a basket, and there was another basket filled with good things from the castle larder. As the count lifted Babette to the saddle, he said warningly:



"AFTER DINNER COUNT GEOFFREY LED THE PRATTLING CHILD ALL THROUGH THE CASTLE."

"Have a care of thy chain, my child; it is precious. Let thy mother keep it for thee against thy wedding-day. Perchance harm might come to thee, for its sake, shouldst thou wear it in the meadow or the forest. Farewell, little Babette. Thou art a sweet playfellow."

He stood looking after her, and not until she had waved a last farewell as she passed through the outer gate did he turn back into his somber castle, muttering to himself:

"I would I had a little maid like that!"

As he threw his cap upon a table, his eye fell upon the faded blossoms of the broom that Babette had stuck there. "I will keep my promise to her and wear it," he said; "not alone at the tourney, but always. It shall be my crest. What care I for the rose of misty England! Henceforth my house shall be known as the house of Plantagenet, after *Planta genesta*, the golden blossom of my own sunny Anjou!"

TIT FOR TAT.

By Annie Willis McCullough.

I LIKE the merry winter-time, with jolly ice and snow;
I like to pelt the little girls with snowballs as they go;
I like to see them dodge and run, and hear them squeal in dread;
I like to push them into drifts and scrub their faces red.

. . . . . .

But say, this is n't nice a bit! I 've had about enough.
The winter is no fun at all when girls will play so rough!



JACK AN' ME.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.

"That 's Jack out there with the carriage! *Jack* 's my papa!

"I call him Jack because my mama used to call him that, an' she used to laugh when I called him that, too.

"Miss Isabel says I may call him Papa Jack, if I want to.

"Mama 's dead. She was sick *ev*-er so long, an' Jack an' me took care of her.

"Jack did n't work while mama was sick. He had to stay at home an' help me take care of mama. Then, when mama died an' went to heaven, Jack said he did n't have any work, an' must go an' find some.

"Jack cried when mama went away, an' so did I.

"Course Jack could n't leave me at home alone, so he put on my little plaid overcoat an' cap that mama made me, an' then I took his hand, an' we walked *ev*-er so far. We went into ever so many places, too, an' everybody said 'no' when Jack talked to them, an' some of them were cross. When they was n't, Jack an' me stayed a little while to get warm.

"I got hungry by an' by, an' Jack bought me a nice sausage an' a roll of a man, an' I ate it all up. Jack did n't eat any, because he was n't hungry.

"Then we walked, an' went into 'bout a hundred more places; but there was n't any work anywhere. So then we went home again, an' Jack said he guessed we did n't need two chairs any longer. So we took the rocking-chair that mama used to sit in round to the same man that bought our bureau an' table when mama died, an' the man gave Jack some money. Then we bought some coal an' milk an' a loaf of bread. Jack let me carry the bread, an' did n't scold when I dropped it going upstairs.

"Then we made a fire, an' Jack warmed the milk, an' put my high-chair up by the stove so I could eat an' be warm, too. An' I had bread an' milk, an' Jack had some of the bread, but he did n't want any milk, 'cause he said he 'd heard milk was n't good for grown-up folks. Then we went to bed, so we could take a fresh start in the morning, Jack said.



"'SO I LET GO OF JACK'S HAND AN' RAN OVER TO THEM.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I had the rest of the bread an' milk when we got up. Jack said he 'd heard breakfast was n't good for grown folks, either, so he did n't eat any. Then we went out an' walked again, an' asked people an' people for work, an' they all said 'no'; an' I had another sausage an' roll, an' I gave Jack the bottom crust of the roll where it was burnt. By an' by we went home again 'cause I was tired, an' we went around past the chair-man's, an' the chair-man came home with us, an' took our bedstead, 'cause Jack said the house would

be nice an' empty to play in without it, an' that we 'd make our bed on the floor so it would n't hurt me if I fell out.

"Then we walked about a hundred days; an' everybody was busy buying Christmas things an' kep' saying 'no,' 'no,' 'no,' till Jack said he did n't believe anybody ever said 'yes' any more at all. An' then I said that mama used to say 'yes' to me sometimes when I asked for things, an' maybe other ladies would say 'yes,' too. An' just then I saw two *lov*-elly ladies across the street waiting for the car.

"So I let go of Jack's hand an' ran over to them, an' asked them if they had any work. An' one of them was a young lady like my mama was, an' the other one was an old lady like my gran'mama in the album. An' they let the car go by, an' asked me what 's my name an' where I lived. An' I told them about my mama, an' about Jack an' me walking *ev*-er so many days, an' how everybody kep' saying, 'no,' 'no,' 'no,' an' about Jack not being hungry, an' milk not being good for grown-up folks, nor breakfast either.

"An' then the lov-elly old lady was going to give me some money; but just then Jack came across the street, an' would n't let her, an' said I must n't bother ladies when they wanted to catch their car.

"But they did n't want their car very bad, I guess, for they let some more go by, an' talked to Jack; an' they said they had some work, if Jack would come to their house. So they wrote it down on a piece of paper for Jack, an' Jack an' me got on a car an' rode, an' came here an' helped take care of the horses. An' that was two years ago, Jack says. An' we 've got, oh, such a lot of horses! an' Jack lets me ride on the big black one sometimes, because he 's old an' gentle. An' Miss Isabel—she 's the lov-elly young lady—she teaches me lessons; an' her mama she bought me some clothes an' some shoes, an' I hang up my stockin' every Christmas.

"An' Jack an' me live in a nice place up over the horses. I have a little bed to sleep in, an' Jack has a big bed; an' Jack went to the chairman an' bought the rocking-chair again that mama used to sit in. Jack eats breakfast now, too, so I guess that was n't so what he heard about it 's not being good for grown-up folks.

"*That* 's Jack out there with the carriage!

"Jack 's my papa!"

O - U - G - H.

By A. Fitch, Jr.

"Good morning, dear. So sorry that
Your hands are in the dough.
We 're out sleigh-riding in the park,
And hoped that you could gough."

"Oh, never mind! Of Lakeside Park
I never see enough.
Please wait a moment, and I 'll get
My hat, and cape, and mough.

"I think I 'll take my boa, too;
I 've something of a cough.
I 'll leave the bread this time for Nell.
And now at last I 'm ough.

"Ah, fairyland! What sprites have wrought
With snow and ice and bough!
I 'm sure the park has never looked
So beautiful as nough.

"My cough? Well, really, I believe
I 've just a little hiccough,
Which somehow in the morning's spin
I have contrived to piccough.

"Oh, dear, the morn has quickly passed!
Too soon, it seems, we 're through.
Best thanks for a delightful time.
Adiough, my friends, adiough."



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

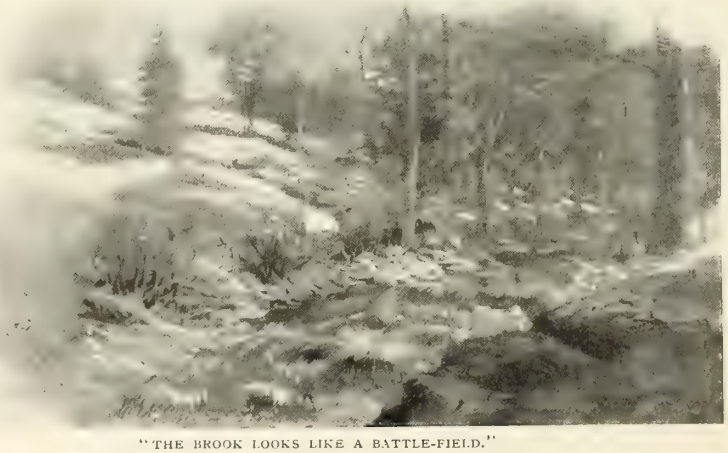
Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

Fortunately, it sometimes happens that there is considerable snow and a firmly frozen river in December, and then the typical thaw terminates with a midwinter freshet, often disastrous, it is true, but sure to open up a charming new world to the outdoor naturalist.

Along the river, and in every pent valley of the smaller creeks, is enacted an exciting drama.— Dr. Charles C. Abbott in "Days Out of Doors."

THE JANUARY THAW.

There is not always a "thaw" in January, nor do all spring-like days in winter come in January. As the old-fashioned almanacs would put it, scattering the words down the page for January: *About — this — time — expect — several — warm — days.* Even if the "about this time" were the last of February, the country people would regard it as "our January thaw, only about a month late this year!" The first of these warm days is often cloudy, and so misty and cloudy that the ground seems to steam. The snow that may have fallen two or three weeks ago is nearly



"THE BROOK LOOKS LIKE A BATTLE-FIELD."



Two of the many forms of snow-fleas.

SNOW-FLEAS ON THE SNOW AND IN THE FOOTPRINTS.

all melted. Then how slushy it is! —how "disagreeable getting about," the older folks would say. But to Howard, in new rubber boots, going to and fro from house to barn, there is a fascination in wading through the soft mixture.



THE MOURNING-CLOAK BUTTERFLIES AND HEDGEHOG-CATERPILLAR.

Indeed, it is evident that all young folks know how to make the best of many things that older persons call disagreeable. Some one has said that "everything is fish that comes to the net of the naturalist," meaning that the naturalist takes an interest in all that he observes in nature. And everything seems to be fun that comes within the experience of the young folks, because they see only the bright side of life.



THE FEATHERY YELLOW FLOWERS OF THE WITCH-HAZEL.

Not only the boys, but the geese, enjoy such wading. At the edge of a pool they search for the grass that the protecting blanket of snow

may have kept fresh and green—a bit of spring in midwinter.

On such a warm day as this the brook looks like a battle-field where have struggled the forces of heat and cold. Blocks of ice lie broken and crushed beside the plunging, foaming water. In this ravine we find spring strangely intermingled with winter. Rushing down the brook are miniature icebergs, and bordering its banks are panoramas of arctic ice-fields. Yet on the hillside the grass peeps green above the snow. In a small branch of the brook is the watercress which Thoreau observed on a midwinter day, "as green as ever, waving in the stream as in summer."



"THE BIRDS FIND A COZY HOME AMONG THE PROJECTING ROOTS. . . . THE TRICKLING WATER . . . MAKES A CHART ON THE BANK."

If we follow this little branch to its source we shall find a spring by which is the stitchwort with its frost-bitten but wide-opened buds. Here is summer indeed, strangely mixed with winter!

A similar mingling of autumn bloom with midwinter surroundings is afforded by the witch-hazel, with its feathery yellow flowers, as beautiful as in late autumn, but they now seem weird and uncanny as they cling to leafless twigs. Autumn as well as spring seems to say, "You can't wholly overcome me, old winter."

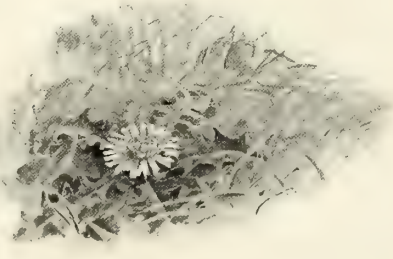


THE STITCHWORT IN BLOOM NEAR THE SPRING.

Other examples of apparently delicate creatures which are brought conspicuously into view by these warm days are the snow-fleas, the winter or "mourning-cloak" butterflies (*Vanessa antiopa*), and the hedgehog-caterpillar. Of these snow-fleas, the reader will recall that one of our correspondents* recently wrote:

"I noticed in the footprints and in the snow little black specks that I thought were soot. . . . I could have gathered them up by the cupful at a time."

The mourning-cloak, or "thaw" butterflies, as Gibson calls them, are apparently as happy now as they will be on the warm days of spring. And the hedgehog-caterpillar is hur-



THE DANDELION MAY BE FOUND IN BLOOM IN JANUARY.

* See the letter, comment, and illustrations, page 556 of Nature and Science for April, 1902.

rying along as usual, perhaps even faster, seeming to say, "I must have a good time before the cold stiffens me out again. So here goes for a bit of exercise to warm my blood."

Our dandelion, of which a few specimens can be found blooming in every month in the year, looks especially bright-eyed and golden during this warm spell as it peers out of the grasses and the weeds.

The leaves of the crowfoot, shepherd's-purse, and clover are of an especially bright green. The naturalist Thoreau even maintained, as we have said, that the watercress is at least more noticeably green in winter than in summer. To quote again from him: "Is not this the plant which most, or most conspicuously, preserves its greenness in the winter?"

Willow twigs have a peculiarly beautiful tint on a warm, moist day in winter. Note also the brighter colors of the mosses and lichens, especially those growing on the bark of trees.

The bank of earth not grassed over, but with a crown of trees and shrubs, is especially interesting in a thaw. On the south side of such a bank the birds find a cozy home among the projecting roots or under the mass of smaller growths of twigs and stems.

The trickling water from the thawing soil makes a chart on the bank, and shows us how the streams start at the top as if from springs, this combining with that to make each a little larger, till several form what we may easily fancy to be miniature rivers, whose rapid flow digs ravines, hollows caves, and tosses sand into heaps, the whole being, to the geologist, an example, on a small scale, of what the forces of nature in ages past have done to the world.

A NATURAL GRAFT.

The children and their teacher were off for a tramp in the woods, where each brown tree-trunk showed plainly against the background of snow. Suddenly Richard, who had gone ahead, shouted to the rest, "I have found the queerest tree with two trunks!" and the whole party hurried to the spot. Beside the path they found two small red oaks that after several feet of separate growth had united into one tree.

"It looks like a tree on stilts," declared Alice; "but how did it get two trunks?"

Alfred, who had been studying it carefully, said, "There were two trees, and that knot above the spot where they have joined shows that one top died after the trunks grew together."

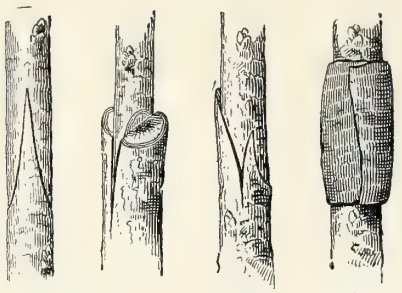
"Both trunks are alive now," said Richard, who had been testing them with his pocket-knife.

Then the teacher explained that originally one tree branched, and the other, leaning in that direction, rested in this crotch, and a small branch above the crotch held the trunk securely. That is to say, one trunk grew between two small branches of the other tree. As these



TWO OAK-TREES GRAFTED INTO ONE.

branches increased in size they held the bark of one trunk against the other as firmly as if they were clamped in a vise, so that one tree grafted naturally into the other. In time the top of one trunk and the small branches died, leaving this odd and puzzling growth.



THE WAY THE GARDENER GRAFTS.

"What is grafting?" asked Alice, and the teacher replied: "In spring the gardener places a cutting of one improved variety of fruit-tree into a cleft made in the branch of another variety, making sure that the bark of the cutting joins that of the branch, so that sap can flow freely from one to the other. In time branch and cutting become one limb, but the cutting determines the kind of fruit."

W. C. Knowles.

THE TREE OF THE CLIMBING BEAR

Dame Nature sometimes does queer and interesting things by chance. We have noted in the foregoing article that by chance she grafted two trees together. We have also from time to time noted the surprising resemblances of rocks and ledges to human faces or to animals. Now, through the courtesy of Mr. George H. Daniels, we show a photograph of a tree on whose trunk is a knotty growth closely resembling the figure of a climbing bear. This strange formation is in a forest on the borders of Lake Kenoza, in Sullivan County, New York.



KNOTTY GROWTH ON A TREE CLOSELY RESEMBLING A CLIMBING BEAR.

(By permission of the "Four-Track News.")

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

FRUIT HEADS OF THE SYCAMORE.

Colchester, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I found two queer little things on the ground yesterday. The girls who were with me did not know what they were, so I thought I would send them to you. What is the little hard thing inside? Yours very truly,

Minnie R. Bigelow.

The specimens you sent are the fruiting heads of the buttonball or sycamore tree



FRUITING HEADS OF THE SYCAMORE-TREE.

(*Platanus occidentalis*). Look for the large tree near by, and for the fluffy heads, about an inch in diameter, that remain on the tree through the winter. They hang by slender stems from three to six inches long. These seeds have a cottony attachment by which they are scattered abroad by the winds, especially in March or later in the spring. The seeds are packed

in large fluffy masses, endwise, closely around a hard ball in the center.



FRUIT CLUSTER OF THE SWEET-GUM TREE.

The spherical balls of the liquid amber or sweet-gum tree are about the same size, and hang by slender stems of about the same length. These seeds are usually imperfect, shriveled up, and packed as if with sawdust in the holes. These are easily shaken out by the wind or in falling, so that usually there is nothing in the seed cavities of these balls as we find them on the ground under the tree.

CAN ANIMALS HYPNOTIZE?

COLUMBIA HOUSE, KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to know if hawks have any power of hypnotism over smaller birds, as snakes are claimed to have. My friend and I were taking a walk, when we saw a hawk light on a telegraph pole. In a few minutes a sparrow came by. The hawk looked at it, and it seemed unable to fly any farther, but alighted on the wire about five feet in front of the hawk. All the time it was chirping pitifully. It would fly around and around the hawk, but the hawk kept its eyes on it, and the bird could not get away. My friend then threw a stone at the hawk, and it started to fly away. The little bird followed it, and suddenly the hawk turned and chased it. It would swoop and make little dives at the bird, but would not actually hurt it. Will you please answer this in the next ST. NICHOLAS?

Your loving reader,

DORIS NEWBERRY.

The question whether some animals have the power to hypnotize others is largely a matter of opinion. My own view is that there is no such thing as hypnotism among animals. There undoubtedly is fear-paralysis, which might easily be called hypnotism; but I do not think it belongs in that class of phenomena. Human beings are at times as much subject to fear-paralysis as are birds that are attacked by dangerous serpents. Paralysis from fear is a very different thing from hypnotic influence. Hypnotism is always exercised by the surrender of the mental faculties to the will of the operator. Fear, on the other hand, often produces complete paralysis of the voluntary muscles, and also of the brain, by a process which I consider entirely different.—W. T. HORNADAY, Director New York Zoölogical Park.

TINFOIL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me what silver-paper is made of? I was playing with some of it this morning, rolling it into little balls, and I was surprised to see that it marked a piece of white paper like lead. I twisted it into a point, and found that I could write with it, though not very well. Then I heated some in an old spoon over the gas-jet, and it melted. I dropped it into cold water, and it hardened into a substance very much like lead. I am very much interested in the Nature and Science department.

Yours truly, HELEN CODY.

Tinfoil is usually made of a mixture of lead and tin. For some purposes the tin is not mixed in, but is merely a coating on one or both sides of a very thin sheet of lead.

It was one of my favorite amusements in boyhood days to melt tinfoil and pour it into water. Each lot will assume its own peculiar form. Thus I well recall one lot that became little jockey-caps; others formed spears, stars, plumes, etc. A common form is the dagger, as in the accompanying illustration.

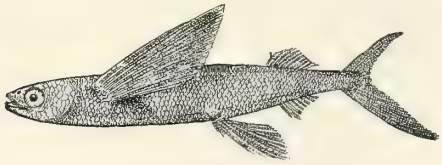


DAGGER FORMS FROM MELTED TINFOIL POURED INTO COLD WATER.

FLYING-FISH.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : On our way home from a trip to Cuba, from the steamer I saw some flying-fish. As



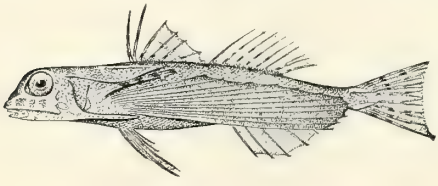
THE CALIFORNIA FLYING-FISH.

much as I could see of them, they were blue, and all of a sudden they would jump out of the water, spread their wings, fly for a little while, then dive down again.

I remain, Your loving reader,

HELEN GREENE (age 11).

The flight of flying-fishes has been much discussed by naturalists. It may be said, however, that these fish do not really fly, but rather "shoot" out of the water by strong, rapid



THE FLYING GUNARD.

movements of the tail. Then while in the air it is not so much a matter of flight as of falling. The large pectoral fins have not the action of wings in propelling them forward, but of a parachute in sustaining them briefly in the air before they fall in a curve into the water again.

CRABS AND FISH.

WAREHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS : We are two cousins — Margaret and Mary. Margaret is ten, and I, Mary, am seventeen. We write to ask you a few questions about salt-water fish. We would also like to tell you a little about our aquarium. We have some minnows, several hermit-crabs, two eels, and a great many snails. It is very interesting to watch them. Yesterday a large crab was found clinging to the rudder of the rowboat. It was very difficult to remove him, but finally he was conquered, and was borne home in triumph. He is a very patriotic crab. The tips of his claws are a lobster red, higher up a pretty color of blue, and his body white. His shell is a dull greenish blue. We would like to know what food to give him, for he seems to eat nothing. And our most important questions are these: Do fish go to sleep? And if they do, how is it accomplished? Do they lie down low in the water, or on the surface?

We enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and would like to receive answers to our questions in the Nature and Science department.

Sincerely,

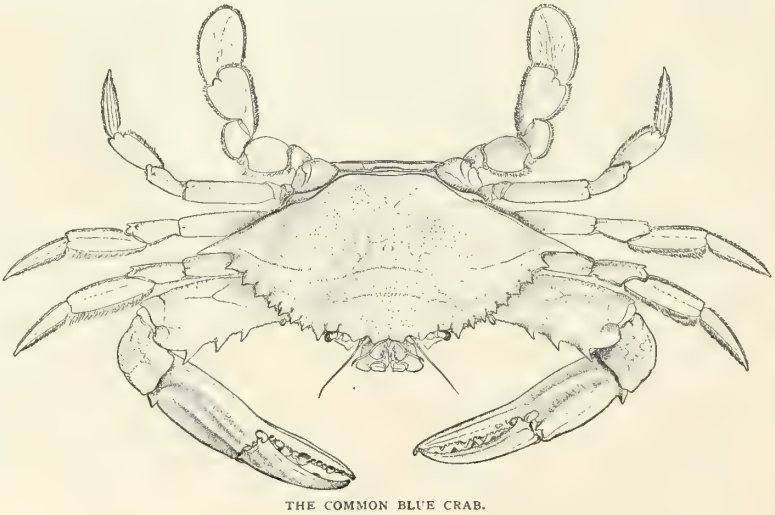
MARGARET W. SARGENT.
MARY W. APPLETON.

Fishes do not sleep in the ordinary sense of the term. They cannot close their eyes, because they have nothing to close over them; and if they lie down on the bottom they are apt to get sand in their eyes. To a certain degree they rest, some at night, and some perhaps in the daytime, and this corresponds with what we know as sleep.

If they used their minds more they would have more occasion for slumber.

DAVID STARR JORDAN,
President Leland Stanford Junior University, California.

The salt-water crabs are scavengers, and feed upon various forms of dead animal matter. They are great fighters, but are also wily, often averting danger by resorting to stratagem. They are an interesting and curious group, as they possess a good degree of intelligence and have amusing habits.



THE COMMON BLUE CRAB.

DO SCHOOLS OF FISH HAVE LEADERS?

NEWPORT BEACH, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were at the beach last summer and did quite a little fishing from the wharf. The schools of fish were very thick around the wharf, especially the small fish such as sardines, smelt, and horse-mackerel. There have also been schools of yellowtail.

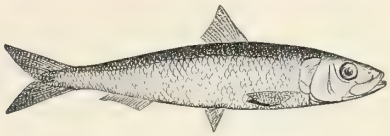
I have been very interested to know if schools of fish have any leaders, so I thought I would write and ask you about it.

Your very interested reader,

MARGERY WHEELOCK.

In answer to this letter, President David Starr Jordan, an eminent authority regarding the habits of fish, writes to the editor of Nature and Science as follows:

To your young correspondent from Newport, California, you can say that around these beaches the sar-



THE CALIFORNIA SARDINE.

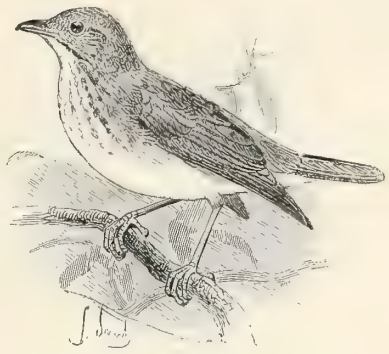
dines, yellowtail, and mackerel do not have, so far as I know, any particular leader. They swim along together, going in and out, but without any organization that we know of. Certainly no single fish can be said to be in command. It would be difficult in most cases to identify the leader, if there was one, or to prove that it was the same fish. So far as I know, we have not found any case where any single fish is known to lead a school. With birds there seems to be some evidence of such leadership; some old bird experienced in the ways of the world and of the air goes on ahead, and the others follow.

Dr. H. M. Smith, of the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., writes:

There is no evidence that schools of fish have leaders. The simultaneous movements of fish in a school depend on currents, tides, water temperature, food, enemies, and various other factors.

THE BEST SEA-SHORE OBSERVATIONS.

PRIZES for best sea-shore observations were awarded to Miss Dorothy A. Baldwin, "The Castle," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, Miss Elizabeth A. Gest, Lambertville, New Jersey, and Miss Elizabeth Fuller, Exeter, New Hampshire.



THE VEERY, OR WILSON'S THRUSH.

THE WILSON'S THRUSH AND THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

CAMP KUNNEWAY, BEAR ISLAND, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you give me a distinct difference between the hermit-thrush and the veery?

Your interested reader, ISABELLA PUFFER.

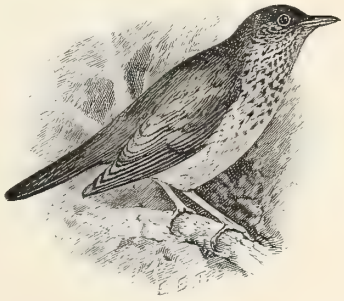
Frank M. Chapman's "Handbook" gives very clear and concise directions for distinguishing these birds:

Veery.—Throat and upper breast pale buffy, with small, cinnamon-brown, wedge-shaped spots; belly pure white; sides with a barely perceptible grayish wash.

The veery's distinguishing characters are (1) its uniform cinnamon-brown upper parts; (2) its delicately marked breast; and (3) particularly its almost white sides. The wood-thrush has the sides heavily spotted, and the other thrushes have this part more or less strongly washed with grayish or brownish.

Hermit Thrush.—Upper parts olive-brown, sometimes inclining to cinnamon; upper tail coverts and *tail* rufous.

The hermit-thrush may always be easily identified by its rufous tail. It is the only one of our thrushes which has the tail brighter than the back.



THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

It will also be helpful to remember that the song of the Wilson's thrush has been described as "a sweet wavering whistled *whee-u*." The hermit-thrush, it is claimed by some observers, has "a more exquisitely beautiful voice than any other American bird."



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE SHADOW TREES OF WINTER.

BY ROBERT E. DUNDON, AGE 16. (*Gold Badge.*)

SIGHING hemlock, mourning pine,
Gaunt and grim, a sentry line
Set to bar the cold's advance,
By the irony of chance
Make our fireside joys complete
With their yield of Christmas treat.

But their brethren of the wood,
Bearing winter's icy hood,
Grieve like mortals stricken sore,
Cast their shadows at our door
On a waste of drifted snow,
As they chant their plaint of woe.

We within may take our ease,—
Light and warmth are subtle keys
To unlock the door of cheer,
When no worries hover near,—
Yet our neighbors of the wold
Seem like comrades stout and bold.

AND so we are entering our fifth year! Four years ago this month we made our first League exhibit, and a very good one it was, considering it was our first. The editor, as well as many of our members, can still recall those clever drawings of "The Christmas Fireplace" and all the interesting poems and stories that did and did not get prizes. Nearly fifty months have slipped away since then, and a great many of our boys and girls who were eager and industrious members in that day of beginning are now grown men and women, some of them still writing, hand-drawing, and winning handsome "cash prizes" from the big magazines and newspapers, that are always ready to reward perseverance and industry, that, combined with a talent for the work undertaken, never fail to result in worthy effort.



"JANUARY." BY H. B. LACHMAN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

But there are a multitude of those early beginners who are still with the League, and some of them are just beginning now to win the prizes for which they have striven so faithfully and so long. The editor wishes that every member might know how happy it makes him to award a prize to a boy or a girl who has been persevering month after month for years, rewarded only by the joy of creative effort and the belief that each month brought improvement and was one step nearer the goal.

"I was so discouraged at times, but I am glad now that I persevered," is the sentiment expressed in scores of letters from these prize-winners. Not that the prize is the great reward,—that lies in the work itself,—but it is what the prize means—the point of progress that it represents. And how much more must it mean to those who have learned to progress little by little, step at a time, and who know when the prize comes that they have gained strength and knowledge to go on in steady advancement through all the uncovered years! The League editor can speak from his heart to those who labor on, determined to win. He has known disappointment from month to month and from year to year, and he has known reward. And the rewards of the life of art and letters, however late they come, are worth all the struggle and the long years of waiting. There is no royal road to success. Some there are who seem born to the crown, and wear it from

the beginning. Often these do not prize it or wear it long. For those who must win it, there is but one way: to toil on step by step; to never confess discouragement; to never lose faith; to never lose heart for the battle.



"ACTION." BY HELEN M. WOLF, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

That is their royal road. The League editor rejoices that so many brave boys and girls have found that royal path in the four years that have passed since he began to point the way.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 49.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Robert E. Dundon** (age 16), 1526 E. Oak St., New Albany, Ind., and **Philip Stark** (age 13), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Martin** (age 16), 216 Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Charles Irish Preston** (age 10), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Prose. Cash prize, **Muriel M. K. E. Douglas** (age 17), "Briardene," 29 Montague Rd., Chesterton, Cambridge, England.

Gold badges, **Katharine J. Bailey** (age 13), Sta. A, Gardner, Mass., and **Robert Walsh** (age 13), 405 E. 4th St., Newport, Ky.

Silver badges, **Carolyn L. Palmer** (age 14), 138 E. 6th St., Plainfield, N. J., and **James J. Porter** (age 12), 56 E. 67th St., New York City.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Edgar Daniels** (age 17), 19 Golf St., Dayton, Ohio.

Gold badge, **H. B. Lachman** (age 17), 882 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Silver badges, **Emilie C. Flagg** (age 16), 11 Avon St., Cambridge, Mass., and **Theodore L. Fitz Simons** (age 11), 55 Church St., Charleston, S. C.

Photography. Gold badges, **Wales C. Brewster** (age 17), 17 Coe St., Waterbury, Conn., and **Helen M. Wolf** (age 13), 7 W. 91st St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Catherine Douglas** (age 15), 509 Washington St., Ann Arbor, Mich., and **Edwin Shoemaker** (age 15), 2011 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Adirondack Elk," by **Kate Duryea Allin** (age 17), 13th Ave. and 56th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Second prize, "Chicken Hawk," by **Hester M. Conklin** (age 15), 416 E. State St., Olean, N. Y. Third prize, "Blue Heron," by **H. John Hill** (age 7), 1102 Grove St., Evanston, Ill.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Thruston Broun** (age 15), Middleburg, Va., and **Mary Dunbar** (age 14), 1218 13th St., Altoona, Pa.

Silver badges, **Francis Wolle** (age 14), Westmont, Johnstown, Pa., and **Erna Klinzing** (age 11), 103 Hickory St., Rochester, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Lillian Jackson** (age 12), 1301 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del., and **Albert E. Stockton** (age 16), 22 Russell Ave., Watertown, Mass.

Silver badges, **Florence Guida Steele** (age 15), Robinson, Ill., and **Margaret C. Wilby** (age 13), 897 3d Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY MURIEL M. K. E. DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(*Cash Prize.*)

How often we say the word "its," and what a useful little word it is!—so handy that it is difficult to think how we could ever do without it.

The first to introduce it to our language was Florio, in his "Worlde of Wordes," published in 1598. And it was used again in his translation of Montaigne in 1603.



"ACTION." BY WALES C. BREWSTER, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"ACTION." BY EDWIN SHOEMAKER, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

TREES IN WINTER.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THROUGH frost-pictured panes on a cold wintry day
I gaze at the valley below,
And dream of the scene that before me is spread—
A fairyland splendor of snow!

The elm-trees are sparkling with jewels so bright,
Like diamonds they glitter and shine;
The trees in the forest are laden with ice—
Each hemlock, and maple, and pine.

Their branches are drooping, but proudly they stand,
With glittering circlets now crowned,
And tiny snow-crystals, while flake after flake
Is fluttering down to the ground.

A brightness outshining the pure, sunny morn—
A weird transformation of light—
Has wrapped every tree till it groans with the weight
Of the soft, fleecy coverlet white.

Now all are asleep under blankets so warm,
No longer the leaves to them cling;
Their great branches sigh as the wind rushes by,
And patiently wait for the spring.

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY ROBERT WALSH (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HOW many people who use the word "porcelain" ever think of its derivation? Long years ago, there lived on the florid southern shore of the Mediterranean Sea a wild tribe of the Ethiopian race, whose main sustenance was the fish that they caught in the sea or the sparkling streams in the vicinity.

As these simple folk were not of an adventurous nature, they were content with staying in their own pleasant little clime. Very few, indeed, had ever ventured in or even heard of the wondrous world which lay about them. If any of them had ever seen another part, his tale was regarded as rash folly or that he had dreamed it.

Their children, not unlike the Indian papooses of our own country, were fond of collecting the shells which were washed ashore by the tide. And as the majority of these that they found resembled swine, they called them *porcelli*, the diminutive of the Latin word *porcus*, a pig.

One day, when the entire nation was gathered together in the chief village to celebrate the festival dedicated to their principal god, two men (and, as I have heard, the same two who smuggled the silkworms across the Chinese border in a bamboo cane) entered the temple, a rude structure, and offered some chinaware to the king. He had never

For many years afterward people were very reluctant to admit the new word into their vocabulary, although they had long, unconsciously, felt the want of it, especially poets.

There is not a single instance in our English Bible where "its" is used, "his" or "her" or "thereof" being put instead. The result was sometimes apt to be confusing; for instance, in the seventh chapter of Daniel, ninth verse, we read: "His throne was like the fiery flame, and *his* wheels as burning fire."

When the poet Chatterton brought out the writings which he declared to be those of a monk named Rowley (who lived early in the fifteenth century), no one of all his many critics who announced the work to be a forgery noticed this line,

"Life and all *its* goods I scorn,"

which at once stamped the poems as the work of a modern writer, although they were not at a loss for several other reasons.

The writer Daniel, who died in 1619, and Drayton, who died twelve years later, both shrank from using the new word—it has not been found in any of their productions; while, coming down to more recent times, Lord Macaulay is said to have avoided "its" whenever possible.

Throughout the whole of Shakspere's plays "its" is only used fourteen times, in the "Winter's Tale" no less than three times in twelve lines. To Spenser and Bacon "its" was entirely unknown. Ben Jonson sometimes used it, but very rarely, and there is no mention of it in his "Grammar." Milton hardly ever wrote the word, though there are one or two examples of it in "Paradise Lost."



"ACTION." BY CATHERINE DOUGLAS, AGE 15.

seen anything like this before. He was surprised and delighted, for in his kingdom they had nothing but common earthenware and terra-cotta. When his little son saw it, he held up a shell and exclaimed, "Porcellanus est!" ("It is like the porcelli!")

Hence from this little boy's imagination comes the name of that beautiful translucent pottery which is the pride of many a housewife's heart.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY MARJORIE MARTIN (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Oh, gaunt, bare skeletons that stretch out arms
To yonder fair dominion of the sky!
With every passing gust ye wail aloud
And ever raise one cry!

And is it that ye weep for beauties lost—
For summer's verdant foliage ye mourn?
Or do ye cry for heaven's gentle snow
To cover ye, forlorn?



"CHICKEN HAWK." BY HESTER M. CONKLIN, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

Or are ye calling for the spring to come,
To scatter flowers far over hill and dale?
Be comforted, ye giant sentinels!
Did e'er spring fail?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In concluding a letter to a friend we often write "Yours sincerely," and yet how many have ever paused to think what the word "sincere" originally meant, and how it became changed in its meaning? This is the story.

A great many years ago, a little town in Italy was very widely known, and its fêtes were attended by thousands of people. This fame was entirely due to a certain kind of pottery made there, and the people came to the fêtes in order to buy some of it, or, if they were not rich enough to buy, at least they might see and admire.

The process of making it was known to one man only, and he concealed the knowledge from the prying eyes of all the world.

So much was made that the man became rich. Unfortunately, his riches made him miserly, and one day he tried an experiment, putting a little wax into



"BLUE HERON." BY H. JOHN HILL, AGE 7. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"ADIRONDACK ELK." BY KATE DURYEA ALLIN, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

the material, which, of course, made it cheaper to manufacture.

No harm was done by the small quantity put in, and seeing this, the dishonest man added more each time.

At last he went a little too far in his deceit. He had substituted a great deal of wax, and was probably priding himself on his cunning, when in came an angry woman.

Their conversation is not recorded, unfortunately, for it must have been interesting.

The dishes had been placed near a hot fire, and, a greater part being wax, had melted, much to the woman's astonishment and dismay.

After that, of course, people were exceedingly cautious with all dealers, and each dish, before the thrifty housewives would buy it, had to be examined by competent judges and stamped on the back "sine cera"—without wax.

After a little the two words were shortened into one, "sincere," which was stamped on the pottery.

When many years had elapsed the word began to be used in a different sense. People finally did not think of the meaning "without wax," but rather genuine or true, and so the word has come down to us at the present time.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

The trees stand out against the sky;
Their bare limbs creak and groan and sigh,
As passing gusts sweep through the wood,
Where goldenrod majestic stood,
Or tiny wild flowers hid away
When spring and summer held full sway.

These things are but asleep beneath
The snow that covers wood and heath;
And when the whir of many a wing
Shall herald the return of spring,
From slumber roused, they, multiplied,
Will spread their beauty far and wide.

WHEN THE TREES OF WINTER CLAP THEIR HANDS.



An Illustrated Poem. BY MABEL E. FLETCHER, AGE 16. (*A Former Prize-winner.*)

HAVE you heard, in the heart of winter,
When the storm beats at the door,
The sound of the wet wind singing
And the fretful tempest's roar?
Have you heard the loose boughs creaking,
And the rattle of dry dead leaves,
And the musical drip of the rainfall,
And the singsong drone in the eaves?
'T is the music played by the storm-wind bands,
While the ice-edged shade-trees clap their hands!

Have you heard, in the heart of winter,
The sound of a mighty shout
And a strange, strange burst of music
In the far-away dark without?
Have you listened with pulses throbbing
To the sounds of wondrous things—
The creak of the living branches
And the flutter of frightened wings?
'T is the music played by the storm-wind bands,
And the ice-clad shade-trees clap their hands!

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY CAROLYN L. PALMER, AGE 14. (*Silver Badge.*)

MANY words have very interesting histories, particularly those derived from Latin and Greek words. These often have entirely different meanings now from the original ones, but they are usually associated with the first meanings. Many times their significance has changed gradually and imperceptibly, until now they have quite long histories.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY EMILIE C. FLAGG, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Cynosure" is a good example of this kind of words, since its meaning has changed considerably during the hundreds of years since it was a part of the Greek language. Its original form was **Κυνόσουρα**, which meant "dog's tail." It referred especially to the constellation called the Little Bear, or the tail of the Great Bear, Ursa Major. This contains the pole-star, by which mariners guided their ships. Of course, in order to do this, they had to watch the Cynosure a great deal, and so on this account it has come to have its present meaning—the object of attention, or the center of attraction.

To me "cynosure" suggests even more than the story of its derivation, since the first time I ever noticed it particularly and found out its exact meaning was when I read Milton's "L'Allegro." Now, whenever I see it, it reminds me at first of the lovely description of an English country landscape in which it is used in this poem, and that in turn recalls the whole poem, with all its beautiful sights and sounds. For this reason the word is a little fairy who holds the key of the most wonderful poems I have ever read,—those of Milton,—for it even has the power of bringing others besides "L'Allegro" before my mind.

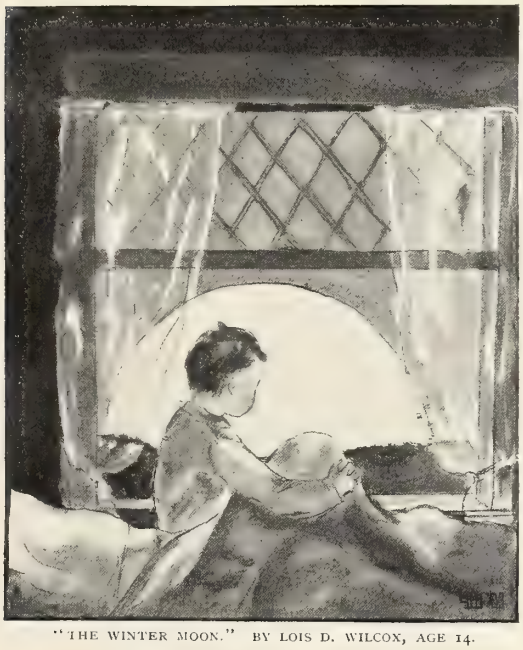
THE TREES IN WINTER.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 13).

DEEP lie the snow-drifts,
The emblems of purity;
Low bend the trees o'er the icy stone wall.

The wind has free will,
The squirrel security,
In the snow-laden pine-trees, so grand and so tall.

The oak-trees' branches
Are ice-covered yet,
And crackle and bend o'er the cold frozen stream;
The gray darkened sky
Gives no sign of sunset,
And the leaves 'neath the snow-drifts care only to dream.



"THE WINTER MOON." BY LOIS D. WILCOX, AGE 14.

Through the slumbering forest
The winter winds sweep,
And moan in the branches, so dreary, so cold.
Softly the night falls;
The earth 's wrapped in sleep;
'T is the same old winter—the same trees of old.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY JAMES J. PORTER (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HAVE chosen as my subject the word "car." Some time ago, while preparing my lesson in Cæsar, I noticed the word *carrus*, and this furnished me with a subject for my composition.

Among the old Celts—called by the Romans Gauls—who in ancient times dwelt in what is now France, there was a word meaning wagon or cart, namely, *carre*. The Romans had no word for the Gallic two-wheeled carts; therefore they simply Latinized the Celtic word *carre*, causing it to become *carrus*. When the Roman soldiers conquered Gaul, they forced their language, slightly modified, upon the inhabitants, and thus the word returned to those from whom it was borrowed in its original form, *carre*.

When the Normans conquered England they brought with them the language now called Old French; and along through the middle ages *carre* continued unchanged, until at length the final *re* was dropped, and we have our word "car."

This word, however, does not usually mean a cart, but rather a vehicle that is propelled by machinery or one that goes on rails. Our word "cart" comes through a different source, being the old Celtic word used by the Anglo-Saxons, with a *t* added, and thus it enters our language through the Saxons instead of going through Latin and French, as did "car," though both were originally from the same word.

THE TREES IN WINTER.

BY KATE HUNTINGTON TIEMANN (AGE 16).

IN winter-time the trees have lost
Their foliage, and 't is sometimes said
The summer's enemy, the frost,
Takes their bright life and leaves them dead.

It is not so; the trees still live,
Though not till spring their sap will thrill;
They only sleep, and, sleeping, give
Their beauties to the landscape still.

Some days in winter we may see
A fairy world; the sun shines bright
On many a sparkling ice-robed tree,
Covered with diamonds in the night.

In winter, summer, fall, and spring
The trees are always grandly fair;
And so we learn from everything
Each season brings of joy its share.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 15).

THERE are many words in the English language that have undergone a complete change in the course of time, some in form and others in meaning. Among the latter is the word "villain," derived from the Latin *villa*, which signifies "farm-house."

In the middle ages the word "villain" (written also "villein") did not mean, as it does now, "scoundrel" or "knave." A villain was a feudal tenant of the lowest class, a man who received a small amount of land from some lord or baron, for which he paid rent by military service. Of course the overlords considered themselves better than their vassals, and probably treated them with contempt. The hatred of the barons toward their tenants increased as the power of the former abated and the latter grew stronger, so that the lords came to associate the villains with all that was evil.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY HAROLD OSBORNE (AGE 13).

EVENING.

THE night is cold;
A snowy fold
Has clothed the world in rest.
The north wind's moan
Comes, softly blown,
Over the low hill's crest.

MORNING.

The white trees shine
In pearly line,
A fairyland released
Unto our sight
By the pale light
Of Eos in the east.



"YE OLD YEAR." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 16.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "LACONIC."

BY HARRIETTE E. McCLEER (AGE 12).

THE word "laconic" is derived from both the Latin and Greek languages. It is taken from the words "Laconian" or "Lacedæmonian," pertaining to the inhabitants of ancient Sparta or Laconia, a province or state in ancient Greece.

In ancient times the people of Sparta spoke in as few words as possible, and they soon became noted for this peculiarity.

By degrees the Greeks came to call any one who spoke very briefly a "Laconiac."

In our own times the word is used both as a noun and an adjective. It now means short and brief talking, or the habit of expressing much in a very few words.



"ACTION" (PARADE, YORK, MAINE). BY MABEL W. WHITELEY, AGE 12.

WINTER TREES.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 12).

PA says when Maine woods lost their leaves,
By winter winds blown free,
He 'd hunt for nuts and squirrels' nests
Round every forest tree.

And then down deep in withered leaves
He 'd scuff his feet along,
Because he liked to hear the sound,
Like winter's evening song.

And when the fields were white with snow
And the trees like sheeted ghosts,
He 'd take his sled and play leap-frog
O'er all the stumps and posts.

But here out West, by the sunset sea,
It is endless summer-time.
Our trees are green the whole year through,
Date-palm, blue-gum, and lime.

But *I* 'd give our green trees away
For just one day of sport
Like that which pa tells me about
Of snow men and a fort.

TREES IN SUMMER AND TREES IN WINTER.

BY LOIS R. FROST (AGE 13).

IN summer trees are cool and green;
To look at they are fair,
And birds behind their leafy screen
With music fill the air.

In winter trees are cold and bare,
And birds they sing no more;
For they are off to a southern lair
Where tempests never roar.

In summer we all love to rest
Beneath a balsam-tree,
And watch a warbler in its nest
Who 's from all troubles free.

In winter, then, at Christmas-tide,
The balsam we shall trim
With sleds and skates and sweets beside
That hang from every limb.

THE STORY OF A WORD —"LAUNDRY."

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 16).

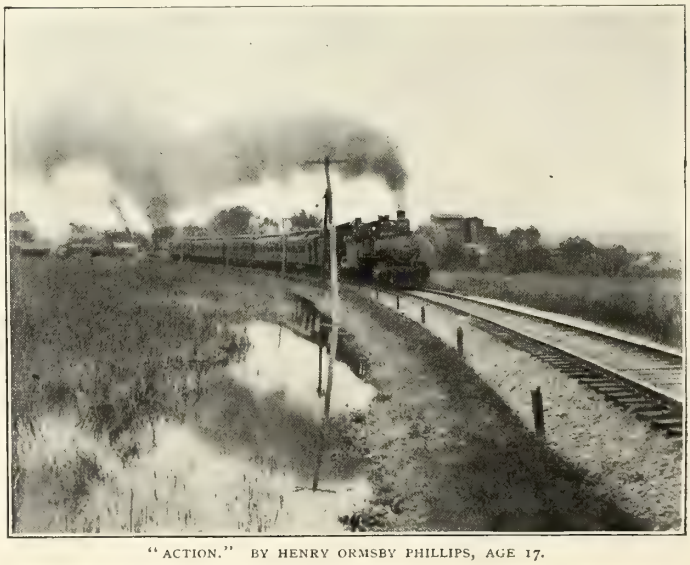
THE word "laundry" means a place where clothes are washed and ironed. This, of course, is familiar to almost every one. Perhaps fewer people know where the word came from.

It is from the Latin *lavare*, to wash, from which also comes the French *laver*, to wash, and the Old French *lavanderie*, a washing.

The Old English word "lavendry" was taken from the French.

Later on it was changed to "lauendry, and still later on the *e* was dropped and it became as we now have it, "laundry."

About the latter half of the thirteenth century the descendants of the Norman conquerors began to talk English, using, however, a great many French words, such as *lavanderie*. These grew to be used, in some cases



"ACTION." BY HENRY ORMSBY PHILLIPS, AGE 17.

slightly changed, by the English themselves, and gradually became a part of the language, as laundry has done.

This word in its earlier form was used by William Langland in his allegorical and satirical poem the "Vision of Piers Plowman," which was written in the fourteenth century:

"Whan he is wery of that werke thanne wil he some tyme
Labory in a *lauendrye* wel the lengthe of a myle."

This poem, although intended for the common people, contains many other words of French origin.

TREES IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

SOFTLY rustling in the breeze
Stand the dear old summer trees,
Green and shady, cool and fair—
How I love to see you there!

Bleak and upright in the snow,
Branches hanging bare and low,
Gone your look of happy peace—
Oh, will winter *ever* cease?



"ACTION." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 16.

Gaunt and black against the sky,
While the snowflakes hurry by
(Poor old trees!), they murmur low,
"When will dreary winter go?"

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ALFRED SCHWARTZ (AGE 12).

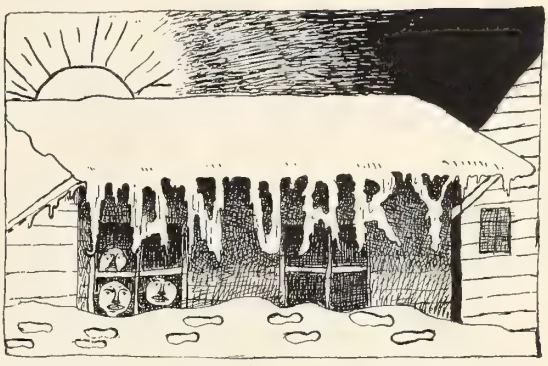
I THINK the subject this month is very inspiring, as it will teach boys and girls the history and origin of many words, and although these words may be of every-day use, their history and origin may be only known to few.

I think one of these words is "boycott," which had its origin in the name of Captain Boycott.

Captain Boycott was a land-agent in Mayo, a small town in Ireland. In the war between England and India, Boycott was enlisted in the British army.

Before the war Boycott had closed his business, but after he returned he opened it again.

Boycott was thought by many to be a selfish, unscrupulous man, who hardly ever treated anybody right. At last the people grew tired of him. These people were called the Highlanders.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY BENNIE HASSELMAN, AGE 9. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

The Highlanders formed themselves into a body, and decided, because of Boycott's unscrupulous nature, to ruin his trade; and so they resolved to have nothing whatever to do with him. This was in 1880.

And as they were successful in this, they employed the same tactics against others who aroused their displeasure.

Since then the word "boycott" has been adopted as a weapon mainly between union laborers and employers in this country.

TREES IN WINTER.

BY ALBERTA COWGILL (AGE 17).

I LOVE the trees in winter,
Their leafy glory past,
When clear they lie against the sky
Or bend beneath the blast.

I love the trees in winter
When, no more bare and brown,
Their limbs bend low with the weight of snow—
A mantle soft as down.

I love all things in winter,—
The wind that whistles free,
The clouds so gray, the stormy day,—
But best the leafless tree.

"AND [WINTER'S] HIDEOUS TEMPESTS SHOOK DOWN TREES."

Shakspere, Henry VI.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 10).

HARK! the tempests round are railing,
And the old tree gasps for breath,
While the wind is sobbing, wailing;
'T is a prophecy of death!

Many springtimes has it flowered,
Borne its blossoms sweet and fair;
Many summers has it showered
Harvest treasures red and rare!

Many winters has it battled,
All unbending, grim and aged,
While the wind its branches rattled
And the storms about it raged!

It has fallen in the meadow,
Arms outstretched as if in prayer,
And the snow is dark with shadow,
For the giant lieth there!

TREES IN WINTER.

BY H. MABEL SAWYER (AGE 11).

THE happy summer months are gone;
Autumnal joys are past;
And Time has brought unto the earth
His hoary son at last.



St NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR JANUARY."



JANUARY



BY MARGERY FULTON, AGE 14.

The trees have shed their leafy garb,
Their gaunt, bare arms on high;
And naught is left but memory
Of those sweet days gone by.

Those arms so dark and desolate
Once seemed so gay and bright!
The joyous day of summer-time
Has shaded into night.

The great year lasts but for a day;
'T is morn, 't is noon, 't is night.
How brief are each bright season's joys!
Alas, how swift their flight!

THE CHRISTMAS RECEPTION.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 16).

THE little white kitten's eyes were blue,
And his head a golden brown,
And his fur from his head to the tip of his tail
Was soft as a wee chick's down.

The little fat baby's hair was red,
And her eyes a corn-flower blue,
And her cheeks were as pink as the eastern clouds
When the sleepy-eyed sun peeps through.

The little white flakes came twirling down
From the cloud-crushed, darkened sky,
As Santa Claus with his four reindeer
And ice-rimmed sleigh swept by.

And he pulled up short at the great stone house,
Ghost-white in the winter air,
And he stifled a laugh with his fat, round arm
At the little group waiting there.

A baby asleep in a pink nightgown,
And a kitten with curled-up paws,
An old rag doll with shawl-fringe hair,
Waiting for Santa Claus.

"A reception for me, as I judge," he said,
With his hands in his curly hair;
Then, strictly against all society rules,
He furnished the bill of fare!

LEAGUE LETTERS.

PRINCETON, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: "Aunty" Green is an old colored mammy. She does my mother's family washing every week.

One day a well-to-do woman went past Mrs. Green's, going down to see the doctor for her rheumatism. Mrs. Green said, "Well I 's sorry for you, Miss Fisher; I b'lieve I 'll just hitch up my hoss and take you downtown." Mrs. Green is often called the Mrs. Wiggs of Princeton.

Your little reader,
ELEANOR NICKEY
(age 10).

ALLEGHANY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The beautiful silver badge came to-day, and I can't tell you how much I like it, and how much I thank you.

I don't think I was ever more pleased in my life than when I saw my story printed. The whole family were quite excited over it; and my papa was real proud of me. If I ever get to be an author I shall always think that it was because of the St. Nicholas League.

Your friend, HELEN J. BESHGETOUR (age 9).

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the long stories complete in one number, and I hope you will soon publish them again; a number of my friends have also expressed the same feeling.

I take great interest in the League, and look at it the very first thing. I am not an artist, nor can I write stories, but I love to look at the contributions of other League members.

Your interested and devoted reader, MARJORIE BETTS.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my silver badge safely, and every one says it is a beauty. I was *so* discouraged at times, but am glad now that I persevered. It is no wonder to me that St. Nicholas League members never complain, for the aid and hearty encouragement they receive from my favorite magazine are sure to help them succeed. I hope some day to win the gold badge, and will try my best in every competition. Thanking you very much for the help and encouragement given me, I remain,

Sincerely your friend, PHILIP STARK (age 13).



"BOXER DRIVES OUT THE CHICKENS." BY THEODORE L. FITZ SIMONS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Colonial girl. Our home is in Falkland Islands, South America; they are about two hundred miles from the Horn. Very few people know where the islands are. Sheep-farming is the chief thing that goes on. My father owns a large farm. There is plenty of riding. All the work is done with

horses. It was our greatest pleasure then to ride; we had a horse each. There are plenty of cattle about the camps. I am trying for the drawing competition of this month. I must close now. Hoping to hear from you soon.

Your interested reader, KATHLEEN BERTRAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Words cannot describe the delight and surprise with which I received your lovely badge. I thank you very much for it, and I assure you I am just as proud of it as I can be.

I feel that if I ever have any success in writing it will be all owing to the League.

Yours respectfully,
MILDRED NEWMAN.

DEAR LEAGUE:

At last I was really disgusted;
There was n't a thing I could do.
I had written on prose and on poem,
I 'd worked on the photograph, too.
I had hunted in queer ancient volumes,
In fat and in thin ones galore.
But after I 'd looked long and hunted,
I forgot all I 'd learned, and much more.
I wrote on a word, and followed it
Away back to year number one,
But I could not see any real meaning
When it was actually done.
I wrote about trees in winter
Till I had it engraved on my brain,
But I could n't make any sense from it,
Though I read it again and again.
I drew as I 'd written — quite awful;
So at last I gave up in despair.
But I said, "If there 's any stuff in me
I will send in one subject — so there!"
I have written on prose and on poem,
So my subject 's all right, you 'll agree;
And so, to repay all my efforts,
Just hand down the gold badge to me.

ALLEINE LANGFORD (age 15).



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY DOROTHEA CLAPP, AGE 15.

MONMOUTH, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Always, when I open you, there are certain names I have learned to look for, some because I have seen them there before, others because their work pleases and interests me. Among these are Helen De Veer, Dorothy Hardy Richardson, Marjorie Betts, and Margaret McKeon; and I wonder sometimes if they ever look for my name as I do for theirs.

Of all stories in the ST. NICHOLAS, I like "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights" best. Indeed, I like all ancient history and mythology, and particularly that of England and Egypt. "Idyls of the King" I count among my favorite books, and the story of Beowulf and what I can find of the poem are very interesting.

The ST. NICHOLAS and the League have always given me great pleasure, and wishing them both a long life, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL.

LAKESIDE, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just moved from Chicago to a large ranch in southern California, and since I have been here I have been trying very hard to get a picture of some kind of an animal to send to you. I take the kodak nearly everywhere I go, and have walked at least four or five extra miles trying to get near enough to a rabbit, dove, or quail to get its picture.

I was very much surprised one afternoon, while on one of my tramps, when I came face to face with a large wildcat. I don't know which of us was the more surprised, and we both stared at each other for a minute or two, and then I began to fumble at the kodak. As soon as he saw me make this move, he quickly disappeared.

I was very sorry, at first, that I had n't taken his picture; but as it was after six o'clock, and I was surrounded by trees, I fancy the picture would not have been a success. I am sure I shall not be satisfied, however, until I have succeeded in getting a good picture of one of the many wild creatures which I see daily.

Ever your devoted reader,
MARY FERRY.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' NAME ALPHABET.

BY ISABEL ADAMI (AGE 8).

A is for Alfred, who is counting his money,
B is for Betty, who is eating some honey.
C is for Catharine, who is feeding the cat,
D is for Donald, who is drowning a rat.
E is for Edith, who is learning to read,
F is for Frank, who is sowing some seed.
G is for George, who is mending his bat,
H is for Harry, who is funny and fat.
I is for Ida, who is making a mitten,
J is for Jackie, who is teasing the kitten.
K is for Katie, who has lost her ring,
L is for Lucy, who is having a swing.
M is for Mary, who is going to sleep,
N is for Nancy, who is playing bo-peep.
O is for Olive, who is making some lace,
P is for Peter, who is running a race.
Q is for Queenie, who is learning to sew,
R is for Robert, who is trying to row.
S is for Sally, who is playing with her ball,
T is for Tommy, who is growing quite tall.
U is for Una, who is learning to skate,
V is for Vivien, who is trying his bait.
W is for Willie, who is going to bed,
But I can't find a name for X, Y, and Zed.

EASTPORT, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having read in the League a story about Paul du Chaillu, I thought I would like to tell you that "Friend Paul" was a great friend of ours.

He may have been odd-looking and all that, but he was certainly one of the nicest gentlemen I ever saw. He told us often of his experiences in the African interior, and they were certainly most interesting. Once a cannibal king took such a liking to him that he told him he might choose any of his eighty wives he wanted, and when Mr. du Chaillu said that he would not think of choosing from among so many, for fear of hurting their feelings, the king said he might have the entire eighty; but Mr. du Chaillu declined the offer.

One time, when he was in Boston, I was reading in the library, and he came in. He asked me what I was reading, and when I said, "ST. NICHOLAS," he said, "It ought to be St. Paul," which was very amusing.

Another time, at our house, he was introduced to a very tall man (probably every one knows how very small he was), and he looked up at him and said, "Well, this is the long and the short of it, certainly," much to the amusement of the other gentleman.

I think his books are extremely interesting, and some of them he has given us. It was a perfect shame he could n't have written his book on Russia, and I am very glad that I knew him. Hoping this may interest you, I am your devoted reader,

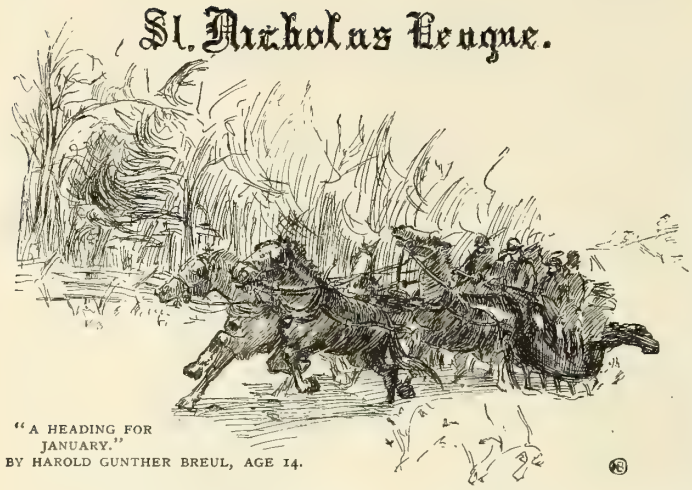
FRANCES R. PORTER (age 16).

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Dorothy Hutchins, Olga Lee, Ada Harriet Case, Clarence B. Brace, Edith Legh Mann, Louise Fannie Easton, Lillian E. Van Wert, Vera Dannals, Jessie E. Wilcox, Dorothy H. Kuhns, Marjorie Fay, Rosalie Aylett Sampson, Lola Hall, Josephine P. Davis, Miriam Shryock, Elsie A. Turner, Anna Lodge Parrish, Harriette Pease, Mary N. Owen, Thurston Brown, J. Foster Hickman, and Katherine M. Burton.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY PHŒBE HUNTER, AGE 12.

St. Nicholas League.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY."
BY HAROLD GUNTHER BREUL, AGE 14.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

PROSE 1.

Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Mary Sweetland
Miriam Cragin
Mary L. Thornton
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Sue Abigail Preston
Katherine Kurz
Constance M. Dewey
Katharine McMahon
Fern L. Patten
Saidee E. Kennedy
M. Sydney Foster
Ethel Berrian
Margery Quigley
Helen M. Spear
Harriette Kyler Pease
Alice M. Perkins
Mildred Newman
Ralph Balcom
Dorothy Felt
Millicent Pond
Marion H. Tuthill
Effie Saxton
Eloise T. Garstin
Frances Spaulding
Eleanor H. Bailey
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Phyllis Cooper

PROSE 2.

Philip Wolle
Lola Hall
Sarah Addington
Mary E. Cromer
Blanche Hazle Leeming
Lina Gould
Mary Dorothy Musser
Rosalind Wood
Harold Stock
Howard Smith
Marguerite Jervis
Henry Carter
Vincent Sexton
Isadore Douglas
Lydia C. Ford
Rosa van Gelder

VERSE 1.

Agnes Churchill Lacey
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Robert A. Kilduffe
Frances Wentworth Cutler
Mayblossom Ayres
Alleine Langford
Elliot Quincy Adams
Louisa F. Spear
Fay Marie Hartley
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Marguerite La Wall Janvrin
Gladys M. Adams
Helen Chandler Willis
Margaret E. Sloan
Margaret Drew
Mary Smith
Harold R. Norris
Elsa Clark
Gladys Green
Mildred Quiggle
Virginia Mitchell Dunn
May Margaret Bevier
Elsie F. Weil
Shirley Willis
Bert Durden
Elizabeth Lee
Stella J. Liotard
Katharine Monica Burton
Edith J. Minaker
Dorothy Ferrier
Marjory Walford
Nannette F. Hamburger
Dorothy Foster

VERSE 2.

Ona Ringwood
Wilkie Gilholm
Willie A. Brown
Esther Dunwoody
Robert Powell Cotter
Bessie Stella Jones
Melicent Eno Humason
Arthur K. Hulme
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Edith Moeller
Elizabeth Burgess
Mary Blossom Bloss
Elizabeth Banks
Fred Warren
Sarah Swift
George Currie Evans

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Jeanette McAlpin
Mildred Easty
Donald Quinn
Randolph Payne
Lawrence Jackson
George Robinson
Laurence O. Macomber
Ettabelle Cone
Horace J. Simons
Amy Peabody
Arthur H. Wilson
Edward E. Bolte
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Muriel Foster
N. W. Swayne
Frederic C. Smith
Deb. Frazer Crichton
Doris Long
T. Sam Parsons
Julia S. Howell
Marion P. Bolles
Marion R. Pitt
Morris D. Douglas
Donald F. Cranor
Ernest Percy

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Morrison N. Stiles
Marion K. Cobb
Will J. Norton
Florence R. T. Smith
Eno Hamm
T. Beach Platt
Charles Jackson
Gertrude N. Cornly
Theodosia Longenecker
Leila Houghteling
Edith Houston
Emma Bettis
Anna McKechnie
Pauline S. Dutcher
Pauline Greider
Helen Wing
Heyliger de Windt
John Hoar
Edith D. Patten
Elsa van Nes
Eliza Keating
Allen Frank Brewer
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.
Archibald S. Macdonald
Wendell D. Brown
Mary Clarke
Fannie F. Tuttle
Dorothy L. Glover
George F. Simson
Margaret B. Ross
Ada Harriet Case
Gladys Ralston Britton
Mary Squires
Philip A. Barton
Philip F. Kennard
Helen McLaughlin

DRAWINGS 1.

Mabel Goodsell Farrington
Jos. S. Webb
Cordner H. Smith
Jean Herbet
Edith Plonsky
Joseph Fewsmith
Stasito Azoy
Charlotte Ball
Charlotte E. Pennington
Phœbe Wilkinson
Gladys L'E. Moore
Margaret A. Dobson
Helen M. Brown
Mary B. Thomas
William P. Anderson
Elise Urguhant
Gladys G. Young
Joseph McGurk
Mark Curtis Kinney
Harry Smith
Melville C. Levey
Jessie J. Whitcomb
Caroline Latzke
Marjory Anne Harrison
Margaret McKeon
Margaret Ellen Payne
Emily W. Browne
Julia Coolidge
Martha G. Schreyer
Wray Bartlett Physioc
Dorothy Riggs
Guinevere Norwood
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Anna A. Fleichtner
Margaret King
Linda Thomas
Winifred Hutchings
Anne Rogers
Louise Robbins
E. M. Crombie
Ethel Messervy
Harriet Barney Burt
Katie Nina Miller
Florence Gardiner
Louise Gleason
Sara M. Snedeker
Howard Easton Smith
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Frances Goodrich
Edna B. Steck
Catherine Warner
Ruth Tolman
Beatrice Warhanik
Donald Armour
Grace F. R. Meeker
Elizabeth Jackson
Willora Hutton
Georgina Wood
Paul H. Wilkinson
William Hays Ballard
Midget Bouton
George William Hall
Alice F. Lee
Eleanor V. Jacob
Katherine Bigelow
Mary Lord Fairbanks
Olive Mudie Cooke
George Maclean
Edna P. Knapp
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Elizabeth Chase Burt

DRAWINGS 2.

Anna J. Monaghan
Lucile Raymond Byrne
Rita Wood
Helen F. Maloney
Elizabeth A. Gest
Evelyn Olver Foster
Richard A. Reddy
Anna B. Carolan
Alexander Osborne
Margery Foster
Edna B. Youngs
Ivy Varian Walshe
Margaret Oeland
Robert E. Andrews
Monica Peirson Turner
Joseph B. Mazzano
Vivien Massie Gribble
Meade Bolton
Louis P. Selden
Ruth Felt
Laura Gardin
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Irene Ross Longborough

PUZZLES 1.

Anna Marguerite Neuberger
E. Adelaide Hahn
Rebecca C. Rutledge
Daisy James
Marion Thomas
Marjorie H. Holmes
Mason Garfield
Elsa Eschbach
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Samuel Loveman
Margaret Abbott
Lester F. Babcock
Mary D. Bailey
Gertrude Scholle

PUZZLES 2.

Penelope M. Seymour
Madge Oakley
Florence Foster
Carrie. M. Lee
Kathleen Judge
William Ellis Keysor
Paul T. Arnold
Allie Elaine Shell
Martin Janowitz
Josephine Taylor
Margaret W. Mandell
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Mary C. Tucker
Wallace G. Arnold
Lucile Weber
Edward C. Chase
Morrison T. Walker

CHAPTERS.

ALL League members should take part in Chapter Entertainment Competition No. 3, of which see announcement in another column.

Chapter 571 reports that it has just passed its first anniversary, and that three members have had their names on Roll of Honor No. 1. The next step is a prize.

Chapter 625 is going to have corn-popping and candy-making this winter. Those are the things that make chapter meetings a success.

Chapter 684, "Four Little Women," take the parts of Meg, Joe, Beth, and Amy, and try to be like those characters. We wonder if there was any argument as to who should be "Joe." "We have great fun and meet every two weeks."

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 684. "Four Little Women." Celia Lewis, President; Florence Williams, Secretary; six members. Address, 63 Vernon Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 685. "Little Women." Ellen Williams, President; Marian Dawley, Secretary; six members. Address, 834 3d Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

NOTICE.

If any reader of ST. NICHOLAS has volumes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, and 17 of ST. NICHOLAS which he desires to sell, he may write to the editor of the League, stating at what price he is willing to dispose of them, or for which later volumes he would exchange them.

COMPETITIONS.

CHAPTER COMPETITION No. 3 CLOSES MARCH 25.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth* of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth.*

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth.*



"BOXER AND THE GOSLINGS." BY VIEVA MARIE FISHER, AGE 10.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ——,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds — in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, *upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid*, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned, care of The Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to what ever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments given heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.



"TAILPIECE FOR JANUARY." BY WILHELMINA MALONEY, AGE 7.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 52.

THE St. Nicholas League offers gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 52 will close **January 20** (for foreign members **January 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Youth."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title to contain the word "Cave."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "The Object before Me," and "A Heading for April."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Do you older boys and girls at all understand the great power you may exercise for the benefit of the younger members of your family? And in speaking of "power" there is no idea of force implied. It is hardly necessary to make suggestions about that; too many big brothers and sisters are well aware of the sway they can exercise over their weaker brothers and sisters. The power meant is real power, not force. You know the old quotation, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." Such compliance is not a lasting victory. Real power, real conquest, is to change another's will so that he will do as he pleases and yet do as you please.

In regard to young readers you may exercise the most benevolent power. You may see that the right reading is brought to them when they most need it. You may see that the reading which is a waste of time is discouraged. Your juniors will listen to you because you are nearer their age, and if you say a book is a waste of time they will believe you, whereas they might think a grown reader was speaking from the grown person's standpoint.

You may teach them to preserve books worth keeping, to pass on to others books that will do more good elsewhere. You may show them the wastefulness of too rapid reading — reminding them that it is like bolting delicious fruit, whereby all flavor is lost.

But, as a little warning, remember not to spoil the flavor of a new book by picking out all the nice bits and leaving only the more commonplace parts for the younger reader.

ON BEING HOSPITABLE TO NEW FRIENDS. It would be a foolish young person who refused all new friends because the old were satisfactory; only less foolish than the boy or girl who should reject all old friends in the hope of finding better ones. The same remark applies to books. There are good new books as well as good old books, and a wise reader has a place for both. Of course one is surer of the old friends — the books that have pleased your father and mother and their parents. They are "trusty, tried, and true," and to be bound to your hearts with hooks of steel. But have a kindly air to the newcomers, so that if there be a great genius now arising, he may have your plaudits to cheer him on! There is no reason why we should not encourage new writers; even selfishly we ought to do so, since they will richly repay us.

BINDING YOUR BOOKS. The rebinding of an old book is not an expensive matter. A good and durable binding will cost a dollar or less, and your favorite volume is ready for long years of service again, and all the dearer because of the coat it has worn out in your service. But if the old binding has associations which you do not wish to lose, it can often be restored or re-made — at a reasonable price. As to minor injuries, you can attend to those for yourself. I wonder if it has ever been suggested to you that books are not good things to throw? The propping up of defective windows will be something that not even the best literature can suffer without injury, and it is also recommended that if table legs be uneven there are better things than a volume of some favorite author's works for redressing the inequality.

A TRUE WONDERLAND. A few months ago in this department one of the tasks set was describing a vacation in some favorite book. A number of the articles written described a visit to "Wonderland" — the strange region where Alice met the Red Queen, the Carpenter, the March Hare, and so many queer animals. The boys and girls who wrote those articles considered themselves fortunate in receiving an invitation to this land of marvels. And probably few of them have ever reflected that there is a real Wonderland a thousand times better worth a visit; a Wonderland open to every child and to every grown person; a land where there are more amusing things than Alice saw, more interesting people, more delightful verses.

Of course you have not read so far as this

without guessing the little puzzle, and you know that this true Wonderland is the land of books, the land where dwell all those delightful personages, where take place all the interesting happenings, where dwell all the beautiful thoughts our poets and story-makers have written for us since writing was invented.

Alice's Wonderland, though amusing to read about, would be anything but pleasant if it were a reality — too much like a nightmare. As a bit of make-believe it is charming enough; but do not forget that it is but a tiny patch of the great land of Wonder into which you may enter in your own home whenever you choose to take down a volume from your shelves.

"HAPPY THOUGHTS." I KNOW some young readers who find great delight in the two volumes of "Happy Thoughts" by F. C. Burnaud, the editor of the London "Punch." At all events, they contain much that will amuse you, and little you will not care to read. They are the merest fooling for the most part, but certainly are very funny.

BOOKMARKS. FOR the benefit of new readers we should like to repeat a suggestion made a year or more ago in this department, namely, that you should be careful what you put between the pages of your books to keep your place when you are reading. Anything that is thick presses the pages apart, and is sure to crack the back, and when the back is once broken, the life of the volume, if in active service, is sure to be short.

BOOKS THAT INCREASE IN VALUE. WHEN you secure one of those beautifully printed volumes which are brought out especially to grace the holiday season, — a fine edition of some fine work, — do take care of it. Such books are valuable as property, besides being a charming form of good literature. Learn to know which printing-houses have done and which are doing good work, so that you may select the products of true and trustworthy craftsmen, and thus encourage the best in a noble art — "the art preservative of all the arts."

REFERENCES IN YOUR READING. How many of you have learned to look up in reference-books the allusions in your reading? Unless you have done so you can have no idea how much better you will understand great writers. Great writers are likely to have been great readers also, and many things are clear to them that may not be clear to us readers. And yet they would not refer to a great battle, a well-known building, or to a historical character unless with the idea of adding something to their writing — something you can not afford to miss. Of course there are writers who "lug in" references merely to make themselves appear learned; but there is little danger that you will spend too much time over the writings of these men.

THE SEEKING OF VARIETY. ONE of the delights of growing up is the pleasure of finding new paths in the Wonderland of Books. Young readers are very likely to follow the paths known to every one, not being fully aware of the vast extent and variety of the Region of Reading. And yet there are guide-books to this land, as to others. It is one of the objects of this department to furnish you with traveling charts, with routes that will open to you new objects of interest. Each boy and each girl has tastes differing from every other, and for nearly every taste there is a multitude of books. Let us know what you like to read about, and we will help you to find good books on the subjects you prefer. Every great writer has once been a little boy or girl, and does not forget the things interesting to the young. It seems a pity that you should not be helped to find the reading you like best.

"LOCALITY READING." EVERY place, no matter how small, has a history, and in this history you will find much of interest. Your school "histories" are, for the most part, too general to find room for all the little details that make past times real. Go to your librarian and find out what he can advise about reading up the story of your town. If you live in a city, select some building or special part of the city, and in the same way try to find the interesting happenings connected with it in the past. Perhaps the leading clue may be found by learning the story of some prominent man and his ancestors — the earliest settler or most celebrated native of your own city. After you have thus made acquaintance with some of the real stories connected with history, you will find general histories helpful.

THE LETTER-BOX.

"COUNT GEOFFREY'S CREST," printed on page 257 of this number, while not set forth as historically accurate in every detail, has a historical foundation in fact.

Count Geoffrey of Anjou — like Calif Haroun of Bagdad — loved to go unrecognized among his people, to become acquainted with them and to learn how they were treated by his officers. Among all the legends that cling to the grim old donjon of Loches, there is none prettier than that which tells of the charcoal-burner who guided a strange knight out of the forest, and, on arriving at Loches, learned that the man to whom he had been talking so unguardedly about the grievances of the peasantry was the only one who had the power to redress those grievances — his liege lord, the Count of Anjou. The count rewarded him liberally and promised to redress the wrongs of which he had told. So much of this story is undoubtedly authentic. Whether the charcoal-burner's little daughter ever visited the castle, whether she crowned the count with the flower that became the crest of the Plantagenets, the author of the tale does not certainly know. But it would be so in keeping with Count Geoffrey's character, his love for his people, his country and all that belonged to it, to have accepted such a badge from a peasant child, that it is easy to believe it all happened just as it is told in the story.

C. K. H.

READERS of "How We Bought Louisiana" will be interested in a comparison made in a recent issue of a New York paper showing the enormous increase in value and importance of the great territory bought from France. These statistics show that though the purchase price may have seemed high at the time, it was insignificant compared with the value of even the agricultural, grazing, or mining products contributed by that section. To quote from a portion of the article:

"Out of the territory thus added to the area of the United States twelve States and two Territories have been formed. The population has increased from perhaps 50,000 to 15,000,000. The production of wheat in 1900 was 264,000,000 bushels valued at ten times the entire purchase price. The value of the wheat, corn, cotton, oats, rye, barley, hay, and potatoes produced in 1900 was over $750,000,000. The farm animals were worth $825,000,000. More than one half the wheat and corn crops of the entire country comes from the territory in question. The single State of Colorado produced more gold in 1902 than the whole United States had yielded in all of its history down to 1840. That same single State has produced in all more than $800,000,000 in gold, silver, copper, and lead, while another State — Montana — has exceeded $1,000,000,000 in the four metals named. The wool product of Louisiana in 1902 would more than pay the original cost of the entire purchase, while the corn of Iowa would have paid it six times over.

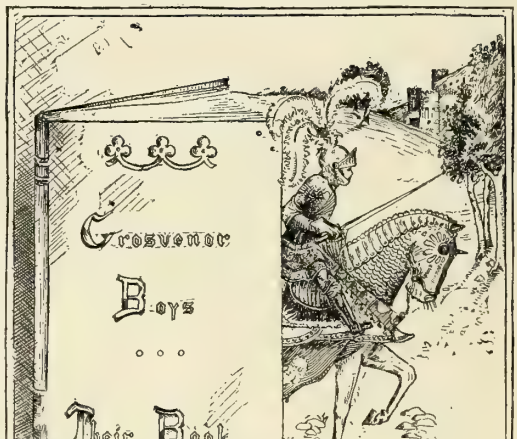
"The railway system of the territory embraces over 62,000 miles."

OUR readers will be interested in this kind and appreciative letter from an old friend of ST. NICHOLAS:

RICHMOND, IND.

DEAR EDITOR: One Christmas morning, when I was a tiny girl, a neighbor boy brought in his best-beloved present for me to see. 'T was the first published numbers of ST. NICHOLAS Magazine. Since that introduction the dear old saint and I have been the best of friends. For many years I read his stories and sang his jingles to five little brothers of mine. Of late I have read and sung them over again to four little sons of mine. On the lowest shelves in our library are the most used and most worn of all our books — thirty bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS.

After we read the article about children's book-plates, we invented a new game. We draw all sorts of designs for book-plates, using favorite illustrations from our pet stories. For instance, the elephant who sat on some kegs and juggled glass bottles and eggs was made to sit on "Jack's Book," which his weight bent down to look about as crushed and shabby as Jack's books generally do. Puss-in-boots strode gaily along with "Elmer's Book." Hop Wing's Dragon was drawn greedily devouring "Julius's Book." Cheerful

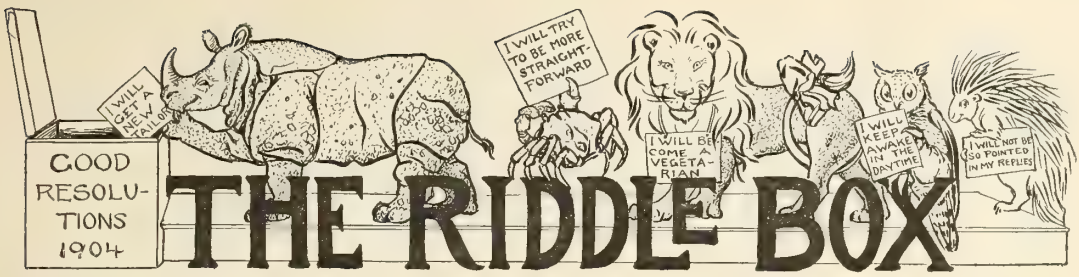


OUR BOOK-PLATE.

Cats played hop-scotch with "My Book." Brownies and elves ran in and out of "Our Book." It is great fun to see in how many and in what curious ways some of the quaint pictures in ST. NICHOLAS will lend themselves to such designs. Finally, we have chosen one to keep permanently — the brave little knight in "Over the hills and far away," with his sweet, wistful face we all like so very much. And when we drew him coming out of our own story-book, we felt that he was just the one to stand champion for all the stories in ST. NICHOLAS, and in all the boys' books in our house.

Sincerely your friend,

MRS. E. B. GROSVENOR.



THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Christmas. Cross-words: 1. Concourse. 2. Wholesome. 3. Turquoise. 4. Abdicates. 5. Accessory. 6. Ascertain. 7. Persimmon. 8. Cathedral. 9. Apparatus.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. England, Holland, Belgium.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We 'll keep our Christmas merry still.
"Marmion," Introduction to Canto VI.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. N. 2. Pan. 3. Byron. 4. Consort. 5. Narcissus. 6. Parsnip. 7. Basin. 8. Sum. 9. S. II. 1. S. 2. Gun. 3. Banjo. 4. Wilfred. 5. Sunflower. 6. Dorothy. 7. Hawks. 8. Sea. 9. R. III. 1. S. 2. Pad. 3. Ninth. 4. Meadows. 5. Sandpiper. 6. Apricot. 7. Pupil. 8. See. 9. R.—— CHARADE. Cox-comb.

CONCEALED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Richelieu. 1. Race. 2. Idea. 3. Cast. 4. Hand. 5. Earl. 6. Late. 7. Iris. 8. Epic. 9. User.

SWORD PUZZLE. From 1 to 2, Alexander Hamilton. Downward: 1. Frances. 2. Album. 3. Heart. 4. Extra. 5. Cataract 6. Stand. 7. Ode. 8. Fen. 9. Art. 10. The. 11. Oar. 12. Amy. 13. Oil. 14. All. 15. Ate. 16. Ton. 17. N.

ZIGZAG. Rutherford Hayes. Cross-words: 1. Rehearse. 2. Judgment. 3. Attitude. 4. Nightcap. 5. Bulletin. 6. Autocrat. 7. Identify. 8. Colorado. 9. Blizzard. 10. Cowardly. 11. Overhead. 12. Creation. 13. Bayonets. 14. Ceremony. 15. Sanction.

DIAGONAL. Mozart. Cross-words: 1. Manner. 2. Mortar. 3. Nozzle. 4. Manage. 5. Finery. 6. Fright.

BEHEADINGS. Shakespeare. 1. Sc-old. 2. Ho-nor. 3. Ag-ate. 4. Ko-ran. 5. Ex-its. 6. Sh-ark. 7. Pr-ice. 8. Ep-ode. 9. Ar-ray. 10. Ro-man. 11. Ed-win.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Holidays. Cross-words: 1. Aches. 2. Alone. 3. Solar. 4. Thigh. 5. Order. 6. Train. 7. Mayor. 8. Epsom.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Joe Carlada — Grace Haren — Florence Guida Steel — Albert E. Stockin — Lilian Sarah Burt — "The Spencers," — Katharine Van Dyck — S. S. S. — "Chuck" — "Allil and Adi" — Laura E. Jones — Amelia Ferguson — Christine Graham — Olga Lee — Walter P. Bliss — Margaret C. Wilby — "Johnny Bear" — Virginia Gillesby — Alfred W. Satterthwait — George Tilden Colman — Lillian Jackson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from W. Goldsboro, 1 — M. McKnight, 1 — C. Schumann, 1 — M. J. Thomas, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — H. S. Ogden, 1 — C. B. Fisher, 2 — J. C. Leo, 1 — L. Johnson, 1 — Bertha C. Luce, 5 — E. Whittemore, 2 — M. Lionbeyer, 1 — A. C. Hallock, 1 — L. F. Pearson, 1 — M. C. Miller, 1 — K. B. Emmick, 1 — Janet Moore, 1 — Irma Gehres, 9 — Lawrence and Frederica Mead, 9 — E. A. Mason, 1 — Oscar C. Lautz, 5 — Marjorie McLean, 2 — Hester Barclay Fogg, 9 — Rose C. Huff, 9 — Nettie Barnwell, 5 — David A. Sterling, 1 — William H. Jess, 3 — Katharine H. Burket, 1 — G. Perry, 1 — H. Wallace Burne, 1 — Margaretta V. Whitney, 2 — M. P. Nelson, 1 — Hilda Gelis-Didot, 4.

DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of an English historian.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The calendula. 2. A crustacean that adheres to rocks and to floating timber. 3. An official paper. 4. To choke. 5. A month. 6. The children's patron saint. 7. A man who controls a motor. 8. Promoting health.

SHERMAN H. BOWLES (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To accost. 2. A feminine name. 3. Taverns. 4. Final.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To fashion. 2. The entrance to a mine. 3. A filibeg. 4. A feminine name.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Duration. 2. Something worshiped. 3. A kind of rose. 4. A feminine name.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Toward the front. 2. A figure in the shape of an egg. 3. Fragments of cloth. 4. If the facts were different.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A very tiny particle of matter. 2. Duration. 3. To leave out. 4. To measure.

HELEN JELLIFFE (League Member).

ADDITIONS.

1. ADD two letters to a human being, and make a landed estate. 2. Add the same two letters to a number, and make a singer. 3. To an explosive sound, and make a city of New England. 4. To a month, and make the chief magistrate of a city. 5. To measure, and make a heavenly body. 6. To gone by, and make a minister. 7. To a bivalve, and make uproar. 8. To a black cover, and make want of color. 9. An exclamation used for checking or rebuking, and make a preceptor. 10. To a droning sound, and make fun. 11. To a pithy saying, and make a motive power. 12. To a title in Spain, formerly given to noblemen but now common to all classes, and make one who gives or bestows.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals and finals will each spell the name of a contributor to St. Nicholas.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. To make fast. 2. To labor too hard. 3. A casement. 4. A long-haired Peruvian animal. 5. A hunting dog. 6. Act. 7. The name of the father of Alexander the Great. 8. The day just past. 9. Flat. 10. A bird of prey.

ERNA KLINZING.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 3
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. . * . * . .
. . . * . . .
. . . * . . .
. . * . * . .
. * . . . * .
4 2

Cross-words. 1. Imaginary. 2. Pertaining to the margin. 3. Corrugated. 4. Such as befits a vulgar jester. 5. Divulged. 6. Relating to marriage. 7. A marginal annotation. 8. Having the power of expressing strong emotions in an effective manner.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a naval hero.

THRUSTON BROUN.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My primals may all be found in the word "promiscuous"; my finals spell a pleasant greeting.

Cross-words: 1. The ruler of Persia. 2. A feminine name. 3. A blow. 4. To desist. 5. To remain. 6. In a short time. 7. A covering for the foot. 8. To exhibit. 9. To kill. 10. Out of danger. 11. An article of furniture. 12. A blemish. FRANCIS WOLLE.

CHARADE.

My *first* is but a base deceit;
My *second*'s hard and flinty;
My *whole* was brought from over seas
By Patrick O. McGinty.

AUGUSTA L. HANCHETT.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell a Christmas decoration; while the diagonals, from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter, will spell a feminine name.

Cross-words: 1. A small likeness. 2. To whirl, like a dancer. 3. Twisted out of natural shape. 4. One who sells paper and writing materials. 5. A list. 6. Polite. 7. Peasants, collectively. 8. A reptile that can change color. 9. A feminine name. DAISY JAMES.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous book and another row will spell the name of its author.

Cross-words: 1. An ocean. 2. The Christian name of a character in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." 3. Vexation. 4. Old-fashioned garments. 5. Trees of mournful aspect. 6. An island west of Great Britain. 7. A character in the play of "Julius Cæsar." 8. Carries away by force. 9. An artist. 10. Bowmen. 11. The European long-tailed titmouse. 12. The latter part of the day. 13. The act of renewing. 14. Very near relatives. LUCIAN LEVISON (League Member).

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 . . 3
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. . * .
. . . *
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. * . .
. . * .
. . . *
. * . .
. . * .
2 . . 4

Cross-words: 1. The facts from which an inference is drawn. 2. Part of the external ear. 3. Therefore. 4. The native name of Persia. 5. A water animal. 6. A public way. 7. The end of a prayer. 8. Happy. 9. Sour. 10. Perceived. 11. Every. 12. In greater numbers. 13. Capable. 14. To unite.

The primals from 2 to 1, and the zigzag from 3 to 4, each name a President of the United States.

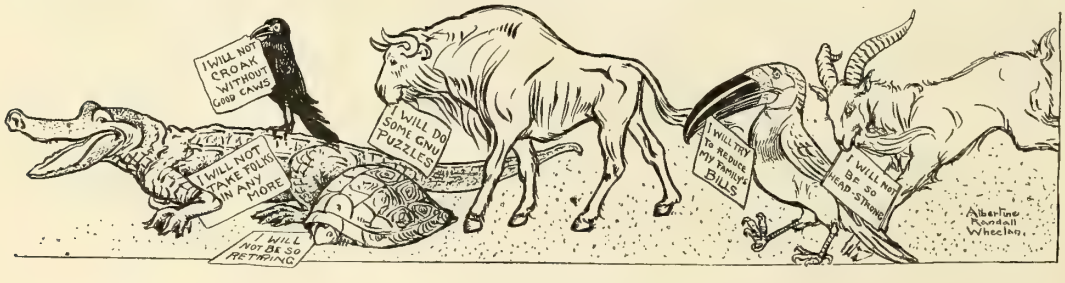
MARY DUNBAR.

WORD-SQUARES.

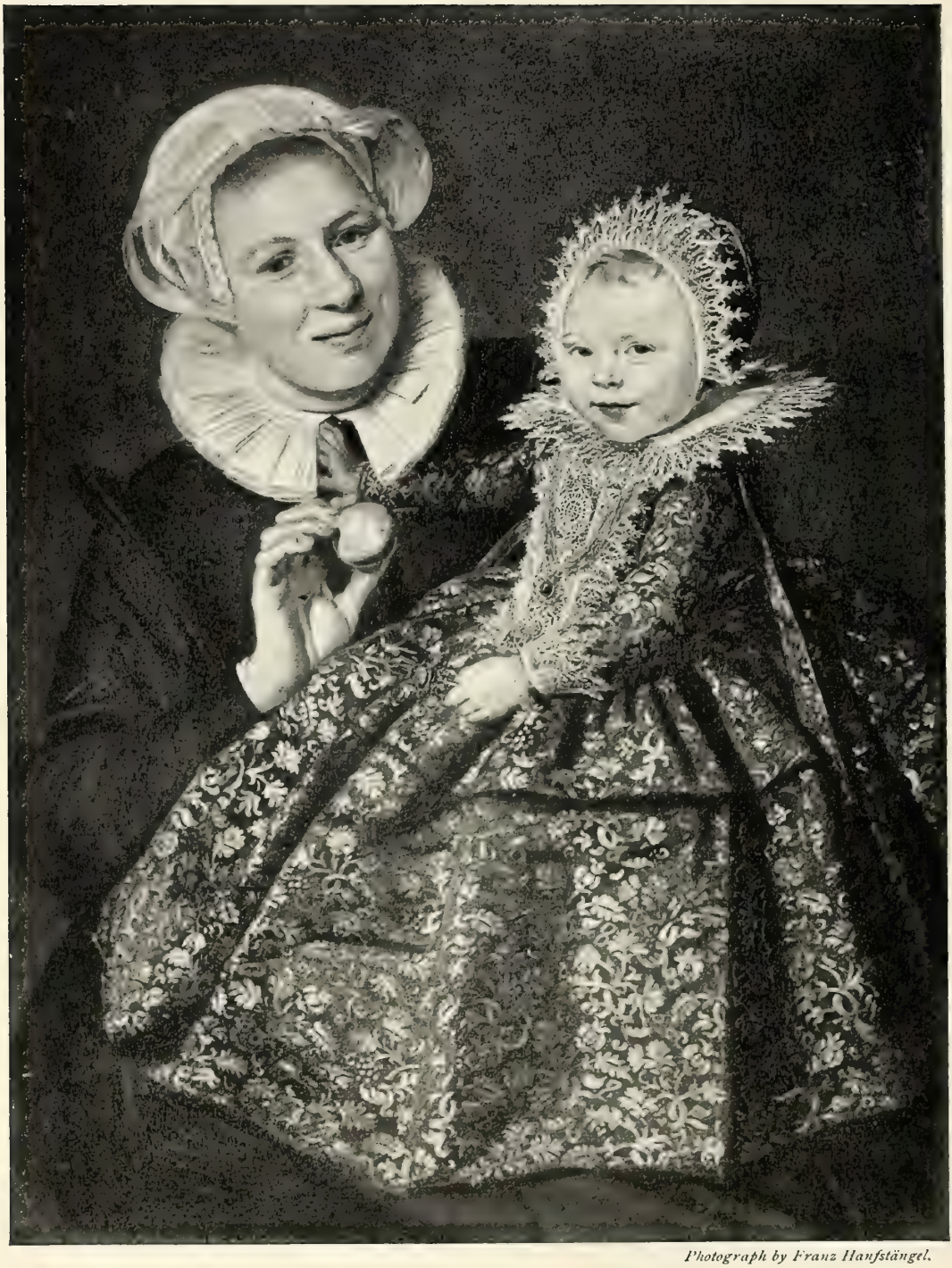
I. 1. To conspire. 2. Affection. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. To make known.

II. 1. To venture. 2. A river in England. 3. A public highway. 4. Terminations.

III. 1. A hideous giant. 2. Kind. 3. A highway. 4. A whirlpool. S. L. L., H. S., and R. T.



THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



Photograph by Franz Hanfstängel.

A DUTCH BABY AND ITS NURSE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY FRANZ HALS.

(*"The Baby's Cap," page 294.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. FEBRUARY, 1904. NO. 4.

THE BABY'S CAP.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.

A VERY simple thing it seems, does it not? Just a little piece of soft, warm cloth, or some downy wool knitted into shape, or even some bits of fine lace or silk, or anything dainty, might go to make so small a thing as this.

But while we may pick and choose and do exactly as we please about our clothes, there have been, in times gone by, in many countries, and even in our own, what were known as "sumptuary laws." These laws regulated expenditure for dress, for ornament, for food, or for whatever refreshments you might give company when they came to take tea.

Among the first of these sumptuary laws was one made in Rome in 215 B.C., and called the "Oppian Law." It declared that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a vehicle in the city, or within a mile of it except on occasions of public religious ceremonies. This law lasted only twenty years.

Italy and France are the countries where most of these laws have been passed, and some of them read very strangely. In 1330, in Italy, no woman was allowed to wear a dress with figures painted on it; she could only have them embroidered. And in 1348, in the same country, neither dark green nor black dresses were allowed to be worn in the morning.

During the early portion of 1400 no woman or girl could wear more than three rings, and even these could have only one stone or pearl in each. The next rule in this set of seven is so strange that I give it just as it reads:

"*Item.* No person in the city, suburbs, or district of Florence shall permit himself or presume to give in any way to any woman any kind of collar, or buckle, or garland, or brooch of pearls, or of gold, or of silver, or of any other precious stone or similar thing, by whatever name it may be called."

Of all things, however, lace has had framed more rules and regulations regarding it than all other materials of dress or ornament; yet, somehow, it was generally managed that a piece of lace could be used at least for baby's cap, laws or no laws.

The first step toward making lace was the manufacture of what was known as "cut-work." This was embroidery with part of the stuff cut away so as to show open-work.

Then came "drawn-work," in which threads were pulled from some coarse material, and a design or pattern was worked among the remaining threads with a needle and silk or flax.

Next appeared what we call lace, either worked with a needle in shape of points, or made of gold or silver threads twisted together. Of course this latter lace was very costly, and it was on account of the many laws passed against gold

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and silver lace that the attention of artisans was turned to making similar trimming, but with threads of flax.

As early as 1414 much gold lace was made in many of the larger cities of Italy; among those leading in this work were Florence, Milan, Venice, and Genoa.

The earliest laces, called "point" because shaped in points,— sometimes they were also called "Gothic point" because the patterns used were like those which prevailed in Gothic architecture,— were geometric in design.

The portrait of the baby with the parrot on its hand was painted, over three hundred years ago, by a very famous Dutch artist named Mierevelt. Nobody knows now whose baby it was, but I am sure its mother loved it very dearly, and I think perhaps her fingers em-



Photograph by Franz Hanfstängel.

CHILD WITH PARROT. FROM A PORTRAIT BY MIEREVELT.



PRINCE JAMES AND PRINCESS LOUISA MARY, CHILDREN OF JAMES II OF ENGLAND.

(*From a photograph, by Walker & Boutall, of the original painting by Largillière in the National Portrait Gallery, London.*)

broidered the quaint floral designs which show so plainly on its little coat.

Besides the beautiful Gothic point on the cap, the ruff also is trimmed with it, and it often took

famous than Mierevelt! The name of this great artist was Franz Hals.

You see, fashions had not changed much when that portrait was painted, for the baby's



CHARLES AND MARIE-ADELAIDE OF FRANCE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY DROUAIS.

twenty-five yards of lace to edge some of these triple-plaited ruffs, as they were called.

The second baby, the one shown in the frontispiece, is a little Dutchman (I think the first one I have mentioned is an Italian), and this picture, too, was painted over three hundred years ago by another Dutch artist, even more

cap, like the one by Mierevelt first mentioned, is trimmed with Gothic point. Instead of wearing a thick, fluffy, all-around ruff, which was called a "gorget," this baby wears a half-ruff and stomacher of lace.

I feel sure this was his best dress, for I see his mother has put a tuck in it, so that it could

be let down. The nurse seems almost as pleased as the baby at having her picture painted.

In the picture on page 293 the "baby" is a little girl, and dressed in French style, but she wears a cap. Like the front of her gown, this cap was made of very precious lace, called Alençon.

Venetian lace had been brought to France, and so much admired that Colbert, a minister of the time of Louis XIV, had factories started to make lace in France, so that the immense sums of money people spent for this fabric should be kept at home. Then Louis decreed that Alençon was the only lace which should be worn by his courtiers, but they did not always obey him, and still wore lace brought from Italy and Flanders.

The cap little Princess Louisa Mary wears was called a "Fontange," and its origin was due to an accident. The "Sun King," as they called Louis XIV, was hunting one day, and a lady in the party, Mademoiselle Fontanges, had her hair much rumpled by the wind and the violent exercise. She tied her lace-bordered handkerchief over her head, and it was so becoming that the king desired her to arrange her hair in the same fashion and wear it at the court that evening. The cap was admired, everybody copied it, and it was called, in compliment to the lady, a "Fontange."

In this picture we have another parrot, sitting among the branches of an orange-tree.

How do you like the cap on page 294? The Fontange is quite "out," and this little flat one has taken its place. I think I like it best of all, but perhaps that is because such a dear, bright-faced little girl is wearing it. Though she has not much lace on her cap, she has lace on her sleeves, in the front of her waist, and on her apron. Next to Alençon this is the most costly lace France ever produced, and was called Argentan. Like Alençon, it was first made in the time of Louis XIV (though this portrait was painted about 1767).

All the lace shown in these caps is what is known as needle-point lace—that is, lace not made with bobbins. Since about the time of the French Revolution (1790) none of this Argentan lace has been made. During the reign of Napoleon I, there was a determined effort made once more to manufacture Alençon lace, but it was not successful.

We generally think that we have a great many things in this century that people did not have a century or two ago. So we have; but, then, they had things we should not know how to use.

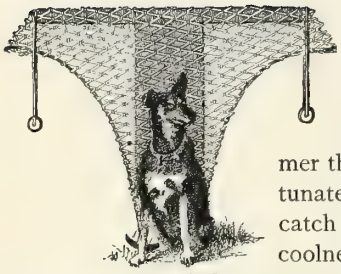
There was a play called "Rhoden and Iris," first acted in May, 1631. In it is given a list of a lady's "ornaments." I will not name them all, but only a selection. I wonder how many ST. NICHOLAS readers would know what to do with even the half of these!

Chains, coronets, pendans, bracelets and earrings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies & rings.
Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarfes, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls;
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn & fardingals;
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combes, with poking-sticks & bodkins,
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets & hair laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colours of a hundred fold.



THE JUDGE AND THE CUR.

By Temple Bailey.



TONY'S stand was on the coldest corner of the wind-swept street. In summer this was very fortunate, for Tony could catch the occasional coolness of such breezes as straggled up from the river; but in winter Tony's fingers grew red and his nose blue in the chill, searching blasts.

There was consolation, however, in the peanut-roaster. By hugging very close to it, Tony could keep himself warm on one side at least.

In the bitterest weather Tony kept his fruit covered. The man who owned the stand did not wish to have the fruit freeze, but he was not so careful of Tony. He came every morning to see that all was in order, to scold Tony until the boy was stubbornly resentful, and then to leave him through all the tiresome hours until night came on, when he returned and sent Tony home to a poor little supper and a poor little bed.

Tony could not have stood it if it had not been for "Smuggler." Smuggler was a dog. Tony had named him Smuggler because he had to be smuggled into odd corners whenever the man who owned the stand came around; and Smuggler, like the wise, small tramp of the streets that he was, took refuge under his piece of carpet beneath the stand whenever the dog-catchers or a policeman of unfriendly aspect walked by or stopped at the peanut-roaster.

The big policeman on the corner, however, kept his eyes and ears closed to the fact that there was an unlicensed cur on his beat. Now and then the proprietor of a little restaurant across the street treated Tony to a bowl of soup — thick, hot soup, with two slices of bread.

So, with these occasional feasts, and with the nights of comfort when he and Smuggler lay curled close together, Tony managed to live without running away, and even to be a little happy.

But the dog-catchers had their eyes on Smuggler. One very cold morning they swept up the street with nets ready, but Smuggler disappeared at the first sound of the yelping, barking wagon-load, and there was nothing to be seen under the stand but an innocent piece of old carpet. When, however, the dog-catchers had vanished around the corner, Tony gave a little whistle, the carpet became suddenly animated, a scrubby head emerged, and, with a glad bark of freedom, Smuggler charged down on the sparrows in the street.

And it was then that the Judge drove up.

"It's just such curs, Johnson," he said, looking at Smuggler with great disfavor, as the small vagabond darted under the horses' feet, "that make dogs a menace to the community. A good dog," he continued, with his hand on the head of "Emperor II," "is a precious possession, but I have n't any use for common canines."

"No, suh," grinned the darky coachman, as he climbed down. "Dem *is* fine o'anges, suh! A dozen, did you say, suh?"

"Yes," said the Judge.

Emperor II sat quietly in front of the Judge. Between the two there was the dignified understanding that exists when the dog is of noble breed and the master of noble instincts. They were both of them gentlemen of the old school, and if Emperor II rarely received a caress from the old man's hand, he knew every inflection of the testy, kind old voice, and his tail would wave slightly at the mere sound of his master's name.

Tony was putting up the fruit stolidly. He could not understand why people wanted fruit in such weather, nor could he understand why so fine a gentleman should be buying fruit at his stand instead of patronizing one of the fash-

ionable and high-priced fruit-stores up town. Why did n't he get one of the hot pies at the little restaurant across the way? If Tony had money, he would buy ten hot pies at one time, and then he and Smuggler would eat and eat—

Just then the dog-catchers executed a flank movement. They had spotted Smuggler, and they had moved away merely to allay suspicion.



"TONY DROPPED THE BAG OF ORANGES AND OPENED HIS ARMS TO HIS LITTLE DOG."

"Good!" said the Judge, as he saw the man with the net making for Smuggler.

Tony dropped the bag of oranges and opened his arms to his little dog; but the man with the net ran between them and reached for Smuggler, who was huddled up under the stand. Then, suddenly, there was the rush of a big grayish body, and Emperor II, in spite of the Judge's efforts to hold him, leaped to the rescue of Smuggler — poor, frightened, cowering Smuggler. Emperor stood in front of him, his massive old head raised, his white teeth showing in menace, defying any one to touch him — him who wore on his massive silver-mounted collar the tag that made him a free dog within the limits of the city.

At this the dog-catcher stopped. "Call off your dog, sir," he said to the Judge, respectfully but firmly.

Tony stood with his two small red hands clasped closely together, his miserable, imploring face turned up to the Judge.

"Please, please!" he gasped, and the tears made dirty little rivers down his cheeks.

"Oh, by George!" said the Judge.

The big policeman had strolled up and a small crowd had gathered.

"Fine mastiff, sir," said the big policeman, as he looked at grand old Emperor II, who still held the catchers at bay, "but you will have to call him off."

"Emperor, boy, come here!" commanded the Judge, reluctantly.

Then Emperor's head drooped. He looked from the shivering little cur in the corner to his master. Then, seeing no sign of relenting in the Judge's face, he went to the carriage and leaped in, with ears down — a disappointed knight-errant.

The dog-catchers then carried off the strug-

gling, yelping Smuggler, and Tony, seeing that remonstrance was useless, with dulled, unquestioning submission to more suffering, went on putting the fruit into bags.

The big policeman strolled over to the side of the carriage.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "The dog was all he had."

The Judge cleared his throat. "Such dogs are a nuisance," he began; but his voice wavered a little, and Emperor, noting the kinder tone, turned on his master two beautiful, pleading eyes, and put a paw on the Judge's knee.

"There 's nothing to be done, I suppose?" mused the Judge, with his eyes on the distant wagon of the dog-catchers.

"No; unless you could go to the pound and pay his tax."

"Humph!" said the Judge, testily. "My dinner is waiting"; and then Johnson climbed in with the fruit, and they drove away.

The big policeman tried to comfort Tony, and went over to the restaurant, and soon a waiter brought him a bowl of soup and a hot pie; but the boy was dumb with misery.

Whirling around in his brain was but one thought: Smuggler was gone, and he would never see his little dog again. After that nothing mattered. He did n't care whether he took care of the stand or not. He would go away somewhere and never come back. When the man who owned the stand came that night,



"AND WHEN THE OLD DOG HAD LAID HIS HEAD ON HIS MASTER'S KNEE AND LOOKED AT HIM WITH INQUIRING, LOVING EYES, THE JUDGE HAD MADE A DECISION."

he scolded and fussed, and finally struck at the boy; but the big policeman interfered. "Stop that," he said, "or I 'll run you in."

All night long, in his miserable bed, the boy sobbed and slept, and dreamed that Smuggler was back again, and woke to find his arms empty. He thought of Smuggler with the other yelping, downcast, condemned dogs at the pound. He hoped they would not hurt him. He wondered if he missed his little master, and then he sobbed again as he yearned for the small warm body that had lain for so many

nights at his side. Smuggler might not be beautiful, but he was loving, and "He was all I had," groaned Tony, with heavy weeping, as he sank into troubled slumber.

In the morning he had made up his mind that he would run away. There was country somewhere, and perhaps he could find it, and sleep in some barn on the hay. No one cared for him, no one but Smuggler, and perhaps even now Smuggler was about to die.

Then, in the gray dawn, he went back to the fruit-stand, to sit with his head in his hands. Toward noon, as he crouched shivering and unhappy in his cold corner, there came the sound of swift trotting horses, and Tony was conscious all at once of a picture in which the Judge, with his big fur overcoat, was the main feature. At his feet was the great mastiff, his head up, his eyes blazing with joyous excitement.

And what was that in the corner of the seat? Something small and yellow and scrubby! Tony gasped, but before he could cry out, the carriage stopped, and the small yellow scrubby object bolted out of it straight into Tony's arms!

It was Smuggler! Little Smuggler, with a collar studded with silver nails, in everything but size just like the one around Emperor's lordly neck, and hanging from the collar was the precious tag that made him a licensed dog!

The Judge's face was beaming as he explained, but he could scarcely make himself heard, for the little dog was barking, and Emperor bayed excitedly as he leaped back and forth from the Judge to Tony.

"We had a time, I tell you," laughed the Judge. "We went down to the pound this morning. I could n't tell which was your dog, but old Emperor knew him, and we paid the fine, and got the license, and bought a collar, and here we are!"

But the Judge did not tell of his troubled conscience of the night before, when, in his easy-chair before a glowing fire, with Emperor II stretched full length on the rug, the thought of the lonely little figure on the windy corner had come between him and his book. And when the old dog had laid his head on his master's knee and looked at him with inquiring, loving eyes, the Judge had made a decision. "We 'll do it the first thing in the morning, old fellow," he had said, and Emperor gave him his paw, and they shook hands on it.

At first Tony could not thank the Judge. He simply stood there with a glorified look on his swarthy face, the wriggling, happy dog in his arms, and said over and over again:

"Smuggler, Smuggler, Smuggler!"

The Judge's eyes were watery. He took a bill out of his pocket.

"Here, boy," he said; "spend this on yourself and the dog."

Tony went over to the carriage and put one arm around Emperor's great neck.

"Thank you both — thank you," he began.

But all at once the Judge was in a great hurry. "There, there," he said sharply; "I 'll



"HE SIMPLY STOOD THERE WITH A GLORIFIED LOOK ON HIS SWARTHY FACE."

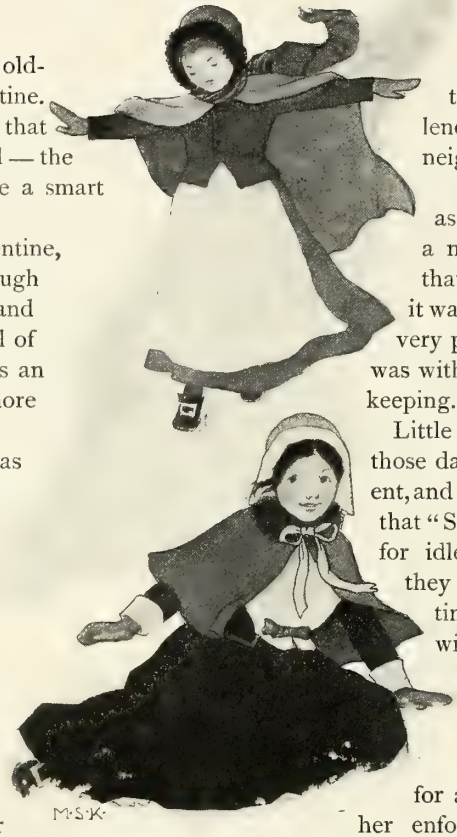
be late at my office." But he smiled as Johnson gathered up the reins.

Then, as he drove off, he gave a backward glance at the thin little figure and the yellow cur, and he laid his hand on Emperor's head with one of his rare caresses.

"By George!" he said huskily. "By George!"

A Pointed Valentine.

By V. K. Frye.



This is a story of a real old-fashioned "pointed" valentine. Not the sharp-pointed kind that I am sure you do *not* send — the mean, ugly ones that leave a smart behind!

No, indeed; this valentine, though sharp-pointed enough in truth, brought such joy and happiness to one little girl of long ago that it was kept as an heirloom in her family for more than a hundred years.

Mehitabel Merriwether was a bright, merry little maiden of twelve, who, in spite of her quaint Puritan garb and strict upbringing, was as full of life and spirits as the little lasses of to-day. With her parents she came over from England about the year 1710 and settled in the colonies, as our own dear United States were then called.

On their hard life of toil and privation we need not dwell, but you know of course that many things which you are used to having in plenty, those pioneer settlers had to do without.

Among some things which were very scarce with the colonists of those early days were pins and needles — two very necessary things in every household. There were no stores then, and ships bringing new supplies of real necessities were often many months apart.

Thus it happened that in the little settlement town where Mehitabel lived there were, at the time of my story, but two needles in the whole neighborhood. One of these belonged to good Dame Merriwether, her mother, who was very kind about lending it to any and all of her neighbors.

You can imagine, knowing as you do how very necessary a needle is, how *very* precious that particular needle was; how it was valued as a loan; and how very particular every good dame was with it while she had it in her keeping.

Little girls, too, were brought up in those days to be very careful, obedient, and industrious. They were told that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and that they must not waste too much time in useless play. So one winter morning, when poor Dame Hetherton was laid up with the rheumatism in her knee and sorely in need of a needle for a few days' mending during her enforced idleness, Mehitabel's mother did not hesitate to intrust the precious needle to the little girl to deliver to her invalid friend.

Mehitabel started off demurely enough; but it was such a bright, sparkling, bracing morning, with the sun shining on the smooth, glistening snow, that she forgot to be sedate and seemly, as befitted her important trust, and began to skip and run and slide along just as little girls do nowadays.

But whom should she meet on the way but her dearest friend, Prudence Gillifether, bound also on an errand for *her* mother; and soon the two small maidens were having a merry romp and a sliding race along the hard-beaten path. A

long slide — a slip too far — and little Mehitabel landed unexpectedly in a snowdrift at the side of the path!

With a surprised "Oh!" and a gay laugh, she was up again in an instant, shaking her skirts vigorously and brushing off the clinging snow from her shoulders and arms.

the lining with little fine stitches so that it would have a firm hold.

"Do you remember to be very careful, child," she had said. "Stop and look at it every few minutes so as to be sure that it does not work loose."

And she had forgotten it entirely! *And now*



"FORGETTING EVERYTHING IN HER JOYFUL RELIEF, SHE JUMPED UP AND THREW HER ARMS AROUND THE OLD WOMAN'S NECK." (SEE PAGE 303.)

Suddenly she stopped short and turned back the front hem of her long thick coat. *The needle was gone!* Dame Merriwether had placed it there so carefully, running it through *it was gone* — the precious needle that meant comfort and neatness to so many just then!

Oh, you can well believe how badly little Mehitabel felt; how she called hastily to

Prudence, and how the two searched and scraped, digging up the snow and sifting it through their cold little fingers in a vain attempt to find the needle on the unlucky spot where Mehitabel had fallen or in the path behind.

But it was gone. No sign or trace of it could they find anywhere.

"Oh, Prudence, what shall I do? It was all my fault!" sobbed the poor child, finally breaking down, when all hope was past. "What will mother and every one say of such a careless, heedless, disobedient child?"

"If only it was anything else but the needle — the *only* needle!" chimed in Prudence, dismally.

Mehitabel started and brushed off her tears. "Oh, Prudence, I have just thought!" she cried. "There *is* another needle, you know. Let us go quick and ask old Dame Calkins to lend us hers. If it breaks we can give her another when the ship comes in the spring."

"Dame Calkins!" gasped Prudence. "Oh, Mehitabel, you never would ask her? Why, you know they say she is a witch," she whispered, glancing around her fearfully.

"Nonsense! Father says there are no such things as witches any more. I 'm not afraid — not *much* afraid, I mean!" she amended truthfully. "But, anyway, I am going. It was my fault and I must do something, you know."

"But," objected Prudence, "what is the use? She will not lend it, anyway. Nobody ever thinks of asking *her* for anything."

"Then how can they tell she will not lend?" insisted Mehitabel. "I am going to ask her, anyhow, and tell her how I lost mine, and how badly we all need it. Maybe she really wants to lend things if she had a chance. Oh, I must do *something!*" And resolute little Mehitabel turned around and started toward Dame Calkins's little hut at the far end of the settlement. "Won't you come with me, Prudence?" she called back appealingly over her shoulder.

"No, indeed! I would not go near old Dame Calkins for anything. Besides, I must hurry about mother's errand. Oh, Mehitabel, I would n't be you for anything!" was her parting comfort.

Brave little Mehitabel kept straight on her way, though her heart grew heavier and heavier and thumped harder and harder the nearer she drew to the cottage.

When she reached the lonely little hut, she stood still a moment to gather courage, then knocked loudly on the door. Even then she was tempted to run away as fast as she could before it was too late; but she shut her lips and fists tight and stood her ground. Soon she heard hobbling steps and the tap, tap of a stick approaching. The door was flung open, and a little old woman, with a stern, frowning face, stood before her, leaning slightly on a rude cane.

"Well!" she snapped. "What do you want here?"

Mehitabel drew a deep breath, and started in bravely and right to the point.

"Oh, please, Dame Calkins, won't you lend me your needle just for a few days? I have lost mother's; and oh, I don't know what to do if I can't have yours awhile. It was all my own fault, too. I was a careless, heedless, disobedient child. But, indeed, I am very, very sorry, and if you will lend me yours I will be so very careful. You need not be a bit afraid of my losing *it* too."

Dame Calkins said nothing for what seemed a long time. She just stood with her face screwed up in a frown, looking hard at poor little Mehitabel. She saw the trembling lips and clenched hands, and she saw, too, the brave, eager light of determination shining in her blue eyes, in which the tears stood very near the surface.

Suddenly she put out her wrinkled hand and patted the little hooded head. "Come in, my dear!" she jerked out at last. "Come in and sit you down by the fire."

Mehitabel came in obediently, and sat down on the rude settle before the fire.

"So you want my needle?" went on the dame, hobbling jerkily over to the seat opposite her. "Do you know what day this is?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mehitabel, rather startled.

Dame Calkins jerked herself into an easy position before answering. She did everything by jerks — walked, talked, and moved.

"Well, it 's the 14th of February — St. Val-

entine's day," she began in breathless little jerks,—"and back in old England,—Scalford way in Leicestershire,—the little maidens go to the different houses — on Valentine's day — and ask for pins and points.

'Good-morrow, Valentine!
All the pins and points are mine,'

they say. And to the first one — that so seeks on Valentine morning — we must give what pins and points they want. So you see — mayhap I will have to lend you my needle — for you are the first to seek — for pins or points — to-day — or for many a day for that matter!" she added grimly.

"Oh, will you really let me have it, dear, kind dame? Oh, how good you are!" cried little Mehitabel; and forgetting everything in her joyful relief, she jumped up and threw her arms around the old woman's neck, kissing her withered cheek.

"Why, bless your heart!" exclaimed the startled dame. "You are a brave little girl — and I like courage. We need it in this new country. Ah, I had one like you once — a bonny lass — well-a-day! well-a-day!" And she drew a deep sobbing sigh that shook her thin frame.

Mehitabel patted her bent shoulder comfortingly.

"I will come over and see you often, if you would like to have me," she said softly.

"Yes, child, come and see me. — I need you — as the wilted plant needs the moisture. — But I 'm forgetting the needle. — Here it is, stuck in this piece of card. — Put it away carefully now — so. — I wish I had a plum bun to give you, child. — We always used to get a plum bun — with our pins and points — on Valentine day — down Scalford way. Good-by now — run home to mother."

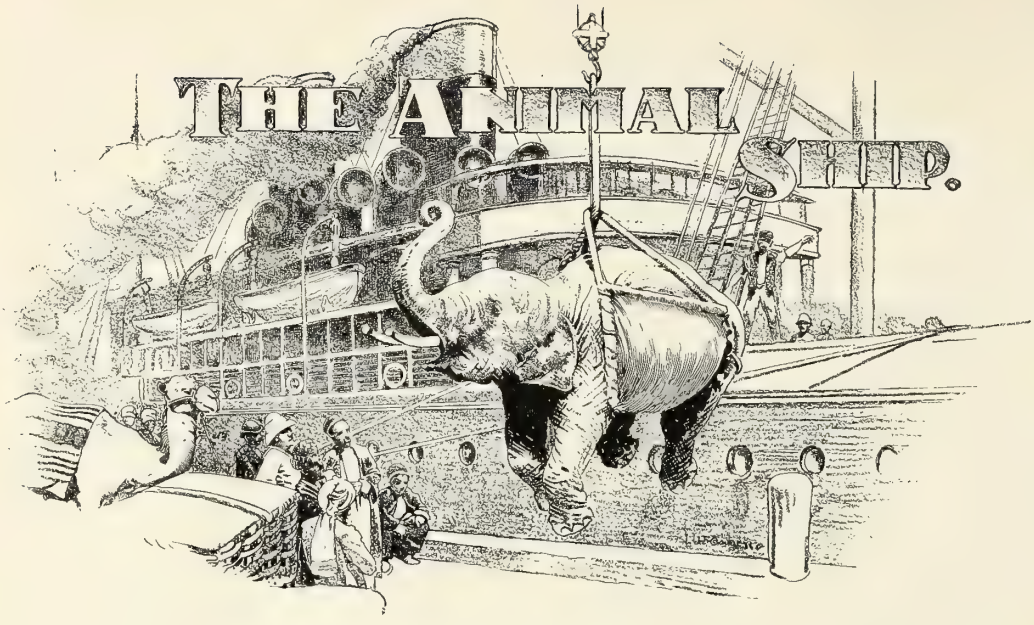
An hour later, little Mehitabel, having delivered the needle safely to Dame Hetherton, was telling her mother all about how she lost one needle and found another.

"Dear child," said good Dame Merriwether, "Providence chooseth strange ways to work out its plans. Do you go often to see poor, lonely old Dame Calkins, and mayhap we will win her back to friendliness and cheer. Years ago, her only son and sole remaining child strayed into evil paths, and was never seen near his home again. Cold glances and evil tongues soured the old woman, and she came to the colonies to escape them. But her story followed her, the cruel tongues kept on, and she grew cold and defiant. She would notice none of us. But, please God, we 'll win her back to neighborliness again."

And they did.

This is how the descendants of Great-grandmother Mehitabel came so long to cherish a queer discolored card that bore the pointed valentine and looked very much like this:





By P. W. Humphreys.

When young Orang heard the steady tramp of feet about his forest home one morning, he little thought there was cause for alarm. His home was in one of the thick forests that cover the low, damp lands in the island of Borneo — forest depths human feet seldom tread. His father was an immense orang-utan known as "The Wild Man of the Woods" by the natives of Borneo. As he measured nearly seven feet in height, and was heavier than many human giants, he made so much noise, in walking about on the thick underbrush with Orang's mother, that there was nothing unusual in the ominous tramping on that fateful morning.

The steps came nearer, the underbrush crackling more noisily. Orang raised his strangely manlike yet baby face to greet his parents. But, instead of receiving his usual breakfast of forest fruits and nuts, he was nearly smothered under a heavy blanket which was thrown over his head and drawn securely about his throat. A few piteous cries for help,—quelled before they could reach even his mother's keen ears, —a whoop of delight from his captor, and poor little Orang was hurried away from his forest home. Then came a weary journey, which seemed interminable to the homesick, frightened baby orang-utan, until at last he reached Germany and was placed in a great animal-house at Hamburg, to await the arrival of the ship which was to take him across the ocean to an American zoo.

Like other members of the intelligent family of apes, Orang soon became fond of his captors, and especially fond of the small black boy who claimed him as his own particular pet. The little negro boy who first discovered Orang and threw the blanket over his head, before yelling with joy to tell the other hunters of his capture, resembled very much the natives of the African jungles; but any one who talked with Jeff soon discovered that he was not born in Africa. He had had many adventures in his short life, and was a remarkably intelligent black boy. He was born in Chicago, in the year that Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States. He was left an orphan when only five years old, and was given a home by an Irishman in the employ of a Chicago animal-trainer. His full name was Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O'Toole. For many years it was a trial to Jeff to have this glorious procession abbreviated. Although his mother named him, modestly, Jefferson Davis Cleveland, O'Toole

was the name of the Chicagoan of whose family he became a member on the death of his parents. No one was ever able to determine how he came by the name of McKinley; but for years Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O'Toole insisted upon the use of his "whole name."

When Carl Hagenbeck, the proprietor of the zoölogical exhibition at the World's Fair, sent buyers to London and to Hamburg for his specimens, Mr. O'Toole and his little helper, "Black Jeff," went to Hamburg with them, and they were sent on an expedition to Africa for wild animals.

After the first trip, Jeff became an expert in animal-hunting; and although he still looks like a comical overgrown child, being small for his age,—almost a dwarf, in fact,—he has had many strange adventures. He proudly claims the distinction of having accompanied expeditions sent out by Van Ambrugh, Carl Hagenbeck, Frank Buckland, Mr. Bartlett, and other zoölogical collectors and great circus and menagerie proprietors.

Jeff and Orang became great friends during the trip from the island of Borneo to Hamburg. The ape soon learned to consider the black boy his companion instead of his captor, and often Jeff would be found sitting on a box on the upper deck, scraping away at his beloved violin, sometimes with an occasional parrot or two or a friendly little monkey as audience, but always with the faithful Orang at his side.

After their arrival at Hamburg, Jeff taught Orang so many tricks and exercised such an influence in the care of the vicious chimpanzees and baboons, as well as of the more docile apes and South American monkeys, that he was given certain duties in the monkey-house instead of being sent on another expedition. It was finally decided that he should accompany the monkeys on the animal-ship during their trip to the United States. Jeff named his pet "Orang," and, jokingly, always insisted that the captive was a real boy, and he spelled his pet's name with the apostrophe, thus: O'Rang.

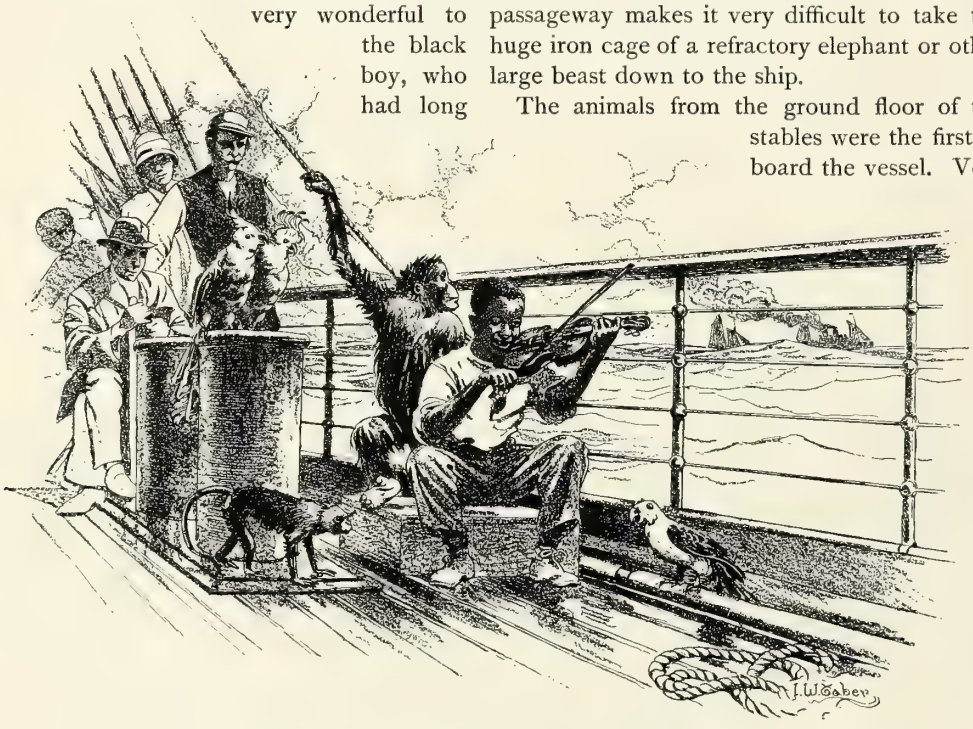
The majority of the freight-ships that come to ports of the United States from South America, Africa, Asia, or Europe bring a few wild beasts that have been secured in the interior and brought to the ports at which the vessels touched. But it is mainly at Hamburg, in Germany, that attempts have been made, during recent years, to secure regular shipments. One reason is that, when consignments are desired for American zoos, the animals can be collected at Hamburg and shipped free of duty. At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, Carl Hagenbeck made some of the largest purchases of



BELOW DECKS ON AN ANIMAL SHIP BOUND HOME FROM THE TROPICS.

wild animals ever recorded for this country. London as well as Hamburg helped to supply the great stock of animals necessary for his Chicago exhibits at the Fair grounds and in New York. At that time there was a great revival in the ancient industry known as the "animal trade," but during the past eight or ten years the business has somewhat decreased. Hamburg is still the chief shipping center, but the animal-ships are seldom so well loaded with interesting wild beasts as they were during 1893.

Everything connected with the ship that left Hamburg with Jeff and his pet, Orang, seemed very wonderful to the black boy, who had long hunted animals in the wilds, but had never crossed the ocean with a ship-load. The immense animal-house at the Hamburg wharf has two departments, known as the "store" and the "stables." The stables, where the wild beasts are confined while awaiting the arrival of the ship, are situated at some distance from the store, and the two are connected by a street or court. Down this passage every animal must be driven, or carried in its cage, before it can be deposited in safe quarters in the store or on the ship.



"AND OFTEN JEFF WOULD BE FOUND ON THE UPPER DECK SCRAPING AWAY AT HIS VIOLIN, BUT ALWAYS WITH THE FAITHFUL ORANG AT HIS SIDE."

Jeff and Orang became quite familiar with the animals in the wonderful stables at Hamburg. Jeff's knowledge of the wild beasts, and of the best methods of keeping them quiet and good-natured, made him invaluable to the dealers, and, wherever he was found, his orang-utan was near by.

When the ship arrived at the Hamburg wharf there were anxious moments at the stables. The passage leading from the stables is narrow, for convenience in blocking the escape of any captive that succeeds in breaking away from the dealers. But, frequently, the straitness of the passageway makes it very difficult to take the huge iron cage of a refractory elephant or other large beast down to the ship.

The animals from the ground floor of the stables were the first to board the vessel. Very few of them were in cages; they were simply tied to the walls and mangers, or they were stalled in loose-boxes. Among them were antelopes, deer, kangaroos, and a few curious mountain-sheep. All these animals were loaded upon the ship without difficulty. The majority of them had quarters on shipboard similar to those in the stables — simply stalls instead of cages.

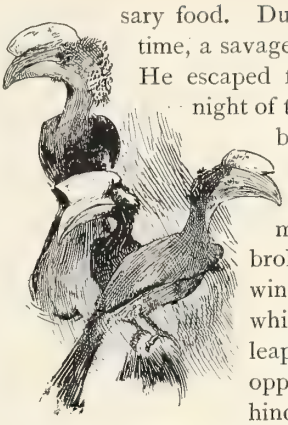
There was often great difficulty in the transit of the large iron cages. The hold of the ship, where these wild animals are stored, is kept warm

and dark — conditions which prevailed in the warm upper story of the stables, and constituted important elements in the comfort of nervous animals, the night-feeders, and the savage *Felidæ*, or cat-tribe. The civet-cats, the pumas, and the panthers are especially fierce when taken from the stables to the ship. Their cages are kept boarded over at the sides and back. At the first movement of the cage, or at the approach of a dealer to examine the front of the cage, the animal inside becomes furious. There are claws crashing upon the bars, sharp, wrathful growls, and glimpses of white teeth and yellow-green eyes. This proved very interesting to Jeff, who had studied the prisoners when they were free in their jungle homes.

It is seldom that serious accidents occur in loading the animal-ship. There were two mishaps, however, that might have been serious but for the prompt action of the little Chicago colored boy. A tiger from India was being trundled through the narrow passage leading from the stables. The huge cage was difficult to handle. The bumping of the structure against the sides of the passage not only weakened it, but enraged the tiger. Using his back in a powerful arch, he burst the cage, and ran growling down the passage. The tiger — one of the fiercest ever captured — had been caged only a short time. He was now as strong as ever, and twice as ferocious. The crew of the animal-ship, as well as the dealers, were so paralyzed with terror that, for a moment, no effort was made to stop his flight.

But Jeff remembered the prompt action of a hunter while capturing a tiger that had escaped from a cage in India. He grasped a crowbar and started for the animal. At first sight of the determined black boy with his crowbar, the tiger seemed inclined to attack him. It was a terrible moment, and death was very near to the daring boy. But he advanced unflinchingly, until at last the tiger, with a snarl of rage, turned, ran back up the passage, and again entered his cage, curling down in its darkened corner, but continuing to snarl, while he was speedily secured by the dealers.

For three days and four nights the ship that was to sail for America remained at Hamburg, taking on board the animals and their necessary food. During nearly the whole time, a savage baboon was at large. He escaped from his cage on the night of the ship's arrival. The baboons were among the first to be taken on board. One of the most hideous of them broke loose, opened the window of the room in which it was confined, and leaped to the roof of an opposite house. It hid behind the chimneys, enjoying their warmth and chattered defiance at its pursuers. A row of dwelling-houses stood directly back of the stables, and the entire street was soon in commotion. The children of Hamburg were afraid to go to bed. The crafty fellow escaped capture during the entire three days. It was thought the ship would have to sail without him, for while he found it easy to walk on the narrow ledges and steep inclines of the roofs, the men could not follow him, and it was always easy to hide among the chimneys from his pursuers.



It was Jeff who captured him, at last, by climbing along the roofs barefoot, with a rope secured from waist to chimney for safety. Even then there would have been difficulty in attracting the attention of the baboon until the lasso could be used, had it not been for the presence of Orang, who was also secured to his waist by a rope, and was sent along the edge of the roof after the fugitive.

The animals soon quieted after the ship had left the Hamburg wharves and departed on its journey across the ocean.

It was marvelous to Jeff, learned as he was in the lore of the cages, to observe how the dealers who had invested their money in so many beasts that were liable to quick disease and almost sudden death could rest content to see their charges so closely confined. There appeared to be scarcely room for any animal to turn. But he came to understand that close packing of the cages, on a voyage such as that, was imperative. The immense quantities of food that were needed to last throughout the voyage took up much space. One class of cap-



"HE GRASPED A CROWBAR AND STARTED FOR THE ANIMAL."

tives could not survive unless there was plenty of hay and grain; another must have fruits and vegetables; and as for the carnivorous beasts, not only did they require refrigerators filled with meat, but the very deck was alive with calves, sheep, and poultry.

There were noisy passengers on board the animal-ship, and the noisiest of all were not the tigers, with their terrifying roars, or the monkeys, with their incessant chattering. The disturbers of the peace were the birds — thousands of them that seemingly could never keep quiet. Canaries from the Hartz Mountains, magpies and parrots, birds from the tropics, with rich plumage and strident voices, screamed, talked, and sang until the very elephants — who were the wisest of the whole ship's company — could scarcely sleep.

One bird, that was only half a bird at best, almost caused a stampede. There was a startled cry, one morning, from a member of the crew.

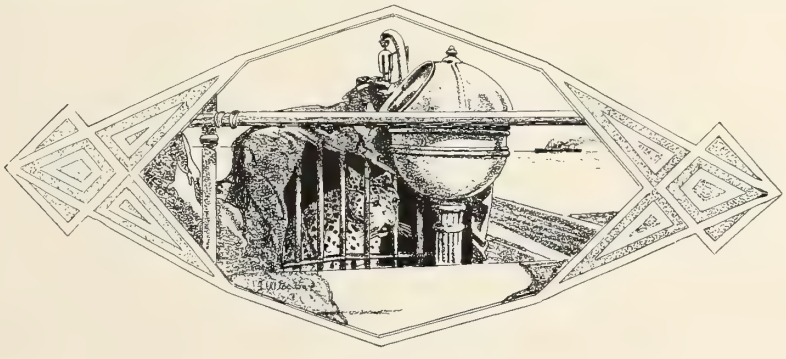
"Man overboard!" he shouted, as a resounding splash echoed through the ship from the water at her port side.

The keepers forgot their charges for a time. They rushed to the side of the boat to rescue the drowning sailor. They discovered only a penguin, diving and swimming about in the water with the greatest delight. The bird had escaped from its cage, waddled to the side of the ship, and, with the sound of a falling man, had plunged overboard in search of fish, his natural prey. The bird-fisherman was captured and returned to his cage before he had secured his breakfast from the sea. Some days later, a seal escaped and dived into the ocean. It would probably have been lost had not one of the animal-dealers recalled the experience of the famous Dr. Rae, who spent the days of his boyhood in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Dr. Rae says that, both there and in the regions around the frozen rim of the northern ocean, it is a matter of common experience that seals will follow a boat in which music is played. One of the musical sailors made the test, and the seal was easily captured.

Various musical instruments are found on an animal-ship, for nearly all beasts are strongly influenced by melody.

On the arrival of the ship at Philadelphia, the two strangely assorted friends parted. Orang, his apostrophe no longer retained by the admiring Jeff, became the inmate of a zoo, where they cherished all the rest of him because, as an orang-utan with a label on his cage, he was prized as a wonderfully rare "specimen" all the way from Borneo. O'Toole, even his sharp wits unequal to the task of compelling the rest of the world to give him the complete assortment of names he claimed for his own, continued to be plain "Jeff." But the world of animal-tamers knew little black Jeff for a born keeper of the untamed beasts; and so, in various parts of the earth, he earned, at his chosen calling, a good living and much respect.

Every year there come some ships from Hamburg, bringing captives, few or many. But, among all the voyages, the most curious and exciting adventures that ever befell man or beast were those which happened when Jeff and Orang, devoted comrades, sailed for Hamburg on their way from distant Borneo.



Captain Johnny's Voyage.

BY

John Ernest McCann.



A great big ship and a great big crew
Were provisioned and commanded by
Captain Johnny Q—
And far away they sailed, by icebergs
and through snow,
Till they came to an isle where
the Mingo monkeys grow.
And Johnny filled his ship
With the monkeys on that trip,
Then he sailed away for home
And he nevermore did roam:
For each Mingo monkey sold
For much money in good gold.





A SURPRISE.

By Malcolm Douglas.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail.
"Well, I never!" was his comment;
"Here 's a mule that 's been to jail!"

STRIKES.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

Mr. Jones struck oil,
And his men, so they say,
Struck for eight hours' work
And for nine hours' pay.

Jones struck his horse,
And struck for the spot;
The horse, struck with fear,
At once struck a trot.

The clock had struck five;
He was wet to the skin;
From his blue flannel shirt
The color struck in.

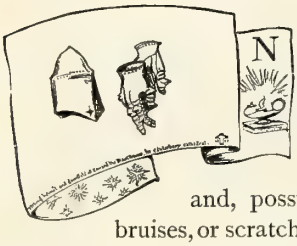
Some baseball players
Struck up a shout;
The batter struck a pose,
And then he struck out.

Jones struck a bargain,
But soon struck a snag —
For it struck off his profits,
And *he* struck his flag.

And now you have struck
On this history true,
How, striking a balance,
Does it all strike *you?*



By Mary Dawson.



NOWADAYS we use gloves only to complete our formal dress, or to protect our hands from cold, and, possibly, from the cuts, bruises, or scratches of certain kinds of rough labor. But in the olden days the glove, although it served these purposes too, played a very superior part. It might almost have been called an important "personage" in those times, for on many occasions it acted instead of a person. Sometimes it played the part of a king or earl; sometimes it did the work of a policeman; now and then it gave away large properties, even whole towns and rich tracts of land. It sounds like a fairy-tale, does it not? But it is every word true.

This is the way it came about.

When gloves were first invented, they were used exactly as we use them now — to keep the hands warm, and to keep them from all sorts of disagreeable blisters, burns, and chapping. The ancient Persians wore them at a very early period, and boys and girls who have read Virgil's "Æneid" will remember that the Roman pugilists wore them in their pommeling contests.

Gloves as first invented should rightly be called mittens, for they had no fingers. Fingers were a novelty introduced by the Romans of later days, when Rome became luxurious and foppish.

As soon as the finger gloves (they called them *digitalia*, from *digitus*, a finger) were introduced, the Romans used them for state occasions, wearing the mitten for every day. Poor people had only mittens, when, indeed, they had any hand-coverings at all.

From the older countries, such as Italy and Greece, the fashion of wearing gloves spread to newer lands, reaching England about the time of the Saxon kings. The word *glof* (a queer way the Saxons had of spelling glove) means a hand-covering, and occurs very often in the writings of those times. The beautiful old illuminated books which have luckily been preserved for us show the hands of bishops and other churchmen incased in gloves which are often ornamented with dazzling rings.

Kings and queens of that day all wore gloves. At least, we find their marble effigies, on the tombs in Westminster Abbey, with gloved hands.

The gloves of the middle ages were very different from those we have now. You could not then go into a shop and order a dozen pairs, at a certain price, to fit you perfectly. But then, you might have them exquisitely embroidered in silk of many colors and bordered with a deep fringe. Perhaps, too, the design of the embroidery of those you bought would be entirely original, intended for you and shared by no one else.

Naturally, the gloves of the kings were very fine and costly covering, with embroidery of gold and silver and circlets of precious stones. Bishops and the clergy wore white linen gloves, symbolic of innocence, or red silk hand-gear with symbols worked in gold thread. The popes sometimes wore them of white silk decorated with pearls. Grave people wore dignified patterns without any gorgeousness, and those who liked to make a brave show chose very elaborate or gaudy affairs.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people, as it is now, by the government and the law-courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough-and-ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property, and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and, as I have said, it sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.



AN EARL'S GLOVE OPENING A COUNTY FAIR.

For example: To open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy, or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows; I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove, I will attend to him, that 's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.

In the thirteenth century a powerful earl is said to have delivered up a great tract of land to the King of France by promising him the land and sending or giving his glove as pledge of good faith.

In fact, now and then some stag-hunting lord who, when a boy, had been fonder of war and the chase than of writing and reading, would fling down his glove among the legal papers drawn up for arranging some business matter, and say that that was his way of signing papers and giving his signature. The glove would be duly locked away with the papers, to show that the lord of the land had agreed to the transaction.



"DULY SIGNED AND SEALED"—BY A GLOVE.

We still say "throwing the gauntlet," meaning a challenge, even though we are only defying a schoolmate to "spell us down" in a spelling-bee. Of course, the gauntlet is a big glove. The expression is now all that is left of a very important custom of the rough-and-ready age of which we have been speaking—the trial by combat.

For when a man of the medieval times considered himself wronged in any way by a neighbor, he very often decided to attend to punishing his enemy himself. He began matters by throwing down his glove before his enemy. The enemy, if he had any spirit, never allowed it to lie there, of course, for to do that was supposed to prove that the challenger was in the right and that the other feared to put his fate to the touch. If a lady was in distress, she asked some man friend to fight for her, which he was usually glad to do. As soon as the glove was picked up, the two men arranged a battle, which was regulated by fixed rules. This fight was recognized as a legal trial. It had to be settled pretty promptly one way or the other, as they never stopped fighting until one of the champions was killed or badly hurt, or admitted that he was in the wrong. The champion who came off victorious was said to be the innocent person, for the true knight went to battle with the firm belief that God would strengthen his arm and direct his spear or sword.

A knight in the days of chivalry, if he disgraced himself and his knighthood, had his gloves taken away from him, just as he had the spurs knocked from his heels, as a punishment.

So many gloves were made in England, and so many people were employed in making them, that in the fourteenth century the glove-makers formed one of the city companies, or guilds, and drew up a set of rules for govern-

ing their men, which were thought important enough to be laid before the king and approved by him.

One of the rules was that if any glove-maker was found doing bad work, that is, cutting or sewing badly or using bad material, he should be brought before the mayor and aldermen. If, when this happened, he was sorry and promised to do better in the future, he might be let off with a reprimand. But if unrepentant, he would be banished from the city and was not allowed to return.



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

Queen Elizabeth was very vain of her pretty hands, and so was extremely fastidious in the choice of her gloves. She must have had as many pairs of them, in that wonderful wardrobe of hers, as she had blond wigs. The reason she had so many gloves was that, everywhere she went, people, knowing that she liked beautiful hand-wear, gave it to her. She received gloves of silk or leather, embroidered or jewel-studded, trimmed with a multitude of little gold buttons, and deliciously perfumed.

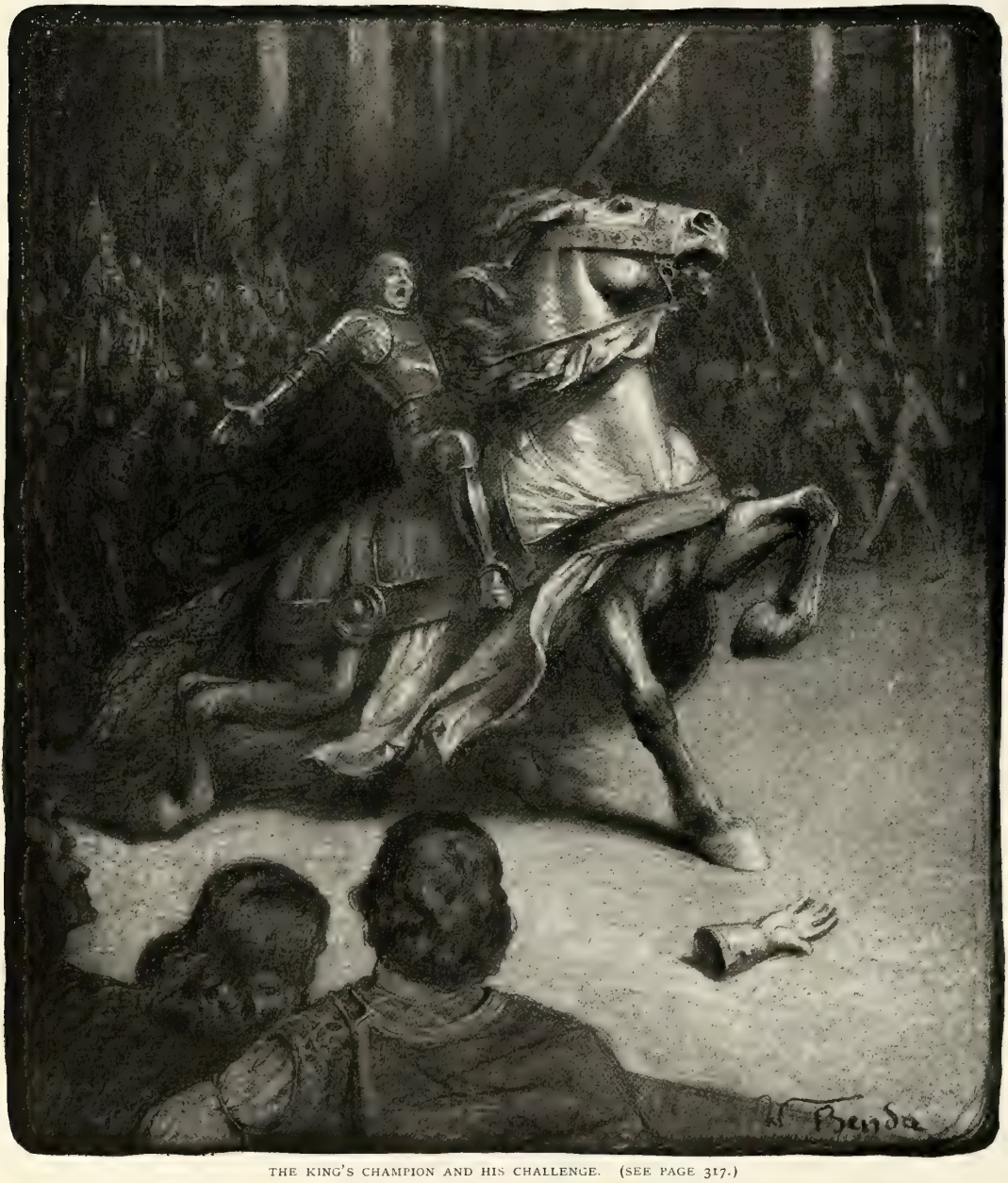
These sweet or perfumed gloves were much liked by ladies of Elizabeth's reign. The father of a family, if his wife and daughters followed the fashions at all, allowed them a certain sum of money to buy gloves. This was called "glove-money," just as we still say "pin-money" (and, by the way, the allowance made to ladies to buy pins in former times must have been larger than it is nowadays, for pins were then quite expensive).

A gentleman who was in the habit of going to Elizabeth's court told his friends that in one of her Majesty's audiences the Maiden Queen pulled her gloves off and on more than a hundred times. This was to let those present see and admire her hands. Think of the little vanities of so great a woman!

For many hundred years gloves have played a part in the court life of various countries, and many are the interesting glove-relics that have come down to this day, and that are now carefully preserved in museums. Among these there is a plain buff-colored pair of gloves which belonged to the martyr king, Charles I. These he presented to the great-great-grandfather of the present owner. This gentleman had got together a troop of horse to help his sovereign, who was

then in dire distress, and the king, meeting him at the head of his men, drew the gloves from his hands and gave them to his faithful follower.

He wore a very rich and kingly pair upon the



THE KING'S CHAMPION AND HIS CHALLENGE. (SEE PAGE 317.)

When these gloves were given, the times were troublous. Poor King Charles had other matters, more important than clothes, to think about, and therefore his gauntlets show no sign of trimming. But we have other pairs which once belonged to the same monarch, and these are beautifully wrought.

day of his execution. For, instead of making a careless or slovenly appearance on the scaffold, as some less noble person might have done, this king went to it dressed in all his state. He told his attendants to dress him "as trimly as might

be," and gave particular directions about each article of clothing.

Several pairs of gloves once the property of Charles II can also be seen in the museums and collections.

As for the pretty legends and historic stories which cluster about gloves, a big book would be needed to give them all. Richard Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine, was recognized by a glove hanging at the girdle of his squire, and was taken prisoner.

There were many delightful courtesies in former times connected with gloves. Lovers exchanged them, and the knight who rode forth to war had one fluttering from his helmet. When a maiden died, a pair of white gloves, the white being emblematic of innocence, was laid upon her bier. Or, if a judge summoned his court, and there were no criminals to be tried or cases to be settled, the judge was given a snow-white pair of gloves.

The etiquette of crowning a king once required that the new sovereign should have his knight to champion his cause. Imagine to yourself the ending of a coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. The king is there, and his family and his court. Suddenly a trumpet blares out through the Hall, and into the place dashes a knight on a fine horse and gallantly armed, spear in rest. This is the king's champion. He proceeds to pull off his long glove, and casts it down upon the floor, and, in a loud voice, calls upon any subject who does not think the new king is the true king to stand forward and pick up his glove, and fight him to the death. I have never heard that anybody accepted the challenge.

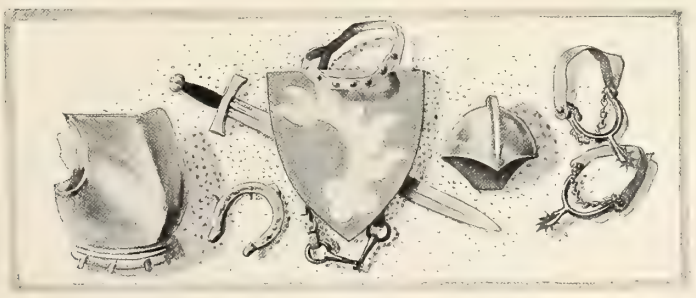


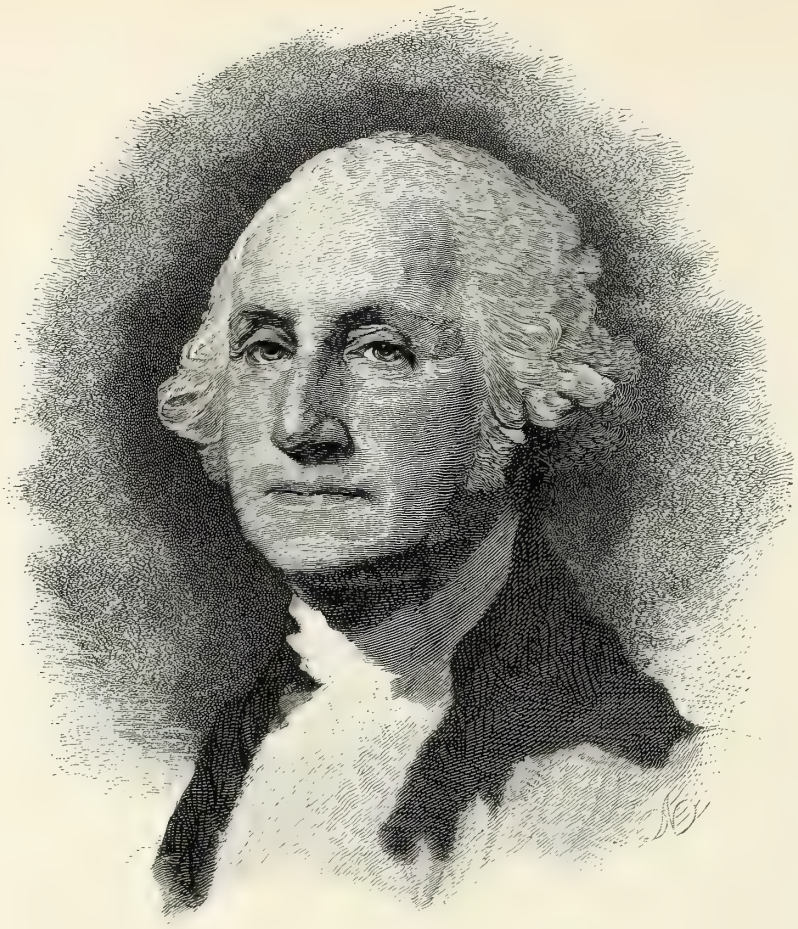
HIS FIRST GLOVES.

Gloves at one time were very popular as New Year's gifts. One lady brought a gift of this kind to the great Sir Thomas More. Unfortunately, she filled it with gold coins. Sir Thomas had decided a law case in her favor, and she wished to show her gratitude in this way. But Sir Thomas was too high-minded and honorable a man to take money in the administration of justice. "It would be against courtesy," he said, "to refuse the lady's gift. I will therefore keep the *gloves*, but the *lining* she must give to some one else." By the lining Sir Thomas meant, of course, the gold with which she had filled them.

The Portuguese say of a man, "He wears no gloves," when they mean that he is honest and honorable and above suspicion.

There is still another phrase which comes down to us from the days when gloves were used in more ways than they now are. Have n't you sometimes heard it said, when a young lady has discarded her lover, that she "gave him the mitten"? This was first said in the early times when lovers exchanged gloves as a sign that they intended to marry each other. When a girl broke her engagement she gave back the glove or mitten. We still use the phrase, although gloves are no longer exchanged.





WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE.

By L. R. McCabe.

MUCH of George Washington's firm strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of General Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for."

The black man grinned, rolled up the whites of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks, and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where above the cedar growth rose the towers of a fine

old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quickly the door swung on its ponderous hinges, and a grave, majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madam," said the officer, doffing his cap, and overcome by her dignity, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses?" said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir, you *cannot* have them. My crops are out and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I *must* have them, madam. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? Who is your chief, pray?" she demanded with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army — General George Washington," replied the other, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride. A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he *cannot* have her horses."

With a humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence, then, with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.



IN an interesting contribution to the "Century Magazine" for January, 1898, Martha Littlefield Phillips relates the following anecdote of her grandmother, who was the daughter of the famous Revolutionary general, Nathanael Greene:

"One of the great events of my early life," said my grandmother, "was my first interview with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism, there was the personal regard we held for Washington as our father's intimate friend and immediate commander.

"My mother had deeply imbued me with the honor in store when we were to visit Mount Vernon, and had drilled my behavior to meet all the probable requirements of the occasion. I was, for example, to rise from my seat for presentation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions, but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

"The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stuttering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making a courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which, I dropped on my knees at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handker-

chief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as he might a young princess. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation, and brought me back to composure. He kept me with him while in the drawing-room, had me placed beside him at the dinner-table, and with his own hands heaped good things on my plate. After dinner he took me to walk in the garden, and drew me into talks on the themes of my daily life, and won me into revelations of my hopes and fears. It has always impressed me as a quaint and pretty picture — that of the famous warrior, statesman, and patriot turning from great affairs, and lending himself to the task of making the happiness and charming the confidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives, with tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her granddaughter."



"AFTER DINNER HE TOOK ME TO WALK IN THE GARDEN."

THE KING'S DIAMOND CROSS.

(*An Old-time Puzzle-fable put into Verse.*)

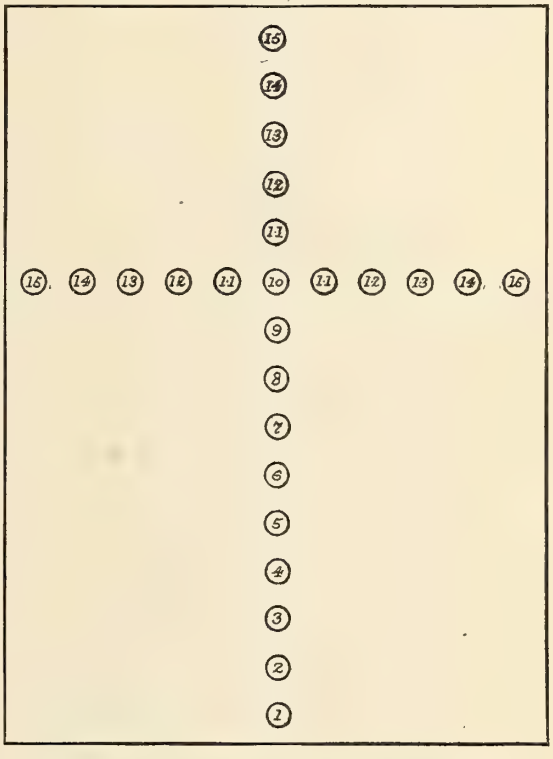
By Mrs. Frank Lee.

There once was a king in the Land o' Dreams—
A queer old fellow, to me it seems—
Who had a cloak of velvet and silk,
Which was trimmed with ermine white as milk,
With golden lace and many a gem,
From the collar's edge to the mantle's hem.
Of diamonds, too, there was ne'er a lack—
They formed a cross on the mantle's back;
And the king himself, when each day was done,
Did count these carefully one by one.
One by one, in the queerest way,
He counted those diamonds every day.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright
From the lowest one of the upright bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Always he counted this way. "'T is clear
Not a single one 's lost," said this king so queer.

Now the cloak had a rip, and 't was sent away
To the smart court tailor to mend, one day.
The man was not honest, and in his mind
To steal some diamonds he felt inclined.
How to do it he racked his brain
Over and over and over again.
Then two he stole, and he did it well.
How he did it, who reads may tell.
The rip he mended, and quick did bring
The mantle back to the waiting king,
Who counted his diamonds o'er and o'er,
And found them just as they were before.

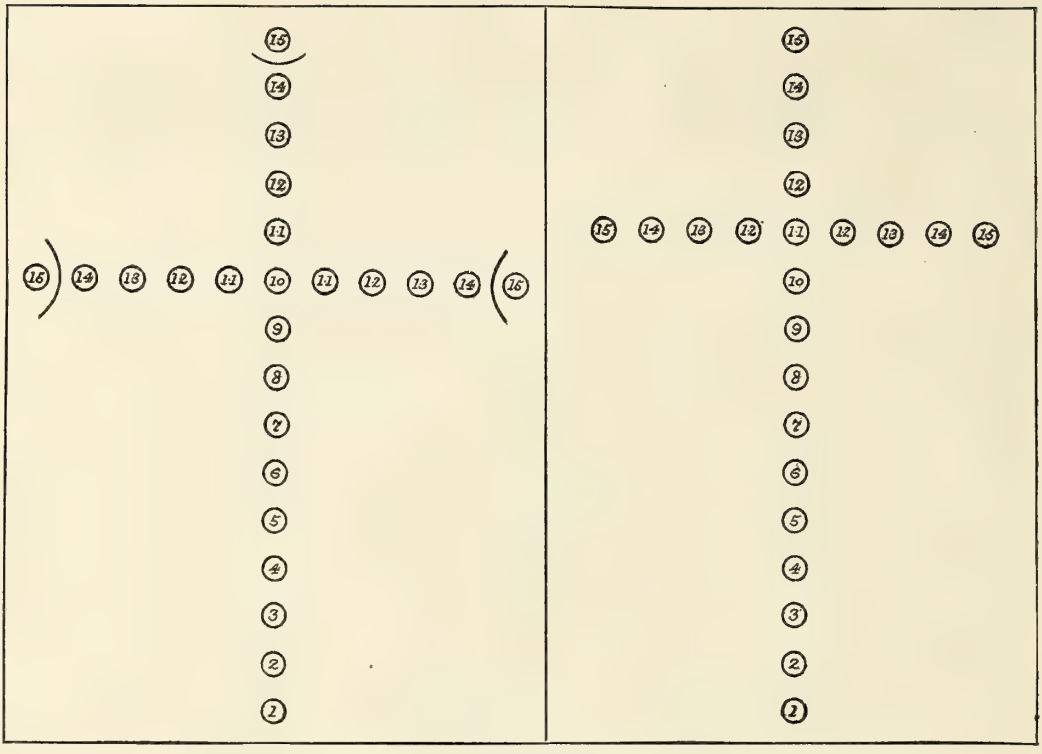
Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright



From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Yet two were gone from the diamond cross,
But the king never knew of his mantle's loss;
He counted only one way, you see;
"*My* way is the best," the king, said he.

(Note.—For the answer to this puzzle see next page.)

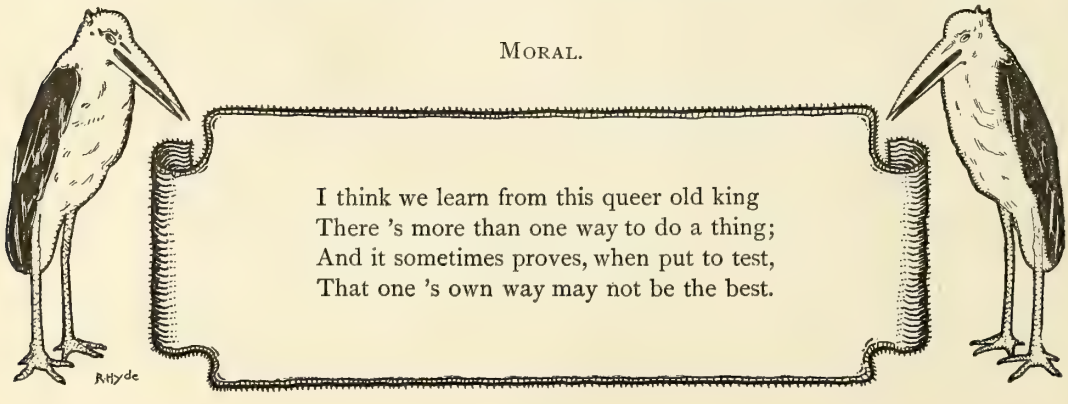
ANSWER TO THE DIAMOND CROSS PUZZLE.

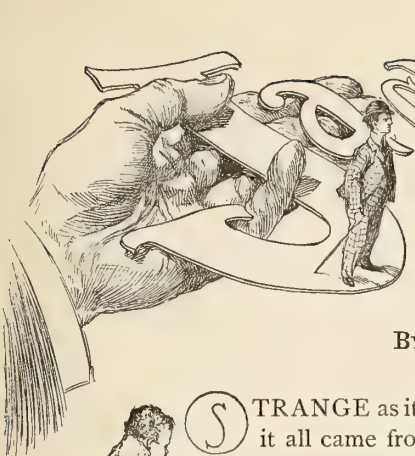


THIS is the plan that the tailor made,
The thieving tradesman who knew his trade.
He cut from each arm of the cross a star,
And one from the top of the vertical bar;
One he sewed to the bar beneath,
Two he hid in a leathern sheath.

Count, and you 'll see that the numbers ring
Just as they did to the waiting king,
And why, when he counted his usual way,
He thought no diamond had gone astray.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright
From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
So he never knew of his mantle's loss,
Nor found a lack in the diamond cross.





Jack Longshort

By George Huntington.



STRANGE as it may seem, it all came from the children's wishing. Kate wished that she was pale and thin like Aunt Elsie, with black eyes and auburn hair, and fine sets of jewelry; and Bob wished that he was six feet and an inch high, with a big mustache turned up at the ends; and little Sue, peeping shyly at Uncle Simon, wished that he would tell them a story. And so he did; and waiting until they had seated themselves, he began:

"Once on a time — oh, let me see, have n't I ever told you the story about Jack Longshort, the boy that almost ruined himself by wishing?"

Of course he had n't, for he was making it up at that very minute. But all the children cried as with one voice, "Oh, no, no, you have n't, Uncle Simon, indeed you have n't! What was it?"

So Uncle Simon began again, and this is the story that he told them:

Once upon a time there was a little baby boy whose name was Jack Longshort — not such a *little* baby, either. In fact, so large a baby that when the nurse put on Jack's very longest baby dress, Jack's toes stuck out beneath it, and the older he grew the taller he grew. At ten he was six feet high; at twelve he was seven feet and an inch. The boys at school called him "sky-scraper," and would ask him how the weather was up there. Every day he would measure himself by the end of the long pump-handle to see how much he had grown, and every day, when he found himself taller than he had been the day before, he would wish and wish and wish: "Dear, dear, if I could only stop growing! Oh, if I could only be shorter — I don't care how little."

"Don't you?" answered the old pump, one day. Jack was very glad to find some one to whom he could confide his troubles, even if it was the pump, for Jack was an orphan, and although he had not given up his nurse, he felt it beneath his dignity to be running to her with his troubles.



"THE BOYS AT SCHOOL CALLED HIM 'SKY-SCRAPER.'"

He was too glad to feel any surprise at the pump's speaking, and he said hotly, "No, I don't. I would rather be knee-high to a grasshopper than as tall as the obelisk. I hate being tall!"

"Well, well," screamed out the pump, "you keep on wishing and maybe you 'll get your wish some day."

And — would you believe it?— at last he did. He actually began *ungrowing*, as he delightedly called it — very slowly at first, so that nobody noticed it, then so very perceptibly that no one could help noticing it, and everybody predicted that he would surely pine away and die. But he did n't pine away. His health was all right, and he grew fatter as he grew shorter. At sixteen he was about as tall as other boys of his age, and felt very happy, for it was exactly what he had been wishing for. But, alas! it did n't stop there. That is the worst of ungrowing, you know: it is so apt to be carried too far. He kept getting shorter and shorter — four feet high, three feet, two, one — until he was no taller than the cat. And now, I can tell you, he changed his tune and began to wish he was tall again. Alack! wishing seemed to be of no avail. He might as well have wished for the moon.

But at last he came to take a more cheerful view of things, and as his parents had left him a small fortune, he engaged his old nurse as his housekeeper, hired her husband, Ben, as his body-servant, dressed in the height of fashion, bought a trained rabbit for a saddle-horse, and really began to enjoy himself again.



"'I WOULD RATHER BE KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER THAN AS TALL AS THE OBELISK.'"



"JACK WAS VERY GLAD TO FIND SOME ONE TO WHOM HE COULD CONFIDE HIS TROUBLES."

But still he kept on ungrowing. Soon he was only four inches high and had to exchange his rabbit for a squirrel. In a little while the squirrel was too large and he tried a white mouse. But when the white mouse proved too big he was in despair. "What *shall* I try now, Ben? " he asked.

Ben suggested a caterpillar, but Jack said there was no speed in that.

"A tree-toad? "

"Don't like his gait."

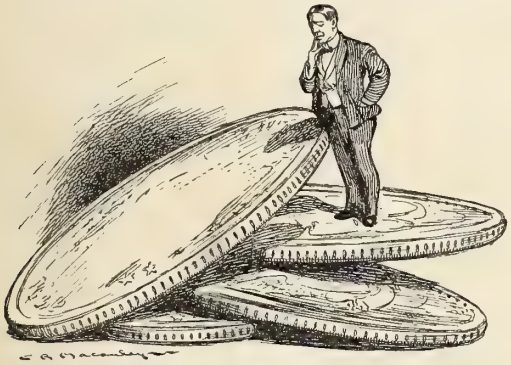
"Humming-bird? "

"Well — not so bad; rather too big and hard to break. But let 's try one. A small one, mind, Ben, and one with a good disposition."

So Ben caught and tamed a humming-bird,

and for several weeks Jack used it as a steed until the cold weather came and it had to go South. Then Jack tried a cricket, but he "bucked," as Ben said, "worse than a mule," and after one or two pretty hard falls Jack gave up riding altogether and let Ben carry him around in a silver card-receiver.

During all this time, you will remember, Jack



"JACK HAD MORE MONEY THAN HE COULD SPEND."

had little trouble about getting along, for he had more money than he could spend, although he had to have it changed to old-fashioned little thin gold twenty-five-cent pieces and gold dollars. But one day Ben, who had charge of his business affairs, made some unfortunate investments with all Jack's money, and the poor little fellow, now only an inch and a sixteenth high, was thrown on the cold world without a penny. What *could* he do?

Well, he just became a tramp — a tiny tramp, living from hand to mouth like a vagabond pigmy in a world of giants. He was rather lonely, but he was a light-hearted little fellow, and as three crumbs a day were a sufficiency, he would not have complained if only he had not kept on ungrowing. He gradually decreased to half an inch in height, and though he was as lively as a cricket, he was as small as a fly, and dared not go upon the streets in the daytime for fear of being stepped on; so he wandered about on moonlight nights, keeping a sharp lookout for cracks and holes in the sidewalk and creeping under a door-step when he heard any one coming.

On one of these moonlight nights he came to a steamship dock, and immediately he caught the tourist fever and said, "I 'll go abroad." No sooner said than done. It was dusk, and none of the watchers or officers could discern the midget moving in the dim light. He climbed up the long gang-plank, hopped to the deck, up the cabin stairs, found on a bread-plate on one of the dining-tables some nice crumbs for his supper, and, stretching himself in the folds of a curtain, went sound asleep, like the happy-go-lucky little stowaway that he was.

Well, this was the beginning of his travels. I could n't begin to tell you all his adventures: how he was a dreadfully seasick, poor little half-inch of humanity; how he grew better and had ever so much fun on the ship; how he reached England, and visited all the museums and libraries and cathedrals and palaces, both there and on the Continent, without the bother of fees or tickets; for where was the need of those things to a manikin who could squeeze through a keyhole or crawl through the crack under a door.

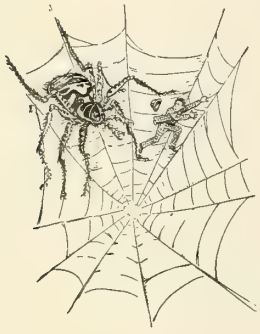
And still, in all his journeyings over Europe, Asia, and Africa, in regions which no civilized man had ever reached, and on islands not down on any map or chart, on ships, on railroads, in



"THEN JACK TRIED A CRICKET."

carriages and on donkeys, on sea-gulls and on chips — still he kept on ungrowing. At last he was no bigger than a mosquito. Now he could creep into ant-holes and walk along the causeways made by the seams in the rocks; he could

climb among exquisite crystals and tiny grains of sand that seemed to him as big as boulders, and sit by the side of beautiful rivers and cascades made by trickling water-drops. And then such wonderful things he saw — things not to be seen by the great coarse human eye. Oh, nobody knows what marvels may be seen by a little fellow scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.



At last, one winter, while seeking for a good, warm, comfortable place in which to spend the cold months, and when he was merely a tiny brown speck which only a pair of sharp eyes could see at all, he found a delightful berth in the house of Professor von Opticon, the great naturalist. The professor had a fine microscope and made a special study of curious objects, with all of which Jack, of course, was familiar, as he had traveled among them and could see perfectly well with his little eyes.

"To think," sighed Jack, "that I know almost as much as he does, and yet the more I know the worse off I am. Oh, if I was only bigger!"

Now Professor von Opticon had a pretty daughter named Stella, who took care of his laboratory and cabinets, and assisted him in his studies.

One day, as Jack was lazily lounging on the blank slide under the microscope, Stella came in to put things in order for a meeting of the Coleoptological Society, which was to meet with her father that afternoon. As she was dusting the table, she casually stooped down and looked through the tube. Jack was exactly in focus.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "What 's that? Oh, father, father, here 's a microscopic *man!*"

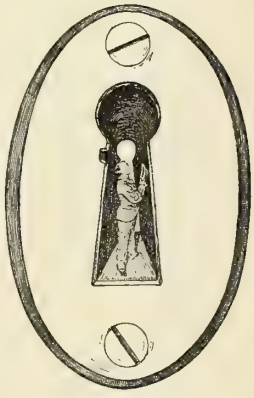
The professor was wonderfully excited. "What a — what a thing to show the society!" he exclaimed. "It will make me famous."

Jack enjoyed the fun immensely. He was too spry for them to catch him, and as they could n't risk killing him or losing him, they gave up trying to catch him and took turns watching at the microscope until the Coleoptological Society assembled.

And how surprised the society was when the professor and his daughter exhibited their prize! They congratulated themselves also on their good fortune, and voted to change the name of the society to the anthropocoleoptological or man-beetle society, and to make Jack an honorary member.

And you may be sure Jack did his best to make the subject interesting. He lay down; he stood on his head; he walked; he danced; he turned somersaults; he gave three cheers; and at last, hopping to the inkstand and dipping his forefinger in the ink, he came back and wrote on the slide, in a good round hand and in letters the ten-thousandth of an inch high, his own name: Jack Longshort.

The society was charmed. They studied and discussed poor Jack at meeting after meeting; wrote essays and learned books about him; and from that time he never lacked friends. But Stella was his best friend. The very first thing she asked him after the anthropocoleoptologists had gone was what she could do for him.



Jack only wrote upon the glass the words, "Make me grow."

He could not have asked anything much harder. But Stella thought and thought. Suddenly an idea struck her. "I 'll try father's X-ray apparatus," said she.

It was just the thing. The moment the X-rays struck him, Jack felt in his bones it was going to do him good. And it did. In a week he could be seen with the naked eye. In six he was as big as a yellow wasp. In three months he was the size of a canary-bird. And, not to make a too "long short" story, in two years from the time Stella found him under the microscope he was half a head taller than

the professor himself. But he had had quite enough of growing and ungrowing. All this shrinking and stretching had worn on him terribly, but he was cheerful and happy. He found Ben, who had more than made up the losses in his unfortunate investments, and who had accumulated quite a fortune, awaiting the return of his master. Ben was delighted at seeing him, and proud to make so good an account of his stewardship.

Jack settled down to make the best of what time he had left, only regretting that he had wasted his life wishing himself into trouble and then wishing himself out again.

And when he tells his singular story to the children, this is the little moral he adds to it:

"Be contented, be thankful, and be yourself. Don't try to stretch yourself or shrink yourself or wriggle yourself into something else. And whether you are tall or short, thick or thin, you will be sure to find a place in the world that is of just the right size for you."



THE LION'S DREAM.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XI.

MISS PENNYBACK RECEIVES A SHOCK.

EACH pair of eyes was turned in the direction whence the approaching footsteps came. The kitchen door was then slowly, slowly opened, and a tall, lank, beruffled figure in white appeared.

It was Lucy's governess, Miss Lucinda Pennyback, who had been aroused from sleep by sounds for which she could not account. She was by no means sure whether they proceeded from within the house or from outside the high wall which surrounded Marybud Lodge.

When the sounds first fell upon her ears she sat bolt upright in bed and listened — and was still in doubt. It was most tantalizing to a lady of a timid and inquisitive turn of mind; and at length, unable any longer to restrain her curiosity, she got out of bed and lighted a candle. The light gave her courage, and she determined to go down and see. So downstairs she crept, very slowly and cautiously, shading the candle with her hand. She paused a moment outside Mr. Scarlett's bedroom. Her employer was sleeping like a top or he would not have snored so loudly. She listened at the door of Lydia's bedroom, but that sweet girl's soft breathing would scarcely have stirred a rose-leaf. The sounds, therefore, which Miss Pennyback heard had not disturbed those members of the family. If she had not been afflicted with a prying disposition of the first order, and if she had not harbored a suspicion that cook was entertaining visitors on the sly, she would have returned to her bed; but she was determined to get to the root of the mystery, and continued to proceed warily in the direction of the kitchen. Miss Pennyback did not like cook — she did not like many people, being a very prim, precise, and particular lady. Her age was — well, not under forty. She had a long, thin face, and a long, thin body, and she never went to bed without putting her hair in curl-papers.

And, as has been stated, she slowly, slowly opened the kitchen door and saw —

Seventeen human, motionless heads turned toward her.

Seventeen pairs of eyes fixed upon her face.

Appalling sight!

Lucy was the first to show any sign of life. She advanced to her schoolmistress, and, holding out her hands, cried:

"Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!"

But her words were lost upon the lady she addressed. Miss Pennyback cast one anguished, terrified glance upon the strange figures which met her eyes, threw up her arms, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting to the floor.

All this happened in the space of six seconds.

Chapter XII.

FLIP OF THE ODD DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Lucy, wringing her hands. "What is to be done now?"

Richard III appeared to have anticipated the question, and showed himself ready to answer it before it was asked. The moment Miss Pennyback fell to the floor he dragged the Headsman forward and, pointing to the unconscious lady, hissed fiercely in his ear:

"She lieth in a splendid position. This is your opportunity. Off with her head!"

Then Mme. Tussaud darted forth, and, extending her magic cane, cried in a stern voice: "Dare but to raise your ax and you are doomed! And you also, Richard. Have you not committed murders enough, that you should thirst for more? Back, back to your corner at once, you bloodthirsty king! Back, I say!"



"THE KITCHEN-STAIR DOOR WAS SLOWLY OPENED."

In sullen silence Richard III and the Headsman slowly retreated to the extreme end of the kitchen, as they had been commanded to do.

"Foiled again, Richard Three," Tom Thumb called out. "You 're not to be trusted for one solitary minute, and I reckon you 'll be tarred and feathered before you reach the end of your rope. If you had been raised in my country, a free and enlightened republic would have bound up your wounds for you in a way that would have con-siderably astonished you — yes, *sir!*"

"So this is your governess, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy.

"Yes, ma'am. And she is *so* fond of telling tales!"

"We will give her something to worry over," said Mme. Tussaud, laughing, as she touched Miss Pennyback with her magic cane. "When she wakes it will puzzle her to find out whether she has been dreaming or not. You must show us her bedroom, and we will put her to bed again. Richard III, kindly lend me your cloak for a few minutes, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, may I trouble you for your assistance? There, wrap the mantle carefully around her. Now, Loushkin, you are tall and strong; you can easily carry her up for us. A giant is a very useful person now and then! Pick up the candlestick, Lucy, and show us the way."

The Russian giant carefully lifted Miss Pennyback, and, preceded by Mme. Tussaud, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and Lucy, conveyed the unconscious governess to her sleeping-apartment and laid her upon the bed. Then Mme. Tussaud handed Richard's cloak to Loushkin, who returned to his comrades in the kitchen, groping his way

along the corridor and stepping very softly. Meanwhile the two ladies removed Miss Pennyback's dressing-gown, which she had donned before she went down to the kitchen, put her to bed, and tucked her in nicely. That done, Mme. Tussaud looked about the room to see that no clue was left; and observing the match which Miss Pennyback had used to light her candle, she took it away with her — whereby she proved herself to be more than ever a woman of wisdom, because that burnt match was really an important piece of evidence. Then she blew out the candle and, with her two companions, hastened back to the kitchen, where they found the company in a state of the highest hilarity, of which Flip of the Odd was the cause.

This lad, who had not a regular feature in his face, whose eyes were ill matched, whose mouth was all on one side, and whose features wore a perpetual grin, possessed remarkable gifts, with the display of which he had been entertaining the celebrities. They had arranged themselves in tiers, as though they were in a theater, some sitting on chairs on the floor, some upon the table, and some on chairs which had been lifted upon the table. There was thus a clear space all round the room between the dressers and the movable furniture, and it was in this space that Flip of the Odd was performing. He turned cart-wheels so rapidly and untiringly that it made one dizzy to look at the whirling figure; he put his arms under his legs and hopped about like a frog; he walked on his hands, and carried plates and dishes on the soles of his shoes. There was no end to his antics, and he had made himself so popular that Henry VIII was declaring that he would double the boy's wages, when Mme. Tussaud, Lucy, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe returned.

"Less noise, less noise!" said Mme. Tussaud, reversing Flip of the Odd so that he stood as nature intended him to stand. "Stop this clamor, or you will alarm the family. Get down from the table, all of you, and help me to clear the things away. The kitchen must be left as clean and tidy as we found it. Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, every man Jack of you!"

Not only did every man Jack (with the exception of two), but every woman Jill of them began instantly to bustle about and wash up the plates and dishes, and none entered into the spirit of the affair with greater zest than Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth.

"Doth not this remind thee, Bess," he asked, "of the pranks of childhood? Dost recall the night when we discovered thee in the pantry, licking thy little fingers, which thou hadst plunged into a dish of conserve? 'T was barberry, thy favorite jam, and thy face and hands were black with the sweet juice. Thou hadst a cold afterward, and wert dosed. Ho, ho, ho! Mme. la Tussaud, hast thou a conserve of barberry for our royal daughter? We will share it with her."

"We heard a story," said Queen Elizabeth, pointing her finger at him, "of our royal father being caught at midnight in the pantry with a jar of piccalilli in his lap, which he had almost emptied."

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Henry, roaring with laughter. "Did that story get to thine ears, Bess? Piccalilli was a pickle we never could resist. The recollection makes our mouth water. We were little higher than Tom of the Thumb at the time, and had we not been sick for a week afterward we were in danger of a whipping. Ah, those were days! Lucy, ma belle, thou must set before us a jar of piccalilli. By my fay, we are a boy again!"

And indeed he behaved like one, and laughed so heartily and made such merry jests that he infected the whole company with his jollity (always with two exceptions). Mme. Tussaud was quite right when she told Lucy that she would find him very entertaining. He tickled Oliver Cromwell in the ribs, and Oliver, laying aside his puritanical airs for a moment, gave bluff King Hal a poke in the side, almost doubling him up, while Charles II and Richard I had a fencing bout with Mrs. Peckham's wooden rolling-pins which evoked much applause and laughter. And when Richard III — who, advancing to see the combat, was pushed by Tom Thumb between the combatants — received a smart crack on the head from each of them, the hilarity threatened to become uncontrollable. Houqua did not laugh loudly, but emitted a succession of grave chuckles and wagged his head from side to side.

Mme. Tussaud restored order by exclaiming:

"Come, come, you are leaving the work half undone. We shall have plenty of time for fun by and by."

The rivalry now was who should do the greatest amount of useful work in the shortest time. If Henry VIII behaved like a boy, Queen Elizabeth behaved like a romping school-girl. She drew quarts of hot water from the boiler, and helped to wash the plates and dishes, which Oliver Cromwell, Guy Fawkes, and the royal princes wiped dry with the dish-cloths with which Tom Thumb provided them. No one was busier than he, and no one more willing. Everybody kept calling to the merry little man for this, that, or t' other, and he never failed to produce what they required, or to do what was asked of him. Every time Sir Rowley left the kitchen with his hands full, or returned with his hands empty, he had some such remark to make as: "Wot larks! Go it—*go* it—go it! Oh, be n't it jolly!"

And while all this was going on, Richard III, with folded arms, gazed moodily before him, or unfolded them to rub his head; and the Headsman lurked in his corner, waiting for orders.

When the work was finished the kitchen was once more a picture of neatness. There was not a plate or a jug out of its proper place; the black cat and the tortoise-shell were stretched before the range, which still threw out a little heat, and the fat Persian was asleep in its basket, this laziest of lazy creatures not having taken the slightest interest in the proceedings.

Chapter XIII.

after a storm comes a calm.

"What has now to be seen to," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy, "is how to dispose of ourselves for the rest of the night. My celebrities are getting sleepy. Where can we repose out of sight of your papa and the governess and servants? Has the house any spare rooms?"

"Oh, yes, a great many," replied Lucy. "Before papa took the lodge it was a boarding-school for boys. There are rooms where the boys used to sleep; but there is nothing in them. — not a bed or a chair; they are quite empty."

"Hm! My celebrities can't very well sleep on the floor; it would spoil their clothes, which cost enough money already; besides, some of them are in armor. Look at Henry VIII, for instance; if he got down he might be unable to get up again. I am proud of Henry. He is rather fat, it is true; but no one would doubt that he was a king —"

"Ay," murmured Queen Elizabeth, drowsily; she had caught the words, and was thinking of her favorite poet; "'every inch a king.'"

"He is a most magnificent figure," continued Mme. Tussaud, "but I doubt whether he is appreciated as much as he deserves to be. The collar of the Garter he is wearing is the same he wore when he met the French king, Francis I, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But I am wandering from the point. We can do without beds, for on no account would I allow my celebrities to remove their costumes; but they must have something to sit upon. Marybud Lodge having been an educational establishment, there should be a school-room in it."

"There are two," said Lucy, "with benches and desks at which the boys did their lessons."

"The very thing," said Mme. Tussaud. "One will do for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies." She rapped on the table to arouse the attention of the celebrities. "You will all follow me without making the least noise; our work is done for the night, and we are going to rest. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd will put out the gas when we are gone, and get to bed. I shall want to see them both early in the morning."

"'And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow,'" interrupted Queen Elizabeth.

"Well, not quite so early as that," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Be up at your usual hour, Rowley and Flip, and be careful that you do not whisper to a soul a word of what you have seen to-night."

"Ye have sworn, varlets," said Henry VIII. "Break your oath and it will fare ill with ye."

"You won't say a word, will you, Rowley?" said Lucy.

"I be mum as a porkeypine, missy," replied the old man. "They sha'n't drag a word out o' me, and I 'll not let Flip out o' my sight."

"We rely on you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good night."

Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd bowed low

as the celebrities followed Mme. Tussaud and Lucy out of the kitchen; and then Sir Rowley put out the gas and went to his bedroom, wondering what the morrow would bring forth: what old Mr. Scarlett would say when he saw all these great people; what Miss Lydia would say; what Mrs. Peckham would say when she found the larder empty; what Mr. Grimweed would say when he came to the lodge; what the tradesmen would say — what everybody would say!

"Lardy, lardy!" he said as he reached his room. "This do be a night surely. Kings and queens and giants and dwarfs a-coming to Barnet in the dead o' night, and measter to be brought to reason, and me being made Sir Rowley by a king in armor — my old head spins to think of it all! Flip, when ye 're a grandfeyther ye 'll have a tale to tell."

But Flip had tumbled into bed with his clothes on and was fast asleep; and Sir Rowley was not long in following his example.

When Mme. Tussaud saw the two bedrooms she said they would do capitally, and she made a little speech to her celebrities, in which she explained the arrangements for their night's repose. She said that when the ladies had retired, a watch would have to be kept by the gentlemen of the company, to guard against alarms and surprises.



"'WE HEARD A STORY,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, POINTING HER FINGER AT HENRY VIII, 'OF OUR ROYAL FATHER BEING CAUGHT AT MIDNIGHT IN THE PANTRY WITH A JAR OF PICCALILLI IN HIS LAP.'"

"We thank thee for thy care of us," said Queen Elizabeth. "It is time indeed to retire, for 'the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.'"

Mme. Tussaud continued her address to the general company, and asked who would volunteer for the first watch. Tom Thumb, ever ready, instantly stepped forward, and he was followed by most of the others, who declared they were ready to die in defense of the ladies.

"I do not doubt your courage," said Mme. Tussaud. "You are on parole, remember. Who plays false with his knightly word forfeits his knightly honor, and I shall deal severely with him. Richard III, what are you muttering in the ear of my Headsman?"

"Nothing that it behooves me to tell you, madame," answered the surly king.

"If you 'll excuse me for contradicting you, Richard Three," said Tom Thumb, "that 's an everlasting whopper. Your last words to the gentleman in the black mask were: 'We will despatch them in their sleep, or when their backs are turned.'"

"Foul befall thy o'er-glib tongue!" growled Richard III. "I have a mind to trounce thee. If I had thee alone — ha! thou malapert knave! Aïe! — our favorite corn!"

Tom Thumb had, "accidentally on purpose," as he said, stepped upon the kingly toes, and the wily Richard was screaming with pain.

"Thou art rightly served," said Richard Cœur de Lion. "With our own ears did we hear thee conspire. I would have thee be not so rude in speech to this gallant knight."

He made a courtly gesture to Tom Thumb, who bowed his best bow.

"Knight!" sneered Richard III, hopping about on one leg. "A manikin such as he a knight! Thou art jesting."

"I speak not in jest," said the First Richard. "He is, I say, a gallant knight. Are not his deeds recorded in King Arthur's court?

> 'Now he with tilts and tournaments
> Was entertainèd so,
> That all the best of Arthur's knights
> Did him much pleasure show.
> Such were his deeds and noble acts,
> In Arthur's court there shone,
> As like in all the world beside
> Was hardly seen or known.'

They would hardly speak so of thee, namesake."

"Great snakes!" cried Tom Thumb, enthusiastically. "Is all that about me? Give us some more, Richard of the Lion Heart."

"We knew the poem by heart," answered Richard Cœur de Lion, "but it hath escaped our memory. We hold thee in our English hearts, Tom of the Thumb, as a very hero of romance."

"I' faith! gadzooks! by our lady! beshrew me! and marry come up!" cried Tom, plunging wildly into the vernacular of the middle ages. "Every boy who speaks the English language holds *thee*, noble Richard, as his hero of romance. I am a knave else." And he whispered to himself: "Bully for you, old man! Never thought it was in you. Pity that Barnum is n't alive to hear you."

"I will dispense with your services, Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud. "As for you" (to the Headsman, who, at a touch of the magic cane, became stiff and motionless), "I will lock you up in a closet for the rest of the night. Is this a cupboard here, Lucy? Yes, this will do."

At a signal from her, Loushkin lifted the senseless form of the Headsman and deposited it in a dark closet originally used for disobedient pupils. She locked the door upon her prisoner, and, pocketing the key, desired the ladies to wish the gentlemen good night. This was done with much ceremony, and Mme. Tussaud, accompanied by Lucy, conducted Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe to their chamber, and expressed the hope that they would sleep well.

"I shall not close my eyes," she said to Lucy, when the door was shut upon the ladies. "My business is to keep a guard over my people. What I have done to the Headsman will have a salutary effect upon them, and I have no fear that Richard will succeed in inciting them to rebellion. They detest him, and he detests them, and detests our dear Tom Thumb most of all. What a plucky little mite he is! And now, child, my labors for the night are nearly over. All that remains to be done is to bring Miss Pennyback to her senses."

"Before you do that," said Lucy, "please tell me what *I* am to do."

"Where do you sleep, my dear?"

"In the room next to Lydia's. I have to go through her room to get into mine."

"Can you creep in without waking her?"

"I think I can."

"Try. You can tell her everything in the morning before she comes down. It might frighten her to wake her up now, and I should not wish to disturb your papa at such an hour."

"Please," said Lucy, tearfully, "I *do* want to say something to you about papa."

"Well, child, say it."

"He is not unkind to us," said Lucy; "indeed, indeed, he is not. He has always been very good to us. But he is *so* fond of Marybud

Lodge, and he would be miserable and wretched if we were turned out of it. I told you, did n't I, that it belongs to Mr. Grimweed? And he won't sell it to papa, and he won't renew the lease, unless Lydia promises to marry him. There is a tower on the top of the Lodge, you know, where papa studies the stars, and he says there is n't another house in England where he can do it so well. Papa is writing a book about the stars,— he has been writing it all his life,— and he says it will take years and years to finish, and he can't finish it anywhere else. He has a large telescope fixed up there in the observatory, and he tells us such wonderful things about Jupiter and Mars and Venus and Saturn, and that other one — oh, yes, Uranus. I don't understand them a bit, but papa does love them all so much. And Mr. Grimweed says that papa's telescope belongs to him, because the stand is fixed to the floor. Lydia says that Mr. Grimweed *hates* dear Harry, and would like to crush him — yes, to crush him! Did you ever hear anything so dreadful? Oh, he *is* wicked, almost as wicked, it seems to me, as — as Richard III."

Lucy made this long explanation with sobs and tears.

"You don't want me to lay the blame on papa?" said Mme. Tussaud, her kind hand patting Lucy's shoulder.

"No, ma'am — please, please don't."

"But, after all, my dear little Lucy, it is papa and no one else who can say to the Grimweed man: 'Be off with you, monster; you shall *not* marry my daughter'; and to Harry Bower: 'Harry, you 're a fine fellow. Lydia is yours. Take her, with my blessing, and be married to-morrow.' Now there is no one but your papa who can bring this happiness to Lydia."

"Of course not, ma'am. I know that."

"Then it is absolutely necessary that your papa shall be brought to reason, as well as that Grimweed man."

"Yes, ma'am; but you 'll — you 'll do it nicely, won't you?"

"With your papa? Certainly. But I will not promise to do it so nicely with the Grimweed man. Leave them both to me, child, and be quite easy in your mind about your papa. I will not hurt his little finger."

"Thank you — oh, thank you! You are the kindest lady that ever lived," said Lucy, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Do not cry, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud. "Go to sleep with a light heart. I declare, there is the dawn peeping at you, wondering why you are not in bed. Do you hear the birds? What shocking hours for you to keep — for us all, to be sure!"

She kissed Lucy very affectionately, and when the child was in her bedroom, which she reached without disturbing Lydia, the old lady went to Miss Pennyback's apartment, and touching her with the magic cane, stole noiselessly away to look after her celebrities. The moment she stepped into the passage, Tom Thumb called out:

"Stand, ho! Who goes there?"

He spoke in so loud a tone that through the fast-closed door of the ladies' sleeping-apartment the words reached the slumbering senses of Queen Elizabeth, who murmured drowsily:

"'Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane.'"

"It is only I, Tom," said Mme. Tussaud. "How are you getting on?"

"'I humbly thank you, well,'" replied Tom, who was in the Shaksperian vein.

Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly at him, and, seating herself at the end of the passage, also kept watch to guard against surprises.

(To be continued.)



A MERCHANT OF THE PAVEMENT—THE OLD MAN WITH THE MECHANICAL TOYS.



ALLIGATOR HUNTING.

By Frank R. Stockton.

Charles and Stephen Morris had an uncle who was a sportsman. "Uncle Weston," as they called him, had hunted in all parts of the country — on our Atlantic bays and gulfs, in the woods of Maine, in the far West, and in Texas and Florida. It was a glad time for Charles and Stephen when they could get Uncle Weston to tell about his expeditions.

At one time the boys were especially interested in alligators, a friend traveling in Florida having sent them a little live alligator in a box. This creature was about eight inches long, and afforded much amusement to Stephen and Charles, but he did not satisfy them. They wished to know all about the "big fellows" — the ones that could bite a man's leg off or devour a pig.

One day they found Uncle Weston sitting on a bench under a tree; and, clambering up on each side of him, they asked him to tell them about all the alligators he had ever seen, and anything he had heard or read about alligators.

"That would take a long time," said Uncle Weston, smiling, "for I suppose I have seen a thousand alligators in my life; but I can tell you some things about these animals that I think will interest you, now that you have begun to be owners of this kind of stock. Alligators are found in many of our extreme Southern States, but the most of those I have seen were in Florida. Along the St. Johns River, and in the narrow streams which flow into it, there are a great number of alligators. Thousands of them are killed every year, some merely for sport, and some for the sake of their skins; but there still seem to be plenty of them left. Every small steamboat that sails along the upper waters of the St. Johns has two or three passengers armed with rifles sitting in her bow, who fire at every alligator that shows his nose above the water or is seen upon the bank. Very often these men miss their mark entirely; sometimes they wound the animals, and some-

times, but by no means frequently, they kill one.

"But, whatever their success may be, they seem to consider it great sport or else a kind of duty to bang, bang, bang at every alligator they see. This is a poor way of hunting alligators, because it is a shame wantonly to wound any animals, even if they are ugly and savage. And when one is killed, it is seldom that a steamboat will stop to allow a passenger to haul his game aboard. Whenever I killed an alligator, it was always because I wanted some of his teeth or a part of his skin."

"But did the steamboats wait for you?" asked Charles.

"I never shot at them from a steamboat," replied Uncle Weston. "When I set out to hunt alligators I always went in a sail-boat or a rowboat. Then I could go where I pleased and stay as long as I liked. Usually several of us went out together; and, indeed, this was necessary, for if a big alligator is killed, and you are to carry him away, it would be hard work for one man to get him on board the boat.

"I remember that we once shot a moderate-sized alligator, about half a mile away from where we had left our boat. We tied a rope around his body and hung him to a pole, by which we carried him to the boat. We found it pretty hot work, and if any one of us had been hunting alone he would have been obliged to leave that alligator where it was shot.

"The men who hunt them for their hides carry away merely the skins and perhaps some of the teeth; and it is astonishing how many alligators are killed for the skins alone. I was talking to an old hunter one day, and he said he expected during that summer to get a thousand alligator hides. I have a suspicion that the old fellow was trying to tell me a tall story; but, judging from what I have known men to do in this way, I have no doubt that he did secure a large number of skins that season.



ONE OF THE "BIG FELLOWS."

"One of the best ways to shoot alligators is to row in a small boat up one of the streams which they are known to frequent, and then to drop down quietly with the current, making no noise with the oars or anything else. In this way you come upon them as they lie on the bank, without disturbing them, and you can pick out just the kind of alligator you want. I have floated quite close to numbers of them, some

lying half in and half out of the water, some asleep on the bank, others walking about, and some raising themselves upon their fore legs and yawning, as if they were tired of doing nothing."

"It must be dreadful to see an alligator yawn," said Stephen.

"It would be dreadful if you had your leg or arm between his jaws when he stopped yawning," replied his uncle; "but I had no objection to looking at one from a distance while he was in a sleepy mood.

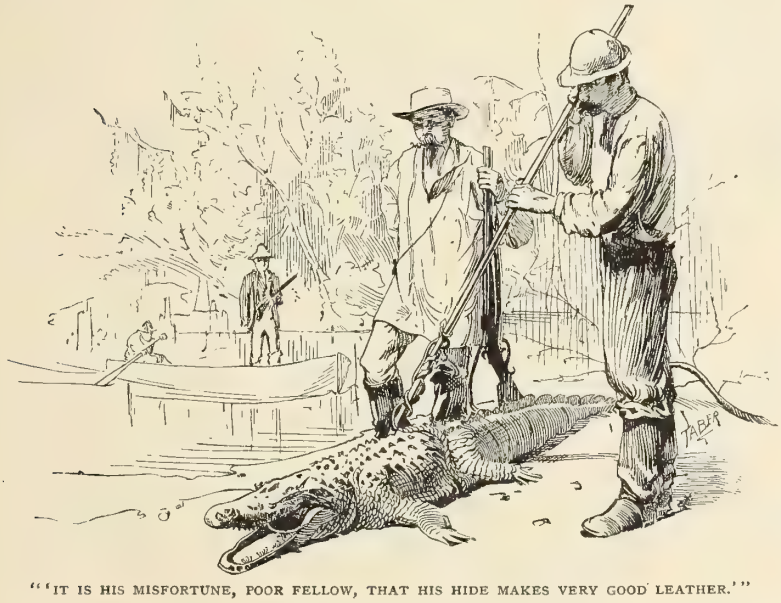
"I once had an unsatisfactory adventure with some alligators while floating down a stream in the way I have described. It was in a creek that runs into Indian River on the Atlantic coast of Florida. This creek was known to be a great place for alligators, and I went up to the mouth of it in a sail-boat. When I got there, I said that I wanted to try to hunt alligators by myself; and so I took a small skiff and rowed up the creek. I saw alligators on each bank as I went up; but I kept on for about half a mile, and then, drawing in the oars and taking my rifle, I prepared to float down. Very soon I found myself in the midst of a colony of alligators. Some were on the bank near by, and others were swimming in the water all about me. They did not seem at all afraid of me. Every now and then a big fellow would raise up his head and look at me as if he wondered what I was doing there. Soon some of them swam so close to the boat that I actually imagined that they were considering whether or not it would be a good idea to clamber on board and see what was there. I did not fire at any of them, for, to tell the truth, I did not wish to excite the angry passions of the great creatures. It would have been easy for them to upset my little boat, and then they could have bitten me into as many pieces as they liked. Before long I thought that this was a very poor place for me to be in, and that I had seen all the alligators I cared to see that day. So I laid down my gun, took up my oars, and quietly pulled down the stream toward the sail-boat. Even then I was afraid some fellow might seize one of the oars in his jaws and crunch it into little bits. But I got away safely, and I am afraid the men in the sail-boat laughed at me a little when they heard my story. Now, do you think it was cowardly in me to run away from the alligators in that manner?"



"'WE TIED A ROPE AROUND HIS BODY AND HUNG HIM TO A POLE.'"

"I don't know," said Charles, after some hesitation; but Stephen remarked that he thought it looked rather like cowardice.

"It was not cowardly," said Uncle Weston, very decidedly. "It is never cowardly to avoid danger when there is no good to be gained by meeting it. It is very seldom that alligators attack a man; but if those creatures had become excited or enraged in any way, and my boat had been upset, I think it is very likely that some of them would have seized me. And so, if you care anything about hearing my hunting stories, I think you ought to be very glad that I made up my mind to row away from those alligators and leave them unmolested."



"'IT IS HIS MISFORTUNE, POOR FELLOW, THAT HIS HIDE MAKES VERY GOOD LEATHER.'"

"Oh, of course we are glad," said both of the boys; and then Charles asked if alligators were not savage creatures like tigers. He had always heard that they were just as bad as other wild beasts.

"No," replied Uncle Weston, "they are not nearly so dangerous as many wild beasts; for if you let alligators alone they will let you alone. I have been told that hunters in the interior of Florida will wade through a pond in which there are a great many alligators; and that while a dog will be almost sure to be seized by the ugly creatures, the men are seldom disturbed. Still, I must say that I would hesitate a long time before I would wade through a pond in which there were alligators."

"What do they live on?" asked Stephen.

"I think they generally eat fish and water-fowl," answered his uncle. "They are also glad to get hold of a stray pig whenever they can; and I have been told they are rather fond of such little negro children as may wander too near the water's edge. Their method of catching water-fowl is curious. A flock of ducks will be swimming on the water, and an alligator will glide noiselessly under them, and, seizing a duck by the legs, will jerk it quickly under the surface without making enough noise or splash to disturb its companions. Duck after duck will thus silently disappear, and, unless the roll is called, it is probable that the rest of the flock will hardly know that their companions have vanished.

"It used to be very difficult to kill alligators," continued Uncle Weston. "Hunters were obliged to shoot them in the eye, or in some soft place in the under part of the body. But the improved rifles and ammunition of the present day make it possible to send a ball through an alligator's skull, or, indeed, through any part of his body. You have heard how people are continually inventing stronger kinds of war-vessels as well as larger and more powerful cannon. As soon as one nation makes cannon that will fire more tremendous balls and shells than were ever fired before, other nations make the iron and steel plates on their war-vessels thicker and stronger; and so the contest goes on, and it is impossible to say which will at any time be ahead in the race — the enormous cannon or the steel-plated vessels. But, although we may improve our rifles, the alligator has no means of strengthening or thickening his hide; and so his armor, which used to be his principal defense against his enemies, is of little use to him now when a man fires at him with an improved rifle."



A PAIR OF *REAL* ALLIGATOR SLIPPERS.

"It is pretty hard on the alligators," said Stephen; "but then, I suppose they ought to be killed. They are horrible creatures."

"Yes," replied his uncle. "An alligator seems to be of no particular use while living, and it is his misfortune, poor fellow, that his hide makes very good leather. In course of time I suppose alligators will be very nearly exterminated in our Southern States."

"Do you think it would pay," asked Charles, "for us to keep our alligator until he grows up, and then to sell his skin?"

"I do not know that it would pay you," said Uncle Weston, laughing, "unless alligator skins at that time should have become very scarce and valuable; and how many fingers and toes you would have by the time the creature had grown two feet long it would be very difficult to say. But you need not think of speculating in this way. I am sorry to say that your alligator will probably not live very long. As a general thing, these little creatures die soon after they are brought North. For some reason they do not seem to be able to adjust themselves to our climate and to their new way of living."



GUESSING SONG.

By Henry Johnstone.

Up out of the hill I make my way,
Down over the rocks I go,
And I jump and tumble, but make no stay
Till I come to the fields below.

In and out through the grass I wind,
Among cattle and patient sheep,
Till somewhere a shady nook I find,
And loiter there half asleep.

Then up I wake and hasten away,
Growing stronger and stronger still;
And the miller catches me at my play
And sets me to turn his mill.

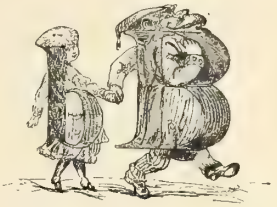
But I slip from his yoke and away I go,
Till at last on my back folk ride,
And I smell the sea far away, and know
I shall rest when I reach the tide.

HOW DICKY LEARNED HIS ALPHABET.

By J. C. Beard.



I 've something very strange to tell
About what happened once
To Dick, who would n't learn to spell,
But chose to be a dunce.



One winter eve, when he to bed
Without his tea was sent,
He had a frightful dream, he said,
When off to sleep he went.

His open book, thrown down in rage,
Upon the carpet lay —
When all the letters on the page
Rose up and ran away.

They ranged his bedroom far and wide,
And gathered in a throng;
And every letter by its side
A small one led along.

There was straddling A and bouncing B,
And curved C following after;
Full-bodied D and slipshod E —
You 'd have almost died with laughter!







There was funny F, the queer old guy,
And G, who turns his heels up;
H on his crutches, long slim I,
And his cousin J, who keels up.









Then kicking K and long-toed L,
And M and N, the brothers,
Round jolly O, and puffy P,
Pell-mell among the others.



Trailing Q and her husband U,
He never will forsake her;
And graceful R and crooked S
And broad-brimmed T the Quaker.

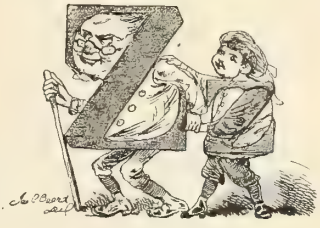








Sharp V and next him W,
Like the Siamese twins united;
Cross X awry and outstretched Y,
Like an orator excited.



And zigzag Z, so old and queer,
Neglected for his betters,
With shaky step brings up the rear,
The last among the letters.

They marched past Dick so many times
It made his poor head swim;
Their names they shouted clear and strong
Each time they went by him.

They grew more friendly by and by,
And Dicky, for his part,
Was on the best of terms with each,
And knew them all by heart.

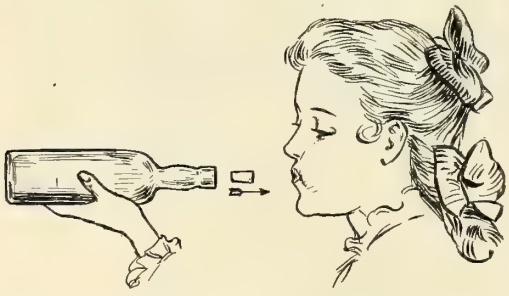


SIMPLE SCIENCE FOR SIMPLE SIMONS.

By Boris Glave.

THE OBSTINATE CORK.

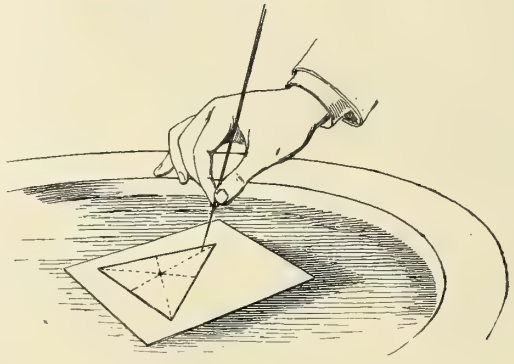
When I was a boy we had a song about "Aunt Jemima's Plaster," the peculiarity of which was that "the more you tried to get it off, the more it stuck the faster." Here we have a picture of an experiment with an obstinate cork that flies in the face of any one who tries to compel it to go into the neck of a bottle. The more you try to blow it in, the more it leaves the bottle. You can try this with any large bottle and a cork small enough to fit very loosely in its neck. Holding the bottle so that it points directly at your mouth, and placing the cork in the neck, the harder you blow on the cork for the purpose of driving it into the bottle, the more forcibly will the cork rush



from its place in the neck. Instead of a cork, the experiment may be successfully tried with a small ball of pith, or with one of paper.

THE MAGIC TRIANGLE.

A very interesting experiment may be performed as follows. With a *wet* lead-pencil point draw on a piece of thick paper a triangle — whether the sides are equal or not makes no difference. Lay it on the surface of a basin of water with the drawing up, and very carefully fill the space inside the dampened lines with water, so that there will be a triangular basin



of water on the swimming sheet of paper. (The water will not extend beyond the wet lines of the drawing.) Now, taking a pin or a needle, or any thin, smooth, sharp-pointed instrument, dip its point into this triangular basin, anywhere but at its center of area — say, very nearly at one of the angles. Be careful not to touch the paper and so prevent its free motion in any direction, and you will find that no matter where the point is placed, the paper will move on the water until the center of area comes under the point. This center of area may be indicated before placing the paper on the water by drawing lines from any two angles to the centers of the opposite sides; where the two lines cross will be the desired place.

If a square be drawn instead of a triangle, and similarly treated, it will move until the intersection of its diagonals comes under the pin-point; and no matter what figure be drawn, it will move along the water so as to bring its center of area directly under the point.

THE POWER OF A BREATH.

In order to show what force, not figuratively, but actually, a breath has, take a good, stout, tight paper bag, and laying it on the edge of a table so that its mouth projects, stand a heavy book on end on the bag, and across this book lay another, also of considerable weight. By



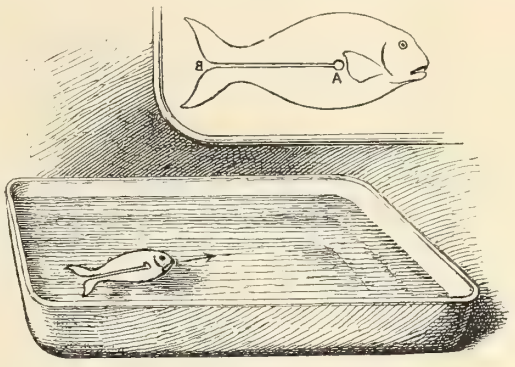
blowing in the bag, keeping the mouth tight in the bag so that no air can escape, the upright book will be tilted and raised and the structure overthrown. It would, of course, be impossible to blow the book over without the aid of the bag.

THE PAPER FISH.

Cut a fish out of stout writing-paper, and in the center cut a round hole, as shown at A in the figure; then from this cut out a narrow strip reaching to the tail.

Placing this paper fish in any long vessel full of water, it will, when you are ready for it to do so, slowly move head first along the surface of the water without your touching it. (Care must be taken to lay it gently on the water, so as not to wet the upper surface of the paper.) The fish, of course, lies *flat* on the water.

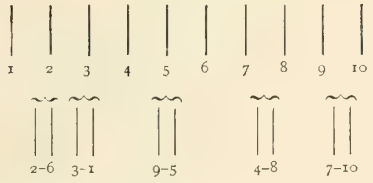
The secret lies, not in blowing the fish along, as some promptly guess, but in placing in the opening A a large drop of oil. This tries to expand and extend over the surface of the water; the paper is not porous enough to absorb it promptly, so the oil seeks the path of least resistance. In this case this is found to be by



passing out of the channel which leads from the hole A to B; and in issuing from this channel it will push the fish forward.

A JUMPING TRICK.

Lay ten tooth-picks in a row at equal distances. Move them by "jumping," as in checkers, so that two shall be "jumped" each time, and at last five pairs remain.

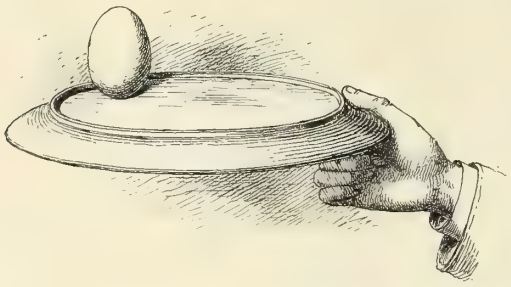


Solution: Lay 7 on 10, 4 on 8, 6 on 2, 1 on 3, 9 on 5.

THE DANCING EGG.

To make an egg dance on the bottom of a plate, first boil it hard; then set it on its large end in the center of the plate, and, holding the latter horizontal, give it a rotation in a horizontal plane; the egg will keep spinning like a top. With practice, the egg may be made to assume the vertical position after being laid on its side. To facilitate prompt obedience on the part of the egg, hold it vertical, with the large end downward, while it is being boiled. To make the trick still more easy to perform, lay the plate on a table with the edge projecting beyond that of the table, and then start the egg

spinning by use of the thumb and fingers. The projecting position of the plate will enable you



to grasp this latter quickly with the right hand, and then all that you will have to do will be to keep the egg spinning by giving the plate its rotating motion.

TO BLOW A COIN OUT OF A GLASS.

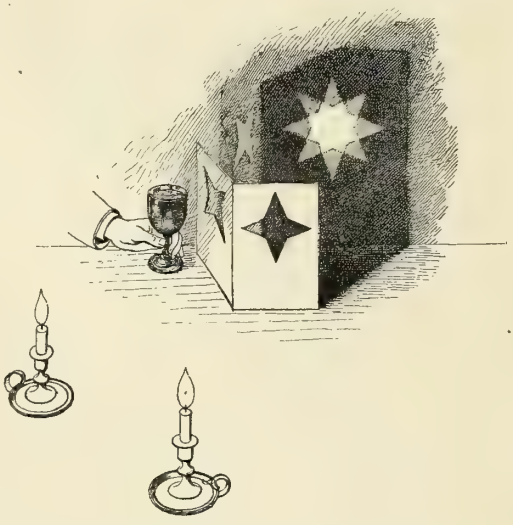
It would seem, I admit, a bold statement to say that you could put a penny (or rather a "cent" in America) in the bottom of a wine-glass, cover it up with a dollar, and then, without touching either coin, blow the cent out of the glass without removing the dollar from the latter. Yet it can be done — if you know how.

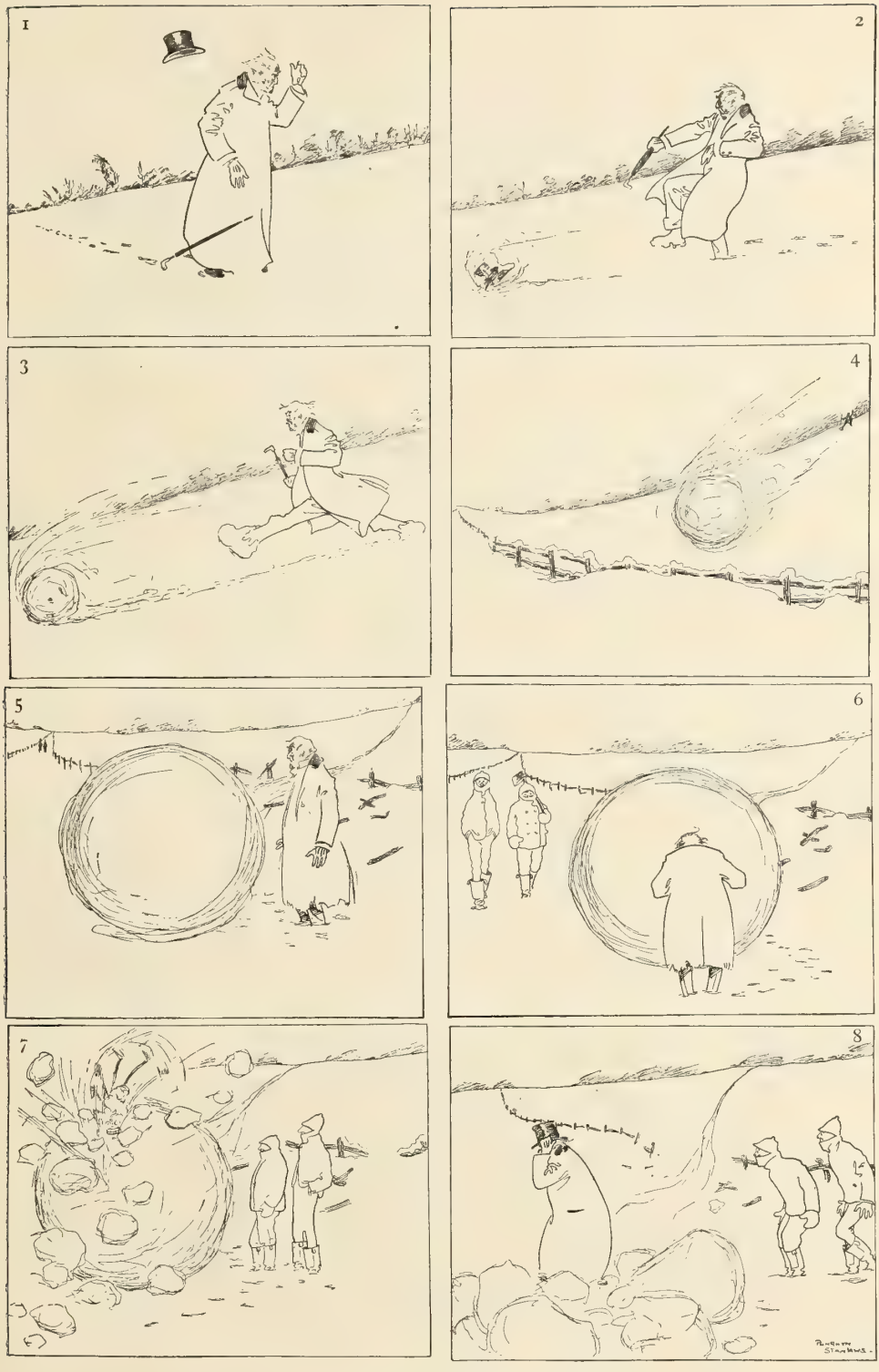


The cent is laid in the bottom of the glass "sure enough," as they say down South; then the dollar, which is very much larger, is laid in so that it lies in a horizontal plane at some little distance above the cent. Now to get the cent past the dollar and out of the glass with the breath alone, blow sharply downward on that side of the upper face of the dollar which lies next to you. This will cause the coin to tilt as though on an axis; and the cent will be blown, by the current of air reflected from the bottom of the glass, past the dollar and up out of the glass.

THE THREE-COLORED STAR.

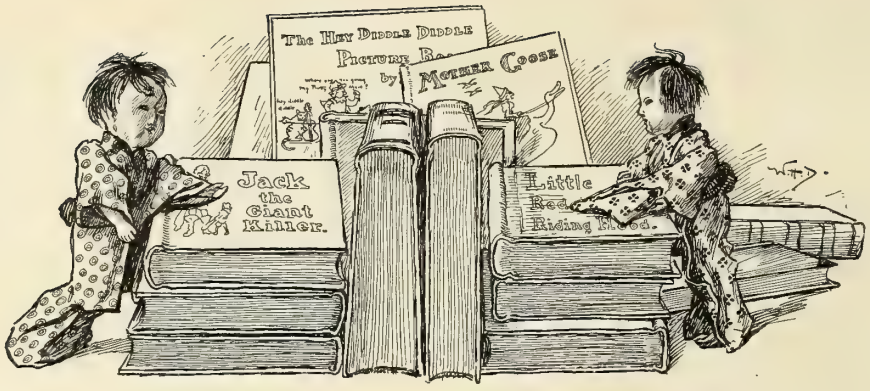
To produce this pleasing and remarkable effect, take a square piece of cardboard (say eight inches on a side) and fold it down the center. In one of the divisions draw and cut out a four-pointed star with the arms vertical and horizontal; lay the piece cut out from here on the other division of the cardboard, but with the arms diagonal, and having marked its outline exactly, cut out that star. Stand the card on end, as shown in the figure, on a table which is pushed close to a white wall, or on which is stood a white screen. Place two lighted candles on the table in such positions that the stars cast by the openings in the card fall together on the wall, making an eight-pointed star. Now, holding a piece of colored glass, paper, or gelatin, or a glass of colored liquid, between one of the candles and its corresponding star, the eight-pointed light star on the wall will be three-colored, the colors varying with the color used for the screen. Where a red screen is used to color the light falling on one four-pointed star, the eight-pointed star will be red, green, and white. If a yellow screen be used to color the light, the eight-pointed star will be yellow, purple, and white, etc. This is a good exercise in "complementary colors."





HOW THE PROFESSOR RECOVERED HIS HAT.

A TRAGEDY OF A FEBRUARY BLIZZARD.



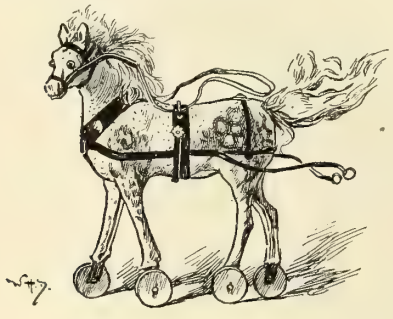
AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP.

By Clara Marie Platt.

When you went to bed, the rubber doll still stood on his head, where you threw him, just as if he enjoyed it; the horse whose tail you clipped short stood patiently, pretending not to care; the two little Japanese dolls looked lonesomely at each other from across a great pile of books, but never shed a tear—when you went to bed. Ah, but after you were asleep!

I was sitting in the nursery all in the dark, when suddenly there was a chattering of little voices in the play-house.

"Open that door!" somebody called. "Now, all together: one—two—three!"



The door flew open, and out rattled all the ninepins.

"It 's good to stretch a bit," said the kingpin. "It 's a shame that we are n't allowed any exercise just because those children are tired of us! I 've been lying in one position until I 'm fairly stiff."

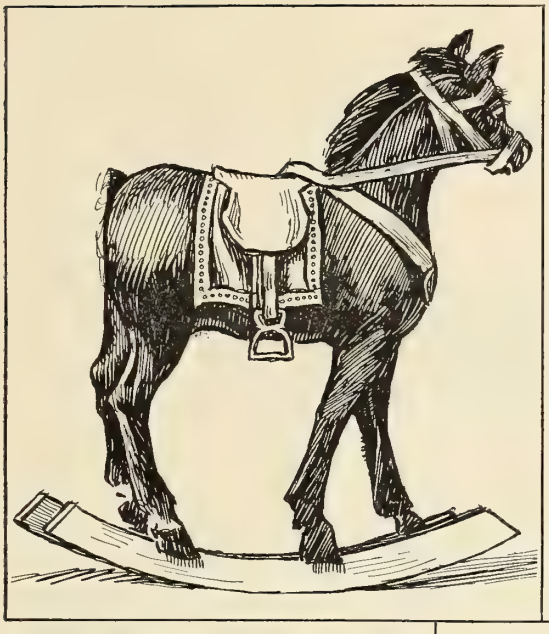
There was a puffing and snorting, and the little pony on wheels dashed by, with his eyes sticking straight out in front, and his tail sticking straight out behind. After him waddled the dancing bear, growling fiercely.



"I 've been in such a fright all day," neighed the pony, when he was safe between the rockers of the big horse. "Why is n't that bear caged? He growls dreadfully, and he does not belong with domestic animals, anyway."

"The worst of it is that I can't do anything but growl," answered the toy bear. "I 'll be glad when they learn to make us so that we can bite, too, and relieve our feelings. To be shut up all day with dolls and Mother Goose books is enough to make any healthy bear growl!"

Behind the bear came two forlorn little



tell whether I 'm Hop-o'-my-Thumb or Jenny Wren. I 've almost lost my wits."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed the rubber doll, turning a somersault and landing on his head.



"Suppose we all fix ourselves comfortably, and see if those children won't take the hint."

A moan came from the rocking-horse: "I never can be comfortable again. My tail, my proudly waving tail, is gone forever!"

"Why, what 's this in the waste-basket?" exclaimed the rubber doll. "I do believe it is your tail. But I can tie it on with a string."

He did it so skilfully that the rocking-horse rocked for joy.

"What about the rest of us?" asked the little pony. "I sha'n't be comfortable until that bear is chained up; and who is to chain him?"

"I 'll go in myself," replied the bear. "But it 's very hard to give up frightening the pony, for it 's the only fun I have." With a last growl,

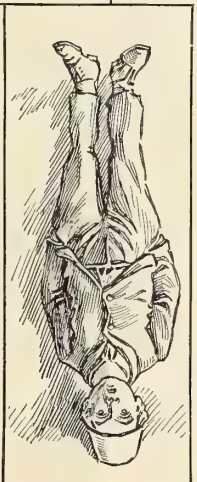
Japanese figures, and two forlorn little Japanese voices wailed together:

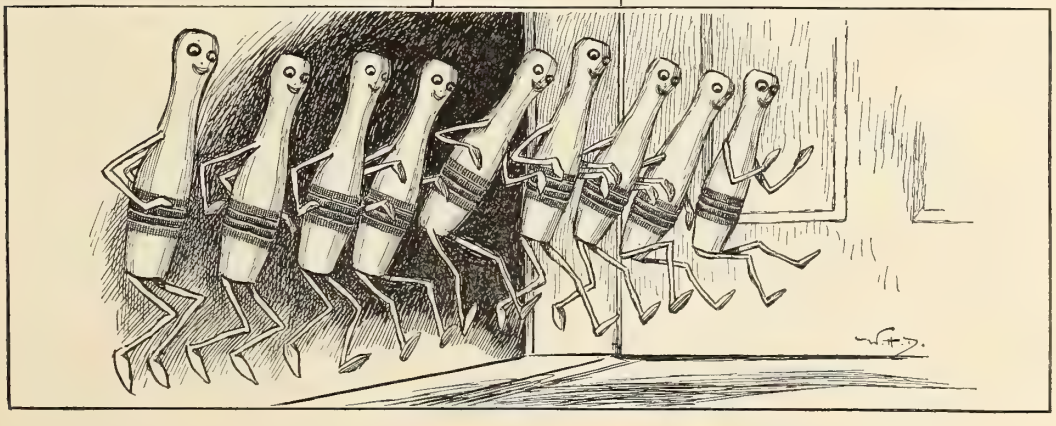
"Oh, take us back to our home o'er the seas,
For not a toy here can speak Japanese."

The toys tried in vain to comfort them in English.

Then with a rustle and flutter, the pile of picture-books came sliding to the floor. "It was n't our fault," said one. "We did n't mean to keep them apart all day."

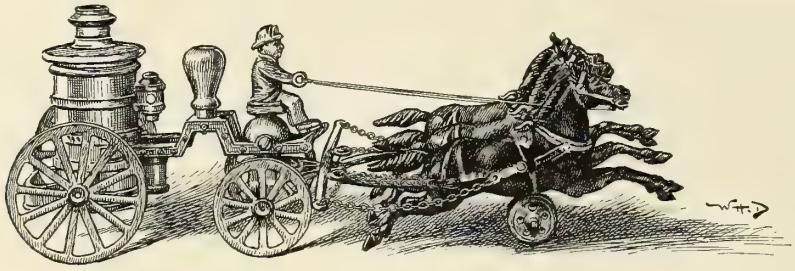
"I can't even keep myself together," said another. "The children have mixed my pages so that I can't





that almost made the pony's glass eyes pop out of his head, he stalked back to his corner.

"Now let us straighten out these books," directed the rubber doll. "Who is there here that has ever learned to read?"



"I can say 'mama' and 'papa,'" came shyly from a pretty little doll in a pink bonnet.

"Then you are the one," answered the rubber doll. "I myself never had any education," he added, sighing.

Soon all the books could tell their stories straight, and were piled neatly on the shelf. The ninepins marched in good order on one side of the room. As the little pony rolled in, the bear started to growl, but on second thought mumbled to himself instead. The two Japanese babies sat with their arms clasped so tightly that they never could be parted. "Now are you all fixed?" asked the rubber doll. "All I want is to be put on my feet and out of the way of the tin fire-engine. That fireman would run over every toy in the play-house if he saw a burnt match on the carpet!"

He climbed on the shelf above, the toys settled comfortably down in their places, and the state of mind in the play-house was better.

JAPANESE ATHLETICS FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

By H. Irving Hancock.

Part II.

It is to be hoped that the young reader who studied the first of these articles has sufficiently mastered not only the tricks that are defensive but also those that conduce to strength. When the Japanese are taught jiu-jitsu, they are required to devote much more time to the work intended to give strength than they are to the feats that protect.

One of the best of these defensive tricks might be called the "arm-pinch," and it is executed as follows: If you should be suddenly attacked, seize your adversary in such a way that the balls of the fingers press tightly against the muscles in the back of his upper arm, and the ball of the thumb in the muscles in the front of his upper arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder. Apply the pressure rather severely, until the opponent surrenders. This trick can be performed in the utmost spirit of friendliness, as no harm is done beyond the momentary sensation of pain followed by numbness. In addition to being harmless, this work is a genuine and rapid hardener of muscle.

From this we will pass to one of the Japanese athletic exercises which, if faithfully followed, will aid in muscular development. Stand back to back with your companion. Let him throw his arms backward over his head in such a way that you can seize his wrists with a firm grip. Now bend forward, a little way at first, barely

lifting him off his feet. By degrees, in successive lifts, bring him forward, but be careful that you do not throw your companion over your head. After a few times of trying this exercise you should be able to bring your hands forward on a level with the waist-line. But this extremity of the exercise should not be accomplished before trial for several days. This exercise is well-nigh equal in value to the "struggle" described in the preceding article; indeed, for some purposes of muscular improvement it is to be preferred to the "struggle." It should never be carried to a point where palpitation of the heart or too rapid breathing is caused. Then it becomes injurious.

An odd performance and one far more capable of producing muscle than would at first seem possible is the "shoulder-push." The two opponents stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, and with the shoulders pushing against each other. In the case of the right shoulders being in contact, clasp the hands and hold them to the left side, with the left foot pushed far out. The right feet of the two opponents should be a few inches apart, but care must be taken that nothing but the opposing shoulders touch. The bodies of both contestants should be kept apart. In this exercise only fair resistance should be employed, it being understood in advance which one is gradually to push the other across the floor. Next the victory should be slowly, reluctantly given to the other contestant. Two of these exercises with right shoulders opposing, and two with left shoulders opposing, will be found sufficient at first. During the weeks that follow, the number of exercises may be very gradually increased, but it would be a mistake to add more than one exercise for each shoulder per week. Hard breathing in work like this is a sure sign that the exercise is being carried too far. While the Japanese are among the strongest and most agile men in the world, they do not, in their jiu-jitsu training, attempt an excess of any exercise. All work is undertaken with the moderation which most surely builds up health and muscle.

Here is another valuable exercise: Stand facing your opponent, with feet as far apart as possible. Place hands on each other's shoulders. Taking firm hold, let one contestant attempt to sway the other as far as he can, first to the right side and then to the left. The one thus attacked should resist as far as is in his power. A minute of this work should be followed by a two minutes' rest, and then the assailant and his victim should change places. Four of these one-minute bouts are enough for beginners. The number may be increased at the rate of two a week.

There is a very amusing little trick that was first discovered in a Japanese jiu-jitsu school. One of the contestants places his hand fairly on the top of his head, palm downward, while the other seizes the wrist with palm upward and thumb and fingers wrapped around the wrist. The one who seizes the wrist endeavors to push his opponent's hand upward from the top of the head. Where the two adversaries are nearly matched as to strength, it will be found impossible to force the hand upward from the head; but the exercise, besides showing a novel feature in athletics, does much to increase the muscles of the arms and wrists of each of the contestants.

Now comes a feat that should never be tried except where there is something very soft upon which to fall. It is the trick of throwing an opponent over one's head, and is best tried on a hay-mow. A double thickness of mattresses on the floor will render the performance about equally safe. The contestants, in their stocking feet, face each other. The assailant reaches out with both hands, seizing his victim by the coat lapels. In the same instant he should place his right foot diagonally across the victim's thigh, with the heel of the foot inward. (See page 353.) While holding his opponent in this position, the assailant should hop as close as he can to the victim, take the tightest hold on the lapels, and throw himself quickly over backward until he lies flat upon his back on the mattress. He will carry the victim over his head, and the latter will land upon his own back beyond. The movements of the one who is attacking must be executed with great rapidity —one, two, three, four!

But remember! This trick should *never* be attempted except on a mattress or a bed of hay, and both contestants must be in their stocking

feet. Otherwise — if tried on an asphalt pavement, frozen ground, or on a hard floor — the trick may be dangerous to both contestants, and especially to the one making the throw.



A TRICK OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Rightly performed, this is a splendid exercise, and cannot work any injury.

This most surprising feat of jiu-jitsu is excellent as well for bodily training as for defensive tactics. Assailant and victim change places in turn, and not more than three throws for each are advisable until the contestants have attained a high degree of muscular strength and endurance.

The Japanese use practically no gymnasium apparatus, yet they show greater excellence of strength and endurance than do any other people in the world. While some of their exercises may seem violent, they take them with great moderation. At the outset of a course in jiu-jitsu the student is rarely upon the floor more than half an hour, and three quarters of this time is devoted to walking and breathing between exercises. As the student becomes more proficient, he spends three quarters of an hour on the floor, then an hour, and so on, by degrees, until he is able to give two hours a day to the work. Yet three quarters of his time, or nearly that amount, is spent in walking back and forth and in breathing.

Moderation in all athletic work is the surest password to physical success, and none know this better than the agile, wiry, all-enduring little men of Japan.

Part III.

If our young readers have carefully followed the instructions contained in the former article of this series, they will now be able to proceed with more advanced feats of self-defense and those that will produce strength. It will be a mistake for any young reader to attempt the physical work that is described in this article unless he has thoroughly practised the course laid out. It cannot be too well remembered that in Japanese jiu-jitsu each step must be followed in the order suggested. No feat of strength should be attempted until the preceding one has been thoroughly mastered.

Here is a bit of work that will strengthen the muscles involved. The two opponents may be designated as number one and number two. Number one should stand in front of number two, with his back to the latter, taking number two's right arm over his shoulder and seizing number two's right wrist in the encircling grasp of his own right hand. Number two should make the same kind of clasp around number one's left wrist with his own left hand, holding the latter's wrist at the side. When this position has been taken, let number one sway slowly around to the left, number two making just enough resistance as will not altogether prevent the twisting of both bodies.

After three exercises in this position, the two boys should change places and then again twist in the same fashion to the left. A breathing-spell should now follow. Then the original number one may again take position in front of

his adversary, but with the other's left arm drawn over his shoulder with the hand-encircling clasp and with his adversary's right hand encircling his right wrist at the side. The twist should now be to the right, and should be firmly enough resisted by number two as almost to prevent the success of the twist. After this numbers one and two may again change positions, but remember that whichever contestant is in front of the other should be allowed gradually to obtain the victory, though not without fair resistance on the part of number two.

A not uncommon trick of the footpad or city highwayman is suddenly to seize his victim by the throat. Here is a Japanese way of defeating this attack. Let a friend seize you by the throat by way of experiment—without, of course, taking so tight a hold as to choke you. Now study his position. You will note that his arms are extended in an almost horizontal position, and that they are nearly parallel. Both should keep this posture for a few moments, until the science of the attack has been studied. Now, while your assailant is still clutching at your throat, clasp your own hands in front of your waist. Jerk them to the left, then violently up and over the two arms that are extended to your throat. Carry your clenched hands over your assailant's extended arms, and throw his arms as far over as possible to your right. A very little practice in this trick will show one how easy it is to break the grip of any opponent who attempts to take the "throat-hold."

In applying this self-defense against the other man's throat-hold, always throw the clenched hands to your left, then upward and over to your right. Do not make the throw *from* the right unless it is unavoidable. The reason for making the throw to the right will be apparent after a very little thought and study. The arm that is nearer the opponent's resisting arm is the lever, of which your shoulder is the fulcrum. Thus, when the throw is from the left side, your right arm, which is the stronger, throws off the clutch of the opponent, while the left arm supplies only added pressure. Attempt throwing off from the right side, using your left arm as the lever, and you will realize how much more difficult the feat is. A Japanese strives to develop the same amount of strength in both right and left arms, and when you have followed out all the suggestions herein given, you will find that the left arm is very nearly as strong as the right. Yet do not look for this condition at once.

In the Orient the left arm is generally found in a state of development equal or nearly so to that of the right arm. In the United States the left arm is rarely found to be more than half as strong as the right. This physical condition is a defect, and one that should be remedied. Let two opponents stand facing each other, each with his left side slightly advanced. Each should clasp left hands with the fingers interlaced and palms pressing. Let one of the young men move his hand as far over as possible to the left and then to the right. The pressure should be so well applied that the second young man is forced to bend over somewhat. Then the first young man should



A LIVELY TRICK. (SEE PAGE 351.)

apply the same pressures himself. This exercise will be found of great value in making the left arm equally strong with the right, but the work may be tried with right hands clasped in the same manner. At least three times as much work, however, should be performed with the left hands as with the right.

It is very necessary to possess sufficient development of the muscles of the legs. One of the best exercises looking to this end is accomplished as follows: Stand erect, with the feet spread apart and arms hanging limply at the sides. Bend downward to a squatting position, allowing the hands to touch the floor, if possible. The squatting position should be one in which the student as nearly as possible sits upon the heels, but head and trunk should be erect or nearly so. When this position has been taken, bring the arms up horizontally forward, clasping the hands for a moment only. Next throw the arms as far backward as possible and as nearly horizontal as you can, performing this last movement slowly. Now slowly resume the hand-clasp, and, keeping the hands in this position, return gradually to a standing position. Three of these exercises are enough for the beginner, and in Japan the veteran of jiu-jitsu rarely performs more than ten of them.



BREAKING THE "THROAT-HOLD." (SEE PAGE 353.)

There is another feat known to the Japanese that produces gradual but sure results in making the legs stronger. Two contestants, each in his stocking feet, seat themselves upon the floor, facing each other. The right foot of one is placed squarely against the left foot of the other. Then pressure is applied, and the feet are slowly, very slowly, raised, each contestant striving his best, during this gradual raising of the feet, to push the other on his back. Each contestant is privileged to secure all the support that may come from resting his hands on the floor at his side. Suppose the contestant who employs the right foot against the other's left secures the victory. The loser should then use his right foot against the recent victor's left. This exercise may be carried on, in alternation, for at least a dozen times. For the best development of both adversaries, it is to be advised that neither secure the victory every time. Should one be stronger than the other, the stronger should yield, though very gradually and reluctantly, to the weaker. The only result to be obtained is the gradual strengthening of the muscles of the legs for each.

Though a great many exercises have been described, it is not, of course, expected that all can be employed at any one time. The student himself should make a judicious choice of those that are to be used on each day. He should aim, within the limits of practicability, to employ in each day's exercise as many as possible that will develop various muscles all over the body along the lines already suggested. The Japanese were the first among physical culturists to believe that perfect development can be secured most rapidly by changing the set of exercises day by day.

A splendid exercise that may be employed, say once a week, is for one of the young ath-

letes to approach the other from behind, throwing his arms around the other's neck and seizing him lightly by the throat. The one so attacked must necessarily throw off the grip. The best way of doing this lies in employing the "wrist-pinch," which means pressing the ball of your thumb



BREAKING THE CLUTCH WITH THE "WRIST-PINCH."

across the front of your adversary's wrist, just back of the base of his hand. In seizing your opponent, your fingers should grasp the back of his wrists, and the pressure of the ball of your thumb against the inside of his wrist should instantly follow. Always use the ball or soft end of the finger, being careful not to dig with the nails. A little practice makes the student capable of seizing an adversary by both wrists, and by this pinch breaking any clutch at one's throat.

The secret of this pinch lies in the fact that two muscles will be found on the inside of the wrist across which the ball of the thumb can be moved in such a way as to produce pain that will be felt all the way up the arm. Once the location of the muscles is determined, the rest of this trick is easy, and it is an excellent means of defense, as we have shown; but, like the "arm-pinch," it can be performed with the utmost friendliness by two boys of about equal strength, and, rightly done, will work no injury beyond a temporary pain. The point of self-defense is here found in the ability of the defender so to weaken the assailant's wrists as to render the grip at the throat ineffective.

There will be little advantage in any of these Japanese feats for producing strength if, at the outset, the two boys are not fairly well matched as to height, weight, and strength. Once the student of jiu-jitsu has reached a moderate degree of skill, he is safe in engaging with an opponent of greater size who has not given the work the same attention. Any young American who is satisfied with the idea of practising jiu-jitsu daily for a few months will find his endurance and muscular strength at least doubled. But no good can come from merely reading the foregoing descriptions or from gazing at the illustrations; a pair of chums must energetically go through the exercises themselves.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that none of these exercises should be carried to a point where the contestants find themselves obliged to breathe very fast. Any exercise that requires a minute or two of hard work should be followed by at least a minute or two of slow, deep, regular breathing.

The Japanese do not drink water immediately before engaging in exercise. Nor do they, unless it is absolutely necessary, drink any water while practising. But as soon as they have rested after the work, they drink at least a pint of cool — not cold — water. A pint of water is also taken on retiring and on rising, and throughout the day the masters of jiu-jitsu use water freely at all times except half an hour before or after a meal. At meal-times no beverage of any kind is used.

Whenever one finds that an exercise appears to benefit him, he is apt to use it to excess; he can learn much of the Japanese, who have made themselves the best athletes in the world by using all of their exercises with the utmost *patience* and in the greatest *moderation*.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR'S WINTER SPORTS.

By Katharine Louise Smith.



THE time when Jack Frost reigns supreme means, in Canada, a continuous revel in a variety of winter sports. The air on a crisp winter night resounds with merry laughter, as men and women, boys and girls, start out for an evening's frolic. On snow they have the tobogganing, sleighing, snow-shoeing, and skeeing, while on ice there are curling, skating, and ice-boating. For years Canada has had her ice carnival, frequently



CURLING.

with a great magnificent ice palace — its iridescent effects suggesting the Crystal Palace. Some of our Northern cities have built ice palaces, but as yet they have not become a regular part of the winter festivities. The charm of the ice palace at night, when it is filled with a gay throng of men and women, is almost indescribable. On a carnival night the brightly costumed mass of living humanity passes in and out, the men and women dancing and promenading on skates as easily as though they were on a waxed ball-room floor.

And where can one find a happier gathering than at a "snow-shoe meet," where, dressed for a long tramp over the crisp snow, its devotees congregate in sociable groups before starting out? If a hurdle race is indulged in by the men, great excitement prevails; for to jump a hurdle, and not to trip or lose a shoe in the attempt, is a feat that calls for much daring and wins unbounded admiration. The laughing crowd of onlookers are as interested as the participants.

One of the most popular of Canadian winter sports is curling, which is said to have originated in Scotland. To the uninitiated the sight is that of four men sweeping the ice; but there is method in the game, and the curling-stones and tees are arranged carefully, for a scientific player is keen to take advantage of every ruling. The tees are placed thirty-eight yards apart; the players stand behind a tee, and the score is marked on the ice seven yards in front of each tee. Of course the game is to keep the stone within certain limits, a feat not easily accomplished.

Though curling is a very brisk and exciting winter sport, it is less general than tobogganing, which in Canada never seems to lose its prestige. This is partly attributed to the fine hills around Montreal, and the fact that the men and women know just how to dress for the sport. The exhilarating sensation of the first toboggan slide is something never to be forgotten. The Canadian toboggan is light and strong, and often has a hand-rail to enable the occupants to hold

on. A "spill" is not to be desired, but is usually harmless, and always occasions great fun, especially to the successful tobogganists, who glide by with shouts of good-natured banter at the plight of their less fortunate brothers.

Of course the familiar sports of sleighing, skating, hockey, and so forth are as popular in Canada as in other climes where snow and ice can be depended upon for a number of days or weeks at a time.



From a photograph by Notman & Son.

A "SPILL" ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.



THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST-TABLE.

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.

High on the banks of the Hudson, near Cornwall, stands Cherrycroft, the home of Amelia E. Barr, the novelist. Around the stately house cluster a few forest trees, but between them, arching the driveways, tapping as if for admittance at the house windows, shadowing smooth lawns, and scattering May-time snow about a beautiful garden, stand a very grove of cherry-trees. They are fine old cherry-trees, with a wealth of fruit in June-time. Of course years and years ago the birds discovered that the mistress of Cherrycroft spread no nets over the laden trees; hung no traps in the branches; set no scarecrows about to flap their rags at invaders. She did not look upon the birds as invaders; she welcomed them as her guests.

Wherever Mrs. Barr lives, around her gather a host of bird friends. She finds her way to their hearts through their little appetites. Grain, corn, and hickory-nuts by the bushel are among the provisions laid in every fall wholly for bird provender. Every morning during the winter, breakfast is strewn for them under a certain tree, and long before the household is awake, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees are gathering there in eager anticipation of a hearty meal. They know it will be spread for them no matter how deep the snow that has to be shoveled or how icy the paths which lead to their breakfast-table.

Mrs. Barr has a daughter who for years added to her duties the happy task of bird caterer. She tells a most interesting story of one memorable breakfast the birds at their country home had.

"We lived at Cornwall in 1888," she says, "but in a different house, quite a distance away from mother's present home. One morning in March we woke up to find ourselves snowed under in the great blizzard. We could look across a wide snow-drifted country, and see that what looked like great white mushrooms had taken the place of shrubs and low trees. The fences had disappeared. We knew neighbors were awake, because smoke curled from chimneys here and there through the valley; but small houses were nearly buried, and larger mansions looked dwarfed — half of each of them was under the snow. My mother's first cry was, 'Lily, the birds are all dead! I do not hear a note anywhere.' Our sturdy gardener rushed at the drifts with a big shovel and hearty good will. He loved the birds as well as we did. Presently through drifts ten feet high wandered a tiny path, straight to the tree where the birds' breakfast was always set. Out we hurried, laden with grain, corn, sunflower seed, and cracked hickory-nuts. 'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,' went mother's call from the snow-covered porch.

"*Chick-a-dee-dee! chick-a-dee-dee!* a shrill solitary answer came from the breakfast tree.

The snow fluttered down about my head from the laden branches, and straight to the breakfast-table hopped two chilled, starved, grateful little birds.

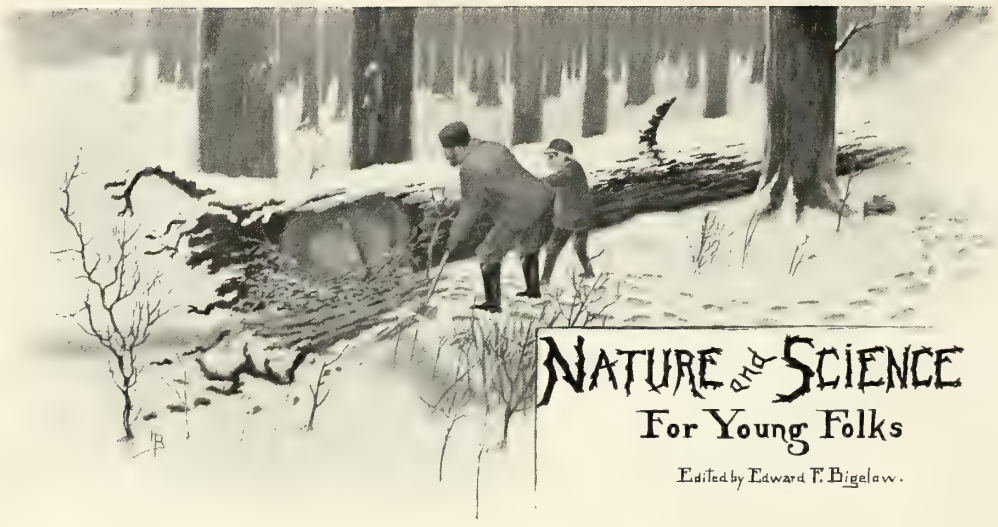
"'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee!' went mother's call again over the still valley. The quiet was broken everywhere by the whir of wings and the *chick-a-dee-dee*, *chick-a-dee-dee*, which meant, 'We 're coming.'

"That day and during the other days which followed before our little world was dug out, we did not worry about famine indoors, but the fear of famine outdoors began to appal us. The grain and corn were eaten up, and the whole household went to work cracking hickory-nuts. We spread the breakfast-table many times a day, but still our guests came. We marveled that the Hudson valley held so many birds. Friends came who, we fancied, had gone south. Miles and miles away, they had heard by the strange telegraphy of bird language the news of a table set in the heart of a snow-buried world. We gave greetings not only to our every-day guests, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees, but to hoarse-voiced crows, to robins and blue-birds who had come north unusually early, to screaming blue-jays, red-winged blackbirds, nut-hatches, goldfinches, flickers, grackles, wood-peckers, and whole clouds of song-sparrows. They stayed with us almost through the long, white days. Every morning our guests who had wandered away returned, with great wing flurries, at the familiar 'chick-a-dee-dee-dee.' As the snow melted and spring came up the valley our breakfast company grew smaller day by day. Birds are no paupers; they did not come to us for food when they could find it elsewhere.

"The next fall we moved to Cherrycroft. We were loath to leave our birds. 'We never will be able to gather such a flock around us,' said mother, 'as we had in the old home. Then, too, we will have to make new friendships; the old bird friends will never find us here.'

"On the first morning of winter in the new home we spread a breakfast-table for the birds about a tree near the house and we sent out the familiar call, 'chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee.' From here and there came an answering chirp. While I stood scattering the grain and nuts, across the frosted garden came a whir of wings, and right into my arms flew two chickadees, bright-eyed, soft-plumaged, quivering with friendship. They darted about my head, nestled among the nuts in my apron, all the time, with their happy little *chick-a-dee-dee*, trying to tell in bird language how glad they were to find me again presiding over the winter breakfast-table."





NATURE and SCIENCE
For Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

COMFORT IN COLD WEATHER.

"My stars! Tommy, is n't he a big one? Get out of this, quick!"

If the bear had n't been asleep, it would have been hard to tell which would have been the most surprised—the bear, "Uncle Fred" (the woodchopper), or his son Tommy. The woodchopper had been passing through the woods with his son to a place where the woodsmen were at work, and he had struck the log with his ax, to see whether it was sound



THE RABBITS IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HOME.
What we should discover if we could suddenly cleave away the earth at one side of the burrow.

enough for timber or even for fire-wood. Finding it hollow, he had broken off one side, when, to his great surprise and that of Tommy, he had found a bear in the hollow log, in his hibernating sleep. But they did not stop to inquire what he was doing there.

After running for about half a mile, Tommy gasped: "Hold on, papa; I don't believe he would have hurt us, anyhow. I've read that they sleep in the winter; and I am sure he looked too comfortable and sleepy to harm even a mouse."



RABBITS FROLICKING IN THE SNOW.

The woodsman agreed to this, yet thought it best not to go back and experiment, but said to his son: "Perhaps you 're right; but then, he may set out in search of another place in which to finish his long winter nap, now that I have knocked the side off his bedroom."

Mother Nature is kind to her children.



THE BEAVER, LIKE OUR MORE COMMON MUSKRAT, LIVES IN A DOME-SHAPED HOME.

The beaver feeds on bark, twigs, and roots. Our artist has pictured his dome-shaped house, and the tunnel leading to it from below the surface of the water, as it would appear if one half were cut off to let us see the interior. As we would really see it in nature it would be merely a dome, as is shown by another beaver-hut in the distance, just in front of the row of evergreens.

Some she puts to bed and to sleep in the long winter; others are wide awake and as full of the enjoyment of life as in a bright day of spring or of summer. There is enjoyment in all seasons. It is merely a change of form.

The rabbits seem to be even more lively in winter than in summer. If we could watch them playing all sorts of frolicsome games in



THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

In the coldest days he remains in his cozy nest of leaves in the tree-tops or in a hollow tree. In the warmest days he is out playing and seeking food.

the snow, we would regard them as far from being in a winter sleep. But they do sleep—not the long sleep of hibernation, but just as kittens sleep; except that the bed of the rabbits is down underground. To this cozy nest they go through a long tunnel-like entrance. In the nest, after hours of frolicking or seeking for food, they are safe and sound from the winter's fiercest biting wind or driving snows. Would n't you like to have a peep into a rabbit's nest, as we did into the bear's? Our artist has imagined such a peep as it would be if we could pull off all the earth on one side of the burrow and of the tunnel leading to it, without disturbing the cozy occupants in their nest made of leaves and grass, and lined with fur pulled from the mother's breast for this last little family.

Then, too, the hardy beaver, in his thick ulster, does n't mind the cold air or freezing water. The front door of his house is under water, but his bedroom is high and dry above the water-line in his thick-walled lodge of mud and sticks. His bed is made of small twigs and shreds of soft willow bark. He can get a hearty meal of roots, bark, and little twigs any time he wishes to travel around for it.

Look there; see that squirrel just going into his hole up in that big tree? What a big, fat fellow he is! He must find plenty of nuts somewhere, even if it is cold. You would find his nest quite a distance down from that hole, and there would most likely be several other squirrels curled up snugly in a lot of dry leaves. Mice cuddle up in about the same way in a nest made of old rags, string, and cotton.

EFFECT OF COLD ON INSECTS AND SPIDERS.

The severest cold has no terrors for insect life. It has been shown by experiments that insects may be artificially or naturally frozen, subjected, indeed, to very low temperatures, without killing or even injuring them. Eggs, larvæ, and pupæ, the stages in which most insects pass the winter, are perfectly immune to cold.

It is a common idea that cocoons of insects serve as a protection against cold, but this is entirely erroneous. They, like the summer webs of web-worms, are a protection against birds and insect parasites, but not against cold. The cocoons of summer broods are as stout and thick as those of the generations that pass the winter. Moths, butterflies, and other insects build stouter and more compact cocoons in tropical and torrid countries than they do in those climates where they are besieged by winter. There are many insects, allied to the builders of cocoons, that make no such covering, the pupa or the chrysalis being left

entirely exposed. And so little heat is maintained by the pupæ of insects that no matter how thick the cocoons, they are always too slight to repel freezing cold.

Certain degrees of frigidity seem to have vastly different effects on different species of insects. Gnats and midges dance in the winter sunshine; butterflies, *Vanessa*, *Grapta*, and sometimes *Colias*, skim over the snow; wasps and bees wind their way through the leafless woods; ground-beetles run quickly over the cold earth; crickets peep from beneath stones and rotting logs; while other species, the vast majority, in fact, are locked in the lethargy of hibernation. One of the commonest evidences of this hibernation is to be seen when fire-wood is carried into the house and placed near the warm stove. It takes only a short time to bring out a swarm of ants that were sleeping in beetle-borings, their common retreat.



PAPER-NEST WASPS AND BIG BLACK ANTS WINTERING WITHIN THE VACATED BURROW OF A WOOD-BORING BEETLE LARVA.

Shown by splitting a tree. The wasps are the last to take refuge and the first to leave, the ants seldom coming out till spring. And never do the wasps encroach upon the ants, no doubt fearing the powerful jaws of those valiant warriors. But often the chisel bill of the wintering woodpecker demolishes these retreats, and the wasps and ants are devoured.

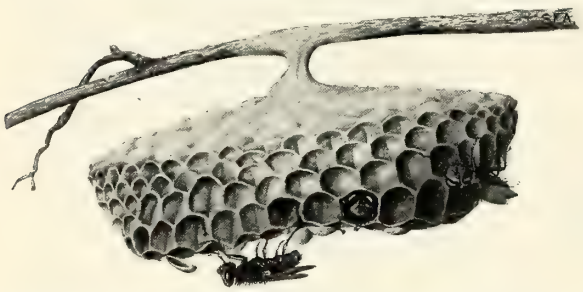


THE YELLOW-LEGGED CARABID GROUND-BEETLE (*HARPALUS*) UNDER THE SNOW-CRUST.

On almost any bright day in winter, if not too cold, in places where the sun has melted the snow, these little beetles may be seen running about under the edges of the snow in search of food. These beetles are carnivorous, killing other insects; and in warm weather they are very common, often seen under dead leaves and under stones and logs, and are frequently attracted by light at night.

A naturalist once, after experiments in freezing insects and finding that those that had not laid their eggs nor completed their natural term of life always revived, finally cut off the head of a fly and quickly subjected the body to a low temperature. To all appearances, it died, as any decapitated fly would have done sooner or later; but upon bringing it to the warmth, the body, much to his surprise, revived and resumed its struggles, until it finally died from the effects of the knife. This shows to what extent the cold acts on insect tissues. They are simply coagulated, and life does not cease, but is only suspended; for when this coagulation or congestion ends, the vital energies resume their normal conditions. If, however, an insect has nearly completed its natural term of life, it will be killed by freezing; it would continue to live for only a short time under favorable conditions in any temperature. The life of most adult insects is at best exceedingly short.

This accounts for the fact that few insects of the late summer and early autumn survive the winter. They have rounded out their life and their life-work by the time the cold weather arrives. Yet there are exceptions to this. I once heard a katydid in the woods in April, and I have found the black-winged Carolina grasshopper along the roadsides in spring. It is not uncommon to see the giant dragon-fly, *Æschna*, floating about the fields in late March and early April; and I have been told that the harvest cicada is sometimes heard in the spring. These are all insects (individuals) that have been hatched very late. They changed into the imago stage late in the fall, and had not completed their life history before the cold put them to sleep.



FLIES' AND WASPS' NEST.

Flies going into winter quarters. The paper-nest wasps, like the paper-nest hornets, do not pass the winter in their own nests, but desert them for other shelter. Other insects, however, most commonly flies of the genera allied to *Musca* and *Tachina*, find these nests offer retreats safe at least from snow and ice, though the winter birds often examine them and make a meal on the flies. It is thus, the better to escape the birds, that the wasps and hornets, at a time when they are not in fighting condition, desert their nests during the winter. The wasps then, in this respect at least, are wiser than the flies.

Wasps winter under bark, in crevices of rock and wood, in cellars, outhouses, bird-boxes, and even in bird-nests. They feel the approaching cold, and seek shelter before nightfall. The sunshine of a warm winter's day tempts them forth to resume their suspended business of gathering wood-pulp or seeking food. It is the same with *Bombus*, the bumblebee, and with certain small green-bodied mining bees (*Andrenidæ*) that bore holes in the ground.

Among the most interesting that have this custom are the ground-beetles, *Harpalus*. They are capering under the frozen but protecting snow-crust when we least expect it. Spiders winter in warm spring-houses, and in sun-warmed hollow logs, where the fox and the weasel and the opossum find shelter, and where insectivorous birds, even winter wrens, seldom venture. Under the variations of temperature during the winter they freeze and thaw out again a dozen or more times between November and March. Leaf-beetles also find shelter in hollow logs and in houses, and sometimes in curled leaves. Grasshoppers and crickets, to escape the crushing ice and snow, get into mice-holes and hollow logs and limbs.

Many insects pass the winter in the egg. This is the case with the *Locustidæ* (the true locusts), most grasshoppers, assassin-bugs, and many butterflies. The jumping-spiders, and the *Lycosidæ* or ground-spiders, and certain of the orb-weavers, depend upon their well-protected egg masses to carry the species from one season to the next.

Certain larvæ and active pupæ, as well as some insects, pass the winter in underground burrows, as do turtles, snakes, and salamanders. For the most part, however, it is the pupal stage in which the majority of insects of all species endure the cold period of the year, the chrysalid cocoon state. Moths, butterflies, ants, bees, wasps, ichneumons, many beetles and flies make cocoons. Those that have active pupæ, as the bugs, plant-lice, dragon-flies, water-flies, etc., pass the winter in the egg or in the adult stage, or, like the dragon-flies and their congeners, as aquatic larvæ and pupæ.

Samuel Francis Aaron.

(W. S. Blatchley, in "Gleanings from Nature," states that even "in any Northern State as many as four hundred different kinds of insects in the winged or adult stage may be taken in winter by any one who knows where to search for them." This entomologist has published a list of 286 species of *Coleoptera*, 64 *Hemiptera* and 18 *Orthoptera* that he has taken in the winter. Insects survive an intensely cold winter better than a mild one. Warm days, especially with rain, encourage the growth of mold that attacks hibernating insects; they also encourage the activity of birds, shrews, moles, and field-mice that feed upon insects.)

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

BLOOD AS SEEN BY THE MICROSCOPE.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about blood corpuscles as I saw them through my father's powerful microscope. When I saw them they were magnified eighty-nine times larger than they really were. Even then they were not larger than a pin-point. They were orange and had a distinct black line around the edge, and in the middle they were shaded the least little bit and were hollow. This is where they carry the oxygen from the lungs to the rest of the body. Some were all shriveled up when I saw them.

I am your loving reader,

KATHARINE TITCH (age 13).

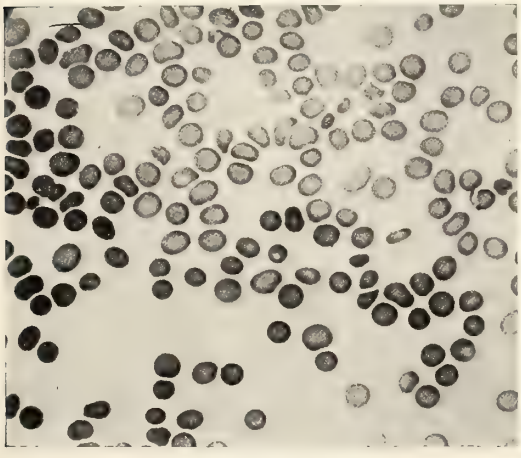


FIG. 1. HUMAN RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

Fig. 1 is a photograph of human red blood corpuscles four hundred times as large in diameter as the real corpuscles are.

Fig. 2 shows a frog's red corpuscles also four hundred times the diameter of the real corpuscles. There is in the frog's corpuscles a core different in composition from the outside part; it is blacker in the figure; this is called the nucleus. There is no such nucleus in the red corpuscles of your blood; but when you were very much smaller than you are now some of your corpuscles were also nucleated, and would have looked somewhat like the frog's, except that yours were round.

There were some other corpuscles in the blood which escaped your attention; when they are killed and stained they look like *a* in Fig. 3. They seem alive as they move on

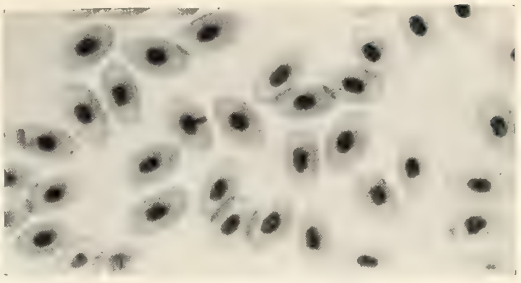


FIG. 2. FROG'S RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

their own account; they do not have to hurry on with the blood current; they can cling to the blood vessels while the red ones run by; they can even leave the blood vessels and travel through the body; they do not carry oxygen like the red ones, but they are very useful in other ways. When your finger is cut disease germs try to get in, and these white blood corpuscles gather at the wound and eat the disease germs up and so the cut heals. If a bone is broken, they hurry to the broken place and, ranging themselves between the broken ends, become bone in a little while and cement and hold the two ends together solid and fast. They are useful in the body somewhat as you may be about the house: they can do and seem anxious to do whatever needs to be done. If, for instance, any other part of the body that can get well of a hurt is damaged, the white corpuscles run to its assistance; they can become muscle and help the muscles as readily as they can become bone to help the bone.

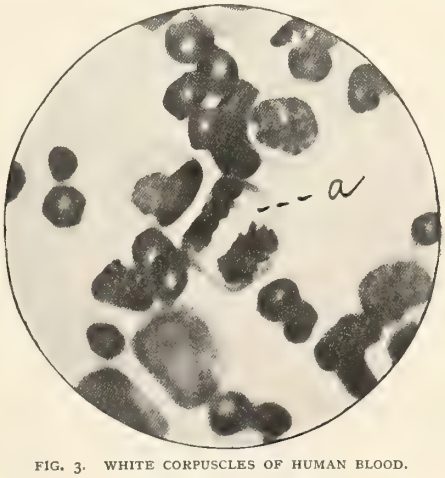


FIG. 3. WHITE CORPUSCLES OF HUMAN BLOOD.
(Magnified 1000 diameters.)

In Fig. 3 the nucleus of the white corpuscle *a* has divided, and if it had lived, very soon the corpuscles would have become two; the red ones do not divide in this way. This picture is so large it would take a million of the real corpuscles to cover it over. There are many things about these red and white corpuscles that the wisest men do not know. If you keep alive your interest in them you may one day find out some of these things and be very useful contributors to science. D. W. Dennis.

Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

The illustrations were photographed directly through a microscope by Professor Dennis.—Editor.

THE TUATERA.

St. Johns Welson, New Zealand.

Dear St. Nicholas: I thought perhaps you would like to know about a tuatera which we have. I do not think any St. Nicholas reader has written about them before. They are a curious species of the lizard tribe, which exists only in New Zealand, and then only in some parts of that country, as Stevens Island in Cook Strait. We had one in a cage for a long time, but four years ago it escaped. Last week our gardener found it up the hill and brought it back to us; however, we are going to give it its liberty again soon.



THE TUATERA.
(Sometimes also called *hatteria*.)

An authority on tuateras says: "I once had two, many years ago, who appeared to live happily for a couple of months on the 'light of other days'; for they ate nothing— they sometimes would not move for a day or two."

The most curious thing about them is that they have helped explain the existence of a certain gland that we have in our heads. The tuatera has the same gland, only in a far more developed state; and this gland is "the nearest approach to a third or pineal eye of any known animal; in fact, the eye is fairly developed, but is hidden under the skin between the eyes they use for every-day use." Tuateras are of a brown color, with tiny white spots all over them, the spots being larger and whiter on the throat and stomach; they enjoy burrowing into the earth, also basking in the sun and catching flies. The word comes from *tua*, the back, and *tara*, a spine, that is, spiny-back, which I think is a good name for them. The tuatera which we lost and then found was about fourteen inches long.

Ever your loving reader,

Sylvia M. Fell (age 14).

WILD FLOWERS BLOOMING IN WINTER.

Sheffield, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: In December, as I was walking in the woods, I found a little blue violet. One day not long since I found a dandelion, but it was too much withered to send. I also found a witch-hazel. Since reading the St. Nicholas I have been looking for spring flowers while it is winter.

Ross K. Coneway (age 9).

Decatur, Ill.

Dear St. Nicholas: My papa and brother were out in the woods December the 29th last year near a creek. The water and ground were frozen hard, and under some dry leaves they found some little green leaves and two violets in bloom. We all thought it was very interesting to see a flower in bloom the last of December, as it was fifteen degrees below zero at the time. I am a new reader, but I like you very much. I will be ten years old in two months.

Your faithful reader,

Adele M. Murphy.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Dear St. Nicholas:

Tell me, St. Nicholas, pray,
What fish in the nautilus shell doth stay,
And what does it eat when it 's far away
Out on the billows from day to day?

We often go down to the beach with my auntie and sister Joan. One day we went to Mordialloc, a seaside place near Melbourne, and after we had a bath and then a lunch on the beach, we went along the sand in search of shells and seaweed. Presently I saw some lovely seaweed, and ran on ahead to get it, when I saw such a lovely shell, which I picked up and showed to my Auntie Hope, who told me it was a nautilus shell, which is very rare in these parts, but she could not tell me what the fish was like which lived inside, as she had never seen one. I am going to ask my father to get me St. Nicholas regularly, so I can see what you write about.

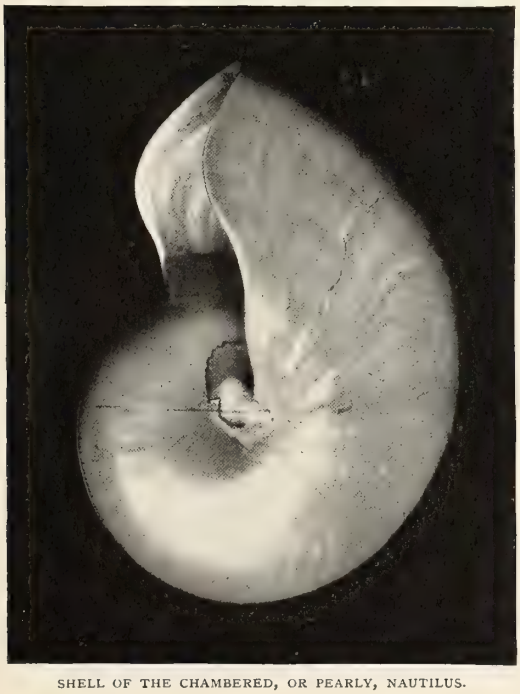
Nina Bagot (age 12).

If you had cut open the shell you would have found that it was made up of a large number of chambers in a spiral row, smaller and smaller as you neared the center. The largest chamber at the opening was the one last occupied by the soft animal of the family known to scientists as a mollusk. Years be-

fore you found it, when the queer creature that lived in this fairylike home was a tiny baby mollusk down in the bed of the ocean, it built a plain little house of one room, just big enough for its small body. But the little baby ate and ate, and in a year or more it was too large for its house. So it built another and a larger house around and attached to the smaller one, and as it formed gradually moved into it. Then as time passed on another and a larger room was added and occupied. There was no going back to the small rooms, but, like a memory of the past, the animal kept them all connected by a slender tube away back to the tiny first house. As Dr. Holmes has told us in that beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," which all our young folks should read and reread,

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thus the shell was "chambered" from its tiny baby home to the largest room last occupied.



SHELL OF THE CHAMBERED, OR PEARLY, NAUTILUS.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE HALF OF A CHAMBERED NAUTILUS SHELL.

Each chamber is referred to in the poem as the "past year's dwelling." Each thin wall is referred to as "its idle door."

The nautilus part of the name means "sailor," from the resemblance of the shell to a boat, and from the error of those who first named it in supposing that the tentacles were webbed and put up like the sails of a ship. There is a similar popular error of belief regarding the "sailing" of the argonaut, whose thin shell (not chambered) has given it the name "paper-nautilus." This error, in fact, has been merged into a pretty fancy by various poets from time to time, so that there is a confusion as to which is fact and which is fancy.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets *feign*,
Sails the unshadowed main.

The pearly nautilus is a member of the family *Cephalopoda*, all of which feed upon a variety of forms of marine animal life; that is, the *Cephalopoda* are carnivorous, as the scientists would describe their diet. The shells of the paper-nautilus are common on the shores of warm seas, but the animals are much less familiar, because the occupant of the shell spends its life creeping or swimming along or near the bottom of the water, but at no great depth.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY — TOO OLD FOR DOLLS." BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

LINCOLN, THE HERO OF THE PEOPLE.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

(*Cash Prize.*)

TEN thousand years the stars of heav'n have shone upon the birth
Of heroes that have lived and fought, of heroes that have died;
They were not called the sons of men, nor formed of common earth,
But godlike kings and emperors, who perished in their pride.

The centuries had come and gone, and ages passed away,
Ere, in a new-found Western world, a lowly hero rose—
A hero of the people, who was wrought of common clay,
Physician of their sorrows, and champion of their woes.

And when rebellion's trumpet-blast was echoed through the land,
And dread disaster spread her wings, destroying as she flew,
The fortunes of a nation were intrusted to his hand,
The mighty hand of Lincoln, which would guide them safely through.

"LETTERING." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

And after those five millions of his fellow-men were given
The right to call their bodies, like their souls divine, their *own*,
Death rendered unto heav'n above the soul that *was* of heaven.
A hero of the world was dead—the land was left alone.

Oh, was his death the harsh decree of cruel fate, which willed
That he should die by treachery, a martyr of the West?
Or was it Providence, who saw his destiny fulfilled,
And, after years of toil and sorrow, sent him to his rest?

Heroes and martyrs lived before him, when the world was young;
Heroes and martyrs shall arise in th' ages that will be.
But though their names should vanish from every living tongue,
The name of *Lincoln* shall endure to all eternity.

THE educational value of the League is begining to show. It so happens that there are four cash prizes this month, and the winners of these are all members who almost since the League's beginning have been striving uncomplainingly and faithfully, rarely letting a contest go by. Their growth has been gradual and sure, and their "graduation" is the natural result of careful and persistent effort. The beginning they have made will hardly stop here. They will go on, each in his or her own especial line of work; and with the same perseverance that has brought to them their success now, they will soon be winning the larger prizes which the world has to offer.

Nor are these four the only ones to be congratulated. There are other contributors to this number who are traveling the same upward way, and even among those on the roll of honor there are many names of boys and girls who are persistently working and mean to win.

The chief educational value of the League lies in the comparative excellence shown in the different members' work. They see how one another are progressing. Each notes the merits of the work of others and the defects of his own. Nothing in educational advancement is of more assistance than just this thing which the League gives. The prizes are only a little stimulus to make the winning seem real and tangible, and the wearing a gratification—something to expect, to cherish, and to remember. The editor of the League wishes to congratulate every member represented this month in the League pages (including those on the roll of honor), on the continued and unusual excellence of their contributions.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 50.

In making awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Sidonia Deutsch** (age 16), 231 E. 122d St., New York City.

Gold badge, **Marguerite Eugénie Stephens** (age 14), 1311 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Nannie C. Barr** (age 13), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia., and **Shirley Willis** (age 15), 3723 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Prose. Cash prize, **Ellen Dunwoody** (age 17), 1522 31st St., Georgetown, D. C.

Gold badges, **Benjamin Greenwald** (age 16), 61 Sheriff St., New York City, and **Elsa Clark** (age 9), 24 St. Mary's St., Southampton, England.

Silver badges, **Thomas H. De Cator** (age 15), 302 N. Warren St., Trenton, N. J., and **Gladys Hodson** (age 14), 1963 Carroll St., Merriam Park, Minn.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Alice Josephine Goss** (age 16), 925 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Gold badges, **Margaret A. Dobson** (age 15), 2218 Oak St., Baltimore, Md., and **Henry C. Hutchins** (age 14), 166 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **W. E. Huntley** (age 15), 263 Verona Ave., Newark, N. J., **Alice Delano** (age 12), 41 Washington St., Newton, Mass., and **Alan Adams** (age 11), Red House, Stocksfield, England.



"SUNLIGHT IN GERMANY." BY EDITH HOUSTON, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

Photography. Cash prize, **Edith Houston** (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Pa.



"SUNLIGHT." BY OLIVE A. GRANGER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

Gold badges, **Olive A. Granger** (age 13), Upland, Cal., and **Maria Adelaide Arpesani** (age 15), Via Omenini, No. 1, Milan, Italy.

Silver badges, **Madge Pulsford** (age 13), Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill., and **Harry Lefeber** (age 13), 84 W. Main St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

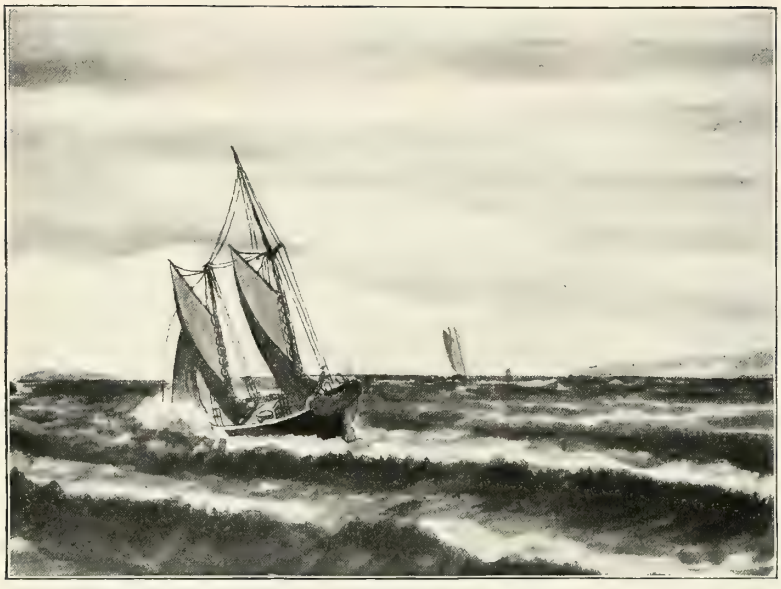
Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Fox," by **Lawrence Palmer** (age 15), 10 Prospect St., Cortland, New York. Second prize, "Gulls," by **Hanna D. Monaghan** (age 14), Swarthmore, Pa. Third prize, "Spider-crab," by **Richard Murdoch** (age 13), 38 Whitney St., Roxbury, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Douglas Todd** (age 15), Plainview, Tex., and **Harvey Deschere** (age 15), 334 W. 58th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Agnes Howe** (age 14), Long Green, Md., and **Helen F. Carter** (age 13), Burlington, N. J.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Paul R. Deschere** (age 13), 334 W. 58th St., New York City, and **Charles Almy, Jr.** (age 15), 147 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Clifton** (age 15), 3218 Mount Vernon St., West Philadelphia, Pa., and **Josephine Theresa Stiven** (age 12), 67 W. 92d St., N. Y. City.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY HENRY C. HUTCHINS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE DERIVATION OF A WORD.

(*Cash Prize.*)

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 17).

It has been said by some eminent scholar that one could read a nation's history in its language. That such is the case even we apprentices of the art can see by taking, for example, the period of Roman supremacy. If we notice its effects on the customs and language of the conquered people, we can see how the impression has been preserved, especially in the French, Spanish, and Italian tongues.

But if we take a single word and, thanks to the many students who have spent their lives in such work, trace it back to its very root, we should feel more strongly not only the spiritual but the actual brotherhood of man.

Take, for example, the word "mother," one of the oldest and dearest in our language.

In the golden time of almost prehistoric ages, when there were comparatively few people on this world of ours, the little child of northwestern India, as he played around his mother's knee like the little ones of to-day, called her "Mata," which was the ancient Sanskrit form of our Anglo-Saxon noun.

When the child grew older and came to man's estate, his ambitions, such as they were, reached out beyond the home-land, that was becoming overcrowded; so he, with others of his race, the first of many thousands, pushed out toward the western lands.

Through years of sunshine and shadow he and his kinsmen wandered from place to place across the continents. After many centuries, his descendants found an abiding-place in central Europe, where they formed the nucleus of the nations of to-day.

This long period of separation had its effect on the language of the wanderers, which can be seen in this one word. After it had passed through many changes, we find that the Latins used "Mater"; the northern nations "Moder," with its countless variations. From these last come our form, for when the Saxons conquered England they brought their own language and customs into their new home.

From that time to this the word is easily traced through the medieval forms into the modern "Mother."

Thus the word has traveled down the ages, bringing with it the essence of that love which has been since time began the highest and noblest in human nature.

LINCOLN.

BY MARGUERITE EUGÉNIE STEPHENS (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Out of the mountain wilderness he came,
Uncouth, obscure was he, a second John,
Herald of truth and freedom. Like a star
Ever before him one fixed purpose burned,
That God's free country should in truth be free,
A lasting monument to liberty.
For nature, in the forests ever near,
Whispered to him her logic and her truth.
Oft, at his solitary toil, the souls
Of enslaved multitudes cried unto him,



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Of him beseeching aid, deliverance,
And he his life devoted to the task.
Then when his struggles were with vict'ry crowned,
And he made leader by his fellow-men,
To his convictions held he ever strong;
No strife could shake nor policy corrupt.
Though men be honest with their fellow-men,
Lincoln was honest with his soul and God;
And when his work was finished, and the hour
To leave the scenes of earthly triumph came,
God gave to him the crown of martyrdom.
All nations mourned, revered, and honored him.

When all the living world thy praises sang,
When vale and plain and mount, applauding, rang,
Wert thou not happy? Yet a sadness lies
Far down within the depths of those dark eyes;
In crowded hall, amid the bustling throng,
Didst thou not for thy vanished boyhood long?

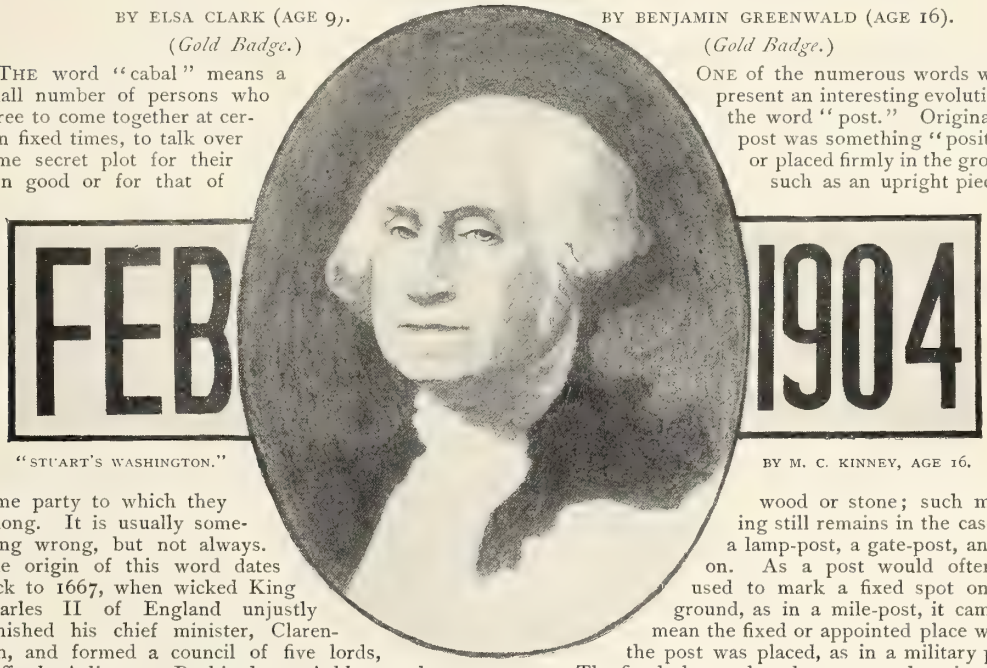
When, a Titanic fire, war's lurid glow
Lit all the land the nation to o'erthrow,
Thine was the master mind that quelled the strife,
Thine was the hand that saved thy country's life.
Though countless ages come and hold their sway,
In hearts of men thy name shall ne'er decay.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE word "cabal" means a small number of persons who agree to come together at certain fixed times, to talk over some secret plot for their own good or for that of some party to which they belong. It is usually something wrong, but not always. The origin of this word dates back to 1667, when wicked King Charles II of England unjustly banished his chief minister, Clarendon, and formed a council of five lords, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. These gentlemen decided everything the king wished them to, but so secretly that not even the Parliament knew. The initials of the names of these gentlemen form the word "cabal," by which name this small party was known.



"STUART'S WASHINGTON." BY M. C. KINNEY, AGE 16.

NOTICE.

League members should not fail to take part in Chapter Competition No. 3. See page 379.

TO A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

(*A Reverie.*)

BY NANNIE C. BARR (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MEN called it wonderful for thee to rise
From nature's forests, under nature's skies.
Nay; marvel not, mankind, that heroes spring
From where immortal forest anthems ring.
Didst thou regret the lessons nature taught
So long ago—the gifts she gave, unsought?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENJAMIN GREENWALD (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONE of the numerous words which present an interesting evolution is the word "post." Originally a post was something "posited," or placed firmly in the ground, such as an upright piece of wood or stone; such meaning still remains in the cases of a lamp-post, a gate-post, and so on. As a post would often be used to mark a fixed spot on the ground, as in a mile-post, it came to mean the fixed or appointed place where the post was placed, as in a military post.

The fixed places where horses were kept in readiness to facilitate rapid traveling during the times of the Roman Empire were thus called posts, and thence the whole system of arrangement for the conveyance of persons or news came to be called "the posts."

The name has retained to the present day an exactly similar meaning in most parts of Europe, and we still use it in post-chaise, post-boy, and so forth.

The meaning most closely associated with the word at present is the system of post conveyance for letters, organized all over the world; therefore such expressions have arisen as post-office, postage, postman, etc.

Curiously enough, we now have iron letterposts, in which the word "post" is restored exactly to its original meaning.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY SHIRLEY WILLIS (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge*).

OUR Lincoln was a man who did not claim
To come of noble birth or high estate;
His parents were unknown to wealth or fame,
Yet he was born to rule a nation great.



"FOX." BY LAWRENCE PALMER, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

He sought no title but an honest name,
  Was faithful in each duty great or small,
Strove not to win men's praise nor feared their blame,
  But did what he deemed right and just toward all.

He brought the shattered Union back to life;
  He safely led through gloomy days of war
A country torn and wrecked by civil strife,
  And joined the parted hands and hearts once more.

Though Lincoln perished by a traitor's hand,
  His sacred memory can never die.
His honored name, revered in ev'ry land,
  Grows dearer as the fleeting years roll by.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GLADYS HODSON (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Ages ago, on Mount Olympus, Jupiter, the king of gods and men, and his wife, Juno, quarreled. I do not know what they quarreled about, but Jupiter became very angry. He took Juno out of heaven and fastened her between earth and sky.

There she hung till night, when her son Vulcan released her. When Jupiter found this out, he threw Vulcan out of heaven.

Vulcan fell all day, and just before night he landed on the island of Lemnos.

This fall made Vulcan very lame for the rest of his life, and he disliked heaven because of this.

As he was the god of fire, he set up forges in various mountains, where he forged thunderbolts for the gods.

One of these forges was supposed to be in Mt. Etna.

Whenever an eruption of this mountain took place the Romans believed that Vulcan was at work.

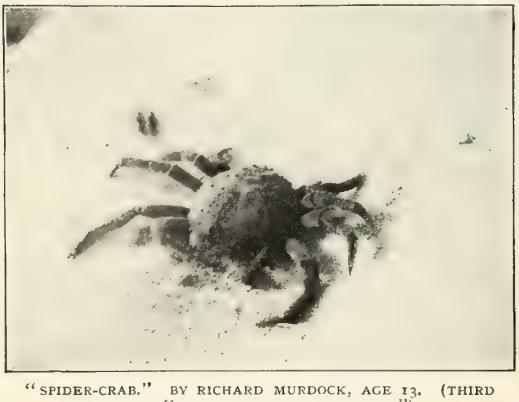
Thus mountains which ejected lava and rocks were called by the Romans "vulcanus," after Vulcan.

The Italians introduced the word into their language, but they changed the form slightly, calling it, as we do to-day, "volcano."

The Anglo-Saxons used the Italian form, and thus it was the word came down to us.



"GULLS." BY HANNA D. MONAGHAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.)



"SPIDER-CRAB." BY RICHARD MURDOCK, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JESSIE LAMBERT (AGE 12).

I love to sit thinking in silence
  Of those of whom one often reads,
And always my thoughts turn to Lincoln,
  And his many kind words and kind deeds.

How often he aided the needy,
  And sacrificed day after day,
In order to send them some comforts,
  Though he never expected repay.

He yet had a great deal of humor,
  And jokes by him often were led;
Oh, kind-hearted Abraham Lincoln,
  Forever your fame will be spread!

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY THOMAS H. DE CATOR (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MISS BLAKE, our teacher, had been giving one of her talks on "Success," and during the course of her remarks she spoke particularly on the theme of honesty and frankness. She had made her talk the more interesting by taking examples from the lives of great men who had achieved success through frankness in all their dealings. I was very much impressed with the subject, and on our way from the lecture-room the thought revolved in my mind, What is the meaning of this word "frankness," and where did it originate? So, being aroused to the question, I decided to look it up. I turned to the dictionary, and found many things pertaining to this much-used word.

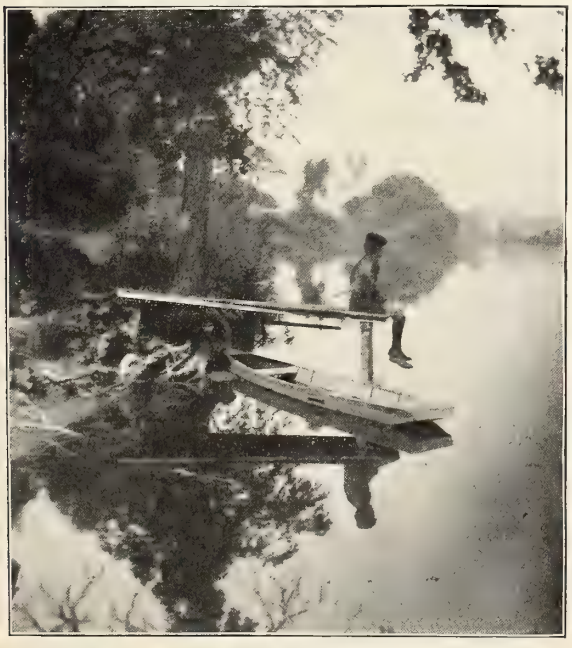
I learned that the Franks were a powerful German tribe which, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, overthrew the Roman power in Gaul and took possession, founding the Frankish monarchy, and gave origin to the name France. The Franks were then the ruling people, and were honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans, among whom they established themselves, by their independence, their love of freedom, and their scorn of lies.



"SUNSHINE." BY MARIA ADELAIDE ARPESANI, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

They had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "Frank," which may have originally indicated merely a national, came to involve a moral distinction as well; and the word "frank" was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high moral qualities. And thus in men's daily talk, when they speak of a person being "frank," or when they use the word "franchise" to express civil liberties and immunities, their language is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historical changes.

Thus, you see, is the history of that little word which signifies one of man's strongest and most beautiful characteristics.



"SUNSHINE." BY HARRY LEFEBER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

A MAN who for his country strove
When o'er her hung a threatening cloud;
Who fought his way for truth and right,
And rose above the struggling crowd.

He set the helpless captives free,
Oppressed by slavery's mighty hand,
And died at last a hero's death,
Mourned by brave men throughout the land.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ANNIE EALES (AGE 16).

THE name "peony" is doubly interesting; first, because of its wonderful mythical, divine origin, and, secondly, because it is the earliest flower known to Greek literature and an important one in the art of healing, for it is considered by Pliny as the earliest known medical plant.

The classical name *pæony* was used by the Greeks, who are said to have named the plant in honor of Pæon (properly Paiēōn), a celebrated physician who cured the wounds which the gods received during the Trojan war. From him doctors are sometimes called *pæoni*, and healing-plants *Pæoniæ herbiæ*. This Pæon, ancient god of healing, was Apollo, whom Homer calls the physician of

the Olympian gods, who provided also for the growth of healing-plants, and he speaks of him in the fifth book of the Iliad.

While Apollo was the stayer and averter of evils in the widest sense of the word, he proved his power most especially in the time of sickness. For being the god of the hot season and the sender of most epidemics sweeping man away with his unerring shafts, he could also lend the strongest aid, so that he was worshiped as the chief god of healing.

As a preventer of epidemics mainly, but also preventer of other evils, the pæan, hymn of thanksgiving, was sung in his honor. The same pæan became afterward associated with battles and victory, traditionally because it was the song of triumph of Apollo for victory over the Python which afterward came to be the same thing, if the Python symbolized deadly diseases, and hence was sung either before or after battles and victories, asking Apollo's aid or giving thanks for his divine services. In later times pæans were sung, and are still sung, in honor of man.

It is curious to note that the original meaning of the word still clings to it, for even to this day Sussex mothers put necklaces of beads from the peony-root around their children's necks to prevent sickness and help them in teething.



"SUNSHINE." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY VIVIENNE KRANICH (AGE 9).

Abraham Lincoln was just and true,
Kind and generous, and gentle, too;
He freed the slaves who were in a fix,
And died at the age of fifty-six.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN,

April, 1865.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

'T is twilight; shadows darker grow,
The moonbeams steal through depths of light,
Fall silently, and thus the night
Envelops all the world below,
While darkness wavers to and fro.

But hush! within a darkened room—
Unconscious of the words we say—
Lies one o'er whom we weep and pray:
Without, a night of deep'ning gloom;
Within, the silence of the tomb.

In vain is skill—the end we dread;
When morning comes and brings the day
His life is ebbing fast away,
And soon throughout the land is spread
The tidings that our chief is dead!

Deep sorrow reigns; a bright spring day
Is dawning on a nation's woe;
The saddest April—does it know
Our pain and anguish when a bell
Is tolling Lincoln's funeral knell?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENNIE HASSELMAN (AGE 9).

The word "bankrupt" comes from *banca routa*, which means "broken bench."

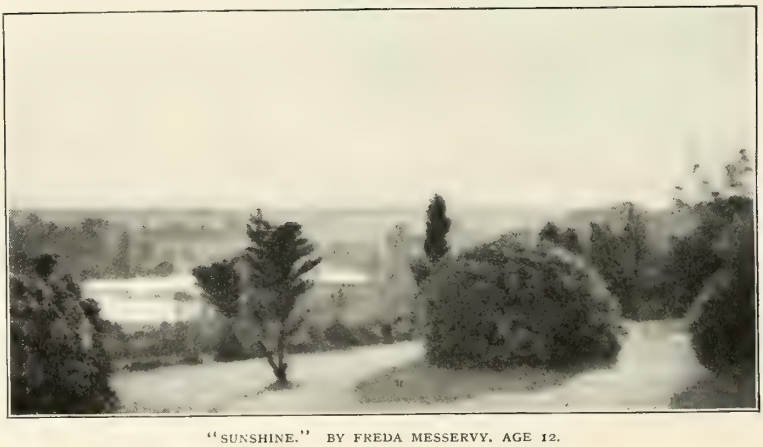
In the old Greek days the people used to sit outside, each with a large table before him, which was like the old European market-places.

The top of these tables was a large marble slab, with some kind of stone or marble legs.

On these tables they kept different kinds of articles for sale and in that way earned their living.

If it happened that one man could not pay his debts, another man would come along with a large club or a hammer, and with this he would break the man's table, and then all the people would say that man was *banca routa*, from which we now get bankrupt.

A man is bankrupt when he is unable to pay his debts. Such a man is also called insolvent.



"SUNSHINE." BY FREDA MESSERVY. AGE 12.

YOU AND I WILL SAIL.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 17).

OVER the spray-blown ocean, dear,
You and I will sail—
Over the endless, endless blue,
Leaving a buried trail.
Into the land of the golden west,
Unto the shores of the utmost blessed,
Over the seas of the truest and best,
You and I will sail.

Thence, with the sea-gulls strong and free,
You and I will sail.
Over the waves' eternity,
Leaving a hidden trail.
There where the sea-gulls build their nest,
There where the dreams of our childhood rest,
There where is ever the purest and best,
You and I will sail.



"SUNSHINE." BY CHARLOTTE SPENCE, AGE 9.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ROBERT E. ANDREWS (AGE 15).

LET us take the word "person" for our subject, because there is not another English noun so abstract, and, therefore, so interesting to study.

Of course the word is the Latin *persona*, which meant a mask.

Persona literally meant "through-sounder" in the Latin, for the object of the mask was to strengthen the voice, rather than to cover the faces of the actors by whom they were worn. *Personare*, to sound through, is given by many Latin grammarians as the root of the word, the vowel *o* being lengthened for euphony in the derivative.

At length, however, *persona* came to mean the wearer as well as the mask itself, a very important step in the development of the word.

As the wearer was usually an actor, the word came to mean an assumed character, from which our verb "to personate" is derived.

Soon another new meaning appeared, i.e., the real character of the man—but a step from the assumed one. Thus a man *magnæ personæ* (literally "of great person") was some one of rank and importance, and this sense of it prevailed during the middle ages, and still exists, down to this day.

At last came the final meaning, born sometime in the middle ages, of what we call a person, an individual.

In the medieval writers, where this meaning was first used, it was written in masculine gender, and this masculine use continues to our day in the modern French, where, under certain circumstances, *personne* may be so used.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 15.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 16).

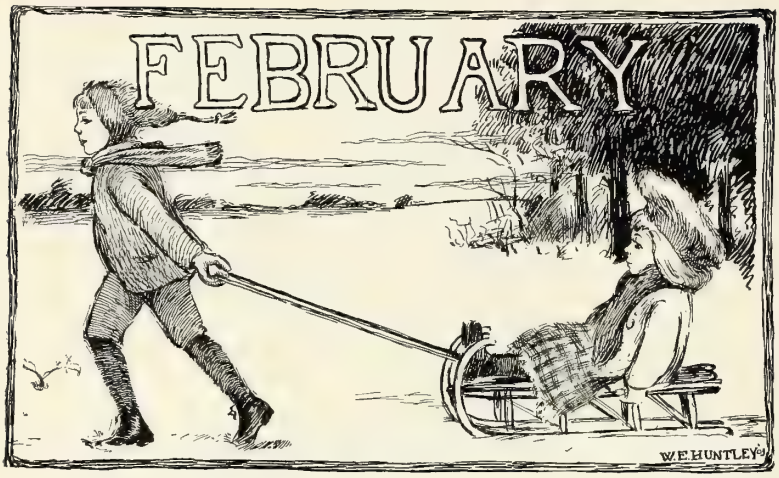
EVERY one is familiar with the little black pictures that we know as "silhouettes," but few of those who use the word know that they are named in ridicule of a French statesman, Étienne Silhouette. He had charge of the money matters of France at a time when the nation was very deep in debt, and to prevent bankruptcy he had to try from the first to be very economical in his policy. But economy is not one of the virtues of the French, and they lost no time in making fun of him. They had their clothes cut in a fashion that took very little material, and called them *à la Silhouette;* and they introduced, in the place of delicate paintings, a cheap kind of portrait made by drawing around a person's shadow and filling in the outline with black, and this they called a "silhouette." At last they succeeded in making life so unendurable to the poor man that he gave up in despair. And now everything else about him is forgotten, and it is only in the joke of his opponents that we keep his name.

THE WINTER AND THE TREES.

BY ISABELLA MCLAUGHLIN (AGE 12).

"GOOD-BY, little sister,"
"Good-by, little brother,"
One cold autumn day
Said the leaves to each other.

"The winter is coming,"
I heard them say.
"The days are cold
And we must away."



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY W. E. HUNTLEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

APPLE-TIME.

BY KATE HUNTINGTON TIEMANN (AGE 15).

(*Omitted in October number.*)

'T is apple-time, and in a tree
I sit and read and dream;
The leaves are green above my head,
The apples shining, rosy red;
How pleasant all things seem!

The wind blows softly through the trees,
White clouds float o'er the sky;
I hear the distant cow-bells ring,
The birds around me sweetly sing;
They seem to say, "Good-by!"

Soon I must leave this pleasant place,
This place so full of peace,
To my home go, and to my school,
To study hard, obey each rule,
And then my dreams must cease.

So, while I may, I dream and think
Of days the summer sent;
Their joys are past, but winter brings
So very many pleasant things
That I am quite content.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY ALICE DELANO, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 686. "Two Twentieth Century Maids." Flossie Hanawalt, President; Blanche Leeming, Secretary. Address, 221 Cedar St., Michigan City, Ind. Would like chapter correspondents from thirteen to fifteen years of age.

No. 687. "St. Nicholas Bookshelf." Rachel Rhoades, President; Margaret Wing, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 231 W. 10th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 688. "The Butterflies." Lois Noel, President; Carrie Scott, Secretary. Address, 2319 Albion Place, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 689. Theresa Pickowaik, President; Erna Klinzing, Secretary; seven members. Address, 103 Hickory St., Rochester, N.Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the check you sent me. I am proud of it, not merely because of the "$5" mark upon it, but because of its value in another sense; for it means that I have stood well in competition with others—an achievement that is always worth struggling for. The sight of my name in print is not only an encouragement, but also a spur to further interest in the League. Thanking you again, I am,

Yours very sincerely,
GRACE COOLIDGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to thank you for my beautiful silver badge. If you have ever tried for anything over two years, and just as you had almost despaired had gotten it, you know how glad it made me; and this morning came a cash prize of two dollars for my first efforts in an advertising competition, to add to my joy.

I think ST. NICHOLAS an excellent magazine. Every month I look forward with great expectation to its arrival, and I am never disappointed, for it is always the same — and yet different.

Thanking you again for the badge and cash prize, I remain,

Your interested reader,
MARGARET DOBSON.

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. You give me so much pleasure I want to tell you a true story of a fox hunt in Ireland, long ago, some of my people had. The hounds belonging to the Newry Hunt started a fox on Tamary. After a short chase Reynard disappeared, for he had mounted a turf stack and lay down flat on top. But one of the hounds spied him, and he jumped down and ran up a stone ditch, from which he sprang on a low cabin roof and mounted the chimney-top. There he stood as if viewing the setting sun. But a cunning old hound, having crept up on the roof, had almost seized the fox, when, lo! Reynard dropped down the chimney like a falling star. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening, but dare not follow. While the disappointed hound was looking sorrowfully down the chimney, Reynard, all covered with soot, had fallen right into the lap of an old dame, who, with her children around her, was peacefully smoking her pipe. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, as she threw the blackened red beast from her in terror. Reynard grinned, growled, and showed his teeth in so scary a manner that the old woman and the children ran away. The hunters soon came in the cabin with their hounds and took the fox alive.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, JR.

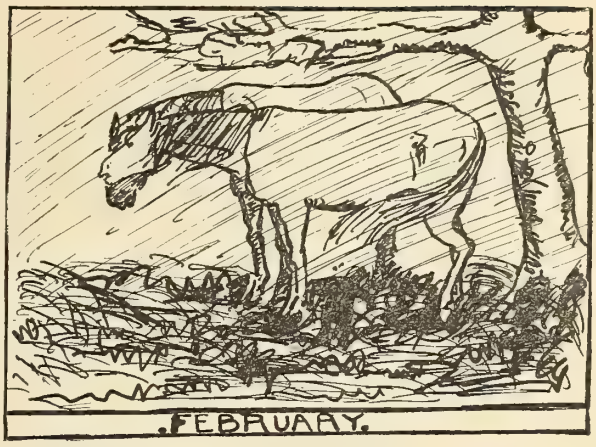
NEWARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received my silver badge, and wish to thank you very sincerely for it. I think it is a beauty, and am wearing it with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I shall always keep it to remember the League by, and all the enjoyment it has given me.

When I found that my first poem did not even gain the honor roll, my face was very long, but I am ever so glad I did not give up then.

Whatever I may yet gain, I shall never forget the pleasure I have already had, nor my League badge.

Your devoted reader,
MARGUERITE STUART.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALAN ADAMS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any good fairy should suddenly raise a magic wand before me and make known her power and willingness to grant me three wishes, I should hardly know what to say, so great and numerous are my desires; but certainly, ever since I joined the League, nearly two years ago, it has been one of my greatest wishes to win a gold badge from the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, and now, at last, a certain kind fairy has granted me this wish, and has given me not only the gold badge, but great encouragement also.

At first the work of the other League members only made me try harder, and I often wrote little verses on the given subjects, but chiefly to amuse myself. When I did send a poem to the League for the first time, it was printed, and after that I often sent contributions. But as they were not accepted, I became almost completely discouraged, and for a time broke the resolution I made on New Year's day to "send something to ST. NICK *every* month."

However, when I read that the subject for June was to be "Roses," a favorite subject of mine, I found the inspiration I wanted, and, in the "silent watches of the night," an idea flashed into my mind from the wild eyes of my Pegasus, and I made some verses just for myself. Well, when they were finished I sent them to you, ST. NICHOLAS, and dared to hope.

Oh, how I cried when I found that I had won the gold badge. But be assured, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that they were tears of joy. The prize is beautiful and it means a great deal to me. It will help me to try harder still in the future, and I shall remain ever,

Your friend, HILDA VAN EMSTER (age 16).

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for my silver badge. It was such a surprise to win it, especially for that particular thing which seemed to me so easy to do. When father heard that I had it, he told me that I was a "silver badger," and must keep away from all dachshunds.

In the Books and Reading department you asked what books are nice for very little children, and I have a lovely Sunday book that my American aunty gave me. It is called the "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Abbie Farwell Brown, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London. Mother says it is sometimes quite hard to know about nice Sunday books, and this one is delightful and not expensive.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

I never had a brother or sister or even a playmate, but now I am going for a lovely holiday at Hastings, where there are five boys to play with.

Good-by for the present, but I mean you to go, too, for I want to introduce you to the boys. Thanking you again for my beautiful badge, I remain, Yours gratefully, ELSA CLARK.

DORF KREUTH, OBERBAYERN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a German girl who reads your lovely magazine with as much interest as your American children.



"FEBRUARY." BY PHILIP SOMERS, AGE 6.

I was very much pleased by the long German word and the article "Child Life in Germany." But I must tell you the author was not quite right in saying there were no German magazines for children. I know many. There is "Kinderfreund," "Jugendblätter," "Jugendgarten," "Jugendzeitung," "Das Kränzchen," "Der Gute Kamerad," and others. I think the League is splendid, and I am so sorry I cannot compete, for I only get the numbers a month after they are published. Shall I send you a picture of Princess Viktoria Luise, the daughter of the Emperor, and her six brothers? Now I am thirteen years old. When I was very young I lived in Washington for two years; that is why I am so interested in America. Hoping to see this printed, I am,

Your German friend, CAROLA VON THIELMANN.

NOTE. We hope Miss Thielmann will send the picture of the Emperor's children referred to in her letter.—EDITOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I want to thank you for the beautiful badge which I received last week.

When I first worked for the League I felt sure my work would never win recognition, for it seemed to me to be so poor. The badge was a complete surprise, and delighted and encouraged me very much. Thanking you again, I am,

Your friend, HELEN A. FLECK.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

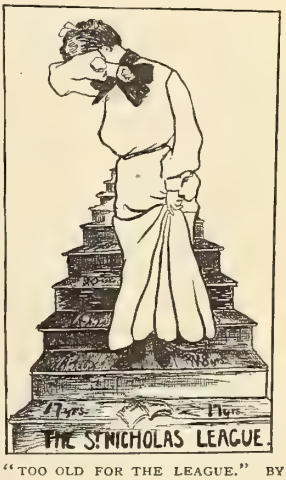
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the gold badge. It arrived a few days ago and I was simply delighted with it. Since its arrival it has been generally admired.

I have only one objection to it, and that is that it is so American. Now if there were a lion instead of the eagle, or a Union Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes, I would feel blissfully happy. As it is, I have an uncomfortable feeling of disloyalty whenever I catch sight of it (which is n't often, as I wear it just under my chin). I suppose the ST. NICHOLAS *is* an American magazine. (Of course it is n't exactly its fault, so I make allowances.) But, then, surely a good many of the Leaguers are English or Canadian. I think if I knew that all those prize-winners who are not Americans put on their badges without a qualm of conscience I 'd feel better.

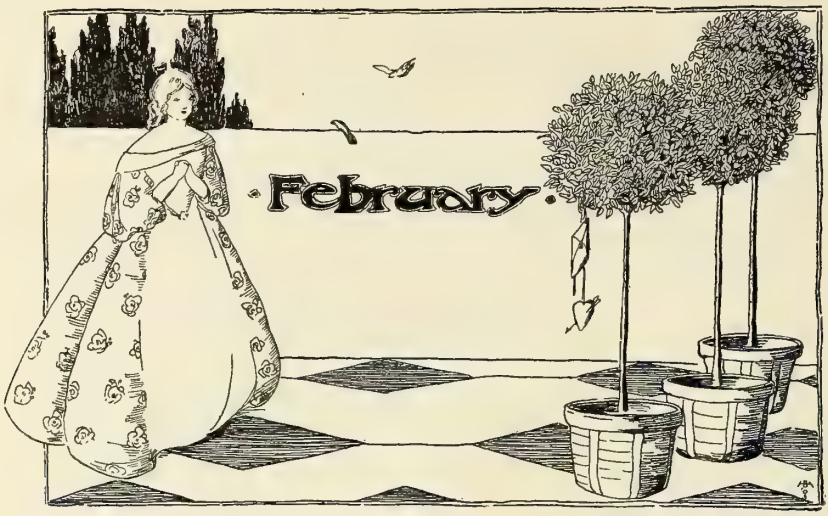
With many thanks for the badge, which I wear proudly notwithstanding my doubts, I remain,

Your admiring reader, MARJORIE V. BETTS.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Blanche Deuel, Mary Yeula Westcott, Florence O'Rourke, Dorothy Hamilton, Margaret Abbott, Marjorie Holmes, Mary Weston Woodman, Phyllis Wanamaker, Marion I. Manley, Charles Dolson, H. Mabel Sawyer, Helene I. Steer, Carl Dusenbury Matz, Mary Hendrickson, Albert R. Westcott, Dorothy Thayer, Eleanor Houston Hill, Melville C. Levey, Anna M. Ewing, Margaret Gibbs, and Katherine Lee.



"TOO OLD FOR THE LEAGUE." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE NEARLY 18.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Folts
Elizabeth Lee
Blanche Hazel Leeming
Mary C. Tucker
Kathleen A. Burgess
Woodward Warrick
Delia Ellen Champlin
Wilkie Gilholm
Emily Rose Burt
Marie Wennerberg
Alice Sawyer

VERSE 2.

Helen M. Spear
Florence L. Adams
Marie J. Hapgood
Senereta Robinson
Stella Lesser
Frances Paine
H. Mabel Sawyer
Clara P. Pond
Morris G. White, Jr.
Margaret M. Albert
Dora Michael
Sadie Weisskopf
Saide Farbstein
Butler Storke
Le Roy Morris

PROSE 1.

Mathilde M. Parklett
Mary Hendrickson
Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Jean N. Craigmile
Guinevere Hamilton Norwood
Sarah Hall Gaither
Irene Weil
John Fry
Mary Weston Woodman
Nellie Foster Comegys
Margaret Denniston
Ethel Berrian
Axel Hendrickson
Martin Janowitz
Marguerite Janvrin
Ray Randall
May B. Flint
Dorothy Hutchins

PROSE 2.

Willia Nelson
Celia Lewis
Eloise E. Garstin
Marjorie Heath Baine
Dorothy T. Andrews
Ruth G. De Pledge
Allen Frank Brewer
Leah Louise Stock
Tony Vaughan
Mary Klauder
Janet Buchanan

DRAWINGS 1.

William Schrufer
Edgar Daniels
Dorothy Sherman
Lorraine Hendrickson
Mary P. Damon
Samuel Davis Otis
Rose T. Briggs
Helen Fleck
Melville Coleman Levey
Elisabeth B. Warren
Edith Emerson
Meade Bolton
Edith Park
Muriel Constance Evans
Charlotte Hartley Draper
Katherine Maude Merriam
Wm. Whitford
M. McKeon
Florence Mason
Elizabeth Stockton
M. Hazeltine Fewsmith
Ethel Messervy
Bessie White
Barbara Vandegrift
Ruth L. Rowell
Marjorie Gabain
Elsa Hempl
Bert Healy
Eunice McGilvra
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Marguerite Jervis
Marion Wright
Alice Winifred Hinds
Ethel Gordon
Roger K. Lane
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Margery Bradshaw
Jessie C. Shaw
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret de Garmo
Jacqueline Overton
Delmar Gross Cooke
Helen A. Sage
Mildred C. Jones
Phœbe Wilkinson
Elizabeth Otis
Marguerite Borden
Marjorie V. Betts
Grace Adams
Helen M. Brown
Olive Mudie Cooke
Greta Bjorksten
William Holden
Gladys Nelson
Helen Merrill
Madelaine Bunzl
Anna Lou Alberger
Clara Goode
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Ruth Adams
John W. Love
Lawrence Richardson
Robert H. Gibson
Isabella Howland

DRAWINGS 2.

Frances Paine
Dorothy G. Hamilton
Marian Huckins
Helen Bixby Smith
Walter Swindell Davis
Gertrude Havens
Joseph B. Mazzano
Frances E. Hays
Eleanor Hinton
Rita Colman
Jessie L. Shepard
Bessie Griffith
Augustus W. Aldrich
Rollin L. Tilton
Gladys G. Young
Helen A. Scribner
Joseph W. McGurk
Henrietta Kyler Pease
Alice Esther Treat
Alice R. Young
William Preston
Edna B. Youngs
Frances S. Loney
Ruth Felt
Elizabeth A. Gest
Dorothy P. Taylor
Edward Toth
Edith Angeline Huff
Emily W. Browne
Ethel Reynolds
Dorothy Maguire
Esther Cooke Cowell
Aurelia Michener
Warde Wilkins
Isabel G. Howell
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Jacob Bacon
Leopold Cayard
Maude G. Barton
Isabel Reynolds
William P. Goodale
Katie Nina Miller
Anna L. Flichtner
Dorothy Adams
Maria Tilton Wead
Howard S. Zoll
Jane B. Sayre
Frederick Arnstein
Jane Walter
Raymond M. Morris
Muriel Lillie
Washington C. Huyler
Charlotte Stark
Anna N. Beshgatour
Katharine Allen
Irene Ross Loughborough
Winifred Hutchings
Edith Palmer
Margaret C. Church
Catherine MacLaren
Waldo Waterman
Dorothy Hastings
James Parsons Gifford
Katherine Gibson
Hester Gibson
Grace Wardwell

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Olin P. Greer
Lawrence Osgood Macomber
L. J. McCormick
Elizabeth Deprez
Hugo K. Graf
Sidney D. Gamble
T. K. Whipple
Susan Clifton Wharton
Eleanor Park
Medora C. Addison
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Lina Gould
Gertrude M. Howland
Herbert Allan Boas
Marion Bolles
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Rose C. Huff
Lillian Reynolds
T. Beach Platt
Marion K. Cobb

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Lawrence H. Riggs
John Hoar
Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr.
Samuel D. Robbins
Gladys Jackson
Laurence Day
Marie Russell
Gertrude V. Trumplette
J. Golde
Mildred R. Betts
Benjamin D. Hitz
Collier Baird
James L. Stoddard
Deb Frazer Crichton
Catherine Evans
Jos. Rogers Swindell
Caroline Dulles
William S. Carpenter
Christine Graham
Hannah P. Wright
Edwin Shoemaker
Rexford King
Floyd Godfrey
Emma Heinsheimer
James W. Young
Dorothea M. Dexter
Ada Harriet Case
C. Norvin Rinek
Emily L. Storer
Horace J. Simons
Florence R. T. Smith
Julia S. Howell
John Hancock Arnett
Jack Howard
Adelaide Gillis
Mildred Eastey
Katharine Pardee
Loring Carpenter
Eleanor Twining
J. Brooks Parker
Alice Pine
John Griffin Pennypacker
Frances W. Huston
Elsie Wormser
Amelia Dutcher
Robert C. Lee
Jean Wharton
Dorothy Wormser

PUZZLES 1.

Margaret W. Mandell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Thruston Broun
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Margaret Abbott
William C. Keysor
Marion Jewett
Marjorie Holmes
Dorothy Wormser
Paul H. Smith
Margaret Griffith
Eleanor Marvin
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Harold Hirsh
Douglas S. Trowbridge
Madge Oakley

PUZZLES 2.

Archibald Walker
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Helen Dean Fish
Lilian F. Boynton
Rachel Bulley
Charlie Jennings
Marie Copeland
Margaret Rucker
Minnie Schneider
Bessie I. Tappan
Helen H. Twitchell
Hugh W. Hubbard
Lucile Weber
Helen L. Jelliffe
Craig Ritchie Smith
Dorothy G. Thayer
Louis Stix Weiss
Archibald S. Macdonald
Kenneth F. Simpson

NOTES.

It has been suggested by a reader that all contributors of "Wild-Animal" photographs write a short letter telling just how and where the pictures were taken. This would be interesting, and would give other young photographers a hint how to go to work. The letters of the prize-winners, if good enough and not too long, will be published in the same issue with the pictures.

CHAPTER COMPETITION NO. 3.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth* of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth.*

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth.*

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY GLADYS L'E. MOORE, AGE 15.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

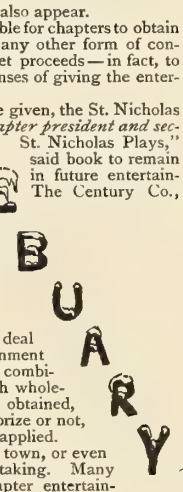
Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ——,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds — in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, *upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid*, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.



REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it wins a prize or not, will benefit any good purpose to which it is applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber of the magazine to belong to the League.

REGULAR COMPETITION NO. 53.

THE St. Nicholas League offers gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 53 will close **February 20** (for foreign members **February 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Nest."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "My Favorite Episode in Mythology."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Bitter Cold."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Winter Study" and "A Heading or Tail-piece for May."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.



"A TAIL-PIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY BEATRIX BUEL, AGE 14.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN. Out of the lists submitted by our painstaking readers, we shall make up a list that will be, we hope, a joy to those who love salt-air and sea stories. Bearing in mind the fact that the lists were meant for young readers, the best lists, all things considered, came from

Dorothy Cleaveland, Canton, N. Y.,
Claude H. Wright, Newburyport, Mass.,
Julia Ford Fiebeger, West Point, N. Y.,

who therefore are the prize-winners according to the terms of the competition. Some competitors sent longer lists, but they were not made with so much discrimination, or were "one-sided," giving too much attention to books of a single class. We thank all those who sent in the names of books about the sea, and assure them that we appreciate their efforts.

We print the list sent by Miss Cleaveland, which is excellently chosen, and is lacking only in books of scientific interest; but since young readers are most likely to prefer stories, it will probably be the best to show our readers.

BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN.

The Odyssey	*Homer*
Adventures of Telemachus	*Fénélon*
The Æneid	*Virgil*
Robinson Crusoe	*Daniel Defoe*
Swiss Family Robinson	*Jean Rudolph Wyss*
Sea Tales: The Pilot, Water Witch, Red Rover, Wing and Wing, Two Admirals	*J. Fenimore Cooper*
Westward Ho!	*Charles Kingsley*
Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck	*Jane Porter*
Mr. Midshipman Easy	*Captain Marryat*
Toilers of the Sea	*Victor Hugo*
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	*Jules Verne*
Two Years before the Mast	*R. H. Dana*
Treasure Island	*R. L. Stevenson*
Kidnapped	*R. L. Stevenson*
Captains Courageous	*Rudyard Kipling*
The Buccaneers and Marooners of America	*Edited by Howard Pyle*
Farthest North	*Fridjof Nansen*
Cast Away in the Cold	*Isaac I. Hayes*
An Arctic Boat Journey	*Isaac I. Hayes*
A Sailor's Log	*Admiral R. D. Evans*
The Story of the American Sailor	*Elbridge S. Brooks*
The Cruise of the Cachalot	*Frank T. Bullen*
The Log of a Sea Waif	*Frank T. Bullen*
The Coral Island	*Robert Michael Ballantyne*
For the Freedom of the Sea	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*
The Grip of Honor (Story of Paul Jones and the American Revolution)	*Cyrus Townsend Brady*
Sailing Alone around the World	*Captain Joshua Slocum*
Around the World in the Yacht "Sunbeam"	*Mrs. Brassey*
The Adventures of Captain Horn	*Frank R. Stockton*
Cast up by the Sea	*Sir Samuel Baker*
The Spanish Galleon	*Charles Sumner Seeley*
Typee and Omoo	*Herman Melville*
Little Jarvis	*Molly Elliot Seawell*
Bare Rock; or, The Island of Pearls	*Henry Nash*
Midshipman Farragut	*James Barnes*
The Book of the Ocean	*Ernest Ingersoll*
What Dr. Darwin Saw in a Voyage around the World on the Ship "Beagle"	
The Reports of the United States Fish Commission	
Life and Voyages of Columbus	*Washington Irving*

A QUESTION OF ECONOMY. Mr. Howells has said wisely that books are our cheapest pleasures. He might also add that there is a possibility that they may cost us more than any other item of our expenditures. Harmful reading is mental poison, and for mental poison we pay dear all our lives. You may judge of a book by its effect upon your mind. The good one is like a breath of fresh air — stimulating, delightful, and giving joy. The bad book is just the reverse of this — it leaves you tired, provoked, and despondent. But there are many that do not fall into either class, being ordinary. Instead of reading the poorer ones, try the dictionary. You will find the dictionary, properly looked into, will ask *you* questions, and set you upon a healthful quest for

information. One of the most readable of the older and less known ones is Richardson's — which you can consult in the larger libraries. It is full of delightful quotations, and groups the words in an interesting way, so as to bring out relationships you might not otherwise recognize.

A WAY TO HELP BOOKS.

We all should be interested in the struggle for life among good books and their less worthy competitors. It is a battle in which each one of us can lend a hand on the right side. Books, so the publishers and booksellers tell us, are sold mainly because readers speak of them to one another. The moral is evident. We should never lose a chance to say a word for a good new book; and it is worth while even to write a letter or note to a friend for no other purpose than to recommend a worthy book to one who will help to keep it alive. The surest way to put the poorer books out of the way is to lend our aid to their enemies. Good literature is the most effective weapon against the other sort, and every boy and girl should be glad to strike a blow or speak a word — which is the same thing — on the right side. But use discretion. Do not try to make people read what is beyond them. Make the change a little easy. You cannot expect an ignorant little boy to go at one bound from "The Red-Whiskered Tyrant of the Seas" to "Lorna Doone." You must put steps between, so that he will learn that the silly books are not only foolish, but are stupid as well.

AN ATLAS IN READING.

Possibly there are some young readers who have not yet learned how much life is given to a book by tracing upon maps the action described in the story. Some may connect all use of an atlas with the idea of a "geography lesson," and therefore hesitate to open the book of maps during hours when school lessons are put aside. But it should be remembered that every boy or girl is expected to study geography simply because geography is so useful and so necessary and so interesting to us all in after life. It is hardly possible to understand a story based upon historical events without a good idea of where it takes place. Without a map, names of places carry little meaning to most of us.

Do you remember, in "Tom Brown at Oxford," how Tom learned from Hardy to study history by sticking pins into maps and charts upon his wall? If you have forgotten the scene, it will be found worth reading again.

The atlas will be found a delightful help in the sea stories mentioned in the list printed this month. You will be able to follow Ulysses in his wanderings after the Trojan War, Robinson Crusoe in his several voyages, Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" and especially Richard Dana in his "Two Years before the Mast" with a sense of reality impossible to attain in any other way.

Why, you cannot appreciate Paul Jones's exploits until you follow on the map his audacious little vessel right into the very jaws of the British Lion! Nor can you see what became of the Great Armada until you have gone around the British Isles in the wake of the battered galleons of Spain. Once follow out the cruises of the great discoverers on the map, and you will not soon forget their exploits. And please to remember that this advice is given here because it will help to make your reading *enjoyable*, rather than because of the knowledge you will gain.

Guide-books, too, will be found excellent helps in reading, for they can tell you details about even the smaller places.

CONVALESCENTS' BOOKS.

It is unfortunate that there should be such things as illnesses, but since there must be troubles of that nature, we should devote ourselves to making them easy to bear. There is a time during convalescence when the little patient can be a listener to good reading, and then arises the question, "What books are just the right mental diet for a little invalid who needs to be cheered and amused, but must not be excited or worried?" This is not an easy question to answer, and therefore deserves the attention of all of us. There are many to whom such information will be valuable, and so let us try to collect from your wisdom a good list of "convalescents' books." Who will send in the names of books suitable for the long days of "getting well"?

We shall be especially grateful to those who can recommend such books as have actually been found good by trial in the sick-room.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber, and I think ST. NICHOLAS is very nice. I like the competitions and the stories and articles that the different competitors write. I was received in the League sometime ago. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box.

Helena contains the Broadwater Natatorium, the largest bath under roof in the world.

Your affectionate reader,

MARION G. STEDMAN (League member, age 12).

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following verses were composed, entirely without assistance, by my little daughter, aged eleven. They describe an old lady sitting and musing before her portrait, taken when a bride.

Very truly,

JOSEPH PETTIT, M.D.

THE PICTURE.

BY DOROTHY ARLINE PETTIT (AGE 11).

THE flickering flame of the fire,
As it sheds its rosy light,
Softly touches a picture
Of a bride in snowy white.

The veil half covers the rosy cheek
That is now so wrinkled and thin,
And the hand in the picture showeth
What the wrinkled hand hath been.

The picture recalls sweet memories,
Memories of the past;
The years may come, and the years may go,
But the memories will last.

The flickering flame of the fire
Glows on a head bent low:
Whether dreaming of past or future
Is not in my power to know.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about a visit I made to a sheep-herder's camp.

One day when we were in Atlantic City, Wyoming, we were invited to go and see a sheep-wagon, and see how the sheep-men lived. The camp was situated on a hill, with a stream near by where the sheep can get water. Now I will describe the wagon. It had a canvas top, a pair of steps at the front, and four strong Rocky Mountain horses to pull it. The inside was fixed up with a little stove, shelves, and a pulling-out table (which was the dinner-table), two berths, two seats, a window in the back, and a door in front.

Under the wagon lay a collie dog; back of the wagon were blocks of salt for the sheep to lick. A scarecrow was set up to scare the wolves from the sheep. Off in the distance we saw the flocks of sheep down by the water.

This is the way the sheep-herders live and travel. As the weather gets colder they go higher up in the mountains for the sheep to get grass. We had a nice dinner of roast mutton, canned tomatoes, beans, potatoes, and green peas. And then we returned home by way of the mines.

CHRISTINE MEMMINGER (age 15).

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a native daughter of the Golden West. I live in the Sacramento Valley, where the flowers bloom all the year. There is never a time when we cannot go out and pluck flowers.

The weather here is never very cold; but don't think that all over California the climate is the same as this.

One year, as late as May, we all went up to Sisson, Siskiyou County, which is at the foot of Mount Shasta, and but a few miles from Oregon.

While we were there it snowed, and we had a lovely time making snowballs.

I went out riding with my uncle, who is a doctor, and was caught in a snow-storm with my summer hat on.

One day we all took our lunch to spend the day at Shasta Springs, which is about ten miles from Sisson. We took some sugar and some lemons, and made some lemonade out of Shasta water, which was grand.

It would take me a long while to tell you what all we did.

Some day I may write to you and tell about the Cliff House and the Children's Playground at the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco.

LAURA GUNN (age 9).

TAFTSVILLE, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you in our family three years and four months.

I am a little girl nine years of age, and I have a sister and a brother.

Our pets are a dog and a cat. We have a cow and two pigs, three horses, three roosters, and twenty hens.

I live on a large farm. My favorite stories are "A Race and a Rescue," "Josey and the Chipmunk," "Through Fairyland in a Hansom Cab," "Marjorie's School of Fiction," "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights," and "The Unlucky Parrot."

I like you *very* much and am impatient for the next number.

My sister and I go a mile and a half to school.

My brother attends the high school at Woodstock. I like the St. Nicholas League best.

We make a lot of maple syrup every year. How I wish you were here helping us eat sugar on the snow!

Your loving reader, ERMA L. MERRILL (age 9).

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, Henry L. Duggan, and Florence R. T. Smith.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Macaulay. Cross-words: 1. Marigold. 2. Barnacle. 3. Document. 4. Strangle. 5. February. 6. Nicholas. 7. Motorman. 8. Salutary.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Hail. 2. Anna. 3. Inns. 4. Last. II. 1. Make. 2. Adit. 3. Kilt. 4. Etta. III. 1. Time. 2. Idol. 3. Moss. 4. Elsa. IV. 1. Fore. 2. Oval. 3. Rags. 4. Else. V. 1. Atom. 2. Time. 3. Omit. 4. Mete.

ADDITIONS. 1. Man-or. 2. Ten-or. 3. Bang-or. 4. May-or. 5. Mete-or. 6. Past-or. 7. Clam-or. 8. Pall-or. 9. Tut-or. 10. Hum-or. 11. Mot-or. 12. Don-or.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Howard Pyle; finals, Howard Pyle. Cross-words: 1. Hitch. 2. Overdo. 3. Window. 4. Alpaca. 5. Retriever. 6. Deed. 7. Philip. 8. Yesterday. 9. Level. 10. Eagle.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL From 1 to 2, Farragut; 3 to 4, Lawrence. Cross-words: 1. Fanciful. 2. Marginal. 3. Furrowed. 4. Scurrile. 5. Revealed. 6. Conjugal. 7. Scholium. 8. Eloquent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, S; finals, Happy New Year. Cross-words: 1. Shah. 2. Sara. 3. Slap. 4. Stop. 5. Stay. 6. Soon. 7. Shoe. 8. Show. 9. Slay. 10. Safe. 11. Sofa. 12. Scar.

CHARADE. Sham-rock.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Mistletoe, Charlotte. Cross-words: 1. Miniature. 2. Pirouette. 3. Distorted. 4. Stationer. 5. Catalogue. 6. Courteous. 7. Peasantry. 8. Chameleon. 9. Catherine.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. First row, Pickwick Papers; third row, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Pacific. 2. Ichabod. 3. Chagrin. 4. Kirtles. 5. Willows. 6. Ireland. 7. Cassius. 8. Kidnaps. 9. Painter. 10. Archers. 11. Pokebag. 12. Evening. 13. Renewal. 14. Sisters.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 2 to 1, James A. Garfield; 3 to 4, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Data. 2. Lobe. 3. Ergo. 4. Iran. 5. Fish. 6. Road. 7. Amen. 8. Glad. 9. Acid. 10. Seen. 11. Each. 12. More. 13. Able. 14. Join.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Plot. 2. Love. 3. Oval. 4. Tell. II. 1. Dare. 2. Avon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. III. 1. Ogre. 2. Good. 3. Road. 4. Eddy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul R. Deschere — "M. McG." — Mabel, George, and Henri — Osmond Kessler Fraenkel — Grace Haren — Joe Carlada — F. R. and L. M. Mead — M. W. J. — Mary B. Camp — Frances Hunter — Charles Almy, Jr. — James Alfred Lynd — Norton T. Horr — "Chuck" — Emilie C. Flagg — Katharine Van Dyck — "Allil and Adi" — "Jacqueline" — Josephine Theresa Stiven — Mildred D. Yenawine — Virginia Custer Canan — Carl B. Johannsen — Ethel B. Rispin — Ernest Gregory — Ethel Wooster — Marion Farnsworth — Betty Brainerd — Frederick Greenwood — Nettie C. Barnwell — Eugenie Steiner — Ned Beatty — Harriet Marston — Marion Humble — Laura E. Jones — Dudley Cooke Smith — The Spencers — Dorothy Rutherford — "Johnny Bear" — Mary Burrough — Doris and Jean — Erl H. Ellis — "Teddy and Muvver" — Marion Thomas — Rosalie Aylett Sampson — Marion E. Senn — Bessie Garrison — Laurence T. Nutting — Lilian Sarah Burt — Marion Priestley Toulmen — George T. Colman — Hugh Cameron — Ruth Flower Stafford — Eunice Chandler — Eleanor Clifton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. P. Hastings, 1 — L. Elsa Loeber, 3 — C. E. Harris, 1 — F. N. Bangs, 1 — F. I. Miller, 1 — Katherine Moore, 5 — M. Horn, 2 — G. Beekman, 1 — J. E. Sattler, 1 — D. A. Sterling, 1 — Bessie Nichol, 1 — Constance Badger, 1 — Gottfrid Johnson, 1 — Bessie Smith, 6 — Fred Delavan, 7 — H. Chapin, 1 — Virginia Arter, 2 — Doris Hackbusch, 7 — George Edwin Tucker, 4 — Amelia S. Ferguson, 6 — "The De Longs," 6 — Boyd Culver, 4 — Lillian Jackson, 7 — Christine Graham, 7 — Lucy Ruggles, 7 — Julia Peabody, 4 — Katharine Dudley, 5.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Whole. 2. A hole. 3. A number. 4. To perform. 5. A child. 6. Sick. 7. A conjunction. GERTRUDE PALMER (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

WHEN the following words have been doubly beenaded, the initials of the words before they are beheaded, and the initials of the words after they have been beheaded, will each spell something suggested by the present month.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Doubly behead regular order, and leave part of a plant. 2. Doubly behead inside, and leave slender. 3. Doubly behead coveted, and leave contended. 4. Doubly behead exultant, and leave the goddess of revenge. 5. Doubly behead a flower beloved by the Dutch, and leave part of the face. 6. Doubly behead to regard with care, and leave a masculine nickname. 7. Doubly behead to exalt, and leave grand. 8. Doubly behead to allure, and leave a district. 9. Doubly behead desolation, and leave a preposition. 10. Doubly behead dogma, and leave a snare. 11. Doubly behead a vehicle used on snow, and leave margin.

HELEN SEELIGMAN (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a famous general. All the words are formed from the letters composing the general's name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A number. 2. A carpenter's tool. 3. A kind of tree. 4. A pronoun. 5. A game of cards. 6. An insect. 7. A mass of unwrought metal. 8. A glossy fabric. 9. A weight. 10. A hostelry.

HELEN F. CARTER.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Final. 2. A prefix meaning "before." 3. A luminous body. 4. Any limited time.

II. 1. A thread of metal. 2. An image worshiped. 3. To ramble. 4. Certain trees.

CRAIG RITCHIE SMITH (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a well-known name; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell a familiar word.

Cross-words: 1. Undulations. 2. Not asleep. 3. Foolish. 4. A cowardly animal. 5. Internal. 6. Short letters. 7. To crush into small fragments. 8. An instrument used for handling hot coals. 9. Yields submission to. 10. Cozy places.

MARY B. BLOSS (League Member).

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

A	M	L	I	N	C	O	L	I	T	N
H	A	G	N	O	R	G	N	N	L	E
B	R	T	I	E	G	E	S	E	A	V
A	N	O	H	S	A	W	A	I	N	T

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, three familiar names may be spelled. HELEN ANDERSEN (League Member).

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I 'm composed of eighteen letters which in different groups will spell
A lot of different synonyms for things we all know well.
My 3-13 and 15 and my 2 and 4 and 9
Will spell a woeful 1-5-2-11-9 of mind.
My 14-15-1-2 and 18 make a word
Which frequently 12-13 talks on rhetoric is heard.
My 6 and 7-8 and 9 and 11 make a man
Who is useful to the very rich — now guess me if you can.
My 16-17-3-10-5 and 18 will combine
To form a little word which means delicate or fine.
My whole is decked with ice and snow,
But hearts are glowing down below.

HARVEY DESCHERE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell a famous American man-of-war, and my finals, reading upward, will spell its nickname.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. To acknowledge. 2. To note. 3. Miserly. 4. A prefix meaning "half." 5. Places of worship. 6. A useful metal. 7. A beginner in learning. 8. To reveal. 9. Limits. 10. Wilfully disregarded. 11. Pertaining to the eye. 12. A famous emperor.

JAMES BREWSTER (League Member).

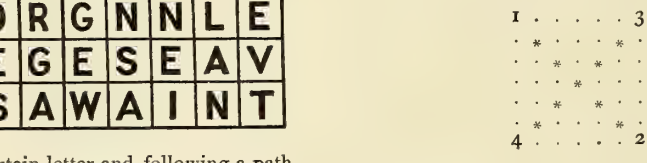
BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

When the following words have been triply beheaded and triply curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell a holiday.

Cross-words: 1. Triply behead and triply curtail intrusting, and leave a symbol. 2. Triply behead and curtail declaring against, and leave to try. 3. Triply behead and curtail general existence, and leave a valley. 4. Triply behead and curtail moaning with pain, and leave a common article. 5. Triply behead and curtail fullness, and leave to allow. 6. Triply behead and curtail menacing, and leave consumed. 7. Triply behead and curtail a kind of coarse pottery, and leave recent. 8. Triply behead and curtail twisted out of shape, and leave a legal term for any civil wrong or injury. 9. Triply behead and curtail a male singing voice, and leave a pronoun. 10. Triply behead and curtail a large outer garment worn by Arabs, and leave a denial. 11. Triply behead and curtail capable of being venerated, and leave period. 12. Triply behead and curtail a first cousin, and leave a vocalist. 13. Triply behead and curtail the green rust of copper, and leave to delve. 14. Triply behead and curtail being in two parts (as a legal contract) and leave dexterity. 15. Triply behead and curtail deep gorges, and leave a letter of the alphabet.

VERA A. FUESLEIN (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.



Cross-words: 1. To ponder. 2. Gloomy. 3. Generous. 4. Pertaining to a treaty. 5. A military officer. 6. To inspire. 7. Pours out.

From 1 to 2, a famous English general; from 3 to 4, a still more famous French general.

CATHARINE B. HOOPER (League Member).

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

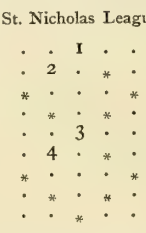
My primals, reading downward, spell a poet's name; my finals, reading upward, spell the city and also the abbreviation of the state in which he was born.

Cross-words: 1. Three miles. 2. A passage. 3. A sea nymph. 4. A piece of land devoted to fruits and flowers. 5. A fine flour or meal. 6. The substance covering the teeth. 7. To mourn. 8. Work. 9. Expenditure. 10. A battle-ship.

When the first and last letters of the foregoing words have been removed, the remaining letters of the first word may be rearranged so as to form a word meaning a chill. 2. To please. 3. One of the great lakes. 4. To venture. 5. To fall in drops. 6. Part of a horse. 7. Cognomen. 8. A long, fur tippet. 9. To pull with effort. 10. Filaments. AGNES HOWE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



Cross-words: 1. A tree. 2. A country of Europe. 3. Courage. 4. Light-producing instruments. 5. The remains of coal or wood after combustion. 6. A plumed heron. 7. Egg-shaped. 8. Robbers of India. 9. Useful animals.

From 1 to 2, a large quadruped; from 3 to 4, a small quadruped. DOUGLAS TODD.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



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MISS BAILLIE.

FROM A PASTEL BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY AFTER GAINSBOROUGH.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. MARCH, 1904. NO. 5.

TWO LADS OF OLD KENTUCKY.

By Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

How Toddles got out of the fort was never known. The time of his disappearance was early afternoon, one spring day of the year 1781. The women of Hamilton's Station were either making their spinning-wheels sing, or were themselves singing to restless babies; the men were all out hunting; the children were playing in the fort yard. And all around this frail little settlement lay the beautiful, Indian-haunted, wolf-haunted wilderness of Kentucky.

Somewhere out in that wilderness was Toddles, but his mother did not know it — yet. A little wooden "fort," made by erecting log cabins and stockade-fencing about a four-square yard, may not seem to offer adequate protection against savage enemies, brute or human; but it is far, far better for a little child than no protection at all.

Presently Mrs. Hamilton looked up from her spinning-wheel to gladden her eyes with a sight of Toddles. He was the prettiest, chubbiest bit of a boy in the settlement — a hardy little frontiersman, with a sunny smile and laughing blue eyes.

"Toddles, Toddles!"

The call grew louder and louder. It rang all around the yard, until women came running; women, and children too, with here and there a tall boy who had been left at home to garrison the station. The tallest of these was Ben Hamilton; and after every cabin had been searched, and keen eyes had swept all the country within sight from the tops of the corner blockhouses, Ben laid his strong brown hand on his mother's arm and said quietly:

"I reckon I 'll go and find Toddles."

"Take me too!" "And me!" "And me!" "And me!"

Every boy who was able to carry a "gun" had spoken; but they must all stay at home to take care of their mothers and the little ones. It was rarely that all the men left the fort at once; they did so only when there were no "Indian signs" about. And upon such occasions great responsibility rested upon the older boys who were left behind.

Ben's first preparation for departure was to find his father's dog, "Spot," who had been left at home as part of the garrison. Spot had been discovered, sick and half famished, in a deserted Indian camp, and had been adopted simply because dogs of any kind were a rarity. But the animal quickly proved himself a valuable member of the settlement. He was an Indian-trained "tracking" dog, as silent as a cat and as keen on the scent as a deer. Already he had found several strayed horses and cows; now he must try to find his playfellow, Toddles.

Mrs. Hamilton herself held the little home-

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spun frock to the dog's nose, and made him sniff at the bed where Toddles had slept; and it was she who found the last plaything the child had handled. Spot seemed to understand. He was eager to be off, and even submitted patiently to being held in leash by a strip of buffalo tug.

When the heavy fort gate had closed upon Ben, Mrs. Hamilton hastened to the top of a block-house, and from this watch-tower she looked eagerly down upon the beginning of the search. And as she looked the mother's grief and fear were for the moment almost forgotten in the mother's pride.

What a man Ben looked! How tall and strong and brave he was for a lad of sixteen! How quick and keen his eye as he glanced now in this direction, now in that in response to the dog's restless tugging! How grave and firm his face as he calmly watched the finding of the scent, stooped to examine the ground, and with the dog started to follow the trail that led into that limitless, terrible forest!

But scarcely had the trail been found than Ben stopped and turned about. His look rested full on his mother's face, and a bright smile broke the gravity of his own. Mrs. Hamilton leaned far over, smiling also; she waved her hand as he turned again, and she watched until the plunge into the forest was taken. Then, as the green foliage and the deep shadows closed about the gallant young figure in blue hunting-shirt and buckskin leggings, the poor mother dropped her face in her hands and wept bitterly. Thus one of the women found her, and led her down, speaking words of comfort which she could only hope might come true. It seemed only too probable that neither of the lads would ever come home again.

Ben had never been alone in the forest before, but his father had taken him on many a hunting trip and had trained the boy in that difficult art of woodcraft so necessary to every frontiersman. And almost at the outset Ben made a discovery which sent the blood to his head and a bright gleam to his eye. It was simply the faint impress of a moccasined foot in wet earth. This clue to his brother's fate Ben found on the bank of the stream which ran just at the edge of the settlement clearing.

On this bank, also, were many prints of small bare feet. Toddles had been playing there. And it was clear that the child had run a little way to escape that dreaded sight of a painted red man which had suddenly appeared before him. It was doubtless in the heat of pursuit that the Indian had been so incautious as to set his foot where any "trace" would be left.

Ben and Spot found the exact place where that pitifully uneven chase had ended. Then the lad closed his eyes for a moment. He dreaded lest his dog should make straight for — something which had been Toddles. Frontier boys saw terrible things in those days, and Ben knew the end Indians often made of the little children they captured. He did not fear anything now, save to come upon the thing his fancy pictured.

But the dog ran about uncertainly. The Indian had probably stepped with Toddles into the bed of the stream, for there was now no scent to follow.

This conclusion gave Ben a momentary sensation of relief. Perhaps the red man intended to make the child a captive rather than to slay him. But had he gone up stream or down?

Since there had been, of late, some Indian depredations toward the south, Ben determined to go in that direction; and taking Spot across the stream, he started off as rapidly as careful search for the lost trace permitted. The dog ran along the bank with his nose to the ground, and the boy's quick eyes keenly searched the damp earth.

It was at the end of about a mile that Spot found the scent again, but Ben could see no tracks on the bank. He judged that the captor, or captors, of Toddles had taken a flying leap out of the water and landed on the leaf-covered mold of the forest.

Now that he was on the trail again, Ben became possessed of a feverish haste. At any moment the Indian might weary of his burden; and then — ! But Ben would not allow his thoughts to take that course. He began to run ahead swiftly, urging Spot before him. Both boy and dog traveled as silently as possible, avoiding, as though by instinct, any crackling branches and rustling leaves.

But Toddles was not traveling silently at all; and this, upon the whole, was fortunate. Ben heard an outcry, faint in the distance, but having the quality of rage rather than of pain. He realized with joy that his small brother was able to make some protest — and then he stopped short. Spot must go now. He untied the strip of tug from the dog's neck, and, whispering in his ear, pointed the way home. When the poor animal, thus forbidden the reward of his labor, protested, Ben had great difficulty in persuading him to go back. But he felt a sudden sense of loneliness and desolation as he watched his four-footed friend trot disconsolately homeward.

As Ben hastened on, the angry outcry ahead grew louder and louder, and he wondered that the small captive's behavior did not bring fatal wrath upon him. The fear that it might at any moment have this result impelled Ben, even at some risk from noise, to quicken his pace to a run.

It was from behind a tree that Ben got his first glimpse of Toddles. That undaunted child was engaged in thumping with both tiny fists at the chest and head of the powerful brave who carried him, and was also kicking sturdily. Ben looked sharply about, and when he discovered that he had but one redskin to deal with, his courage rose out of all proportion to the situation. He had feared to come upon a whole party of Indians.

The vigor of Toddles's attack upon his captor fairly made Ben's blood run cold at the thought of such rash behavior. Surely the Indian would not tolerate it another instant. He would — oh, what might he not do? At the very idea Ben's rifle was slowly raised and aimed. There was a flash, a sharp report, and then the Indian wheeled about, quite unhurt.

Ben crouched down behind a tree to reload.

There was a brief agonized cry as the savage violently dashed Toddles to the ground, and



"IT WAS FROM BEHIND A TREE THAT BEN GOT HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF TODDLES."

Ben, scarcely knowing what he did, cocked his reloaded gun and sprang out of hiding. In a moment the Indian was nowhere to be seen, but Toddles lay quite still on the ground beneath a tree.

Ben knew that the redskin was but in hiding; the sound of a shot and the sting of a ball might at any moment disclose his whereabouts. The boy dared not even steal another glance at his brother. And he was just about to crouch down again when the expected shot rang out.

Ben dropped to the ground,—he did not know whether he was hit or not,—and crawled behind a tree. There he hid, waiting for a chance to take aim at his enemy.

It was a terrible game of hide-and-seek. The red man darted from behind his covert, but vanished again before Ben could even take aim. The boy believed himself exposed to the enemy's fire, and, quick as thought, he rolled over. The next instant a ball dug up the ground where he had been lying. Then he made a dash for a sheltering boulder, firing, as he ran, in the direction from which the shot had just come. A few minutes of silence followed, during which every twig and leaf and shadow about Ben seemed suspiciously aquiver. He felt that his hidden enemy was creeping upon him; he keenly realized his own inferiority in woodcraft and cunning, and felt there could be but one end to the game he was playing. But he intended to keep it up as long as he could. He felt no fear, only a strange tensity of nerve and a quickening of every sense. His hearing had never been so keen, his sight so quick, his brain so cool and clear; and the hand at the trigger of his rifle was as steady as though he were merely hunting a squirrel.

If the red man would expose himself for but one instant, Ben believed he could be the first to fire; if but the faintest motion or sound would give warning, he felt he might avoid the enemy's aim. But this prolonged silence seemed to be a part of eternity.

It may have been intuition rather than actual perception — but surely a snake was gliding somewhere near. Ben turned like a cat, and his quick blue eye seemed to pierce the underbrush about. No, there was nothing; the tremulous shadow of a wind-swayed bough must have deceived him. But there, over by a great rock, was a deeper shadow — and a flash. The two rifles blazed out almost instantaneously, and the reports were followed by a savage yell.

Ben dropped on his knees, a hand to his left shoulder. But he did not know it was there. He was watching the Indian. Was the fellow wounded, or was he only shamming? Was he going away, or was he coming nearer? And surely it was getting dark — dark and cold. Toddles was out alone in the dark and cold. And everywhere, behind trees and rocks, amid the underbrush, were Indians — creeping, creeping. Or were they snakes? At all events, it would not do to leave Toddles alone. He might be frightened, or hurt.

Ben crawled slowly from behind his rock. He did not know he was crawling, but he felt he made slow progress, and he tried to hasten. It was no use; it was like a nightmare in which he can move just so fast and no faster.

Ben did not see the little red trail that followed him; he scarcely saw anything — not even Toddles, who sat up wide-eyed and stopped crying at this vision of his big brother creeping slowly toward him.

A little later Toddles crept over to Ben. The chubby legs were too shaky as yet to do service. But he had forgotten about his own pain in this new wonder. In all Toddles's experience Ben had never looked and acted that way.

"Wake up, Ben! Wake up!" He shook the inert figure. He poked a chubby, dirty finger at the closed lids. But it was no use. Then he tugged his hardest at Ben's sleeve, but still with no result. Finally, being very tired and feeling heavy about the eyes, he nestled close up to his big brother, drew the unhurt arm about his little body, and went fast asleep.

That is how, just as dusk was falling, the search-party from Hamilton's station found the two. Spot led the way, and, nearing them, began to whine dolefully. So Mr. Hamilton's heart stood still as he dismounted. He did not know at all what he had found, and was afraid to learn. For once the sturdy frontiersman felt

himself unequal to the business in hand, and it was another one of the party who knelt over the boys and listened breathlessly for the beating of their hearts. The others dismounted and stood about, their stern faces tender and pitiful.

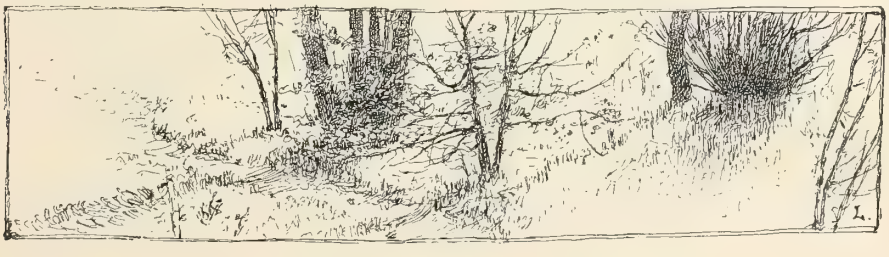


"JUST AS DUSK WAS FALLING, THE SEARCH-PARTY FROM HAMILTON'S STATION FOUND THE TWO."

When Toddles was lifted up he opened his eyes and murmured drowsily, "Ben tummed, but he went wite as'eep." But the man who was still kneeling over Ben raised his head just then, and looked at Mr. Hamilton with shining eyes. "His heart is n't so weak," he said. "I reckon he 'll come round all right."

And so he did. The injured shoulder was somewhat troublesome, but nothing for a frontier boy to make a fuss about. The men who followed the Indian's trail until it was lost in a stream judged that he had been severely wounded, for he had evidently crawled all the way to the brook; and they declared that Ben was already a famous "Injin-fighter."

Toddles, however, revealed the true hero of the occasion. Looking up into the adoring face of his mother as he lay in her arms, he remarked coolly: "Mammy, I beat the bad Injin, and I beat him, and I beat him, until he had to let me go — and then he yunned away!"

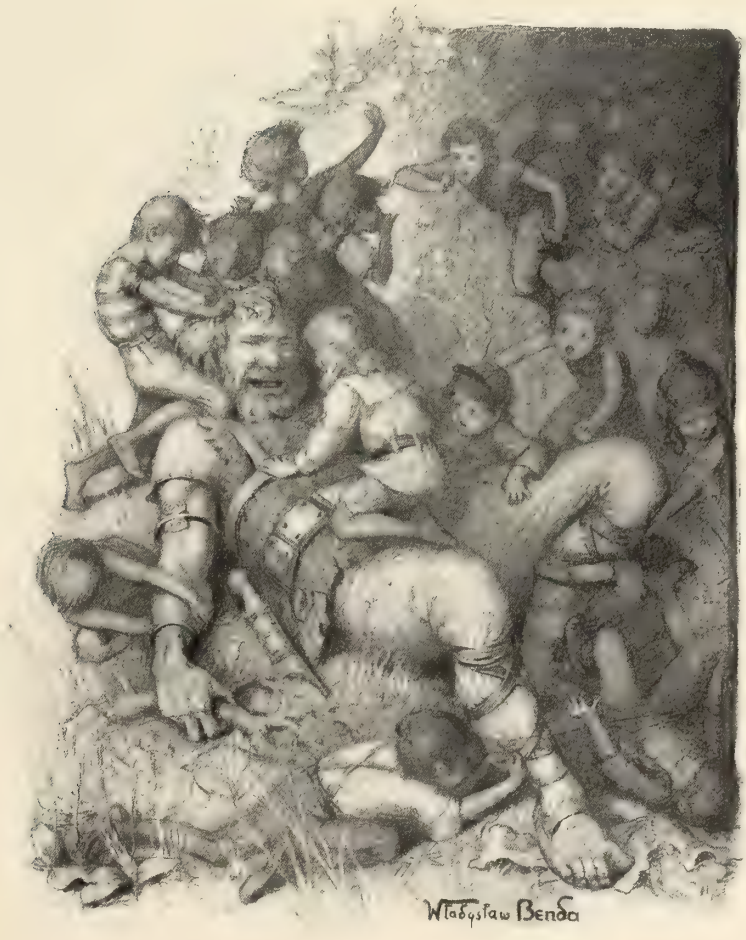




FAR back in the years, far back in the time
When beasts could reason and birds could rhyme,
There lived a giant so blithe and gay
That the whole of his life was a game of play.
He was the man, as the wise folks say,
Who invented the games you like to play,
Of blindman's-buff and of prisoners'-base,
And who found out the way to run a race,
Besides contriving all kinds of toys —
Dolls, kites, and marbles — for girls and boys.
Whenever he thought of a good new game,
He 'd settle the rules and find it a name,
And then to the school he 'd go and pray
The mistress to grant a holiday;
And she did n't like, of course, to refuse
A giant that stood ten feet in his shoes:
His temper, as every one knew, was good,
But still — ten feet in his shoes he stood.
So very often it came about
That the children were then and there let out,
And off they all went — " Hip, hip, hurray! " —
With that gentle giant to spend the day.
Then they 'd all make a rush, and pretend that he
Was a very dangerous enemy;

And though he would seem to struggle his best,
They 'd soon get him down and sit on his chest,
Rumple his hair and pull his beard
And threaten his life, until it appeared
That he had a new game in his head, which he
Would show them all if they 'd set him free.
And so, till the shades of evening came,
They 'd play at this new and delightful game,
While the jolly birds and the beasts joined in
And lent their voices to swell the din.

Now whether the giant is living yet
I cannot tell, but I do not forget
That my nurse used to say, with a serious face,
When I asked his name and his dwelling-place,
That she 'd reason to think, from common rumor,
That he lived at home and was called Good Humor.



HOW DAUBIGNY DECORATED HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

Charles-François Daubigny is the name of a famous artist. He was not, however, always famous, and once he was a little boy, playing around and having fun just as you do.

Now in France some mothers do strange things. It is their custom to send their tiny baby children off into the country to be taken care of by a farmer's wife. When they are older and are less trouble to their parents, they are brought back to live at home. This is what happened to the little Charles. No doubt he enjoyed it very much, however, for all children like the country. When he grew up to be a big man, his passionate love for the country continued, and he chose a home near the very place where he had been brought up.



"AND ON THE WALL, AT THE BACK OF THE BED, WAS PAINTED AN APPLE-TREE — THE FIRST SIGHT TO GREET HER EYES EVERY MORNING."

The name of this place is Auvers-sur-Oise, and it is a little town not far from Paris. It is not at all like an American village, with its new houses and barns, but is merely a collection of old stucco houses, one church, also old and picturesque, and a few straggling shops.

Here he made a home for himself and his family, and it was here that some of his most famous pictures were painted. He had a queer boat built on which he lived for days at a time, moving about on the river at his will. Thus he was able to secure effects one could get in no other way. It is not of this, however, that I wish to tell you. When you grow up, you may read a great deal yourself about this famous painter of nature.

What I wish to describe to you is the room

which he decorated for his little daughter, who liked fairy-tales just as much as American children like them. When people go to Auvers to see the famous painter's home, they are seldom shown this special room, which to young folks is certainly one of the most interesting in the whole house.



"AND RED RIDING HOOD JUST AS YOU KNEW HER IS THERE — AND THE WOLF IS THERE, TOO."

No doubt Daubigny spent much of his valuable time in decorating this room for the amusement of his little girl. It may not be work which added to his fame, but the love which inspired it is more lasting than fame.

The room is not large, but just large enough to be cozy and comfortable. The walls are all painted, and are divided into panels, in each of which are painted characters or scenes from the tales the fortunate little maiden liked best. I wonder if you would have chosen the same ones. The Fox and the Grapes occupy an important place; Hop o' my Thumb has a fine panel; and Red Riding Hood just as you knew her is there — and the Wolf is there, too, and ever so fierce.

At one end of the room was the dainty bed, with its French hangings, as you see it in the illustration, and on the wall, at the back of the bed, was painted an apple-tree — the first sight to greet her eyes every morning. It may have brought to her mind the memory of many happy hours passed in the shade of such a tree. There are birds flying hither and thither, and a nest is tucked away safely in the forks of the branches. In the nest are little speckled eggs, so beautifully painted that Mademoiselle Daubigny might almost have expected each morning to see them hatched out, and to find scrawny, yellow-billed birdlets in their stead.

Between the panels are painted toys strung together in the most tempting way, and above them all is a frieze of wild flowers — those which grow all around the town of Auvers: poppies, bluets, and others.

Can you imagine anything more charming to look at upon awaking in the morning?

Even the smallest works of this artist are worth many hundreds of dollars, so you see this young lady was very much favored. But when her kind papa had done so much and worked so long for her, his little daughter's delight in her room no doubt more than repaid him for all his trouble.

Valeria Inez Merrill.



A WINDY MARCH TO SCHOOL.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

By Eunice Ward.

The little doll from China and the little China doll
Sat looking at each other in surprise;
"That you were made in China," said the first,
"I can't believe,
For you see you have such funny round blue eyes."

"But I am made *of* china," said the haughty little blonde;
"I don't know why my word you choose to doubt;
And as for eyes, if mine were slanted watermelon seeds,
I really think I 'd rather do without."

The little doll from China and the little China doll
Sat looking at each other in despair.
"Why, all the dolls in China are brunettes like me," said one.
"Oh, no; a China doll is always fair!"

"But all the dolls in China have black hair that 's smooth and straight!"
"You 're wrong — a China dolly's hair is curled."
And both were right, yet both were wrong; because, you see, there are
So many kinds of china in the world!

OUR JOHNNY.

By Nixon Waterman.

When Johnny is playing outdoors with the boys,
He is bright as a brand-new penny;
In running and jumping and making a noise
He is seldom outdone by any.
But in learning his lessons in school, alas!
He is n't considered so clever;
For he frequently stands at the foot of his class,
At the head of it "hardly ever."

He can catch an idea as well as the rest,
For he 's fully as bright as his brothers;
But to master the language in which it 's expressed,
He never will try like the others.
One day when his teacher asked John to define
A circle, he thought of the riddle
A moment, and said: "It 's a round, straight line,
With a great big hole in the middle."

"And what is an island?" his teacher once asked;
And Johnny, who bravely aspired
To answer the question, was heavily tasked
To find the response she required.
But he put his whole mind right to work with a will,
And this is the answer it brought her:
"It 's a place in the sea where the bottom," said he,
"Sticks up more or less through the water."



ARCHIE, AFTER INSPECTING HIS LITTLE SISTER'S BIRTHDAY GIFTS: "*I* THINK *THIS* IS THE BEST OF THE LOT!"

CUTTING A HEMISPHERE IN TWO.

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

Before the present generation of children has grown up, an important feature of their geographies will be changed to describe North and South America as two great islands instead of one continuous continent. As the work of cutting the Western Hemisphere in two is in charge of the American government, there is little question about its final success. Modern machinery and methods of engineering work can accomplish what the French people failed to do a quarter of a century ago, and with American genius and enterprise back of the undertaking, the Panama Canal will doubtless soon be an accomplished fact.

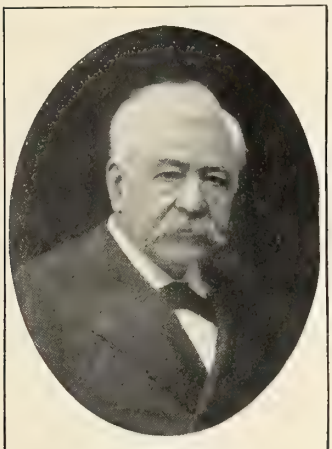
This great "dream of the navigator" is almost as old as the discovery of America. It was when the conviction spread abroad in Europe that Columbus had only discovered a new continent, and not a new western passage to the wealth of the Indies, that men of science and travel began to think of opening a navigable channel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As early as 1581, a survey was made to see if North and South America could not be cut in two. Captain Antonio Pereira, Governor of Costa Rica, explored a route by way of the San Juan River, the lake of the same name, and the rivers which empty into the Gulf of Nicoya, Costa Rica. This early survey was the first actual beginning of the story of Panama, which now promises to reach a conclusion within the next ten years. Diego de Mercado, about thirty-nine years later, made a survey of the Nicaragua route, and recommended to King Philip of Spain the construction of an interoceanic canal along the lines described by him.

From that time to the year when the French company, under the famous French engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps, essayed to cut the Isthmus of Panama in two, the Nicaragua and Panama routes have been periodically surveyed and re-surveyed until probably no other out-of-the-way corner of the earth has received half as much examination and geographical attention. Many schemes of constructing the canal were proposed. Navigators of all parts of the world realized the importance of the canal or of some other method of transportation across the isthmus. One of the boldest conceptions was made by an American engineer, James B. Eads, who proposed to construct at Tehuantepec a railroad from ocean to ocean, or rather from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, capable of carrying the largest ships. Gigantic engines and flat-cars were to be built to run on double tracks. These cars were to run down an incline into great locks, so that ocean steamers could be floated upon them. Then the engines would cross the narrow tongue of land and launch the steamers in the ocean opposite. In this novel way the journey around the world, or from Europe to the East Indies, would not be interrupted, and passengers could go to sleep on the Atlantic and wake up the next morning on the Pacific.

But the great ship railroad was never built, and the agitation for digging the canal to cut the Western Hemisphere in two was continued. The great scheme possessed a peculiar fascination for men of science and commerce; but it was not until 1879 that the first positive step was taken to realize the dream of the ages. In that year an international congress was held in Paris, and before it appeared Ferdinand de Lesseps to espouse the cause of a French engineering company, organizing to undertake the work of separating North and South America by a ship-canal.

The Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land, scarcely twenty-one miles wide at its narrowest point; but the canal, owing to the character of the land, would have a total length of about forty-six miles. To cut a ship-canal of this length, the early French company estimated, would cost 843,000,000 francs, which later was reduced by De Lesseps to 600,000,000 francs, or about $120,000,000 of our money. This huge cost did not deter the people of France from buying the bonds and stocks of the Panama Canal Company, and the money was soon raised. The

genius of the company was the man who had constructed the Suez Canal, and his presence at the head of the undertaking was sufficient to give faith and confidence to all. De Lesseps himself was so confident of his success that he extended invitations to prominent men all over the world to attend the opening of the canal in 1888.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

The first shipment of machinery and workmen arrived in Colon on February 21, 1881, and almost immediately began one of the most dramatic stories of modern times. Fraud, incompetency, mismanagement, and lack of knowledge of the grave conditions that confronted the contractors on the isthmus combined to delay the work, and in time to wreck the company. The inside history of the story may never be made perfectly plain to the world. Millions of dollars' worth of machinery that was never used was shipped to the isthmus, and even to-day much of it is rotting and rusting there in the tropical climate. The whole length of the proposed canal is marked by these monuments to man's mismanagement and greed. Extensive camps and hospitals were built on the route of the canal, and thousands of workmen were sent down, only to die in the fever-ridden climate or to return home disgusted.

The French canal company purchased the Panama Railway in 1882 to facilitate the work in digging the big ditch. But so inhospitable was the climate that thousands of lives were sacrificed to the undertaking.



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS IN HIS CHILDREN'S PONY-CART.

What has been termed by Yankee visitors to

the isthmus as "the white ghost of the canal" slew its victims by the hundreds. This white ghost was nothing more than the miasmatic fog or mist rising from the disturbed soil. The hot, moist climate of the isthmus is naturally weakening to those not accustomed to it. Rank vegetation springs up in a night and covers the soil with thick, fleshy leaves and vines. These die, and decompose in layers. When disturbed the soil releases poisonous gases, which spread fevers and disease around. This white ghost of the canal hovered over the camps of the French contractors, and killed off their workmen and engineers by the hundreds.

The canal did not progress rapidly. Unexpected engineering difficulties appeared to delay its completion, besides the climate and the mismanagement of the funds. One of these was the control of the Chagres River, which discharged some 75,000 cubic feet of water per second. Another trouble was the action of the silt, which tended to fill up the canal almost as fast as it was excavated unless special precautions were taken to prevent it. A third insurmountable difficulty was that of the tropical growth of trees, vines, and plants. So rank and luxuriant were the growths that within a few weeks after excavation they would fill with a network of roots and leaves the ground that was opened. Work that was not properly planned had to be done over again several times. Portions of the canal that were neglected a few weeks would present at the end of that time a new problem for the contractors. Discouragement after discouragement followed, and finally, when the funds began to give out, the few honest, devoted engineers lost heart. They knew that the canal could not be finished under the auspices of their company. Much of the machinery sent to them proved unfit for the work demanded.

More funds were raised between 1882 and 1888, and then the French public grew suspicious and refused to subscribe more. The crash came in 1889, when the company was forced to suspend. In 1890 a commission was sent to the isthmus to report on the actual condition of affairs. It found not more than a fifth of the work finished, and $50,000,000 worth of machinery, houses, and equipments rotting away. At Colon the finished portion of the canal was filling in, while the harbor itself was being filled with the silt from the canal, so that it would require deepening to make it navigable for large ships.

The whole unfortunate story of the scandal followed. An extension of time for finishing the canal was granted by the government of Colombia to the French Panama Canal Company, and an effort was made to resume operations. In 1892 the charge was made on the floor of the French Chamber of Deputies that the canal company had wasted the funds of the subscribers, and had bribed no less than one hundred deputies. An official investigation followed. Over 800,000 people of France had invested in the canal, and about $156,400,000 had been raised; but of this vast amount not more than $88,000,000 were really spent upon the excavation and construction of the canal.

In spite of this stupendous fraud, a new company was organized in 1894–95, which estimated the cost of completing the canal at $110,000,000. The following year a strike among the workmen on the isthmus caused uneasiness in France, and when charges were made of another scandal it was impossible to raise further money. These charges proved untrue, but French prestige on the isthmus was lost and French confidence in the scheme exhausted. France had lost her opportunity through the dishonesty of those to whom the work was intrusted. Most of the officers of the first company were arrested, including Ferdinand de Lesseps and his son Charles.

The feeling against the company was bitter in France; but in spite of it there was widespread sympathy for the "grand old man" who had started the enterprise. M. de Lesseps was over eighty years of age when the exposure surprised the world, and he never recovered from it. He died within a short time, and his death was mourned by tens of thousands of Frenchmen who had lost their money in his scheme. Whether De Lesseps was aware of the frauds practised by the company is something that has never been definitely proved. There were not lacking plenty who believed him innocent. He died with the glory of building the Suez Canal as his chief recommendation for

fame; but his name will forever be intimately associated with the Panama Canal.

The second chapter in the story of the Isthmus of Panama opens with the United States. Up to this time American engineers had favored the Nicaragua route; but with the failure of the second French Panama Canal Company public attention in this country was directed to the isthmus. The United States government sent several commissioners to the isthmus to report on the feasibility of buying up the French rights and property.

The first American commission reported that a canal could be completed at an expenditure of $67,000,000 by way of Nicaragua, but later this estimate was raised to $140,000,000.

In 1889 President McKinley sent another commission south to study the problem of cutting the hemisphere in two. Negotiations were begun with the directors of the old French Panama Company, and after years of fruitless work it was decided to transfer the rights of France to America. According to this agreement, the United States government is to pay to the French Panama Canal Company $40,000,000 for all its rights and privileges. It is further estimated by the American Panama Canal Company, which receives the property and



MAP SHOWING THE PROPOSED ROUTES OF THE PANAMA AND THE NICARAGUA CANALS AND THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY.

concessions, that $184,233,358 will be required to complete the forty-six miles of canal.

Since the ratification of this agreement by the two countries, events have moved rapidly on the isthmus, and every boy and girl must be familiar with the changes that created the new Republic of Panama.

The third chapter of the story of the canal begins with the events of to-day, and may end within ten years, when, it is predicted, our country will throw open the canal to the commerce of the world. Will American control of the canal complete within this time one of the most important engineering schemes the world has ever faced? In paying to the French shareholders $40,000,000, the American company acquires the right to all the machinery and plant equipments on the isthmus; but the engineers in calculating the cost took no note of this neglected property. Of the $20,000,000 worth of machinery on the isthmus, including miles of steel rails, scores of steamers, dredges, scores of machine-shops, and acres of dump-cars, probably not more than one tenth will ever prove of any actual value. So injurious to iron and steel is the effect of the tropical climate that much of the machinery is rusted beyond repair. Some of it, it is said, has become so rotten that one can push a hat-pin through it almost as easily as if it was so much cheese.

There are nearly 2500 buildings on the isthmus belonging to the company, and accommodations for nearly 20,000 laborers. The hospitals are valued at a million dollars, and the machine-shops at half as much more. But everything is in a sad state of decay and neglect. On all sides stand monuments to the criminal folly and mismanagement of the early company. The canal route is to-day covered over with a luxuriant growth of plants, vines, and trees; but scratch the surface anywhere and there come to light the most unexpected signs of French workmanship. Every sort of article, from kitchen utensils to locomotives and dump-carts, appears half embedded in the soil.

Engineering science and sanitary science have both advanced with wondrous strides since those early days of activity on the isthmus, and it may be that the problem of digging the canal is not now so formidable an undertaking as many imagine. For one thing, engineers know how to fight fevers and disease in the tropics as never before, and the workmen will be safeguarded from the climate in every possible way. Numerous hospitals and sanitary camps will be established among the first things, and those who go to dig the canal will not leave behind them all hope of surviving their work.

The value of the canal to the commerce of the world can be readily understood by any girl or boy who will refer to a common map of the world. Both the United States and Europe will reap great benefits from it. By the present route, steamers sailing from New York to San Francisco by way of the Strait of Magellan must cover some 13,090 miles, including the usual stops required for coaling. When the canal across the Isthmus of Panama is opened, the distance will be shortened to 5294 miles — a saving of nearly 8000 miles. Steamers bound from European ports would find almost equal advantages. Those sailing from Hamburg to San Francisco would have their present route shortened by 5648 miles.

Steamers sailing from New York to Australia and New Zealand now go by the way of Cape of Good Hope. By going through the new canal this route would be shortened between 3500 and 5175 miles, according to the port they were bound for. Our ships from the Atlantic seaboard must now pass through the Suez Canal to reach China and Japan in the most direct way. The total distance from New York to Yokohama, Japan, is 13,040 miles, and through the Panama Canal it would be reduced to 10,088 miles. From New York to Shanghai, China, the saving in distance through the canal would amount to 1339 miles. To the Oriental countries the saving is thus not so great as along our own coast and to our Pacific Ocean possessions, owing to the fact that China and Japan are nearly opposite us on the globe. But to Hawaii there would be a distinct saving of 6581 miles.

Saving in time and distance does not mean so much to sailing vessels, but it is very important to ocean steamers. With coal at three or four dollars per ton wholesale, the saving in money from a trip through the Panama Canal would quickly mount up into thousands of dollars. It

is estimated that from New York to San Francisco the actual saving in coal for the average freight steamer would be $3000. The saving in time would be even more important. A steamer on this line makes only about two round trips a year through the Strait of Magellan, but through the Panama Canal at least five round trips a year probably could be made.

It might be interesting to go further into figures to show how much the Panama Canal would benefit the world, such as the total tonnage that would be likely to pass through the narrow waterway each year, and the extra number of passenger ships that would ply between New York and San Francisco; but sufficient has been said to convince any one of the great need of this new waterway. By dividing a hemisphere, man will create a new commerce of the world, and bring the countries of both sides of the globe into closer relationship. Next to girdling the globe with submarine cables, therefore, this work of cutting through the Isthmus of Panama will prove, it is hardly too much to say, the most important commercial event of the age.



LAZY COOMARASAWMY.

(*An East Indian Fairy Tale.*)

By George Sylva.

MANY years ago, before the king of monkeys, Hanumau, had assisted Kirshna to drive the fairies out of India, there lived outside the village of Paudinagar (near Belgaum) an old Hindu of the *koonbi* or cultivator caste, with his large family of sons. One fine night, after the old man had been working hard all the day long, he lay down to rest at last; but first he said to his sons, "What work will you boys do this moonlight night? It is as bright as day, and young men must work whenever there is light."

So the oldest said, "Father, I will plow all night long, and never feel tired"; the second said, "I will make willow baskets to sell"; the third said, "And I will twist a coil of yarn into rope." So six of the sons answered cheerfully, "We will work all night long for our good old father."

But lazy Coomarasawmy, the seventh son, only yawned as he replied, "I would like to lie on my back all the night in the moonlight, with a fairy to fan me, a fairy to light my hooka for me, a fairy to give me lemonade to drink, and a very pretty fairy to talk to me."

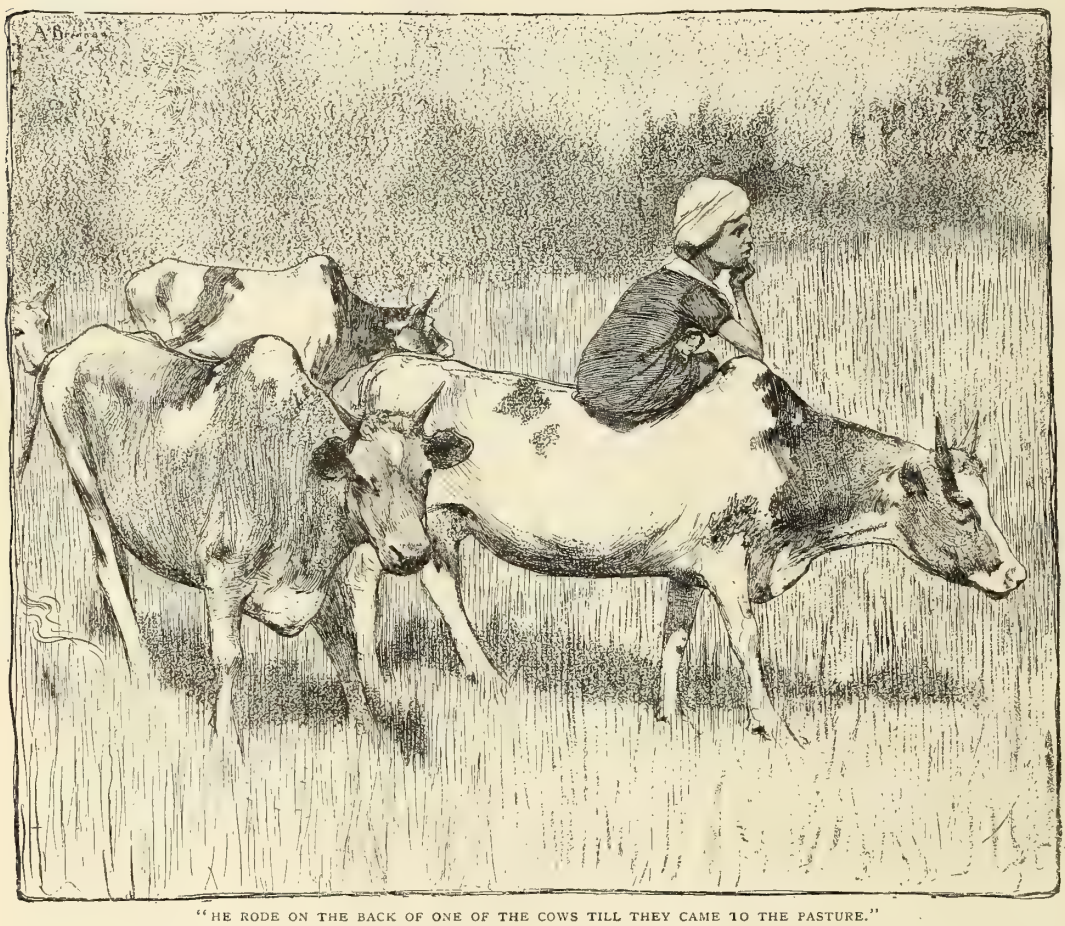
So the father said, "You are a good-for-nothing vagabond!" and turned him out of the house with these words:

"Do not come back until you have cut three mounds of wood, of eighty-four pounds each, and brought them to me on your back."

The boy replied, "I will cut no wood, and

you shall see my face no more." And then he wandered along without food or shelter till next morning, when he reached an old woman's cottage. Being too lazy to go farther, he sat down there. She invited him in, but would give him food only after he had promised to go and watch her cows during the daytime. "I don't object to that," said Coomarasawmy, "because I can lie on my back in the shade of the mango-tree, and perhaps a mango will fall into my mouth without my troubling to pick it." So he ate the food and went with the cattle; but when he was out of the old woman's sight he rode on the back of one of the cows till they came to the pasture; there he lay down in the shade, and ate fallen mangos and drank milk from the fallen cocoanuts, and rode back at nightfall. "This work will suit me very well," said Coomarasawmy, "only there are no fairies." The old woman said, "There are plenty on the south side of the forest, but you must not go there." On the following days he rode on the cow to the north side, to the east, and to the west, and on the fourth day the cow took him to the south side.

There the fairies were dancing in a beautiful little glade, having laid their magic wands under a champak-tree in full flower. When Coomarasawmy saw them he opened his eyes with wonder; then he directed the cow to the champak-tree, and with a lazy movement he picked up one of the magic wands and rode away with it. Presently the fairy whose wand he had taken saw him, and opened her wings and flew after him, crying, "Turn, Coomarasawmy! Turn and look at my wondrous beauty!" So he turned round to look at her, and when her eyes met his eyes he became like a stone statue and fell



"HE RODE ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE COWS TILL THEY CAME TO THE PASTURE."

to the ground, after which the fairy took back her wand from him.

Now the old woman was somewhat of a witch, and knew all about the fairies and their ways; so when she missed the boy she guessed what had befallen him; so she went out to seek him, and soon she found him lying like a fallen statue of stone, on the south side of the forest. There she offered a basket of champak and rosary flowers to Parvathi, the goddess who controls the fairies, and on the third day the boy came to himself again. The old woman warned him that the fairies would now always have power over him unless he could get superior power over them, and she said: "You must return to-morrow to this place, and again take the fairy's wand; then, when she calls you to look back, you must shut your eyes, and she will have no power over you; and whilst you keep the wand the fairy will be as your slave and you as her master."

All happened as the old woman predicted, and when Coomarasawmy rode away with the wand and the fairy called on him to look back, he only said, "I saw you once before, and I am too lazy to turn round again." So he took back the magic wand safely to the old woman, who hid it in a small cranny between the hearthstones of her hut, and covered it over with ashes. But the old witch-woman also laid a spell upon Coomarasawmy, so that he suddenly became small like a baby, only with the senses of a man. Next day the fairy disguised herself as a beautiful girl, and came to the old woman's house, saying, "I have lost my magic wand, which your grandson stole while I was dancing." The old woman replied, "Here is no one but me and the baby; surely a baby could not steal your wand." Then the fairy remained in the house as the old woman's servant, and every day while she lived there the white hen laid an egg of pure gold, and the baby grew one inch every day till he was six feet high and a splendid, handsome man, to whom the fairy was as a slave.

The old woman then called the priest to marry them, and, keeping the eggs as her fortune, dismissed the young couple from her house, warning Coomarasawmy never to give back the wand to his fairy wife.

Every day the wife was most obedient to her husband, and every day he succeeded in everything he undertook, because he had the hidden wand and that gave him magic and good luck. He killed every animal when he went hunting; he found sapphires and rubies when he dug in the white sand; the beans which he planted grew into cinnamon and nutmeg trees; the fowls laid golden eggs, and he became the richest man in all the country.

But at nightfall each day his wife said to him: "Light of my heart, where have you hidden my wand?" For one year he refused to tell her, and during that year he was always prosperous and happy. But at last he was too lazy to deny any more, and said: "It is hidden in one of the crannies between the hearthstones of the old witch-woman's hut."

That night, while he slept, she rose softly and stole away to the hut, and brushed the ashes from the hearthstones, and searched in the crannies till she found the magic wand. And then she joyfully flew away as a fairy again.

In the morning Coomarasawmy missed her, but, suspecting nothing, he went tiger-hunting upon his horse. As soon as the tiger saw him it sprang out and killed him, for his magic power was gone; and at the same time his house was struck by lightning and everything was burned.

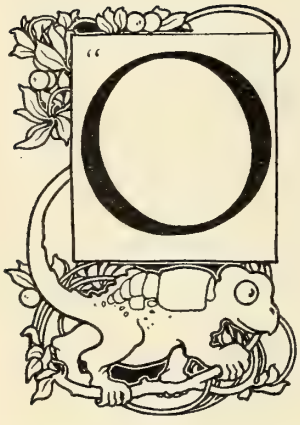
But the old woman still keeps the golden eggs, and counts her riches carefully every day.



THE SQUG.

(*A Nonsensical Story.*)

By Willis B. Hawkins.



"*Larry o' Six,*
Did you ever hear tell
Of the island of Nix,
Where the Nothings all dwell?"

I will tell you a story of Larry o' Six,
Who made him a kite without paper or sticks.
He thought it was foolish to fly it with string,
So he flew it one morning with never a thing;
And when it went up he caught hold of its tail,
For the joy of his life was to go for a sail.

He sailed and he soared till he found it so cold
That he wrapped himself snug in the warm, fleecy fold
Of a big, fluffy cloud, which he reached out and took
From the sky, where it hung without ever a hook.
Then he soared and he sailed till he passed, in his flight,
The homes of the creatures we dream of at night —
The Wew and the Wimpoo, the Grix and the Jhee,
And others, that people on earth never see.

When he came to the place where he wanted to stop
He simply let go (if *you* tried it you 'd drop —
Unless you were dreaming; of course, in that case,
You yourself could step airily off into space).

He dug a deep hole in the top of the air,
And covered it over with very great care,
So that no one could find it and take it away
While he was asleep at the bottom some day.
But when he jumped into the hole he had dug,
He lit on the back of a short-legged Squg.

Now a Squg is a wonderful creature to see:
Its head is put on where its tail ought to be;
So it turns end for end when it comes into sight,
And seems to think that brings its head and tail right.
Its body is made without flesh, skin, or bone,
And its legs, I am told, are not always its own;
For, whenever it happens to want a few more,
It goes to a second-hand furniture store
And takes them from any old table or chair,
And fastens them on to itself anywhere.
So, you see, when it walks they go flippity-flop,
And its gait is a jerkity hippity-hop.

Some folks would have felt in a pretty bad fix
Astride of a Squg, as was Larry o' Six;
But he did n't care, for he knew, all the time,
That the creature was made up of nothing but rhyme.

"Hello!" said the Squg, and it spoke without voice,
For a Squg, in such matters, can take its own choice;

It can say what it will without using a word,
And is best understood when it has n't been heard.
"I hope," said the Squg, "I am not in the way,
For, as long as I 'm here, I suppose I must stay;
And should any one ask you how that comes about,
You can say that what 's in here is never found out.
Now that," said the Squg, giving Larry a poke,
"Is what I should call an exceeding good joke.
And here is another I made up myself —
After getting the point from a cute little elf,
Who told me that all my acquaintances say
I am nearest to them when I 'm farthest away.
But that does n't matter; we folks of the air
Are as apt to be here as we are to be there.
Indeed, there are times when I doubt myself so
That I cannot be sure whether I am or no."

In a mystical manner they chatted along
Until Larry proposed that the Squg sing a song.
"I would," said the Squg, "but I never have sung
Since to-morrow, the day a bell borrowed my tongue."
So Larry missed hearing a marvelous thing,
For this is the song that the Squg did n't sing:

O Larry o' Six,
Did you ever hear tell
Of the island of Nix,
Where the Nothings all dwell?

The island itself
Is the shadow of Naught,
And lies in the ocean
Of Fanciful Thought.

'T is peopled by those
Who have had to go there —
If they had n't they could n't
Have gone anywhere.

There are Figures rubbed out
From the blackboard and slate;
There are Words that have lived
But are now out of date.

There are Years that have gone;
There are Dreams that have been;
There are Odors of roses
And all their dead kin.

There are Lights that are out;
There are Debts that are paid;
And all of the Noises
That ever were made.

There the Green of last summer,
The Dark of last night,
And the Cold of last winter
Are living all right.

All the Wishes of life
That have never come true,
And the things we 've forgotten —
They 're living there, too.

For the island of Nix
Is a wonderful spot,
And the only things there
Are the things that are not.

When the Squg had concluded not singing this song,
He said that he thought he 'd be going along;
And Larry, who had nothing better to do,
Remarked that he might as well go along, too.





THE GRIZZLY BEAR.



By J. M. Gleeson.

An early blizzard surprised a huge grizzly bear while he was still looking for a safe place in which to "hole up" for a good long sleep. He probably did not like it at all, but his face showed no change, doubtless because he could not possibly look uglier if he tried. His wicked little eyes rolled about in search of comfort: a good, warm, well-protected hole under a tree or among the rocks, or even some such dainty morsel as a small animal or bird hiding away from the storm. The noisy roar of the blizzard as it swirled down the mountain-side drowned the solid pounding of his huge feet and the scraping of the long, ivory-like claws against the rocks. Suddenly he stopped short: a varying hare, not yet quite white, was sleeping in the shelter of a little bush near by. He had almost passed it, when, out of the corner of his eye, he detected a tuft of pinky-white fur; a few cautious steps, and, with a growl, his mighty foot came down. He growled just a fraction of a second too soon: there was a flash of pinky-white, two long white legs shot out like lightning, and the paw struck the warm spot where the hare had been sleeping.



What a monster he was as he stood there, looking about! His eyes small, dull, and sullen, his long head swinging slowly from side to side on the powerful neck, the fringed under lip dropped loosely, making a hideous grinning expression and exposing the purplish gums and the strong yellow teeth. The driving sleet clung to his coarse coat, giving him a still more grizzled appearance. His long claws, curved like simitars, were worn flat on the ends, where they struck the ground with a snap as he walked.



Was ever animal more fitly named — Grizzly Bear? The very sound of the word evokes a host of grim, fearsome pictures; and his scientific title, *Ursus horribilis*, is even more significant. In captivity he stalks restlessly to and fro, or more often swings round and round in his narrow prison; the great paws may be stretched through the bars to seize and draw in some offered morsel of food, but there is no joyousness in the action or any expression of pleasure. All the other bears are more or less playful, some of them very much so, affording, when in captivity, endless amusement for the spectators. Who has not watched with delight the mighty rompings and wrestlings of the great white bear of the frozen north, or the never-ending games of the various black bears? Funniest of all are the smooth-coated little Malayan sun-bear and the shaggy black sloth-bear of India that Kipling has made so familiar under the name of "Baloo." But the grizzly never plays and apparently never feels happy; if he has not a grudge against the whole world, he at least is not going to add to its amusement if he can help it. The cubs, of course, like all young animals, are playful, but their mother never joins in their frolics. She takes good care of them, however, and they roam about, hunting and sleeping together for a couple of years, when the youngsters independently wander off and shift for themselves.



In the old days, before the deadly magazine rifle was invented, hunting the grizzly was a very different affair, and no animal on the American continent was more dreaded, his fierceness and vital force when wounded filling the most reckless of hunters with a wholesome dread. It was not at all unusual for a grizzly with a bullet through his heart to pursue and tear to pieces the hunter, whose long single-barreled muzzle-loading rifle, with its one round lead bullet, was altogether inadequate for such a contest.

It is a strange thing, too, that while the grizzly bear is an omnivorous feeder, living on anything from roots and nuts to steer and buffalo meat, he has never been known to devour human flesh.

In the days of Kit Carson the grizzly had not learned to look upon man as a foe to be shunned at any cost, but the quick-firing magazine rifle has taught him that if he possibly can he must keep out of man's sight. He has now been driven back into the almost inaccessible solitudes of the northwestern Rocky Mountains, and the sportsman who wishes to add his pelt and dangling necklace of claws to his collection of hunting-trophies must travel far and endure much hardship and labor, for "old Ephraim," as he was called by the Western pioneers, is as cunning as he is fierce.



"THE DRIVING SLEET CLUNG TO HIS COARSE COAT, GIVING HIM A STILL MORE GRIZZLED APPEARANCE."



A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XIV.

MISS PENNYBACK IS PERPLEXED.

Miss Pennyback's sensations may be imagined when, opening her eyes the moment Mme. Tussaud disappeared, she found herself in bed in her own room.

"Gracious powers!" she murmured. "Where am I? How came I here?"

She sat up in bed and put her hand to her forehead.

"I fainted away in the kitchen," she mused. "I went downstairs to ascertain the cause of a midnight disturbance in the house, and I lost my senses at the extraordinary scene that presented itself. I must have fallen to the ground — I must have dropped the candlestick; and now here am I in my own apartment, without the least idea how I got here. How *did* I get here? Is it within the bounds of possibility that I walked upstairs in an unconscious state and got into bed without knowing it? No, it is not possible. But if it is not possible, how, I repeat, did I get here? I put my slippers on. I distinctly remember putting on my slippers and dressing-gown. How is it that they are off? Lucinda Pennyback, are you going mad?"

She was so terrified at the idea that she jumped out of bed and drew up the blind. The first blush of dawn was in the sky; the birds were twittering in the trees; within the house an eery silence prevailed.

Bewildered, she looked around the room. Everything was in order: the candle was in the candlestick — the candlestick which she recollected, or fancied she recollected, carrying down in her hand, with a lighted candle in it. She had struck a match to light it; she looked for the burnt match, and could not find it; and yet she recollected, or fancied she recollected, that she had put it in the match-tray. Her dressing-gown and slippers were on the seat of the chair.



"'WHERE AM I? HOW CAME I HERE?'"

More and more bewildered, Miss Pennyback opened the door, and creeping into the passage, leaned her head over the balustrade and listened. She heard not a sound; every one in the house, apparently, was asleep. She reëntered her room, closed the door, drew down the blind, and got into bed again.

"Let me recall the circumstances," she mused, her head now on her pillow. "Let me

marshal my confused thoughts. I wake up in the middle of the night and fancy I hear voices in the vicinity of the kitchen. I get up, put on my slippers, light the candle, and steal downstairs in my dressing-gown. I reach the kitchen stairs, and hear the sounds of revelry, which seem suddenly to stop at my approach. I open the door. The gas is lighted, and the room is full of strange company. In the momentary glance I cast around, I fancy I see kings in armor and queens in their royal robes. There is a man whose head almost touches the ceiling; there is a very small man; there is a Chinaman with a pigtail; there is a dreadful person in a black mask, carrying an ax — he looks like an executioner of olden times. All their heads are turned toward me — all their eyes are fixed upon my face. I hear Lucy's voice calling, 'Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!' Terrified out of my senses, I swoon away — and I know nothing more till I find myself in my own bed, with no signs around me that I had moved from it since I retired to rest after eating my supper. Compose yourself, Lucinda. There is but one solution of this strange, this singular mystery. You dreamed these things — you are under the spell of an extraordinary delusion. You must preserve the secret; you must not mention it to a soul, or it will be supposed you are going mad. I hope, Lucinda Pennyback, you are *not* going mad. It was all a delusion — yes, a delusion. And yet, and yet — "

The perplexed lady could get no further. She tossed about in bed for some time, but, being tired and exhausted, at length fell asleep again, and had the most frightful dreams.

Chapter XV.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

It would be difficult to say which of the two was the more astonished — Miss Pennyback when she found herself in bed after fainting away in the kitchen, or Mrs. Peckham, the cook, when she discovered the state of affairs in the special region over which she reigned. Pigeon-pie, beefsteak-pudding, ham and beef, roast chickens, cherry-tart, jellies, all gone; the nine-gallon cask of cider quite empty! What made the mystery still more mysterious, was the absence of any signs of disorder.

She sank down in a chair and gasped, and for a few moments her mind was like a clock which had suddenly stopped. When it was set going again, only one word escaped her lips:

"Burglars!"

She followed this up by coming to the conclusion that the whole family and every one of the servants, with the exception of herself, had been murdered, and now lay weltering in their gore; and she was undecided whether to pierce the air with a succession of screams or to run for the police. Before she had made up her mind, Belinda, eighteen years of age, scullery and kitchen maid, walked into the kitchen, rubbing the sleep out of her eyes with her knuckles. Molly, the parlor-maid, Maria, the housemaid, and Belinda slept together; Mrs. Peckham, as a superior person, had a sleeping-apartment to herself.

"Alive, Belinda?" gasped Mrs. Peckham.

"Yes, mum," answered Belinda, in the calmest of voices.

"Oh, Belinda!" groaned Mrs. Peckham.

"Yes, mum. Wot 's the matter, mum? 'Ave yer 'ad a fit? Shall I rub yer 'ands?"

"Belinda," said Mrs. Peckham, in a sepulchral tone, suddenly clutching the maid's arm, "how did you escape?"

Belinda was a young person who was never astonished. If you had fired a gun within a yard of her, she would not have been startled. So deeply steeped in sensationalism was she that had she met Gog and Magog in a country lane, she would have said, "'Ow d' yer do?" She was a passionate lover of romance, and the most blood-curdling and extravagant episodes in the most blood-curdling and extravagant stories that ever were written were accepted by her as perfectly reasonable and natural. Nothing frightened or startled her; she would have welcomed an earthquake, and have looked down into the depths of the earth for familiar faces; and when ghosts were spoken of, her one wish was to meet and shake hands with them.

"How did you escape, Belinda?" repeated Mrs. Peckham.

"How did I escape? From wot, mum?"

"From being murdered in your bed?"

Belinda's imagination began to work.

"It wos orfle, mum, orfle!"

"Yes — go on — tell me the worst."

Belinda desired nothing better. Her imagination became very active indeed.

"It wos in the middle of the night, mum —"

"Yes — yes?"

"In the *dead* middle of the night w'en I 'eerd 'em comin' up the stairs. 'Belinda,' sez I to myself, with my 'ead under the bedclothes so as they should n't 'ear me, 'Belinda,' sez I, 'look out. The blood-sprinkled ruffyungs is a-thustin' for yer blood.' With that, I crep' out o' bed, and ketched 'old of a rope. While I wos a-doin' of it, I 'eerd 'em outside comin' closer, and closer, and closer, and my 'eart ceased to beat. I felt as if buckets o' cold water wos runnin' down my back. Oh, mum, their footsteps sounded like the pant'ers in a Hindyen jingle! Afore they could spring on me, I throwed the rope out of the winder, and 'eld on to it like grim death. 'Belinda,' sez I to myself between my clenched teeth, 'it 's now or never. Yer life 'angs upon a thread.' Hinch by hinch I clum' down. That 's 'ow I escaped, mum."

"Oh, Belinda, did you hear Molly and Maria scream?"

"Scream, mum! They curdled my marrer. The minute I 'eerd 'em I said to myself, 'Belinda, save 'em!' Wot did I do but clum' up the rope ag'in, but alas! it wos not to be. The rope broke in the middle afore I wos 'arf-way up, and there I wos, transfixed in the hair."

"Dreadful, dreadful!" groaned Mrs. Peckham. "Those poor, poor girls! What 's to be done, Belinda? What 's to be —"

But she broke off here, and stared wildly at Mme. Tussaud, who at that moment entered the kitchen, and smiled at her and Belinda.

"Good morning," said the old lady, pleasantly.

"Good mornin', mum," said Belinda, perfectly composed.

Mrs. Peckham said nothing; she collapsed in her chair.

"Why don't you light the fire?" said Mme. Tussaud. "We shall all be wanting breakfast presently. I hope you will be able to give us something nice, for my people have moved in the very highest society, and they know how to appreciate good cooking. Come in, Henry; come in, Elizabeth."

Belinda, who was on her knees at the grate, turned her head and nodded genially at King Henry and Queen Elizabeth. It being her nature to accept everything, she accepted this. Mrs. Peckham threw her apron over her head and moaned.

"My dear woman," said Mme. Tussaud, removing the apron gently from the terrified woman's face, "what are you moaning for? We are friends of the family. You are Mrs. Peckham, I believe?"

"Y-y-yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Peckham, with chattering teeth.

"One of the best cooks in the country, I 've been told, and one of the most obliging. But I must introduce myself and my friends. I am Mme. Tussaud, and this is his Majesty King Henry VIII, known as 'bluff King Hal,' and this is her gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth — 'good Queen Bess,' you know."

Belinda whipped round on her knees, and, holding up her hands palm to palm, gazed adoringly at the royal personages. The young scullery-maid had paid one visit to the famous exhibition, and that the figures there should come to life and be able to roam the country was quite in accordance with her romantic notions. When Mme. Tussaud affably introduced herself by name to Mrs. Peckham, cook plucked up courage to raise her eyes; and her astonishment increased while her terror diminished — her feelings thereby undergoing an agreeable change.

She had visited the exhibition more than once, and had seen the royal personages who now stood before her. Of course it was all very wonderful, but there they were, and she had no doubt whatever that she was wide awake. She was a loyal subject, and as she could not possibly sit in the presence of royalty, she rose to her feet; and if her limbs still trembled, it was only natural.

"We came home with our dear Lucy rather late last night," continued Mme. Tussaud, "and we were all ravenously hungry; so what did we do but ransack your larder and make free with what we found there. We owe you a

thousand apologies, for we made sad havoc, I fear; but we washed up after we had done, and put everything back in its proper place. Lucy showed us how to do it all."

"Bless Miss Lucy's heart!" said Mrs. Peckham, beginning to be won over by the kind voice and benevolent face. "She does what she likes with me, and she 's welcome. Did she eat any of the cherry-pie I made for her?"



"'SCREAM, MUM! THEY CURDLED MY MARRER.'"

"Yes, she had two helpings," answered Mme. Tussaud. "Miss Lucy 's a great favorite of yours, I see."

"She is everybody's favorite. There 's nothing in the world I would n't do for her."

"She spoke so nicely of you, and she is hoping, as we all are, that she can count on your assistance in what we have come here to do."

"Nothing wrong, I hope, ma'am?"

"If it were wrong, would Lucy have anything to do with it? No, it is something good. The fact is — but can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Peckham, eagerly. "Try me."

"I will," said Mme. Tussaud. "The fact is, we are going to do our best to get rid of that dreadful creature, Lorimer Grimweed."

"And a good riddance to bad rubbish!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham. "That 's what I say, though it was my last word. I call it a downright shame to make Miss Lydia marry such a man!"

"It is breaking Lucy's heart as well as Lydia's. But she shall not be made to marry him. That is what we have to prevent, and that is what we want your help for, dear Mrs. Peckham."

"But what have you done to Molly and Maria?" said Mrs. Peckham, clasping her hands.

"You foolish creature, explain yourself."

"Are they alive — that 's what I want to know. Oh, ma'am, are they alive?"

"I see," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "You believe we have been murdering people in their beds. That 's a nice opinion to have of Lucy's friends! My dear woman, everybody here is alive — very much alive. Nobody's little finger is hurt."

"Look here," cried Mrs. Peckham, seizing Belinda, "what do you mean, you little story-teller, by telling me you heard Molly and Maria scream in such a manner as to curdle your marrow?"

"Oh, leave me alone, do!" replied Be-

linda. "It wos you as begun it. Did n't yer arsk me if I wos murdered in my sleep? If I *wos* murdered, 'ow could I answer yer?"

"There has been a little misunderstanding, I see," said Mme. Tussaud, "which you can settle by and by. My dear woman, what are you staring at me in that way for?"

"It only just come into my mind, ma'am," said Mrs. Peckham, speaking very slowly, "that if you was Mme. Tussaud you ought to be wax."

"Do you hear that, Harry?" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, merrily, and she and her two celebrities burst out laughing. "Wax! Shake hands, Mrs. Peckham — don't be afraid. There — does my hand feel like wax? If we were wax, could we laugh, and talk, and eat? You should have seen us last night doing justice to the good things you provided for us; it would have done your heart good. We resemble wax in one respect, though. We stick to our friends."

"That 's a good one, Mme. la Tussaud," said Henry VIII. "We stick to our friends! Ho, ho, ho! Tom of the Thumb will appreciate that. Our court jester could n't beat it. Ay, Mistress Peckham, we stick to our friends; and we will stick to our friends ma belle Lucie and fair Lydia — whose winsome face we have not yet beheld — till they are made happy. On my kingly word, we will!"

"I am glad you enjoyed your supper," said Mrs. Peckham, in a faltering voice.

"Their Majesties enjoyed it immensely. Did you not, Henry and Elizabeth?"

"The cooking was indifferent good," said Queen Elizabeth.

"Nay, Bess, it was perfection," said Henry VIII, who had been advised by Mme. Tussaud to win Mrs. Peckham's good graces. "We remember eating once a foreign delicacy termed a karum pie which we did not enjoy more than we did the cooking in Marybud Lodge." Mrs. Peckham curtsied; and Belinda, not to be behindhand, made a most elaborate sweep of her body. "We are looking forward to delicacies at thy hand, Mistress Peckham. See that thou disappoint us not."

"What would your Majesties like for breakfast?" asked Mrs. Peckham.

"Ah, that is a sensible question. It likes us much. There cometh to our memory a banquet we gave which, if thou canst emulate, thou shalt name thine own reward."

"Will your Majesty be good enough to give me the names of the courses? — and I will see what I can do."

"There are memories that never fade," said Henry VIII, pensively. "The names of the principal dishes are in our mind, and though many a year has passed over our head, their delicious perfume is still in our nostrils. There were capons of high gravy, saddles of venison, calvered salmon, custards planted with garters, godwits, peafowl, pickled mullets,— ha, ha! those pickled mullets!— porpoise in armor, Georges on horseback, halibut engrailed, herons, cygnets, perch in foyle, venison pasties, hippocras jelly, and mainemy royal. By my fay, that was a feast! A train of pages, the fairest in the land, dressed in fantastic habits of green and pink, waited upon us. There was one bright wench whose sparkling eyes —"

"Sire!" cried Elizabeth, warningly.

"'T is but a memory, Bess," said Henry, with a laugh that was half a sigh. "Canst compass such a feast as that, Mistress Peckham?"

The bewildered woman, whose eyes had grown larger and larger as the dishes were enumerated, mournfully shook her head.

"I don't think it can be managed in this house, your royal Majesty," she replied. "There 's a 'am in soak, but it won't be ready till evening. Capons, and custards, and jellies, perhaps —"

"Don't let it worry you, good Mrs. Peckham," said Mme. Tussaud. "His Majesty speaks of olden times, and I will wager my whole exhibition that modern cooking beats the ancient. It stands to reason, with such a nice range as you have there. Give us some bacon and eggs, some buttered toast, and a few pots of jam, and we shall manage very well."

Henry VIII smiled with delight. "Bacon and eggs! Buttered toast! Pots of jam! It sounds bravely, Mme. la Tussaud."

"I could do your Majesty an omelet," said Mrs. Peckham, taking heart.



LYDIA.

"In the French style, mistress?"

"Yes, your royal Majesty."

"'T is well. Do thy best, and we will not forget thee. Henry knows how to reward good service."

"Reward her now, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud. "You were ever generous."

"So be it," said Henry. "What wilt thou have, mistress? A title — lands — money?" Mrs. Peckham's breath was almost taken away at these words. "Nay, thou shalt have them all. We create thee Marchioness of Barnet, and do bestow upon thee a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand to be paid thee out of our treasury to support thy dignity."



"'RICHARD CŒUR DE LION IS KEEPING AN EYE ON RICHARD III, WHO, AS USUAL, IS NOT IN A VERY GOOD HUMOR.'"

"What do you think of that?" said Mme. Tussaud, almost choking with laughter. "Wonders will never cease, will they?"

"No, ma'am — they won't," gasped Mrs. Peckham.

"A marchioness! Oh, crikey, a marchioness!" cried Belinda, skipping about. "Oh, what will the butcher say!"

"And here," said Mme. Tussaud, taking a magic piece of paper from her pocket, "is a ticket for two for my exhibition. 'Admit bearer and friend.' It will do any day in the week."

"How *can* I thank you?" exclaimed Mrs. Peckham, gazing rapturously at the sacred pass.

It would be hard to say which she valued most — the title of Marchioness of Barnet, with a thousand marks a year in land and another out of the royal treasury to support her dignity, or the ticket for two to Mme. Tussaud's exhibition. It appeared to her as if her highest expectations in life were satisfied with that piece of paper in her hand. Belinda gazed so longingly at it that Mme. Tussaud said kindly, "Here is one for you, Belinda."

"Oh, mum — oh, mum — oh, mum!" sighed Belinda, and could say no more, her cup of joy was so full.

"Dost thou know, Bess," said Henry VIII, "that Mistress Peckham bears a wonderful resemblance to thy great-grandam, Elizabeth Woodville? Thou wert born to be a marchioness, Mistress Peckham."

"Bravo, Hal!" said Mme. Tussaud, aside, and then, aloud: "I must go up now to Lucy and Lydia."

And up she went, leaving Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth to entertain the Marchioness of Barnet and Belinda.

"Mme. la Tussaud," called Henry after her, "say to ma belle Lucie that we are pining for a sight of her sweet face."

CHAPTER XVI.

A LITTLE STORM IN THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

FAMILY breakfast in Marybud Lodge was served at nine o'clock, and a few minutes before that hour Mr. Scarlett walked into the breakfast-room. It was situated in the front of

the house, and looked out upon the lawn. A great cedar-tree spread its branches far and wide; beyond was the lawn-tennis ground; beyond that, and all around, flower-beds and fruit-trees in profusion. Cherries, apples, and pears throve in Marybud Lodge, as did also currants and gooseberries. The kitchen-garden was in a secluded part of the grounds.

The old gentleman had slept well, and of course was in no anxiety about Lucy not returning home on the previous night, as she was supposed to be safe with her friends in Cavendish Square, whom she was to visit — and would indeed have visited had it not been for her fortunate falling-in with Mme. Tussaud.

He looked on the breakfast-table for his letters; there were none. He looked for his newspapers; there were none. This violation of the regular routine of the day annoyed him, and he fussed and fidgeted about, and was poking here and there when Lydia entered the room; and as she did so everything looked so much brighter that it really seemed as if she must have brought a large supply of sunlight in with her.

You might walk twenty miles through city streets or country lanes without meeting a girl so delightfully sweet and pretty as Lydia. A bright, healthy English lass, neither too tall nor too short, neither dumpy nor thin, with hands and feet neither too small nor too large, with features well formed and a mouth full of the whitest ivory, set in the loveliest coral, with brown eyes that could glisten with fun or melt into tenderness, with a laugh so sparkling that when you heard it you could not help laughing with her, with a crown of brown hair which formed itself naturally into soft little curls (not too many of them) about her forehead, and hung in graceful profusion (when allowed) about her white neck and shoulders — in short, she was just such a girl as you would like (if you are a very young unmarried gentleman) to have for a wife. You cannot have her, for she is bespoke; but Lucy, who will be another Lydia, is growing up for you, and I wish you joy.

As Lydia entered the breakfast-room and kissed her papa she looked like a rose.

As her love affairs were not running smoothly, there must have been a reason for her gaiety. There was. Lucy, whom she was astonished to see in bed when she got up, had told her *all*. And when the first pleasant shock of the wonderful news had passed away, she eagerly awaited an introduction to Mme. Tussaud and the celebrities. Of course she was a little incredulous at first, but when Mme. Tussaud herself entered the room, the old lady gave Lucy an affectionate caress, and then turned to Lydia.

"You are Lydia," she said. "Give me a kiss, my dear. You are just what I expected Lucy's sister to be — only prettier; yes, my dear, really prettier — like a spring flower."

Lydia laughed and blushed, and kissed the "fairy godmother" without the least sign of fear.

"I have been down to the kitchen," said Mme. Tussaud, briskly, "and have made it all right with Mrs. Peckham. Oh, my dear Lydia, if you had been with us last night and seen the goings-on, you would never have forgotten it. What do you think, Lucy? Henry VIII has made Mrs. Peckham a marchioness."

"A *marchioness!*" exclaimed Lucy and Lydia, both together.

"Yes, my dears, the Marchioness of Barnet; so you must mind your p's and q's when you are ordering her about. Go down to her, Lucy; I will join you presently."

"Am I to go down, too?" asked Lydia.

"No, my dear. I want you to do something else. Well, Lucy, what are you waiting for?"

"I forgot to ask how they all are," said Lucy.

"My celebrities? Quite well, my dear. You will find Hal and Queen Bess in the kitchen, and the others are in the school-room, waiting for their breakfast. Richard Cœur de Lion is keeping an eye on Richard III, who, as usual, is not in a very good humor; and my dear little Tom Thumb has been invaluable."

"Was n't cook surprised to see Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth?" asked Lucy. "What did she say?"

"Surprised! I should think she *was* surprised. As for what she said, she did not say much. Henry did most of the talking. If you had heard how he wheedled her, you would have died laughing. There, run down; he has been asking for you." She pushed Lucy good-humoredly out of the room, and shut the door upon her. "Now, Lydia, for our little bit of business. How far off does Harry Bower live?"

Lydia's eyes glistened. "About two miles from here."

"Of course," said Mme. Tussaud, with a twinkle in *her* eyes, "you have never written to him?"

"Oh, yes, I have — dozens and dozens of times," replied Lydia, roguishly.

"Humph! Does that comic little fellow whom Henry VIII calls Flip of the Odd know where Harry Bower lives?"

"Yes."

"He has taken letters to Harry, eh? Now sit down and write to Harry, and tell him to be here at twelve o'clock sharp, without fail."

"But papa has forbidden him the house!" exclaimed Lydia.

"Leave that to me. I am responsible for everything. Write the letter, and Flip shall take it. Tell him to come to the front door and ring the bell, and not to be surprised at anything he sees. He must not ask Flip any questions, because the boy is sworn to secrecy. Perhaps one of my celebrities will open the door to Harry. By the way, can he spare a sovereign or two?"

"Oh, yes; he has a little income of his own."

"I am glad to hear it. Tell him to buy ten or twelve pounds of the very finest chocolate creams he can obtain. Of course you are fond of chocolate creams?"

"Yes, indeed I am! Harry often brings me some."

"But you are not so fond of them as my celebrities are; they positively adore them. So you know what I want them for: Harry must get into their good graces. Now write your letter."

Lydia sat down, and this is what she wrote:

MY DEAREST HARRY: Flip will bring you this letter, and you are not to ask him any questions, because *he is sworn to secrecy*, but to do exactly what I tell you. *Our happiness depends upon it.*

The most wonderful thing has occurred, and if I wrote what it was you would hardly believe me, *so you must come and see for yourself.* I shall expect you at twelve o'clock. Ring the bell, and *don't run away if the gate is opened by a strange person dressed in a way that will make you stare.* I shall be waiting for you. Oh, my dear Harry, I am trembling with happiness while I write, and *I must not explain why.* I shall be waiting for you.

I don't know what is going to be done, but I have every confidence in the strange friends by whom I am surrounded. We have dear Lucy to thank for it. She came home *in the middle of the night*, when all of us here were asleep, and brought our friends with her. Just think of it! Is n't she brave?

Now there is a most important thing which you must be sure not to forget. You must buy *ten or twelve pounds of the best chocolate creams*, and bring them with you. They are not all for me, but *they are necessary in what is going to be done.*

I have no time to say more, because papa is waiting for me, and *one of our kind friends is with me now*, and will give this letter to Flip.

With fondest love, my dear Harry, I am, and shall ever be, Your LYDIA.

Mme. Tussaud took the letter, which she would not read, gave the happy and bewildered girl a kiss, and went downstairs. And now you know why Lydia looked like a rose when she joined her papa in the breakfast-room.

Mr. Scarlett, a short, dumpy gentleman (his daughters inherited their grace and beauty from their mama, whom they had lost six years before), could not help noticing that Lydia's eyes were unusually bright and her cheeks unusually flushed, and he placed his own construction upon this change in her, for she had been very sad since Harry Bower had been banished from the house. On this day Lorimer Grimweed was coming to the Lodge with a new lease, which he was ready to sign and hand over to Mr. Scarlett in exchange for Lydia's promise to become his bride. The construction he placed upon Lydia's bright looks was that she had thought over the matter, and was ready to accept Lorimer Grimweed, in which case he himself would not be turned out of the Lodge for which he had so great an affection.

"Good girl! good girl!" he said, pinching her cheek and returning her kiss. "So you have made up your mind about Mr. Grimweed."

"Well, papa," said Lydia, her voice ringing with the prospect of her new happiness, "I certainly have made up my mind."

"That 's right; that 's right. Give me another kiss. I shall not be turned out of Marybud Lodge. What a delightful home it is!"

"Yes, papa, it is a delightful home — and this is a delightful day, is n't it?"

Mr. Scarlett rubbed his hands, and forgot all about his newspapers. "A most delightful day!

Mr. Grimweed will be here at about one o'clock with the new lease. It is a great weight off my mind. When shall the wedding be?"

"Between me and Mr. Grimweed, papa?"

"Yes, of course, my dear."

"Never, papa."

Mr. Scarlett fell back. "Never! Did you say never?"

"Yes, papa. I will never, never, never marry Mr. Grimweed!"

"You deceitful girl!" cried Mr. Scarlett, boiling over with anger. "You deserve to be put on bread and water — you deserve to be locked in your room for a month!"

"I am too old for that, papa. Oh, papa, you are good and kind, and if that hateful monster, Mr. Grimweed, had n't come between us —"

"Don't call names, miss. Mr. Grimweed is rich, while Harry Bower has n't a shilling."

"Harry has two hundred pounds a year, and we can live on that and be happy."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me that you would marry without my consent?"

"Harry has n't spoken of such a dreadful thing, nor have I. We don't mind waiting for years. I am only eighteen — I can wait till I 'm twenty-one; I sha'n't be a *very* old woman even then."

"I will never give my consent! When I say a thing I mean it. I am determined — determined! You must understand that, once for all."

"So am I, papa; and you must n't blame me for being so, because I inherit it from you. Dear papa, I don't want to make you angry —"

"Angry, miss!" he fumed. "I am perfectly cool — cool and determined."

"You would n't wish me to lead an unhappy life, would you, papa? I should be the most wretched girl in existence if I were compelled to marry Mr. Grimweed."

"Nothing of the sort, miss; you would be the happiest. Who should know best — you or I? And you — you refuse him?"

"Papa, I will *never* marry Mr. Grimweed!"

And then Lydia began to cry; but hearing Miss Pennyback's voice in the passage, she dried her eyes, and looked so sweetly and entreatingly at her papa that if his heart had not been adamant it must have melted in the light of a fire so tender. But that was too much to expect of such a cool and determined man as old Mr. Scarlett.

Chapter XVII.

An Interesting Conversation.

"Miss Pennyback," he demanded, when that lady presented herself, "where are my letters and papers?"

"I really cannot inform you, sir," replied Miss Pennyback, whose night's adventures had left dark rings round her eyes.

"There should be one letter at least," said Mr. Scarlett, who, with all his faults, was very fond of his children, "a letter from Lucy."

"But she came home, papa," said Lydia.

"Gracious powers!" gasped Miss Pennyback, under her breath. "Then I *did* hear her, and I *did* go into the kitchen! But how — how did I get out of it?"

"She did come home!" exclaimed Mr. Scarlett. "What did Mr. Grimweed mean by saying she was not at the station?"

"You had better ask him, papa. Here *is* Lucy."

"Merciful powers!" cried Miss Pennyback, at the sight of Lucy, who came bounding in and threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Why do you cry 'Merciful powers!' Miss Pennyback?" asked Mr. Scarlett. "Are you in pain?"

"No, sir; the words escaped me unawares."

"No reason for them that I can see. Did you not find the Mortimers prepared to entertain you, Lucy? You did not return with Lydia?"

"I came home late, papa, and did not like to disturb you."

Mr. Scarlett did not pursue the subject, but fussed about for his newspapers. He stamped, he rang the bell for Rowley, and the man's replies to the questions put to him were so confused that Mr. Scarlett became more furious than ever.

"You have hidden the papers, you numskull," he cried. "You have sold them, you have burnt them! You are all in a plot against me!"

"If there is a plot in this house against the peace of mind of the inmates, sir," said Miss Pennyback, "I am a victim as well as yourself."

"What on earth do you mean, Miss Pennyback?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing," said Miss Pennyback, meekly. "I was merely making an observation."

All this did not improve matters, nor did the entrance of Molly with the breakfast. Molly was round and buxom, and she was so nearly suffocating with suppressed laughter that her face was as red as a boiled lobster.

"She has seen them," whispered Lucy to Lydia.

"What are you two whispering about?" shouted Mr. Scarlett. "And you, Molly, what are *you* grinning at, and holding your breath as if you are about to explode?"

"I wish Molly would n't keep looking at me in that way, Liddy," whispered Lucy. "And see how Miss Pennyback is glaring at us!"

"Papa," said Lydia, "the breakfast is getting quite cold."

"Yes, let us have breakfast, papa," said Lucy, taking the old gentleman's hand and leading him to the table. "I will see about your papers afterward."

There was only one person in the establishment who could resist Lucy's coaxing ways, and that was Miss Pennyback; all the others, from Mrs. Peckham down to Belinda, were her willing slaves. As for her papa, he would do anything for her. So he seated himself at the breakfast-table with a more amiable expression on his face; but the glare in Miss Pennyback's eyes remained at high pressure. Lucy and Lydia recognized the ominous signs, and prepared for battle. Indeed, it was Lydia who struck the first blow by saying:

"You look as if you had had a bad night, Miss Pennyback."

Lucy pressed her sister's foot under the table; she considered the remark injudicious. But Lydia's nerves were tingling. A crisis was impending; the sooner it came, the better.

"I have passed," observed Miss Pennyback, "the most extraordinary and horrible night in my existence."

Mr. Scarlett raised his head and said: "Everything this morning is extraordinary and horrible. What was the cause, Miss Pennyback, of your passing such a night in my house?"

"It almost exceeds my powers to explain, sir."

"Delusions, perhaps," observed Lydia, innocently. "Another cup of tea, papa?"

"This is very singular," said Mr. Scarlett.

"It was real," said Miss Pennyback, "too, too real. I cannot, no, I cannot allow the mystery to remain where it is."

"Mystery!" exclaimed Mr. Scarlett. "Mystery! What mystery?"

"That is the question that is agitating me, sir. I beg you to believe that I am in my calm and sober senses."

Mr. Scarlett stared at her, and was suddenly haunted by a suspicion that it was she who, by her singular behavior, had made everything go wrong this morning.

"I trust, sir," she continued, "that during my residence in this honored home I have given satisfaction."

"I have no complaint to make," he answered stiffly, "nor has Lucy made any complaint."

"Oh, no, papa; oh, no, Miss Pennyback," said Lucy.

"I am happy to hear it, sir. It has been my constant endeavor to instruct my pupil in those studies and accomplishments in which society demands that a young lady should be proficient. Have I your permission to ask Miss Lucy a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"It is coming," thought Lucy, and there was a little fluttering at her heart.

"The first question, Lucy, is whether I heard you exclaim in the middle of the night, 'Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!'"

"Papa," said Lydia, interposing to protect Lucy, whose face had flushed up, "how *is* Lucy to know what Miss Pennyback heard in the middle of the night?"

"It is certainly not reasonable," said Mr. Scarlett; "but as Miss Pennyback appears to attach importance to the question, perhaps Lucy will answer it."

"I did say it," Lucy confessed.

"In the middle of the night, Lucy?" asked Miss Pennyback, with a lifting of her eyebrows.

"Yes, in the middle of the night."

"You were in the kitchen at the time?"

"Yes, I was."

"And you were not alone?"

"No, I was not alone."

"Then my senses did not deceive me," said Miss Pennyback, "and I *did* see them!"

"Who 's 'them'?" asked Lucy. She was still disposed to put off the full shock of the discovery, much preferring that it should be left in the hands of Mme. Tussaud.

"'Who 's them'!" cried Miss Pennyback, raising her hands in horror. "Is this the result of my educational efforts in the direction of an elegant expression of the English language? Who *are* them, if you please, Lucy."

"If you call that good grammar," said Lucy, demurely, "who are them?" leaving the matter little if any better than it was before.

Miss Pennyback bit her lip, and addressed Mr. Scarlett, who could not help smiling: "It was in the dead of night, sir, that I was awakened by sounds of revelry in the kitchen. I arose and descended the stairs in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance — I arose and descended the — I arose and descended the — the — "

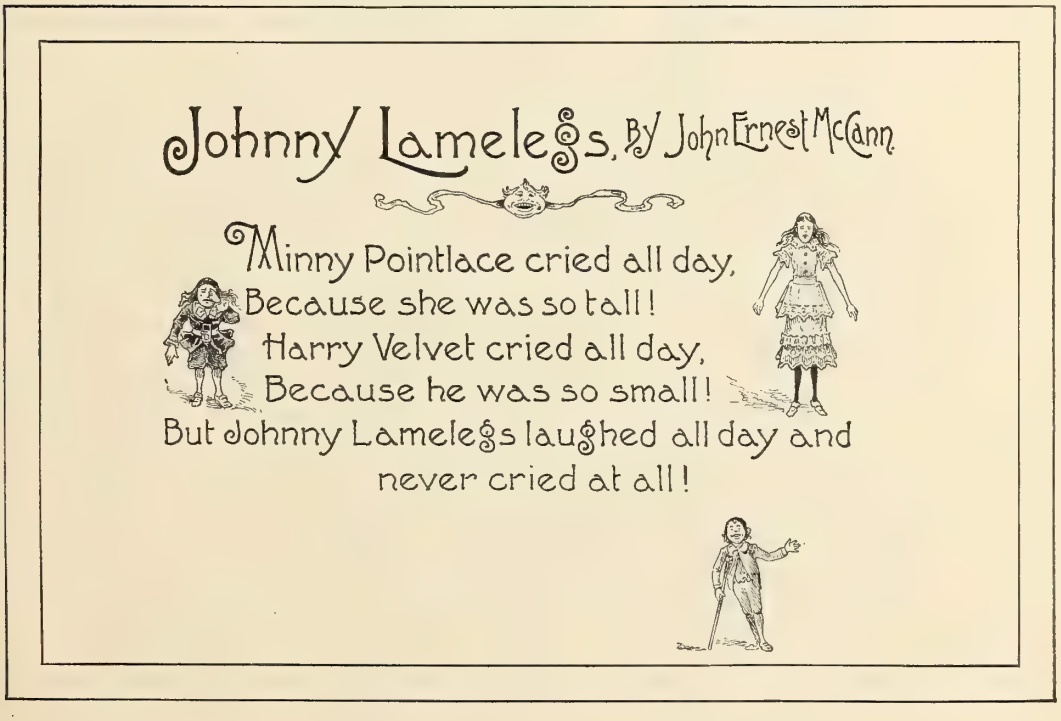
These repetitions were uttered very slowly, each word in a lower and more amazed key than the one that preceded it. Her voice trailed off, and she sank back in her chair, with horror in her eyes.

"You have said three times," said Mr. Scarlett, testily, "that you arose and descended, and now you look as if you had seen a ghost. Explain yourself, Miss Pennyback, or I shall begin to suspect that you are not in your sober senses."

The only explanation it was in the power of Miss Pennyback to give was to raise a trembling hand and point to the lawn. Mr. Scarlett, who was about to lift his fork to his mouth, turned his head in the direction of Miss Pennyback's finger, and on his face was now depicted an astonishment no less marked than that on the face of the governess.

He held his fork suspended in the air, and with open mouth and staring eyes gazed at the extraordinary sight that presented itself.

(To be continued.)



BEFORE—





Now Sport and Spry,
Whom here you spy,
Were dandies trim
With manners prim—



They dressed in faultless style.
Whene'er they heard
That rhyme absurd:
"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite,"
This courtly pair
With high-bred air
Just smiled a supercilious smile.



AND AFTER.



But as they walked
And gaily talked,
By chance — alas! —
It came to pass
That wise old rhyme proved true.
When, near a stone
They saw a bone,
Both seized on it,
And barked and bit,
And in their fight
Showed much delight.
(I fear it is their nature to.)



A TALE OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

By Herbert Baird Stimson.

The following is a true story, and relates an experience of my father, the late William Stimson, who, at the time, was naturalist to the North Pacific Exploring Expedition, and who was later a member of the Natural Academy of Sciences.—Author.

It was in the days when I was very young that I heard this tale told by my father. It was during his last illness, as he sat propped up in his chair by the great pillars of the porch of our old place, Font Hill, amid the hills of Howard. When a young man he had seen strange things — wild men covered with paint, with spears in their hands, who ate one another, and great snakes and beasts, and all the wonderful life of the South Pacific. That day he was talking to an old friend, and we children sat upon the step, with wide-open eyes, listening to the tales of strange adventures of their youth.

"Tobacco certainly has its uses," said my father, as he lighted a cigar; "it saved my life once, and but for it, youngster," and he ran his hands through the curls upon my head, for I had taken my place by his side, "you would not be here to-day."

My father's friend smiled, and we who knew that a story was coming were eager at once for the tale.

"Tell us, father, tell us," I demanded eagerly, as we crowded close about his chair.

"It happened," said he, "upon our expedition to the Pacific. I was on the 'Vin-

cennes' at the time, and we were returning from our expedition to the North Pacific, stopping among the South Sea Islands to take soundings and to make surveys. This experience was a great pleasure to me, as it was the first time a naturalist had ever been in these regions, and every day I was collecting specimens which were new to the scientific world and a great addition to our knowledge of the fauna of the Pacific. Every time the commodore could spare a boat and a man or two, I would go ashore and collect great numbers of specimens, bringing them back in bags and cans to be sorted over and put in alcohol. You know that some of these South Sea Islands are very beautiful, great mountains rising, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean and towering thousands of feet above in the clear blue sky. In the valleys of the mountains and along the shores of the sea dwelt the South Sea Islanders. The soil being extremely rich and furnishing great quantities of food, the natives lived with little or no labor. And it is strange that these islands, among the fairest upon the face of the earth, doing everything that nature could do to make man happy, were the homes of the most savage members of the human race — the abode of cannibals. We had often paid a visit of state to the cannibal kings of the different islands, but we always had a sufficient force with us to curb any desire on the part of our host to have us for his dinner. Nearly every time I went on a collecting expedition, my brother officers would laughingly tell me to beware of furnishing the



"'THEN I FELT A HAND ON MY SHOULDER, AND THREE OF US WENT DOWN TOGETHER.'" (SEE PAGE 426.)

cannibals with a meal. But a day came when I was to be taught a lesson. One afternoon I received permission from the commodore to go ashore to collect, taking with me four sailors to carry my specimens and to row me. The place at which we landed was in a small bay about two miles from where the Vincennes lay. The whole place was very quiet, with not a sign of a native or a hut anywhere to be seen; everything appeared to be deserted. The beach stretched away on either hand for miles and lay glimmering in the bright sun, while the forest with its dense green foliage came within a few feet of the water's edge.

"I immediately began my collecting, and was more than ordinarily successful, giving the more common specimens to the sailors to carry, and keeping the rare ones myself. Hour after hour went by, and we strayed farther and farther from the boat, until, looking at my watch, I found we had barely time left to reach the ship in time for supper. When we were within about five hundred yards of our boat, we were suddenly startled by a terrible yell, and glancing hurriedly around, we saw a dozen or more cannibals spring out of the woods, brandishing their war-clubs and spears. My sailors immediately dropped everything and started to run to the boat as fast as their legs could carry them. I, however, valued my specimens more highly, and though I did not want to be eaten by cannibals, neither did I wish to lose my treasures. So I followed as fast as possible, carrying my specimens with me.

"Those five hundred yards seemed as many miles, as the sailors got farther and farther away from me in front and the yells of the savages sounded nearer and nearer behind. Still I held on to my specimens, and ran as I had never run before. At four hundred yards a spear whizzed by me and stuck up in the beach some yards in advance. Nearer and nearer came the yells behind me. I could hear the sound of their feet upon the smooth sand of the beach as the savages came on. The mist swam before my eyes as I nearly flew over the ground, still clutching my beloved specimens. I could almost feel the breath of the nearest runner now, and the boat was three hundred yards away. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and three of us went down together, rolling over and over in the sand. The others, luckily for me, were a little farther behind. Two big fellows, frightful in their war-paint, with rings in their ears and noses, were on top of me in an instant, and I gave myself up for lost. Just then, like a flash, an idea came to me.

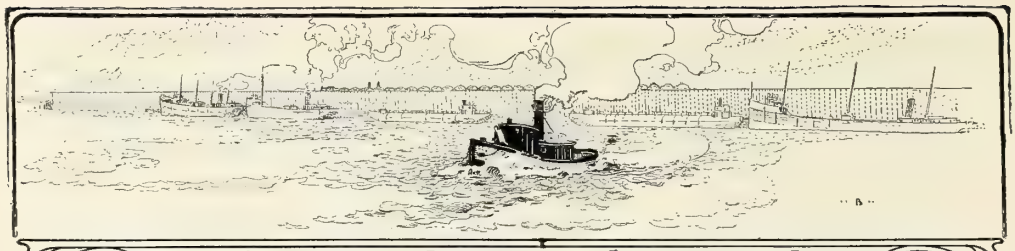
"I knew that these savages were passionately fond of tobacco. My right hand was still free, and I slipped it into my pocket and pulled out my pouch of smoking-tobacco. Then, exerting all of my strength, I threw it some twenty feet away. The savages saw me throw it, and from the label on the bag knew what it contained, as they had often traded for it with the passing ships. A yell, and the whole twelve made a jump for the tobacco; in an instant they were a mass of struggling, writhing, twisting, fighting men, each bent on securing the prize. I was on my feet in a second, and a moment later I was half-way to the boat.

"The sailors had reached the boat in safety, pushed it into the sea, and were about rowing away, having given me up for lost. But when they saw me break away, they rested on their oars, until, nearly dead with the loss of breath, I reached the boat and they pulled me on board. I was just in time, for the savages, having torn the tobacco-bag to pieces, looked around for me, and, seeing that I was escaping, started after us; but a shot from a gun we had in the boat brought their progress to a sudden stop. Within a short time we were on board the Vincennes, and, it is needless to say, we never went on shore after that unless we were heavily armed."

"Did you save your specimens, professor?" asked one of father's eager listeners.

"I left them with the tobacco; but the next day I found that the savages had taken off the bags, leaving the specimens in a pile on the shore, so I only had had a very bad fright, and I secured my treasures after all."





THE "BLACKSMITH NATION";

OR, THE STORY OF A BAR OF IRON

By W. S. Harwood.

It is said that when Solomon offered a premium to the most important among the builders of the Temple, the blacksmith claimed the prize and won it, because without his work nothing else could have been done.

What was true of the man in time became true of the nations, until it seems as though the best "blacksmith nation"— the one that can make the most and the best iron and steel — is the one upon which others depend; the one that takes the prize of supremacy. Many years ago it was Russia. No country could equal her in making iron and steel. Even so great a country as England was compelled to say that only Russian iron should be used in her navy. Naturally, Russia profited by her skill. She demanded double prices and obtained them. In other words, the "blacksmith" won the prize again.

This continued until a man named Henry Cort did with the iron industry of England about what Mr. Edison and Professor Bell in this country did with the incandescent lights and telephones — that is, topped off and rounded out the work of other men, and made what was before an incomplete success a lasting and permanent one. At all events, this Mr. Cort succeeded so well that England discontinued the use of Russia's iron and used her own.

From that time on England began laying the foundations of her own iron and steel supremacy. Other nations, such as Norway and Sweden, Germany, Russia, and, later, the United States, continued to improve; but none could compare with England in point of quantity and quality of the iron produced. She became, and until recent years continued to be, the "master blacksmith" of the world. The prize she won and the tribute paid her have been truly enormous.

It will not do to say that the one and only thing needful in establishing a nation is ability to excel in making iron and steel. Still, so long as the material needs of the world depend helplessly upon iron and steel, just so long will that nation making the most, the best, and the cheapest be a leader among the peoples of the earth.

If it is true that such vital importance attaches to the mastership in iron and steel making, then every American, young and old, will feel an interest and pride in knowing that within the past few years leadership in this important industry has passed from England and now belongs to the United States. It is hardly likely she will ever again equal us, except during some unusual and temporary check. What nation yet to come will excel us is something for the future to decide, but hardly a thing likely to happen within the lifetime of the youngest reader of St. Nicholas.

Three principal things caused this change. The first two happened at about the same time, and caused the growth of the third.

First, the constantly increasing demand, custom, and habit of making things of iron and steel, in recent years, to an extent never known in the history of mankind.

Second, the discovery that there were in this country, especially in Michigan, Minnesota, and the South, deposits of iron so easily reached, so gigantic in size, and so surrounded with all needed conveniences that there has not yet been found the round world over anything to surpass, if indeed to equal, them.

With this supply on the one hand, and urgent need for its use on the other, there came,

Third, the expenditure of millions of dollars, and the efforts of armies of men in building, pulling down, and rebuilding furnaces and mills, to make the best iron and steel in the best way.

It is this last cause in which every American man and boy should take a just and reasonable pride. Not in the mere existence of our mines, but because of the splendid use we have made of them. No amount of effort and money has been too great to expend. The result has been that in skill and quality of their work American engineers and workmen are unexcelled, while the perfection and performance of our iron and steel machinery are equaled nowhere.

We, then, have become the "blacksmith nation" of the world, and it will remain to be seen what the full measure of our prize will be.

If, then, this industry is of such commanding importance, if leadership in it has always carried so great a prestige and power, and the possession of that leadership now lies with us, it would seem to be a matter of some interest to every American boy to have a clear outline idea of just what iron and steel are, where they come from, and how they are made.

To trace a bar of iron or steel from start to finish would necessitate going back to the original iron deposits. The iron in them is mixed and combined with all sorts of things, and is called *ore*.

GEOLOGY.

In whatever way it was done, iron has been distributed practically everywhere over the surface of the globe: sometimes by itself, sometimes with other things; near the surface, and at depths below it; heaped in quantities in one place, and finely scattered and divided in others.

It has been said that the characteristic tone and coloring of rocks and soil is due to the presence of iron, and that if by some miracle every atom of iron could be destroyed, the earth would present a dazzling whiteness. However that may be, it is certainly one of the few metals that are in greatest abundance, most generally distributed, most easily obtained, and that in all times mankind has most urgently needed.

ORE AND ORE-DEPOSITS.

The way in which iron ore has been tossed about and deposited on the earth has of itself made varieties enough, but nothing as compared with the endless differences caused by the iron combining and uniting with other things. In school we are taught that when pepper and salt are shaken up together the salt remains salt and the pepper pepper, but that oxygen and hydrogen when properly joined cease to be oxygen and hydrogen and form practically a new substance — water.

The difference is that one is a *mechanical mixture* and the other a *chemical combination*. But iron has been both chemically and mechanically mixed up and combined with almost everything that happened to be in its immediate neighborhood when the final deposits were being made. It can be taken to be almost literally true that, as found in nature, pure iron — that is, the iron separate and distinct from every other known substance — is a thing unknown. Iron is iron all the world over, but as found in the form of ore the different deposits bear not the slightest resemblance to one another. Some are red, others black; some hard, others soft. Ores from one place are rich in iron, from another lean. Some deposits contain phosphorus, some sulphur, others silicon, manganese, etc. So, throughout an endless variety, the ores of one place differ from those of another. Those of Norway and Sweden are unlike those of England and Scotland, while those of Spain and Cuba are unlike either. All are different, yet all are exceedingly useful in mixing and blending to produce the particular kind of iron or steel required.

UNITED STATES ORES.

Generally speaking,— though not always so,— iron has been found in rocky, mountainous

places, and often at a considerable distance below the surface of the ground, requiring the drilling, digging, and blasting usually associated with mining. The ore, as mined, is usually a big lump that looks like a rusty stone. Such is the character of the ore that comes, for instance, from Pennsylvania, Missouri, and Alabama.

In certain regions of the United States there have been discovered, comparatively recently, deposits of iron ore so utterly unlike this, and so unusual in every way, that particular reference to them may be of special interest. The most important of these deposits are located in northern Michigan and Minnesota, in what are known as the Messaba and Vermillion ranges. It is not a particularly mountainous country. There is nothing about the place to suggest the presence of iron ore. Indeed, nobody suspected that any was there until one day an uprooted tree revealed the ore beneath it.



FIG. 1. IN THE MESSABA COUNTRY—"THERE IS NOTHING ABOUT THE PLACE TO SUGGEST THE PRESENCE OF IRON ORE."

Fig. 1 shows the character of the land — a commonplace and ordinary piece of woodland, not at all such as would be expected to yield iron ore. Yet beneath those woods is mineral wealth the vastness and value of which are yet unknown. For twenty-five years or more prospectors have been investigating, yet how broad and deep and far it goes cannot with certainty be told. This "find" has been one of the most momentous events in the history of iron and steel making, and, in connection with other resources, will probably fix for generations the center of the industry in this land. And important as these deposits are, the United States is not dependent upon them. Aside from the mines of the Middle States, those of the Far West, Alabama, and even Alaska, hold possibilities only beginning to be known.

But as showing what is being done, these northern mines furnish a startling object-lesson.

Properly speaking, the Messaba and Vermillion deposits are not mines — not in the usual sense of the term. They are great masses of ore forming the outer surface of the earth only a little distance beneath the thin top soil.

Fig. 2 shows this clearly. In the distance at the right is seen the layer of the top soil, while to the left a huge bank of the richest ore lies stripped and ready for shipment. Would you call this a mine? No miners, cramped and stooping, work here with pick and drill, but, instead, a great steam shovel. No sunken shafts and narrow tunnels, but one great, wide, open out-of-doors. No smoking lamps and gloomy night, no deadly gas and forced drafts, but, instead, the noonday sun to work by and the winds from the Michigan woods to breathe.

Of course there have been species of open mines elsewhere, but even they are rare, and nowhere of the complete, open character of these.

The vastness of the Michigan iron deposits tempts one into seemingly immoderate language; and yet it is hard to describe in ordinary terms deposits a couple of thousand feet in length and five or six hundred feet wide, containing millions upon millions of tons of ore.

MINING.

IF the term "mine" seems a strange word to use here, that of "mining" is more so. When



FIG. 2. OPEN MINING.

we speak of "mining" we usually think of picks and shovels, hammers and drills, blasts and explosions. Just think of mining with a steam shovel, and with four scoops of the dipper putting twenty-five tons of ore on a car which runs on a trestle and dumps the ore into a vessel's hold! That certainly is not mining as usually done in other places, but it is the kind of mining which is now being done in these great Michigan mines.

Figs. 3 and 4 show the operation better than words can tell it. In one the shovel is preparing to dip the ore; in the other it has just dumped it on the receiving-car.

As well call it mining when the operation is repeated and the same ore is again scooped from the hold of the vessel and put ashore, or when it is again scooped from the ore pile and dumped into the furnace. No,



FIG. 3. STEAM SHOVEL SCOOPING UP ORE.

this is not mining; it is simply "shipping."

True, in the Vermillion range, where the ores are a little harder, some of the more usual methods of mining are employed; yet even there the deposits are very large, and the work is done with wonderful rapidity.

But of these operations of so-called mining, that of gravity mining is the most startlingly striking and dramatic. Scooping twenty-five tons of ore with a steam shovel may be novel enough, but letting the twenty-five tons fall into the car of its own accord is far more so.



FIG. 4. STEAM-SHOVEL MINING AND LOADING CARS AT ONE OPERATION.



FIG. 5. MINING BY GRAVITY. THE WHOLE MASS IS ORE. CARS ARE LED BY TUNNELS TO THE BOTTOM OF THESE DEEP PITS AND ARE FILLED THERE.

That is what gravity mining does. It consists in digging a hole under a mine, running a car under, and letting the mine fall into the car. That is literally what it amounts to.

Fig. 5 shows what seems to be a yawning chasm, with four or five conical holes in the pit. These holes, or "chutes," converge to a common center, or chamber, deeper down, from which an inclined tunnel runs to the surface of the ground somewhere out beyond the train of cars. Notice particularly the finely divided character of the ore. This is characteristic of

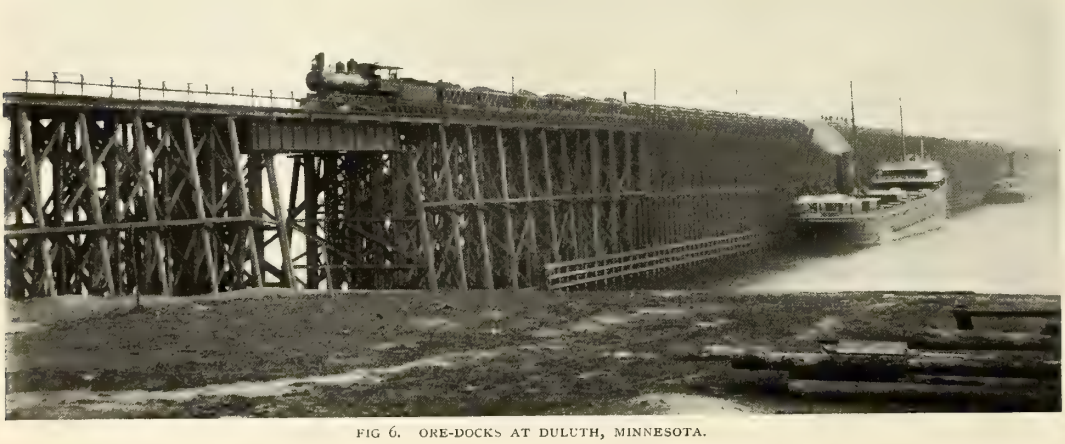


FIG 6. ORE-DOCKS AT DULUTH, MINNESOTA.

the Messaba mines. Much of it comes as fine as coarse gravel, not at all like the usual hard, stony ore lumps. Even the larger pieces break and crumble readily, which greatly aids the work of the steam shovel and especially the process of the easy-going gravity mining.

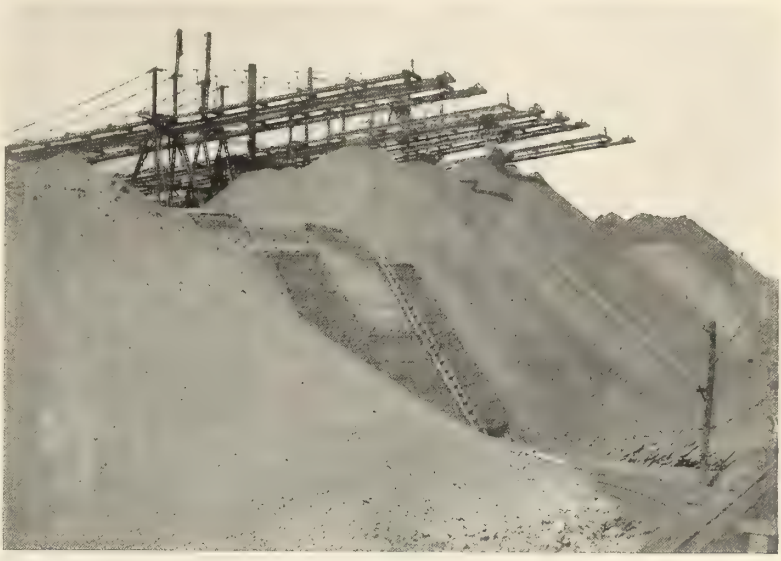


FIG. 8. DUMPING THE ORE IN HUGE PILES NEAR THE FURNACES, AFTER A LAKE VOYAGE.

TRANSPORTATION.

It is this characteristic that makes it as easy to transport and handle this ore as to mine it.

Fig. 4 showed the ore dropping into the car at the mine. Fig. 6 shows the cars on one of the great ore-docks at Duluth, Minnesota. Here the ore is dumped into chutes and conveyed by them to the holds of the waiting vessels, which are to carry it through the famous waterways of the Great Lakes. Fig. 7 shows the ore being "mined," as one might say, from the hold of a vessel which has arrived at its destination. The ore hoists have just lowered the great shovel, and in Fig. 8 the shovel is shown in the act of dumping its contents on the great ore pile. The method of keeping the big piles separate is interesting. Notice the interlaced timber-work forming an alley through which the railroad track is laid.

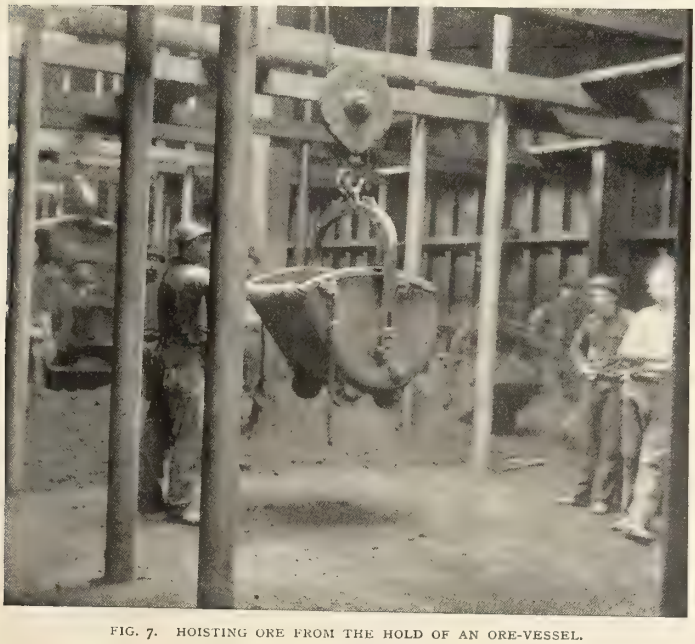


FIG. 7. HOISTING ORE FROM THE HOLD OF AN ORE-VESSEL.

Fig. 9 shows perfectly this final operation in the transportation of the ore. To the right is the vessel, over it are the ore hoists, below them the ore piles, while beyond the ore, and waiting to receive it, stands the blast-furnace — that tall structure with a sort of stairway before it. Our ore has now reached its destination, ready for the first operation in the manufacture of iron and steel. All before has been but preparatory.

Enormous as these piles are, they are insignificant when compared with the masses of ore from which they came, as shown in our pictures of the mines.

BLAST-FURNACE.— PIG-IRON.

IN describing manufacturing processes, reference will be had to the chart shown in Fig. 11. This is not intended to be of minute accuracy, but it is intended to be reasonably so and to show the principal stepping-stones by which iron and steel journey from the ore to the finished product. Generally, *products* are shown in large type, and *instruments of production* in smaller type below. Where this is departed from, the chart explains itself.

In the ore we found the iron combined *chemically* with some things as ingredients, and *mechanically* mixed with others as impurities.

One of the first things to be done with the ore is to get rid of these impurities. This is done by the blast-furnace (or "smelter," as it is called in treating other metals). The function of both, however, is the same — purification.



FIG. 9. ORE PILES AND BLAST-FURNACE.

Figs. 9 and 10 show a blast-furnace, one being a view from the outside and above it, and the other from within the casting-house. It is a tall, tapering, tower-like structure; its outer shell is of iron, and its lining, a "refractory" material (that is, a material hard to burn), is called "fire-brick."

The inclined plane in Fig. 9, that looks like a stairway, is for conveying coal, limestone, and ore to the top of the furnace. These materials are placed in layers one upon another, and continued at regular intervals day and night, often for years, without cessation. Once started, a blast-furnace must continue. If it cools or "freezes," the entire fire-brick lining, which is exceedingly expensive, is ruined and must be replaced. As the iron is drawn from below, there follow fresh charges of ore, fuel, and limestone above. This limestone is what is called a "flux"; that is, a substance whose presence aids in melting and rendering other substances fluid. As the whole purpose of the blast-furnace is to rid the iron of its troublesome associates, this limestone becomes of great assistance. Indeed, a blast-furnace could not well be run without it.

An intensely hot blast of air, driven in at great pressure by powerful "blowing-engines," makes the coal burn, and reduces the whole charge in the furnace to a molten state. This blast is heated in what are called "stoves." Four of these are shown in Fig. 9, two on each side of the chimney. The whole interior of these stoves is filled with fire-bricks, placed crosswise, and so apart from one another as to leave spaces between, the whole thing being called "checker-work."

Two pipes will be noticed leading from the top of the blast-furnace downward. Gases from the burning fuel and ore are led through these stoves, where they mingle with air and are burned, heating the checker-work through which the air-blast is later to pass and be made hot.

Mud, rocks, earth, dirt, stones, metals, coal,

ore — everything put in melts and runs like water.

Now the molten iron in the blast-furnace sinks, while the lighter molten matter floats as a scum, dross, or "slag," as it is called.

The long trough shown in Fig. 10, leading out through the doorway to the right, is for conveying this slag to one side, while the vent for the iron is directly between the two front pillars, on a level with the floor. This floor is of sand, in which is molded the central trough, or furrow, leading to the smaller open molds at the left. Into these the iron runs, cools, and hardens. The one in the center mold is called the "sow" and the smaller pieces "pigs," or "pig-iron." The latter is the form in which it is sold to be made into steel. It comes in bars about three inches wide, four inches deep, and say three feet long.

Purification of the ore was said to be the function of the blast-furnace, and the iron as pig-iron is certainly much nearer pure iron than when it was in the ore.

Comparatively little account, however, has been taken of what goes on *chemically* within the blast-furnace, except the riddance of oxygen and the use of limestone. Rough riddance of foreign matter is all that has been attempted thus far.



FIG. 10. INTERIOR OF THE CASTING-HOUSE, SHOWING THE LOWER PART OF A BLAST-FURNACE.

IRON AND STEEL.

Before going further let us have a clear understanding as to just what the real difference is between iron and steel.

When found in the ore, iron was joined in different ways with all sorts of things, many of which, as slag, were removed in the blast-furnace. The raw pig-iron, however, still contains much that was in the original ore, together with other things received from the products of combustion in the blast-furnace. Chief among these is the element *carbon*. Iron has a great attraction for this substance, and it had every opportunity to gratify its desire when in the blast-furnace, because there great quantities of coal (carbon) were burned beside it.

CAST-IRON.

At the extreme left of the chart (Fig. 11) there appears the name "cast-iron." The only reason for giving it separate mention is because "cast-iron" and "castings" are familiar terms for the form in which a large proportion of the pig-iron is finally used.

Strictly speaking, pig-iron is cast-iron. Indeed, heavy weights and rough floor-plates, etc., requiring mere mass, regardless of quality, are often cast directly at the blast-furnace, the iron never reaching the form of "pig." But for most purposes pig-iron is too crude. For further refinement it is again melted in what is called a "cupola."

A cupola is a little blast-furnace, and is used for further purification and refinement. It is a tall cylindrical furnace about six feet in diameter and twenty feet high. It is also lined with fire-brick, and charged in alternate layers of pig-iron and coke — no limestone this time. Combustion is sustained by an engine-driven blast, but not a heated one. The escaping gases are not used as in the blast-furnace, but can be seen late in the afternoon at any foundry, light-

ing up the neighborhood and escaping into the open air. The melted iron is diluted and improved by the addition of "scrap" or old discarded castings containing good iron. It is tapped like a blast-furnace, but the iron runs into a ladle, from which it is *poured* into sand molds to make the myriad forms in which castings are used.

It will be noticed that in the cupola the iron was again given every opportunity, by associating with coke, to satisfy its fondness for carbon. Whatever the nature of the union between the iron and carbon may be, *cast-iron*, then, is iron holding plenty of carbon. It is brittle, and when broken shows a structure of iron crystals.

MALLEABLE IRON.

LET it be said in passing that there is a process designed to modify the extreme brittleness of some kinds of cast-iron. Only charcoal-iron, or some brands of coke-iron, however, can be annealed. Castings made from such iron are given a long exposure to heat in a suitable furnace; the iron seems to undergo a partial change of structure and loses its brittleness. These are called "malleable castings."

WROUGHT-IRON.

ALTHOUGH iron attracts carbon strongly, there are other elements that attract it more so, and one of these is oxygen. If when melted the iron is exposed to the continuous action of oxygen, the carbon will all be withdrawn; it will unite with the oxygen, leaving the iron nearly pure. When thus "decarburized," or deprived of the carbon, the iron is called *wrought-iron*. It is the very opposite of cast-iron. As its name implies, it can be wrought, worked, bent, and twisted. In structure it is stringy, or fibrous.

The decarburizing of the iron is done in what is called a "puddling-furnace." It is a low brick furnace with two compartments, one for fuel and the other for iron, with an arched roof to bring the flame over and focus it upon the iron. This action is continued for some hours until the oxygen of the flame unites with the carbon in the molten iron, and decarburizes or "burns out" the carbon.

As the carbon goes the iron loses its fluid character and becomes thick and pasty. Workmen, stripped to the waist to stand the fierce heat, approach the furnace, and with a long spade-like tool proceed to "puddle" the mass, stirring and turning it to present fresh surfaces to the oncoming flame. When sufficiently pasty it is divided into several "puddle balls," which are taken to a "squeezer," which is a sort of vertical machine like a clothes-wringer, and the red-hot liquid cinder and slag squeezed out of them, and they then take on a rough shape suitable for inserting between the rolls of a small rolling-mill. To this mill the iron is hurried before cooling, and passes back and forth between the rolls until it is a rough bar, say four or five inches wide, one-half inch thick, and about six feet long. It is then known as a "muck bar," in which form it is allowed to cool. Later it is reheated and rerolled until it is a broad smooth-finished sheet or bar, and is used for making such things as wrought-iron pipe.

It should be said that the process of puddling is not now used as much as formerly. Certain forms of steel, mentioned hereafter, perform all the services of wrought-iron, and being more easily and cheaply made, naturally have supplanted it. Not that puddling has been wholly abandoned, but its use has been greatly lessened, and generally speaking, it is a process that has gone by.

So much, then, for the difference between *cast-iron* and *wrought-iron*. Cast-iron, being full of carbon, is brittle and crystalline. Wrought-iron, with little or no carbon, is tough and fibrous. The difference between the two is one of *carbon*, cast-iron having plenty, wrought-iron practically none.

STEEL.

THAT being the difference between cast and wrought iron, the chart will at a glance show you what steel is.

Steel is cast-iron, half-way on toward wrought-iron. It has some of the stiff, harsh, stubborn traits of the cast-iron, combined with the bending, yielding qualities of the wrought-iron, and inherits from its pig-iron forefather the family trait of absorbing carbon.

Carbon, then, in varying proportions, *is the*

great distinguishing mark between iron and steel. The subtle play of this element, as found in steel, is one of the most marvelously fascinating exhibitions of natural phenomena. The smallest quantity, changed in the slightest degree, produces effects as different as night from day.

Take the operation of *hardening* and *tempering* — one of the special peculiarities of steel. A piece of annealed steel as flexible as wrought-iron is highly heated and plunged in water. In a flash it "hardens" as hard as any piece of glass or cast-iron. Try the same thing with a piece of cast-iron or wrought-iron, and there is absolutely no response; they remain practically as they were before — hard and soft respectively.

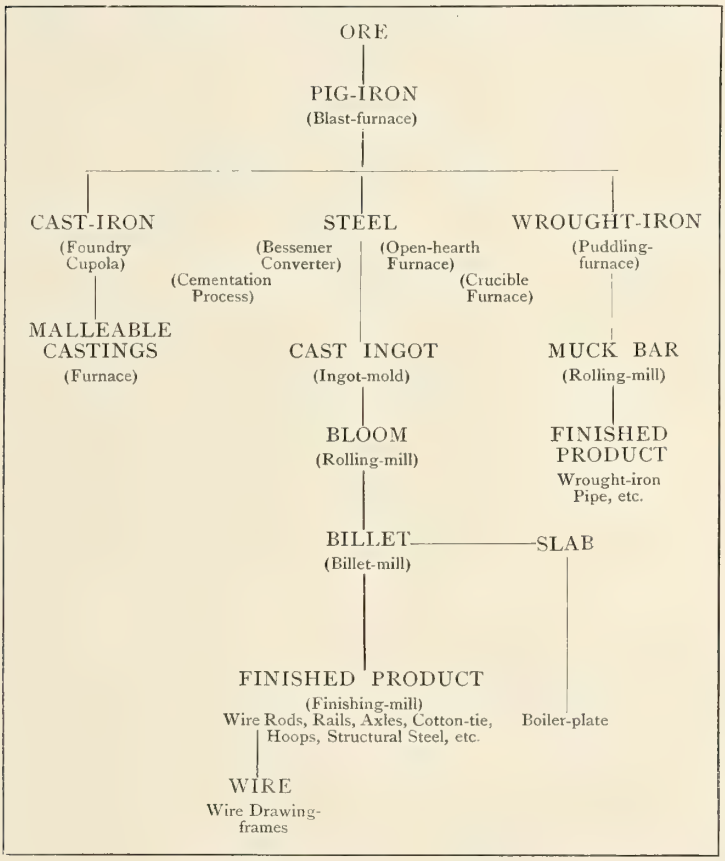


FIG. 11. THE "FAMILY TREE" OF IRON.

Take now the brittle steel and expose it awhile to heat. It gradually loses its hardness and "tempers" to a yielding springiness. Continue the heating, and it "loses its temper" and again becomes as soft and flexible as wrought-iron.

What caused the steel to do this? Certainly not the *mere presence* of carbon. That was present in the cast-iron, and in quantity too, and yet it refused to respond. *Proportion* seems to have been the controlling thing.

Here, then, is a substance — iron: brittle *with* carbon and flexible *without* it, unaffected and stubbornly remaining so under extreme exposures to heat and cold; and yet that same iron and carbon joined in some nicely balanced and exact proportion will, under the same exposures, leap like a live thing to one extreme and gently be led back and halted at any desired stage in the return.

The delicate proportions, the fine shadings and effects produced by the varied use of the carbon are simply endless. Libraries have been written about it and lifetimes spent in its development.

The dull lethargy of the iron when overcharged or undercharged with carbon only serves to throw into more striking relief its wonderfully delicate activity when the needed proportions are obtained. The range, so far as the carbon is concerned, is exceedingly small. From one tenth per cent. to one and a half per cent. (.1 to 1.5%) of carbon is about what is usually required. Within those narrow limits, covering a little more than a hundredth part, lie nearly all the subtle differences and possibilities of most of the enormous operations of steel-making. A steel rail will have about a half of one per cent. of carbon, a furniture spring about three quarters per cent., and one and a quarter per cent. will give the fine hard edge of the knife and the razor blade.

Important and dominating as the carbon is, do not carry away the idea that it alone con-

trols. It is true that carbon is what distinguishes steel from other forms of iron, and in a large degree distinguishes different forms of steel from one another, but in this latter respect it is greatly influenced by other things.

In the ore we found with the iron, manganese, silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. Any of these and others may be present and vitally affect the character of the steel. Heat usually makes metals soft, yet sulphur makes red-hot steel brittle — or "red short," as the workmen call it. Phosphorus, on the contrary, makes *cold* steel brittle — or "cold short." Or again, take the effect of mixing other metals, making "alloys." Nickle in the steel, combined with a sort of tempering process, gives all the characteristic shot-resisting effect of heavy armor-plate, hard and tough without breaking or bending.

Still, among them all carbon is king.



FIG. 12. A BESSEMER CONVERTER "BLOWING OFF."

STEEL MANUFACTURE.

REFERENCE to the chart (Fig. 11) shows four general and characteristic methods of making steel — Cementation, Bessemer, Open-hearth, and Crucible. In the following descriptions of the various processes of steel-making, it will be interesting to observe how thoroughly carbon is the key-note of them all.



FIG. 13. "POURING" INTO A LADLE FROM AN OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

CEMENTATION.

THE cementation process is an old one, much less used than formerly, but it gives a high grade of steel, such as that used in cutlery. Its operation is comparatively simple and consists substantially in taking an iron box, filling it with charcoal or carbon in which are imbedded bars of wrought-iron, the whole being subjected to long-continued high heat. Gradual absorption of the carbon by the iron

takes place and the process is continued to the degree and amount desired. No great quantity of steel is made in this way.

CRUCIBLE STEEL.

THE crucible process is quite an important one, and large quantities of steel are made by it.

It will be remembered that in the blast-furnace and cupola, exposure of the iron to the flame caused many substances and impurities to unite with it.

The chief purpose of the crucible process is *protection of the steel from the action of the fuel.* To effect this the metal used is placed in a receptacle called a "crucible." This is a small affair resembling a tapering jar or vase, about eight or nine inches in diameter at the middle, and tapered to about six inches at the top and bottom. It is made of graphite to resist the action of the heat. In it broken pieces of iron and steel are placed, containing definitely known quantities of carbon and other ingredients.

The crucible is subjected to a high and long-continued heat until the contents become melted and combined. The contents of the crucibles (amounting to only a few pounds each) are emptied into a ladle, from which the steel is poured into sand molds to make crucible steel castings. These castings are of a high grade, quite strong, and not at all like the brittle castings made from cast-iron. They are tough, and in that respect resemble wrought-iron a little; and indeed, for some purposes, make a good substitute.

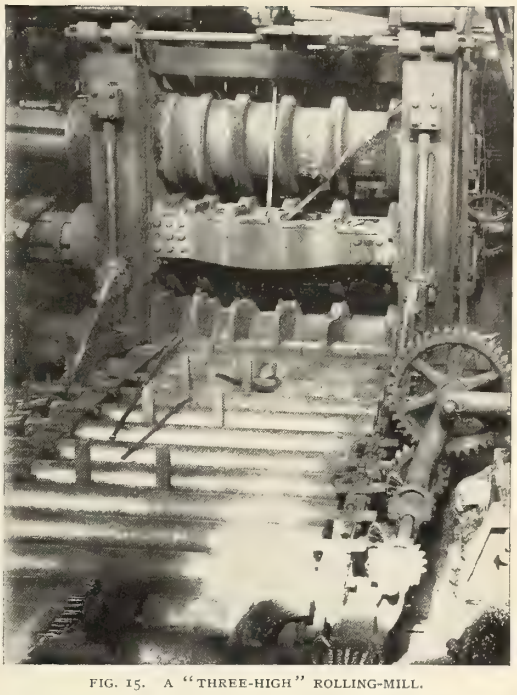


FIG. 15. A "THREE-HIGH" ROLLING-MILL.

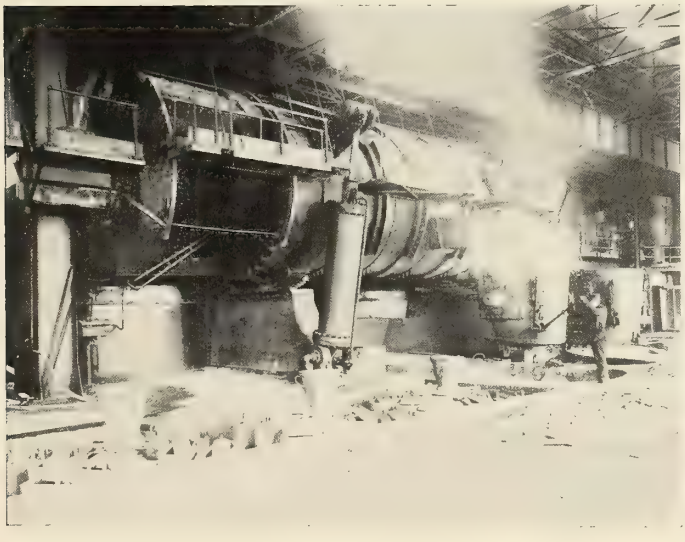


FIG. 14. REVOLVING TYPE OF OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

BESSEMER.— OPEN-HEARTH.

BUT for commanding importance and magnificence of operation, for enormous tonnage and variety of products, the steel made by the Bessemer converter and the open-hearth furnace stands at the very forefront. It will be remembered that in the puddling-furnace the carbon of the molten iron joined with the oxygen of an air-current and was "burned out." That is just what is done in the Bessemer converter and open-hearth furnace, but in widely differing ways.

BESSEMER CONVERTER.

THE Bessemer converter (named after an English gentleman, Sir Henry Bessemer, who



TRANSPORTING GLOWING STEEL INGOTS TO THE ROLLING-MILL. (See page 442.)

is said to have invented it), shown in Fig. 12, is a large bottle-shaped vessel, mounted on trunnions like a cannon. (Comparison with the wheelbarrow in the foreground of the illustration will suggest its size.) Its outer shell is of steel, and like all these furnaces which hold molten iron, its lining is of some refractory material. Inside and just above the outer bottom is a second one filled with holes, and into the chamber between the two a terrific blast of air is forced through a pipe communicating with one of the trunnions.

The converter is tipped on its trunnions inward until it is held horizontally on its back. Molten pig-iron is then poured in, the air-blast turned on, and the converter raised again to a vertical position. Instantly there occurs the phenomenon shown in Fig. 12. It is an enormous tongue of flame accompanied by a deafening roar. From the fact that none of the molten metal runs down through the holes in the inner bottom, and that the whole weight, amounting to several tons, is supported by the inrushing air, some idea can be gained of the force of the blast and the tremendous power behind it.

Here, then, is an operation resembling a little that of the puddling-furnace in so far as burning out carbon is concerned, but performed on a magnificent scale. No current of oxygen lazily rolls over the metal's surface, but oceans of it are forced right through the whole mass with resistless fury. The flame shown in the illustration is largely the result of the oxygen uniting with the carbon. As the carbon burns out, this flame grows smaller and of a gradually changing color, which to the practiced eye of the skilled attendant shows finally the point at which the carbon has disappeared. The blast is then stopped, the converter placed again horizontally on its back, and a large ladleful of molten metal, *containing a known quantity of carbon and other elements*, poured in. It is again revolved to a vertical position, the blast is turned on,—this time for but a few moments thoroughly to mix the fresh charge,—then shut off, and the converter again rotated and the steel poured off into the large ladle waiting to receive it. This ladle is carried by a huge crane over to the casting-pit, where its contents are poured into the vertical metal molds and cast into ingots.

OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE.

THE open-hearth furnace is usually made in the fixed form shown in Fig. 13. A more recent one is the revolving style, in Fig. 14, but the former is the more typical of the two.

An open-hearth furnace is an *improved puddling-furnace* — at least the operations of the two are enough alike to justify the comparison. In the puddling-furnace, you will remember, we had the molten metal in one place and the fuel in another. The flame with the oxygen came over the surface of the iron and decarburized it, but with it came also sulphur, some carbon, and all the other impurities that go to make up the products of combustion.

In the open-hearth furnace we have the same thing. The molten metal is in the furnace on the hearth, and the fuel is burned in another place, *but with this very important exception*, viz.: that of all the products of combustion from the fuel *one only is admitted to the furnace*, and that is hydrogen.

You all know that the magic-lantern operator uses a flame made by burning oxygen and hydrogen together upon a piece of lime, and that this is one of the hottest flames known.

Now the fuel in the open-hearth process is burned quite apart from the furnace in what is called a "gas-producer." In it the coal is put, and, when properly burned, yields immense quantities of crude hydrogen. It is almost the same as the gas we use in our houses for illumination, except that it is not quite so pure.

This hydrogen gas is conducted to the furnace and admitted through ports above the surface of the molten metal; thus, you see, no sulphur or carbon or other undesirable things come along with it. Simply the hydrogen.

Through other ports there is forced the outside air or oxygen. Both the oxygen and the hydrogen gases have been previously heated by hot checker-work. The moment these two gases meet they flash into one immense and terrifically hot oxyhydrogen flame, which strikes directly on the surface of the molten mass.

As you might well expect, it requires but a

short continuance of this treatment to burn out the carbon (decarburize the metal) and reduce the mass to the required proportion which makes it steel.

It is plain that the continuance of this operation will remove all or nearly all of the carbon in the steel. When so produced it is called "low carbon steel." Manifestly it must be quite near the condition of the decarburized or wrought iron when that came from the old puddling-furnace. So, indeed, it is, and it is this "low" steel that has so largely supplanted the use of wrought-iron, as already mentioned.

INGOTS.

FIGS. 13 and 14 show the casting-ladle at both kinds of open-hearth furnaces. They are very large, and hold several tons. They are emptied from the bottom into the ingot-molds rather than by pouring.

The ingots, into which form the steel is cast, are huge things about twenty inches square and five or six feet high, weighing several tons each; though when intended for boiler-plate they are cast as flat as possible, and are then called "slab ingots."

The casting is done differently in different mills. In Fig. 13 an overhead traveling-crane lifts the ladle over a row of ingot-molds mounted on wheels. In Fig. 14 the same sort of crane carries the ladle over the molds, placed in a long pit in the floor. When the ingots have become solid the molds are taken from them, very much in the same way that ice-cream or jelly molds are lifted off.

For anything as massive as an armor-plate, of course the ingots are cast much larger; but for all ordinary products, the steel starts with the ingot as already mentioned.

BLOOMS.

THE operations which follow are largely those of change in the size and form of the steel as it approaches nearer and nearer the finished product.

The ingots are taken directly from the Bessemer converter and open-hearth furnace, and each is passed back and forth between the plain rolls of a rolling-mill, which squeezes it gradually smaller as the rolls are brought nearer together. This mill is an exceedingly strong, massive one, and when it has finished reducing the steel the ingot is in the neighborhood of eight by ten inches in cross section and increased correspondingly in length. It is sometimes cut at this point into what are called "blooms."

BILLETS.

IF cooled, the blooms are reheated in a small furnace and then taken to a smaller mill for further reduction in size. Fig. 15 shows a mill of this character. It is what is called a "three-high" mill, because it has three rolls, one placed above the other.

That row of rollers in front is a "feed-table." The rollers are kept revolving and carry the bloom right up to the "bite" of the rolls. Notice the cross marks and straight marks on the rolls. They are to increase the power to "bite" or take hold of the bloom. This mill shows passes for five reductions, beginning from right to left. When the metal comes from the smaller pass it is about four inches square. In this form it is called a "billet."

FINISHED PRODUCT.

NOT many years ago the rolling ceased at the billet, and it was allowed to cool. This was because, in billet form, the steel was ready for the finished product. These final products the manufacturers of billets did not care to make, but preferred to sell the billets to those who did. For this reason the billet market came to be an important one, and even now you will occasionally see in the papers that the steel men have had a meeting to fix the price of billets. Within the past few years this order of things has greatly changed, and many mills have been equipped for carrying the billet right on down to some definite thing. Among these are rails, wire rods, wagon-axles, and the flat, ribbon-like steel for cask-hoops and for baling cotton; also structural steel, that is, the I-beams and angle-iron used in the modern tall building. Of course, it is understood that if a beam is to be a very large one, it will be taken from the bloom or an especially

large billet. So, too, when it is known beforehand that the finished product is to be something broad and flat, like a boiler-plate, an approximately flat shape will be given to the steel at the billet stage, and instead of being square as the billet is, it will be flattened into a "slab."

WIRE.

One of the most familiar and universally known of the steel products is ordinary wire. When intended to be ultimately made into wire, the four-by-four billets are usually rolled to about the size of a lead-pencil — that is to say, three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. In this form they are known as "wire rods," and are so called because they literally were *rods* in early times, when the billets from which they were rolled were tiny things weighing fifteen or twenty pounds.

Rolled from the great billets of to-day, they come in the form of *coils*, weighing two hundred or three hundred pounds, and are really coarse wire.

Mention has been made of the modern practice of carrying billets right on to all the finished products, without allowing them to cool. Nowhere has this been more highly developed than in the rolling of these wire rods.

The huge ingot drawn from the casting-pit of the Bessemer converter or open-hearth furnace is swung from crane to crane, run over feed-tables, rushed from one mill to another, rolled from ingot to bloom and billet, and right on through the rolls of a finishing-mill until it lies upon the floor a finished wire rod, with the red glow of the original heat of the converter still upon it.

It is a sight to behold, and one of those triumphs of steel manufacture that have helped to make the United States what it is — the great iron and steel master among the nations of the world.

Wire rods are as small as the steel can be carried by hot rolling. From the rod it is cold-drawn through holes in hard, chilled cast-iron or steel dies, from which it emerges in the form in which wire is usually known.

Be the product, then, what it may, even to the most trifling piece of wire, the steel has the same pedigree and has traveled the same long road — through mining, transporting, purifying, converting, rolling, and reducing, involving some of the greatest efforts of human ingenuity and skill.



AN OLD-TIME BLACKSMITH.



AN UNCONSIDERED TRIFLE.

By S. Conant Foster.

"The problem of how to reach the moon
Is easily solved," said Dr. Spoon;
"If you 'll but glance at my drawing here,
The scheme, I am sure, will be quite clear.

"Now cannot you see," this man began,
"By casting an eye across my plan,
The centripetal friction is plus the strain?—
But perhaps it 's better to be more plain.

"What I mean is this: that, by your leave,
I 'll borrow the moon to make a sheave;
Then a cable I 'll use, and a mighty drum,
Which I 'll turn till the planets together come."

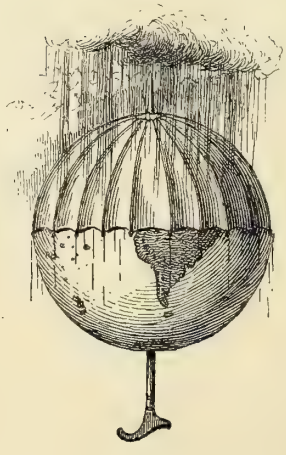
"How simple!" I cried, when all was explained.
"Many thanks to you for the knowledge I 've gained.
But — eh — how is the rope to be got round the moon?"
"Hm! — well, that 's a detail I 'll investigate soon."

THE WORLD'S UMBRELLA.

By C. D. Stone.

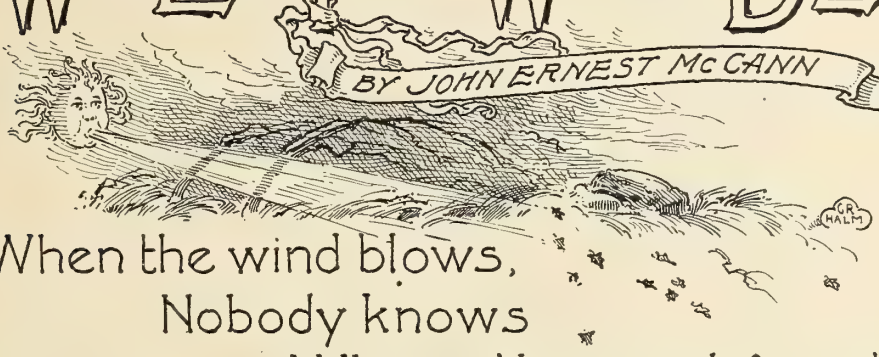
Little Elizabeth is so queer,
She thinks that when it 's raining here
'T is raining all the world about,
And no little children can go out.

And when I tell her the earth is round,
She says that then all this our ground
Is just a great umbrella wide,
Which keeps the drops from the other side.



When The Wind Blows

BY JOHN ERNEST McCANN



When the wind blows,
Nobody knows
Where the wind goes!



When the wind blows,
Everyone's nose
Is as red as a rose!



When the wind blows,
The old rooster crows,
And defies all his foes!



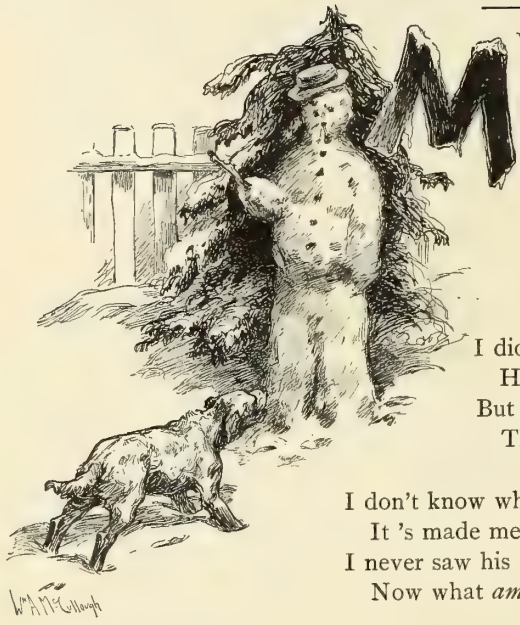
When the wind blows,
Do you suppose
That sea captains doze?



When the wind blows
At night and it snows,
Two eyelids close,
And ten little toes
At last seek repose.

FOOLISH FIDO.

By Annie Willis McCullough.



MY duty is to drive out tramps,
But one came overnight;
The snow had covered everything,
And even he was white.

I boldly ran and loudly barked;
He did n't make a sound —
But just stood there and would n't budge,
Nor even once look round.

I did my duty like a dog:
His clothes were strangely damp;
But still he never moved a step —
This cold, unfeeling tramp.



I don't know what to think of him;
It 's made me rather blue.
I never saw his like before —
Now what *am* I to do?



THE SPELLING CLASS.



THE SNOWBALL WAR — DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT UPON THE ICE AND CAPTURING THE STANDARD.

THREE LITTLE STORIES OF JEHEE.

JEHEE is a great favorite of the Syrians, and many tales are told of him and his queer doings. The following stories are reproduced as nearly as possible from the Arabic, in which language I first heard them. The scene of the three incidents is laid in the little mountain village where Jehee had lived all his life.

When Jehee was eighteen, he married a very pretty and clever young woman, who took good care of the house and did most of the work. One morning, just as Jehee's wife had put a pot of lentils on the fire to cook for dinner, Jehee overturned a jar of water, so that his wife was obliged to go to the fountain to refill it. She told Jehee to watch the pottage, and when it boiled over to *nakiz* it (an Arabic word which means either to scare or to stir). Jehee, like a good husband, sat down by the fire to watch the pot.

In a little while it began to boil over, and Jehee began to shriek. Finding that the pot continued to boil over, he hid behind the door and jumped out at the pot several times. As it still boiled over, Jehee took his gun down from the wall and shot at the pot. He had forgotten that his gun was loaded, and the shot broke the pot to bits, while the pottage was spilled over the fire. Then Jehee laughed to himself and said: "I thought I could scare you." When Jehee's wife returned and saw what had happened, she was in very great distress, for there was no time to cook another mess of pottage, and they had to content themselves with olives and cheese.

Late in the fall, the mayor of the village gave

a grand dinner to which Jehee and his wife were invited. The villagers were not used to spoons, but the mayor had seen them used at the king's palace, and wished to introduce them to the village. A friend told him that the longer the handles the easier it was to use the spoon and the more fashionable they would be. Accordingly the spoons were ordered with handles four feet long. When dinner was served, the people tried the spoons, but found that it was impossible to make the bowl reach their mouths while holding the handle by the end. One of the guests suggested that they should hold them near the bowl. This they tried, but with no success whatever, for the handles knocked first into each other and then into the company, so that no food could be kept in the spoons. Just as the host was about to give up in despair, Jehee came to the rescue. "The table," said he, "is rather wide: let every man feed his neighbor across the table." The plan was found to work admirably, and the dinner was a grand success.

The winter was now close at hand, and the mayor invited Jehee to go with him to the great city, where he could meet the calif. Jehee readily consented, and was presented to the calif, who received him kindly as a friend of the mayor's. On hearing of Jehee's wit, the calif offered Jehee a sum of two thousand piasters if he would spend the night on the roof, with no extra covering to keep him warm. For his wife's sake Jehee agreed to do this, for they greatly needed the money. Very early in the morning a ship came into the harbor some two miles distant, and Jehee saw a light on one of the masts. The next morning the calif was surprised to see him looking so well and happy, for the night had been unusually cold. On being closely questioned, Jehee told the calif of the light out in the harbor. "Oh!" said the calif, only too glad to find an excuse for refusing to pay so large a sum of money, "you warmed yourself by that light; you have lost your wager!"

Much disheartened, Jehee went home to his wife to think of some way in which he could induce the calif to keep his word. Finally a brilliant thought struck him, and having given his wife the necessary instructions, he told her that he would invite the calif and his retinue to dine with him the following week.

On the day set for the feast, the calif and his followers arrived about an hour before noon, the time set for the dinner. They all had eaten light breakfasts the better to enjoy the feast; their long ride, too, had sharpened their appetites. Noon came, and the calif wondered why Jehee did not show them to the feast. At one o'clock the calif became uneasy, and at two he asked Jehee if dinner was not almost ready. Jehee said that he was sorry for the delay, but his wife had been a little detained in her work. When it was nearly three, and still no dinner, the calif became angry with Jehee and said he did not believe there was any dinner cooking at all. Jehee assured the calif that there was a fine dinner cooking, and it certainly must be ready very soon. At this the calif commanded Jehee to take him to the kitchen to see for himself. It was close to four o'clock now, and every one was nearly starved, so they all went with Jehee and the calif to see the dinner. Jehee led the way to a little garden at the back of the house, where an odd sight met the eyes of the famished company. There were two large trees hung full of pots and kettles of food prepared for cooking, and underneath the trees were built two small fires. Jehee's wife, on a little step-ladder, was busy stirring first one kettle, then another. When the calif saw this he was very angry with Jehee for playing him such a trick, and said: "Of course the food can never so much as be warmed up there in the trees, much less ever cook." Then Jehee humbly begged the calif's pardon, but said he thought that the food surely could cook over that fire if he himself could keep warm by a light two miles away. Then the calif saw how foolish he had been in refusing Jehee the wager, and he promised him, before all the nobles who were there, to pay him the two thousand piasters. Jehee then led the hungry people into the house, where, to their great surprise and joy, they found a sumptuous repast prepared for them.

After that Jehee became a great favorite of the calif's, and lived at court with his wife for the rest of his life, where many other tales are told of his bright doings and sayings.

F. M. Jessup.



THE WEIGHING.

By Julia Darrow Cowles.

Now, "Midnight" and "Spot," do be quiet,
Or we 'll never know how much we weigh;
Miss Bessie is losing her patience,
And we really ought not to play.

There, Spot, hold your tail still a minute;
Hush, Midnight, don't purr quite so loud;
Four pounds and a little bit over?
My goodness, won't mother be proud!

HOW PROBY SAVED THE WOODS.

By Helen Grey.

Proby woke up with the feeling that something good was going to happen that day. At first he could not think what, and then he remembered. He was going up into the woods on the long train of flat-cars with the president of the railroad and of the lumber company, and his father, who was superintendent of the big woods. Proby had always lived in the woods; he was nine, but had never been to school because there was no school near enough for him to attend. When the trees were cut down around his home, his father moved to where the trees grew that were to be cut, so his family was always moving; sometimes they lived all summer in a tent. But the woods near home were very different from the wild, silent woods above on the mountains, where no one lived, only the bear and the lions and deer and little wild things which hid in the hollow logs, and which Proby "jumped" sometimes when he had "Terry," his dog, with him. There was a new line of railroad being built into the Yosemite Valley; and Proby, sitting on a log, was telling Terry that they would really, truly go hunting, and Terry danced and yapped his approval. In a few minutes along came the train, with the president on board and three other men, but Proby was waiting for Steve, the engineer, to catch sight of him and call out, "Hello, kid, going hunting? The engine needs another engineer this morning. Hope you feel able to take the job." Steve always said something like that, and at the same time he would drop an empty soap-box out of the cab of the engine so that Proby could step on it and climb up. He did it this morning, but without his usual teasing, for the president was along and it was becoming for Steve to be polite.



PROBY AND TERRY.

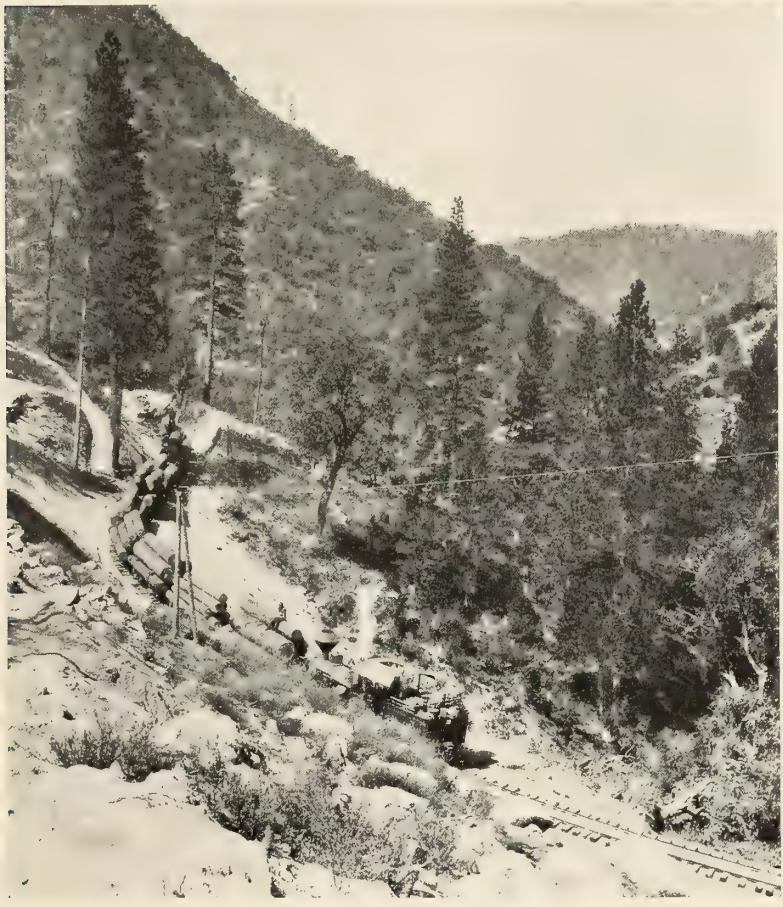
When Proby was perched on the seat, with Terry squeezed into the corner, Steve let him pull the cord and blow the whistle, and he told him that when the president and his party had been left at the end of the line, he was coming back with the engine to Station N to shift some cars, and they would have a jolly spin down the mountain.

It was jolly, too, when they came down, for Proby stood in front of Steve, and his hand was on the lever so that he could feel the thug, thug of the steam turning the wheels. They spun over the shining rails, and the rocking of the engine made Proby dislike the smell of the oil, and then he began to have queer feelings under his little belt; but that was part of the fun, he said to himself, and he did not let Steve know that he was not feeling right.

At Station N there was a train of loaded cars for Steve to take to Station O, which is on a spur of the main line, in the deepest part of the forest. As the engine spun along, Proby looked out of the cab-window and saw great logs which had been trees hundreds of years ago come sliding up the mountain-side behind them, where it was too steep for a horse to go easily, and as if they had no more weight than a lead-pencil.

Steve had received orders to look at a stationary engine which had broken down out in the woods. He stopped his engine at the nearest point,—it was still three miles away,—and he left Proby alone with the locomotive and train.

"You can hold my horse, youngster; and there are squirrels in the gulch which are so scared to know that you are around with that gun that they are calling all the young ones home till you get away."



"SIX WHISTLES RANG OUT AMONG THE TREES. HE WAITED AN INTERVAL, AND THEN ANOTHER SIX WERE BLOWN." (SEE PAGE 452.)

Steve disappeared in the trees, and Proby was alone. He was not afraid, for he loved the pines, and they whispered tales of forest things to him when there was no wind in their boughs. Terry was looking for squirrels, and he barked and tried to fly up the trees, while the gray little creatures whisked along the limbs overhead, and barked back and scolded that a dog should dare to come near their homes. But they were not the kind of squirrels that sit still enough for a boy to get a fair aim. The quail were calling in the thickets, and Terry found a brood; but Proby called him off, and the two sat down to watch the mother, who cackled and scolded and fussed and tried to make her wilful babies lie down behind the bushes and hide.

Just then a crackle startled Proby, and he looked up, hoping to see a deer, but there was nothing but the trees. Terry sat up, looked sharply around, and ran off to see what was going on. He came back whimpering and trembling, and looked at Proby as if he wished he could speak.

"What is it? Want me to come?" But Terry ran a few steps toward the railroad track and turned to see if Proby would follow. Proby, however, wished to know what was down in the gulch. He started off, but Terry set up a howl and would not follow. He stood shivering, watching Proby. A horse-chestnut tree stood alone in a clear space, its yellow leaves dry and crisp from the long hot summer. Suddenly before Proby's eyes it became a blazing tree of fire.

In all woods the mountaineers fear the fire above everything, for it sweeps through the forest, where the long dried grass and the fallen branches feed it till it becomes a raging terror, running up the mighty trees and making a heat so fierce that the men cannot go near enough to fight it. Proby stood for a moment, and he was afraid. A circle of black in the dry grass told how a spark from some stranger's pipe had kindled

a tiny flame, and then grown till it reached the dry chestnut. The wind was straight uphill, and Proby knew it, and he knew how fast the flames would travel when once fairly started. He ran toward the track as Terry had done. There was the train, and down below was the fire, and there was only Proby. He got over his fright and was thinking.

"Why, I must whistle, of course," he said, and then he climbed into the engine. The whistle of the engine is the fire-call: five blasts mean that the nearest men are to come; six mean every one within hearing; and seven mean that every whistle on every engine in all the mountain is to take up the call, and every man within hearing must leave everything and hurry to fight the fire, for there is no time to lose. Proby had seen one fire and he knew what it meant.

He climbed into the engine. There was only a gurgle. The steam was down; could he get it up? He opened the drafts and waited as he had seen Steve do. Then he pulled the cord. A clear, sharp scream was the answer. Then he began signaling. Six whistles rang out among the trees. He waited an interval, and then another six were blown.

Then he signaled for attention — three times. Next he blew seven blasts clear and sharp. He waited another interval, and blew the seven-call over and over. Leaving the engine, he looked over the cañon. He could see a curly white roll of smoke, and in it was a red tongue. A madroño was in the path, and he saw the yellow fallen leaves under the tree dance as if a whirlwind were coming, and then they leaped, each a whirling flame, and the tongues of red ran up the tree and out on its branches, and a low pine, rich in its oozing resin, burst into a flame. The fire was fairly started.

Even in the engine Proby could feel the heat, and Terry whimpered and kept as near him as he could creep, while the boy sent the signals ringing into the mountains till the echoes answered so sharply that he was in danger of confusing the calls.

Why did not the men answer? It seemed hours to Proby before he saw Steve running down the mountain, jumping over fallen trees. Before Proby could say a word Steve had lifted him off his feet and pushed him into the corner. Steve was angry, and shouted, "Do you think that is a nice joke to play when the president is up? Every man jack will be coming in and leaving his work to amuse a kid like you!"

"It is n't any joke; there *is* a fire, and you need not be so hateful!"

Then Steve went and looked over into the cañon, and he saw that it was a fire sure enough. He did not stop to talk, but pulled off his coat and started to beat out a trail along the track.

"Keep up the whistles," he called, and Proby did not let the echoes rest. The men came pouring in, but the fire had a start and it would not be put out.

"Make it eight whistles, Kid!" Steve called, and then he came running up and said he was going with the engine for help. They ran to the next station, where the eight whistles were already blowing, and coupling on a dozen flat-cars, a hundred men were hurried to Station O. It was none too soon. The flames had reached the train, and the logs on the cars, as well as hundreds of others on the ground waiting to be loaded, were smoking. There was no water, nothing but the gunny-sacks to use in beating out the fire.

The men formed in a line, with the foreman of each gang to direct them, and after an hour's work the fire was under control, and Steve and Proby started with the engine for the end of the line to bring down the president and his party.

When Proby's father was told of the fire he did not say anything, and Proby was afraid he had not done well enough to please him, for his father always knew what to do himself, and he wanted Proby to be the right sort of boy, who does n't lose his head when things happen.

When the president shook Proby's hand just as if he were not a small boy, and said, "You are a chip of the old block; I 'm proud to know you," Proby saw then that his father, who was standing near, was satisfied with him, too.

THE KING IN DISGUISE.

By Palmer Cox.

On a far-off isle, in days of yore,
Five hundred years ago or more,
When monarchs for their country's sake
Would trying hardships undertake,
Or brave the dangers of the fight
In common with the meanest knight,



"HE TURNED THE CRANK AT COUNTRY FAIRS."

And ably as their scepter wield
The ringing blade and battered shield,
There lived a sovereign brave and wise,
Who often traveled in disguise
Around his kingdom, day and night,
To learn his subjects' hearts aright.

At times, in pilgrim's dress arrayed,
Before a shrine he knelt and prayed,
With relics of the saints divine
Who passed away in Palestine;
And next, discoursing pleasing airs,
He turned the crank at country fairs;
Or like a beggar lame and sore
Applied for alms from door to door;
And thus through peril, toil, and pain,
Of every class would knowledge gain.

It happened as the king one day
Around the realm pursued his way,
His rich attire and jewels bright
Beneath old garments hid from sight,
Unrecognized by small and great,
He reached an ancient city's gate.
The monarch viewed the rich display
And signs of wealth that round him lay.
Above him rose the buildings grand,
While plenty smiled on every hand.
Said he: "I 've heard the story told
This famous town, so rich and old,
Is peopled by a worldly race
In whom no pity finds a place.
The needy here neglected lie
Or on the threshold starve and die.
As though in want for alms, I 'll sue,
And prove if this report be true."
Then, feigning well the humble strain
Of one reduced by want and pain,
Along the crowded streets he moved
Until the rumor's truth he proved.



"OR LIKE A BEGGAR LAME AND SORE."

For, though he begged from
side to side,
The doors, the gates, and cor-
ners tried,
And strove to waken with a
sigh
The pity of each passer-by,
From end to end the city
through
He could not raise a single
sou,
Nor could he win, howe'er he
pled,
A crumb of cheese, a crust of
bread,
A bone to pick, or anything
That one might to a beggar
fling.
But people laughed and pointed
out
His failings as he moved about,
And in a dozen ways made
light
Of his apparent wretched plight.

The very crutch he bore that day
A thief contrived to steal away!

At last the monarch's patience
went,
His form no more was weak
and bent,
But sudden rising straight and
tall,
He looked the strongest of
them all.
Across his knee the staff he
broke,
And flung aside the beggar's
cloak,
And stood before their startled
sight
The angry monarch in his
might.

Awhile they gazed in doubt and
dread,
With staring eyes and fingers
spread.



"HE FLUNG ASIDE THE BEGGAR'S CLOAK."

But when they would have formed a ring
To pay the homage due a king,
He waved them with his hand aside.
"I 've proved you all to-day," he cried.

The person who denies me bread
Shall pay the forfeit with his head!"

For years thereafter, it is claimed,
That town for charity was famed;

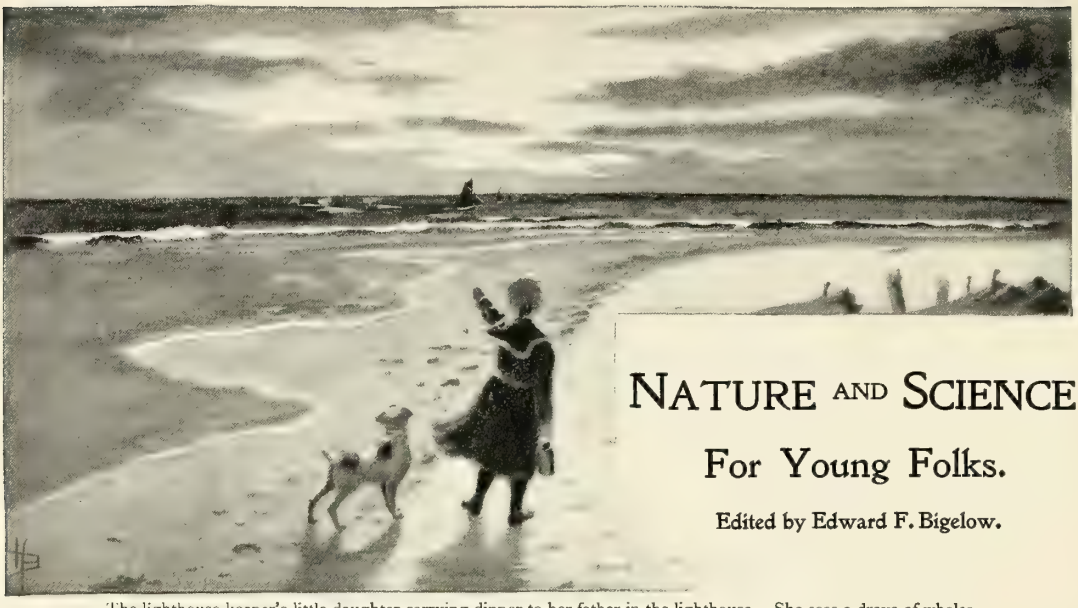


FARING WELL.

"Begone! nor turn your gaze on me,
Nor lift your hat nor bend your knee.
I only recognize the kind
Who never mock the lame and blind,
And well you may this warning heed,
To hold in memory as your creed;
In secret wandering up and down,
Should I in future reach this town,

And while the monarch lived to reign
No beggar ever asked in vain.
It mattered not how thick they pressed,
The streets and courtyards to infest,
The people entertained them well;
None dare refuse, for who could tell
But that the cap and ragged gown
Concealed the kingly robe and crown?





NATURE AND SCIENCE

For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

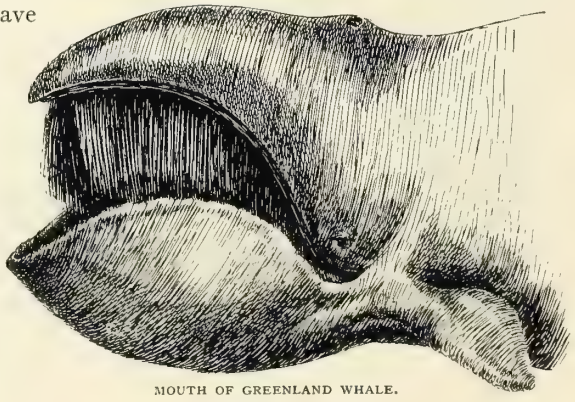
The lighthouse-keeper's little daughter carrying dinner to her father in the lighthouse. She sees a drove of whales "spouting" near to the shore and points them out to her dog.

THE LARGEST ANIMALS.

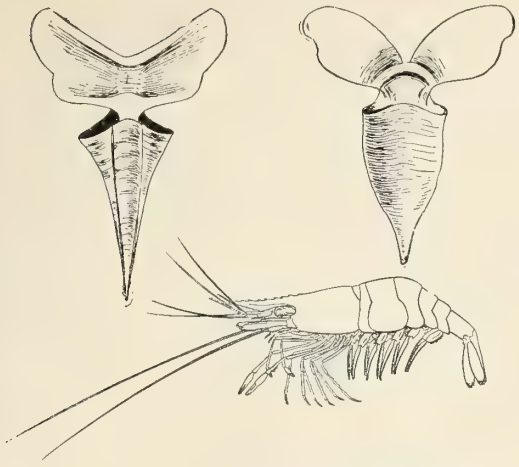
ROAMING singly or in "droves" through all the oceans, from the tropics to the poles, are many kinds of immense creatures, fish-like in shape and popularly regarded as fishes, but hot-blooded, air-breathing, and having little in common with fishes except the element in which they live. These, the whales, dolphins, grampuses, and their tribe, called collectively cetaceans, are the real monarchs of the seas, and in size and strength surpass any other animals of either land or water which now exist, or which are known to have lived in ancient times. From a very early period whales have been hunted by man, and they have added more to the wealth and prosperity of the civilized world than any other group of wild warm-blooded animals.

In order that they may keep warm, whales are completely incased in a thick layer of fat or blubber, from which is made the whale oil of commerce. In former years it was profitable to hunt whales for this oil, but petroleum and fish oils have to a great extent replaced whale oil and have so reduced its market value that whales would now rarely be killed by man if they did not yield several more important products.

One group of whales have teeth in the lower jaw but none in the upper jaw. The largest and most valuable of these toothed whales is the sperm whale, or cachalot, which has a head of strange shape and with strange contents. The lower jaw is long and narrow, and has a row of large conical teeth placed far apart; and it is so loosely joined to the skull that in feeding it may be dropped to an almost vertical position and also swayed from side to side. The upper part of the head is an immense straight-sided mass, with the blow-hole or nostril at the top of the flat nose. In the head is a natural oil-well—a large cavity filled with



MOUTH OF GREENLAND WHALE.
Showing strainers (baleen).



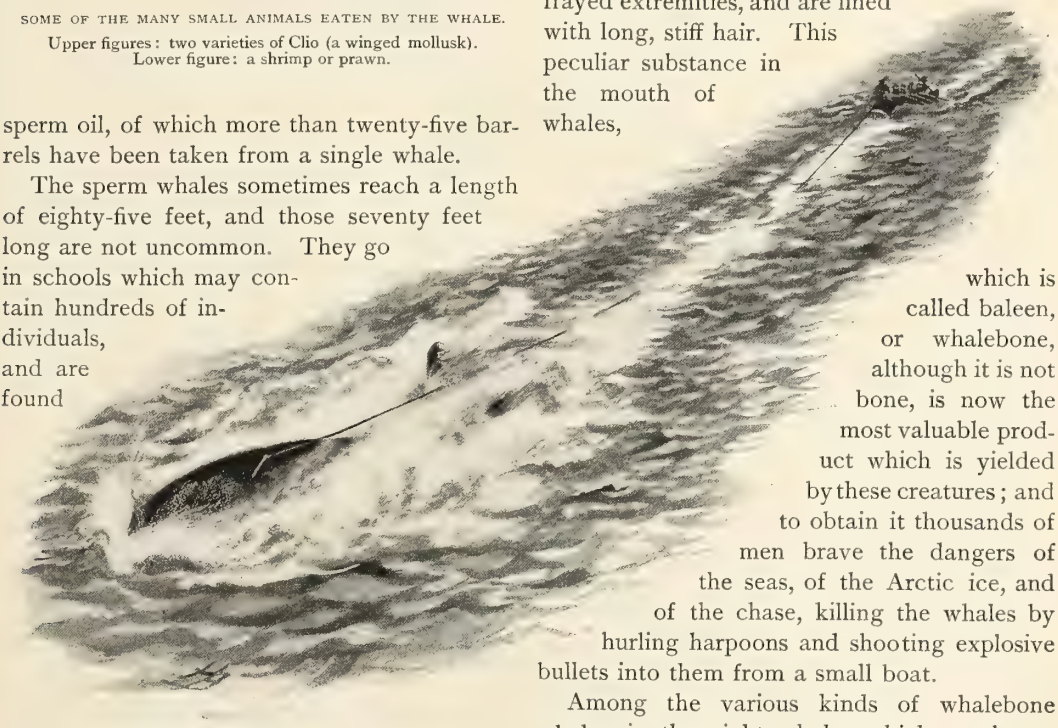
SOME OF THE MANY SMALL ANIMALS EATEN BY THE WHALE.
Upper figures: two varieties of Clio (a winged mollusk).
Lower figure: a shrimp or prawn.

sperm oil, of which more than twenty-five barrels have been taken from a single whale.

The sperm whales sometimes reach a length of eighty-five feet, and those seventy feet long are not uncommon. They go in schools which may contain hundreds of individuals, and are found in all parts of the world except the polar regions. They feed mostly on squids, cuttle-fish, and devil-fish, and they are able to destroy the largest of these animals.

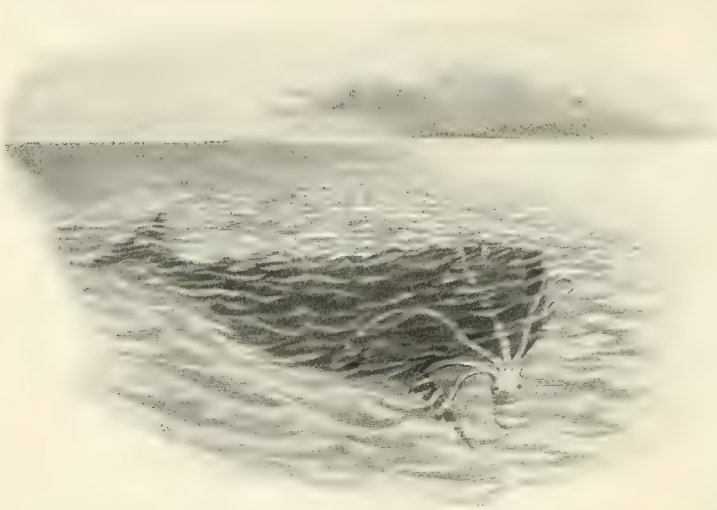
When harpooned, the sperm whale sometimes crushes boats in its jaws, or overturns them by ramming; and instances are recorded where whalemen have been caught within the powerful jaws. There are numbers of cases of vessels being attacked by sperm whales without provocation, and probably some vessels which have disappeared at sea were wrecked by these leviathans. In 1820 the American ship "Essex" was rammed twice by a sperm whale, and sank ten minutes after the second assault.

Another group of whales have no teeth, but the mouth is provided with several hundred closely packed horny, flexible plates or slabs suspended from the roof of the mouth and hanging on each side like a curtain, so that when the mouth is opened as wide as possible their ends are received within the lower jaw. These plates, which in some whales are nine or ten feet long, have pointed, frayed extremities, and are lined with long, stiff hair. This peculiar substance in the mouth of whales, which is called baleen, or whalebone, although it is not bone, is now the most valuable product which is yielded by these creatures; and to obtain it thousands of men brave the dangers of the seas, of the Arctic ice, and of the chase, killing the whales by hurling harpoons and shooting explosive bullets into them from a small boat.



A HARPOONED WHALE TOWING A BOAT-LOAD OF WHALERS THROUGH THE WATER AT A RAPID RATE.

Among the various kinds of whalebone whales is the right whale, which reaches a length of sixty feet and yields two hundred barrels of oil and a thousand pounds of long, valuable baleen; the humpback whale, which is sometimes seventy-five feet long, but has short bone and little oil; the finback and sulphur-bottom whales, of large size but comparatively little value; and the bow-head, Greenland, or polar whale. The last is at home among the ice-fields, and is now the most sought of all the whales on account of the ex-



SPERM WHALE DEVOURING A LARGE OCTOPUS.

cellent quality and large quantity of its baleen. The maximum length is sixty-five feet and its bulk is immense; the huge head represents a third of the length, and the tail is sixteen to twenty feet across. The largest bow-heads produce several thousand pounds of bone worth five or six dollars a pound, and six thousand or more gallons of oil worth forty cents a gallon.

In feeding, the baleen whales drop the lower jaw and swim forward rapidly, and all kinds of small floating animals—fish, shrimp, winged mollusks—pass into the yawning mouth. When the lower jaw is closed, the plates of baleen are forced upward and backward, the water rushes through the sieve formed by the hairs, the food is left behind, and is swallowed by the aid of the tongue.

Some of the baleen whales are said to attain a length of more than a hundred feet, and there are authentic records of examples measuring between ninety and a hundred feet. The largest species of whale, and therefore the largest of all living animals and the largest creature that ever existed, so far as we know, is the sulphur-bottom whale of the Pacific coast. One of these was ninety-five feet long and thirty-nine feet in circumference, and weighed by calculation nearly three hundred thousand pounds. The sulphur-bottom whale is further distinguished by being the swiftest of all whales and one of the most difficult to approach; it glides over the surface with great rapidity, often displaying its entire length; and when it respires the immense volume of vapor which it throws up to a great height is evidence of its colossal proportions.

On one occasion a sulphur-bottom whale remained with a ship for twenty-four days, often passing under it and touching the hull; although it was shot with rifle-balls and struck with logs of wood and other missiles, it refused to desert the vessel until it entered shallow water.

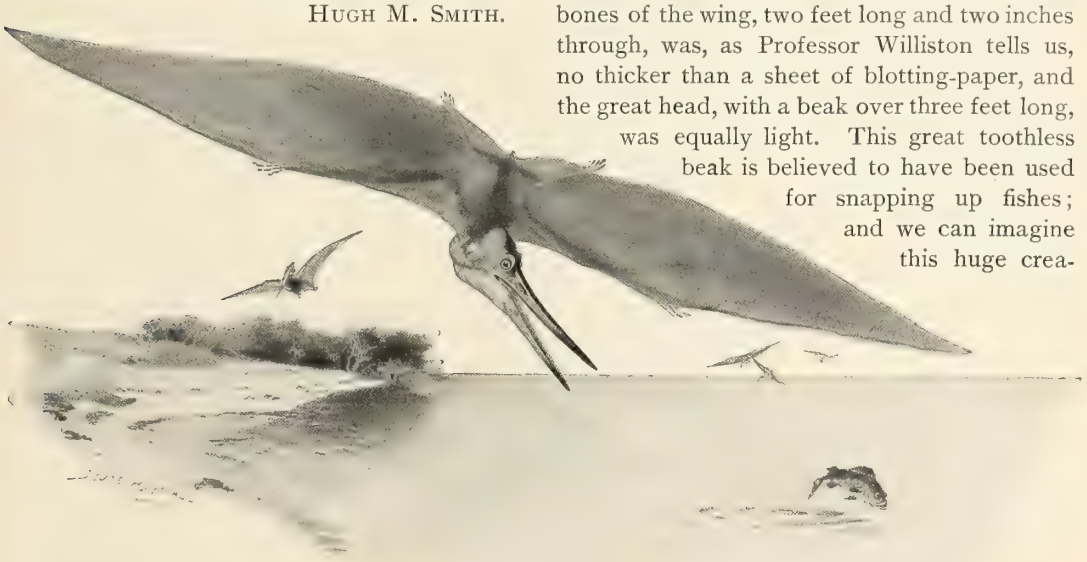
Most savage and powerful monsters are the orcas, or killer whales, which, while compara-



A DROVE OF ORCAS ATTACKING A BOW-HEAD WHALE.

tively small as whales, are so rapacious, active, and strong-jawed that no other animals, even the fiercest of man-eater sharks and the largest of whales, can withstand their awful onslaughts. Favorite objects of their assaults are the toothless whales, and some of the bloodiest fights occur when mother whales are attacked while guarding their young. The orcas hunt in small droves, and are veritable ocean wolves, surrounding their prey, tearing great pieces from the lips and throat and biting out the tongue, the whales drowning, or dying from loss of blood.

HUGH M. SMITH.



THE *ORNITHOSTOMA* — THE LARGEST FLYING CREATURE.

THE LARGEST FLYING CREATURE.

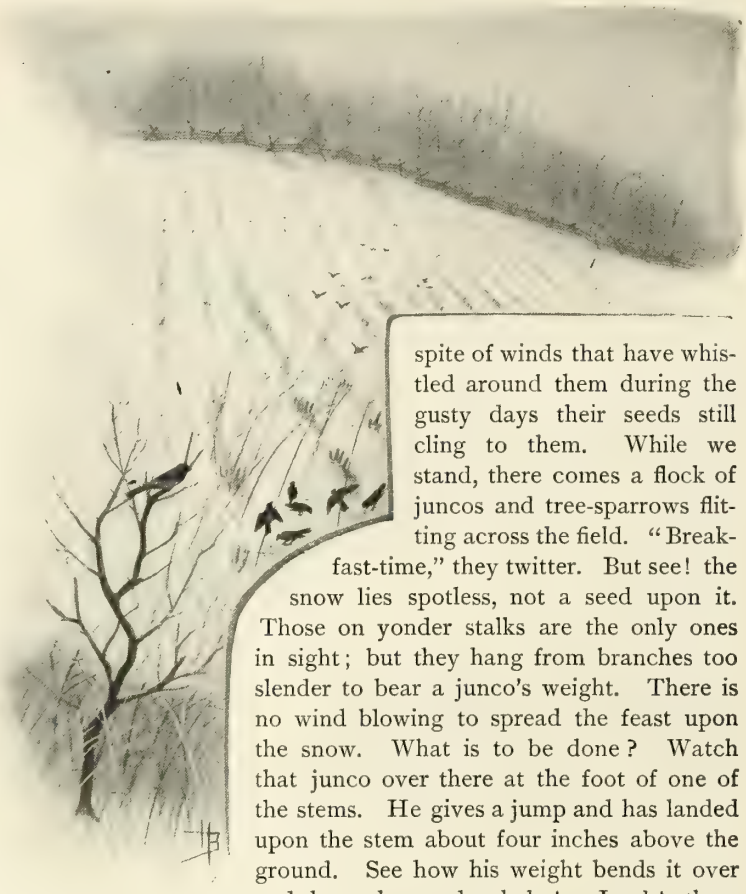
WE are apt to think of reptiles as creeping and crawling things, forgetting that there was a time when flying reptiles were more common than birds. These reptiles, the pterodactyls, or flying-dragons, not only flew, but some of them reached a size much greater than that of any bird, for the largest birds do not fly. The South American condor sometimes measures as much as ten and one-half feet from tip to tip of outstretched wings, and it is quite possible that the finest examples of the albatross may measure a little more. But the great pterodactyls which flew about the sea that in the days of old reached from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rocky Mountains measured as much as twenty feet, the width of an average city lot, across their wings. Most of us have seen an eagle flying, and we can appreciate the size of this ancient dragon by remembering that it was nearly three times the size of an eagle. It was not, however, three times as heavy, for the body of this strange reptile was so small and its skeleton so wonderfully light that the entire animal is thought to have weighed not more than twenty-five pounds, or only about as much as a large condor. One of the largest bones of the wing, two feet long and two inches through, was, as Professor Williston tells us, no thicker than a sheet of blotting-paper, and the great head, with a beak over three feet long, was equally light. This great toothless beak is believed to have been used for snapping up fishes; and we can imagine this huge creature sailing swiftly over the sea, now and then swooping down to pick up a fish as deftly for all its size as a real swallow. But what did *Ornithostoma*—this is the creature's name—do with his wings and beak when he made an occasional visit to the land? One would think they must have been very much in his way, and that the animal was as awkward on the shore as he was graceful in the air. And how did he start to fly? With such enormous wings, we think *Ornithostoma* must have dwelt on cliffs about the sea and launched off them as the gannets do from Bird Rock. This great flying reptile lived some six million years ago; the sea over which it flew long ago disappeared, and the mud into which its bones sank

became chalk, and from the formation of these great chalk-beds the time at which *Ornithostoma* existed is called the Cretaceous Period.

FREDERICK A. LUCAS,
United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.

Of birds now in existence, probably the one with the greatest expanse of wing in proportion to the body, and with the greatest power of flight, is the frigate- or man-o'-war bird (*Fregata aquila*). This bird apparently flies more by skill than by strength, for it has no great carrying powers.

The wandering albatross, the largest of all sea-birds, is also one of our strongest fliers. One bird was known to fly at least 3150 miles in twelve days. This bird was caught, tagged, released, and caught again.



THE JUNCO SHAKING HIS "TREE."

HOW THE JUNCO SHAKES HIS "TREE."

SOME day when the snow has whitened the hills and valleys, climb to one of those upland corn-fields which the tree-sparrows and juncos frequent. Here and there from the snow protrude brown stems of last year's weeds, and in spite of winds that have whistled around them during the gusty days their seeds still cling to them. While we stand, there comes a flock of juncos and tree-sparrows flitting across the field. "Breakfast-time," they twitter. But see! the snow lies spotless, not a seed upon it. Those on yonder stalks are the only ones in sight; but they hang from branches too slender to bear a junco's weight. There is no wind blowing to spread the feast upon the snow. What is to be done? Watch that junco over there at the foot of one of the stems. He gives a jump and has landed upon the stem about four inches above the ground. See how his weight bends it over and how the seeds shake! Look! there come some fluttering to the ground. Why, he has actually shaken them down as we would cherries! And now the whole flock collects around him to share his meal. The feast over, this simple operation will be repeated, perhaps on the same stalk, more likely on one a short distance away. And again and again you may see this done, until all the hungry mouths are satisfied. How did the juncos learn to shake their "tree"?

J. HAROLD AUSTIN.



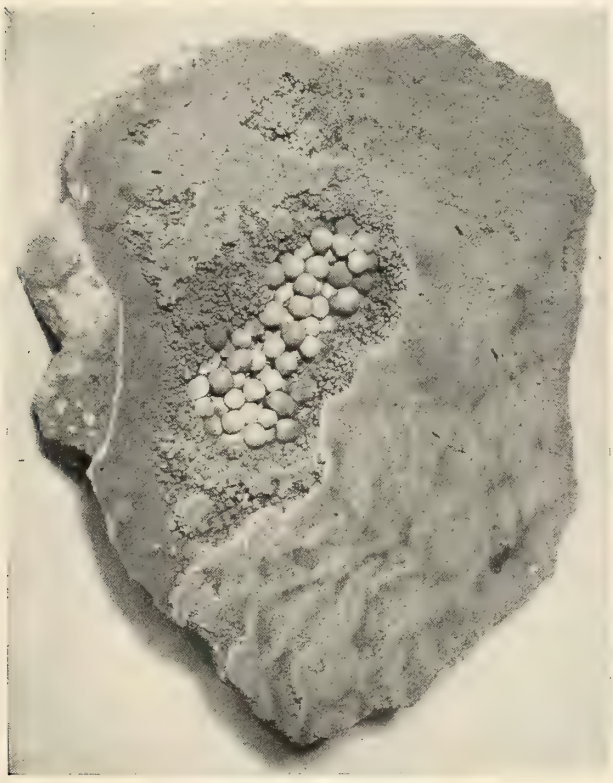
THE JUNCO, OR "SNOW-BIRD."

The junco is especially fond of the seeds of the ragweed, also of the seeds of the pigweed, chickweed, knot-grass, and foxtail. When he can get to insects, he feasts on ants, cutworms, leaf-eating beetles, and grasshoppers. Thus the junco is very useful to the farmer and the horticulturist. And we young folks all know that his sociable ways are very winning.

IMITATING A BIRD'S NEST.

One of nature's curious freaks is shown in the accompanying illustration of a calcite "bird's nest." The "eggs" were not laid by a bird, as might easily be supposed from their appearance, but were formed in one of the hot mineral springs at Reichelsdorf in Germany.

Each one of these "eggs" is what the mineralogists call a "concretion," and has been formed by the deposit of layer after layer of calcite around a common center. Sometimes



THE CALCITE "BIRD'S NEST."
Photograph from George L. English & Co., New York City.

the concretions are formed around a minute grain of sand or some other body. As the deposit grows thicker, of course the concretion increases in size. The rounded forms are due to the even deposition of the material and to the rubbing of the little pebbles one upon another, as is done by the pebbles with which we are familiar at the sea-shore or in the little eddies and falls of the brook.

The rock surrounding the calcite pebbles is of the same calcareous material.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

VARYING MOISTURE ON ROCKS.

West Groton, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: Yesterday I discovered a strange thing—a rock covered with drops of water. I looked about for another, and found one only half covered. The part that was wet was spread over with a greenish color, but the part that was n't wet was just like any stone. I found many of them, some in deep shade and others in sunshine. Will you please tell me what causes this kind of perspiration on a rock? I could understand it if the whole rock was wet, and if the rock was only in the sun or shade, but it is only half wet sometimes and in either sun or shade. I found some on high ground and some on low. Yours respectfully,

Arnold W. Lahee.

"This kind of perspiration on a rock" probably resembles that seen on ice-pitchers. During a spell of cool weather, and especially during a clear, cool night, the ground becomes chilled. If a light wind then brings warm and moist air, the moisture may be condensed in a film or in drops on the cold ground.

This condensation is more likely to take place, or to exhibit itself, on stones than on loose soil, because the surface grains of the soil are soon warmed by the air. But the solid stones, being better conductors, remain cold longer and gather more moisture before they are warmed. The greenish color of the wet part may have been due to the growth of fungus or lichens on the damp stone.—W. M. D.

"DOWNY" IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF SPRING.

Sunnywoods, Chatham, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: On our place we have a large pump-house which has a galvanized-iron roof. Every day, morning, noon, and night, can be heard the swift tattoo of the woodpecker. He must expect to find a worm because the sound is hollow, but he never does —"poor fellow!" Your devoted reader,

Anna B. Moore.

The woodpecker is not vainly seeking food, but thoroughly enjoying his music—comparable to the songs of most spring birds. Listen for his exultant *peek, peek* after a prolonged tat-



"HE DELIGHTS IN *RAT-A-TAT-TAT*-ING AWAY ON A DRY LIMB."

too performance. He delights in *rat-a-tat-tat*ing away on a dry limb, on a metal roof, on a lightning-rod, or on a telegraph-pole with its tinkling glasses and resonant wires—yes, he enjoys it as much as most of our boys enjoy pounding on a drum, or on anything else that will resound to the beating of a stick. Burroughs says of this hammering: "It is Downy beating a reveille to spring. We listen with pleasure, . . . and credit him with a genuine musical performance." Downy is industrious, seldom idle, but never in mischief.

CECROPIA AND COCOON.

BATH, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One of the girls in my grade at school brought in a cocoon, and it was hung up near my desk in hopes the moth in it would come out. A few days later one of the boys discovered that it was coming out. We watched it, and at last it got out and hung on the outside of the cocoon. Then its body began to grow, and the wings, that looked like wet tissue-paper, unfolded. Then the body began to get small. I could watch it nicely, because I was so near. The teacher gave it to me and I got it mounted. I send a picture of it and the cocoon. It is a cecropia, and a very good specimen.

PHILIP P. COLE
(age 12).



CECROPIA COCOON AND MOTH.

Now is the time to gather cocoons. Keep them in a warm place (not too dry) and watch the moths come out.

CAN MONKEYS SWIM?

SAVANNAH, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in Nature and Science whether monkeys can swim?

W. W. DE RENNE.

There is but very little reference in naturalists' literature to the ability of monkeys to swim. The director of one of our principal zoölogical parks states that he does not know whether a monkey can swim, as he has never seen one try. One author, however, writing of British India, states that some East Indian monkeys of the species *Macacus* can swim and dive well. On the other hand, an authority writes this department that "the distribution of many South American species of monkeys is strictly limited by certain rivers—a fact that would indicate a lack of power or inclination to cross bodies of water."



THE SPIDER-MONKEY.
It has great "ability to cling by tail or legs."

It is probable that this disinclination to swim, and the ability to cling by tail and legs, gave rise to the story of the looping chain bridge of monkeys that used to be told and illustrated even in school geographies. Nearly if not quite all naturalists now regard the monkey bridge as a myth, without any real basis in fact. No reliable person ever saw monkeys cross a stream in that way, and the idea has been the subject of ridicule among naturalists who study monkeys.

HOW THE STARFISH EATS.

NEWCASTLE, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, while climbing on the rocks, I found several starfish. I picked them up and put them in a pool. When I came back I saw one on its side, with the little feelers, which are on the fingers of a starfish, around a snail. It finally turned over, and when I picked it up dropped the snail. Do starfish eat snails? and, if so, how do they get them

out of the shells? I would also like to know if the jelly-like substance in the middle is their stomach.

I am your loving reader,
KATHARINE L. RICHARDS.

The mouth of the starfish is the round hole on the under side, where the grooves of the arms meet. The stomach, closely connected with the mouth, is a thin sac folded and packed away in the center of the disk and the bases of the arms. The starfish feeds on various shell animals. If the victim is small, like a snail, it is taken into the stomach. If it is large, like an oyster, the stomach is pushed out and around it. Digestive fluids are poured over it, and the portions digested are taken into the starfish.

HOW THE STARFISH TRAVELS.

NEW YORK CITY.

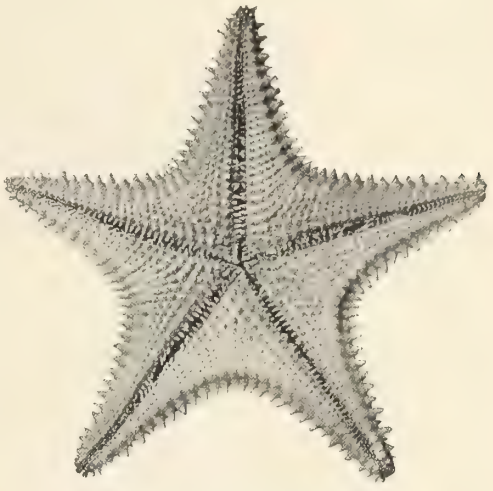
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was down on the rocks, one day, where there was a little pool left by the tide. In this pool were a number of starfish. I thought I would like to see how a starfish turns over; so I picked one up and put it on its back. Pretty soon it began to draw two of its legs up. Then it turned over the ends of the others, and pushed or sucked, I could not tell which, with the feelers which are on the under side of all starfish. Thus very slowly it turned over.

One of your many readers,
DOROTHY BULL (age 12).

Small water-reservoirs are connected with the tube-feet. Water is forced into these tubes and thus extended. The suckers at the end of the feet attach themselves to an object. Then the muscles contract and the body is pulled forward.



COMMON FLORIDA STARFISH.



UNDER SIDE OF STARFISH.

Jordan and Heath's "Animal Forms" thus describes this process:

This movement is similar to that of a boatman pulling himself to land by means of a rope fastened to the shore. When the shortening of the tube-feet has ceased, the sucking disks release their attachment, project themselves again, and this process is repeated over and over. At all times some of the feet are contracting, and a steady advance of the body is the result.

QUEER TREE-FORMATIONS AND FLYING-FISH.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent number of ST. NICHOLAS I saw a picture of a curious formation on a tree. Last spring, in a redwood forest near Santa Cruz, California, I saw on one of the large redwoods a knob which on one side resembled a buffalo's head, and on the other side resembled an elephant's head with the trunk curled up on the tree itself.

The picture of the flying-fish interested me, as I saw several on a trip to Catalina Island, California. When they leap from the water it is usually because some larger fish is chasing them. The larger fish goes as fast under water, however, as the flying-fish above, and when the flying-fish falls into the water, the large fish is usually there to catch and make a meal of it. The fish looked very pretty as they went skimming through the air, the drops of water glistening in the sun.

Your interested reader, ALICE BALDWIN (age 13).

BEST LETTERS REGARDING WEEDS.

THE prize for the best letter on the interest and beauty of weeds has been awarded to Miss Mabel Fletcher, Decatur, Illinois.

Honorary mention is due to Miss May Henderson Ryan, Caliente, California, and to Miss Fern L. Patten, Richmond, Kansas.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

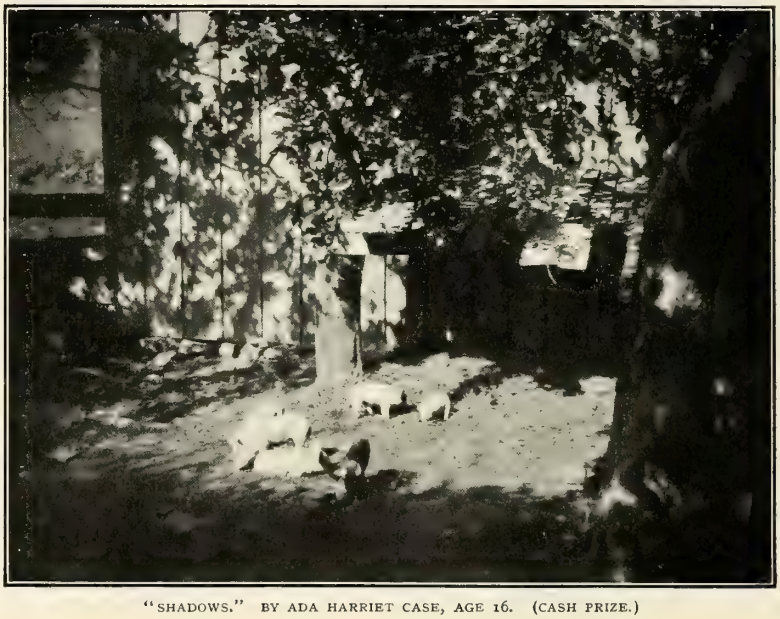


"HEADING FOR MARCH." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

In the oozy marsh is a leaf of green,
And a rift of blue in the skies of gray,
While the wind unceasingly blows between
To blow old winter away.

MARCH is the last month of preparation for the Chapter Prize Competition, which we hope is going to be better than ever before. The prize-winners who won the books in the previous competitions have been very happy over them, and some of them have started chapter libraries which may grow to be a lasting benefit to other boys and girls when the young people who started them are boys and girls no longer. And then there are those greater benefits —the hospital beds which have been endowed, and the other charitable institutions that have been helped in their beneficent work. No one may say how much good even a very little money may do when it means help to the needy and comfort to the suffering.

Our work this month is very fine. The drawings are unusually attractive, and it would take a very severe critic indeed to find fault with the heading at the top of this page. Among the good pictures are some from our old contributors who would have won prizes but for the fact that they have gained most of the awards already. The prose contributions are so good that we have had to decide on another competition on the same subject, so that a number of the contributions received may have another chance. These have been put into an envelop and will be included in the competition for June. The editor did not suppose there were so many entertaining "family traditions" that could be told in a manner so attractive, and we must not waste so good a subject. Of course any one who wishes to do so may send a second "tradition," and this will in no way interfere with the chances of the first effort.



"SHADOWS." BY ADA HARRIET CASE, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 51.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badge, **Emily R. Burt** (age 16), Ivoryton, Conn.

Silver badges, **Mary Yeula Wescott** (age 13), Poplar Branch, N. C., and **Josephine Whitbeck** (age 10), 2327 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Prose. Gold badges, **Oscar D. Stevenson** (age 15), Box 302, Stratford, Ontario, and **Helen Beshgetour** (age 9), Alleghany, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Julia Inglehart** (age 15), 114 Cleveland Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Donald Knipp Belt** (age 12), 613 Reservoir St., Baltimore, Md.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Floyd L. Mitchell** (age 15), 916 E. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio, and **Anna Zucker** (age 16), 1614 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silver badges, **Winifred Hutchings** (age 9), 1578 Barret Ave., Louisville, Ky., **Irving A. Nees** (age 17), 64 Greenwich St., Chicago, Ill., and **Elizabeth S.**

Fishblate (age 11), 815 Market St., Wilmington, N. C.

Photography. Cash prize, **Ada Harriet Case** (age 16), 398 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Madge Pulsford** (age 13), Hotel del Prado, Chicago, Ill.

Silver badge, **Gladys W. Wheeler** (age 11), 159 Gates Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Opossum," by **Francis Earle** (age 15), 35 Stiles St., Elizabeth, N. J. Second prize, "Tortoise," by **Lawrence Jackson** (age 13), 2347 King St., Denver, Col. Third prize, "Swallows," by **Ruth Wales** (age 14), Hyde Park, N. Y.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Madge Oakley** (age 16), 9 Bradford Ave., Newport, R. I., and **Margaret Helen Bennett** (age 13), 52 Farquhar Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England.

Silver badges, **William Bernard Harris** (age 12), Merion Station, Pa., and **Richard A. von Blücher** (age 10), Corpus Christi, Texas.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Agnes Rutherford** (age 14), Ottawa, Canada, and **E. Adelaide Hahn** (age 10), 552 E. 87th St., N. Y.

Silver badges, **Grace Haren** (age 12), 4575 Forest Park Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo., and **Marion Thomas** (age 14), 305 Main St., Burlington, Vt.

AWAKENED TO FORGIVENESS.

BY EMILY R. BURT (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE pine-trees moaned beside the gate,
The moon rose pale and clear;
An old wife sat beside her hearth;
These words she seemed to hear:

"Forgiveness," sighed the pine-trees;
"Forgiveness," smiled the moon;
"Forgiveness," thought the old wife—
"I can't forgive so soon."

The night-owl in the oak-tree
Began to hoot, *tu-whu.*
The old dame sat and listened.
The wild wind howled and blew.

"Forgive, forgive," it whistled;
The woman gave a start.
Were these the night-wind's warnings,
Or voices in her heart?

Long, long she sat in silence;
The fire grew dim and cold;
The hours came, the hours went,
Till morning, when, behold!

The look upon her countenance
Was calm and sweet and bright.
The light of love's forgiveness
Had filled her heart that night.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY OSCAR D. STEVENSON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AN oft-repeated and interesting tradition in our family is one relating to early pioneer days in New Brunswick, after the close of the American Revolution. My great-grandfather had left Massachusetts on account of the persecutions of some of the victorious patriots, and settled in southwestern New Brunswick.

Owing to his strong personality and his just behavior toward the neighboring Micmac Indians, he had ingratiated himself with their chief, who had made him a "blood member" of the tribe. As this was a great honor among Indians, and denoted protection by the chiefs, great-grandfather's family was not annoyed by the restless tribe.

One week in autumn, great-grandfather had gone on a trading-trip through the woods to St. John, and consequently left the buildings unprotected. This was not considered hazardous, on account of the chiefs' protection, and great-grandmother and several daughters were baking, late in the afternoon, when a group of shadows



"SHADOWS." BY MADGE PULSFORD, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

intruded upon the clean floor of the kitchen. Glancing up, the startled women beheld several young Micmacs, in the conscious glory of war-paint, feathers, and toggery, about to enter the house through the open door.

"Huh!" said the foremost brave. "Heap smell! Want bread! Ugh?"

"I have no bread to spare," gently remonstrated great-grandmother; but the Indians were insistent, and demanded pork, fish, and flour.

Being considerably under the influence of "fire-water," they were in the mood to even commit murder to gain their ends.

At this crisis, when several knives were prominently and lovingly displayed, a series of thumps, heavy and muffled, was heard overhead, with sounds as of a man walking across the floor.

The Indians, who believed great-grandfather away on the St. John trail, looked dumfounded for a moment, but when they heard "bump," "thump," "bump," a heavy tread coming slowly down the stair, they turned and ran, hastily and with a great desire to get out of great-grandfather's sight before he recognized them,

for he was important enough to have them apprehended and punished.

When all was still, and the terrified women were recovering from their fright, the stair-door slowly opened and disclosed, not a six-foot pioneer, but small, nine-year-old great-uncle Alfred, almost buried in a pair of his father's heavy boots.

Explanations ensued, and, you may depend, quick-witted Alfred was a much-petted small boy.

The chief of the tribe, at the request of great-grandfather, let off the repentant culprits with a warning, and the pioneers were troubled no more.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN BESHGETOUR (AGE 9).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"MAMA," said I, at the breakfast-table one morning, "I want to write a story for the ST. NICHOLAS. The subject is 'A Family Tradition.' Are there any traditions on your side of the family?"

"Yes, many," said mama, as she poured the coffee. "From 'way back to the Revolutionary War there are very interesting stories told."

"Humph," said papa, as he helped me to the beefsteak. "If it 's *age* you 're after, better take a story from *my* side of the house. My family history dates back for five hundred years."

"All right," cried I; "I 'll take one from your side and Ruth can take one from mama's."

So papa told the following tale:

On the fertile plains of Armenia, near the banks of the great river Euphrates, lived my great-great-great-grandfather. He was very rich, counting his wealth in camels, horses, and cattle, besides much gold and silver.

One time when he was traveling, and came to count his camels at night, he found one was missing. He felt very bad, because it was one which was loaded with precious gems, jewels, gold, silver, silks from India, beautiful rugs from Persia, etc.

Then he vowed a vow that if he found it he would build a monastery in that place wherever it was.

After a few days' search he found the camel and its valuable load unharmed, on the top of a beautiful hill overlooking the river Euphrates.

True to his word, he built there a costly stone monastery, which is standing unto this day, and which bears the name of "Beshgetour."



My Best Friend.

BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

FORGIVING.

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My little friend Annie
Came over to play.
We stayed in the house,
As 't was stormy that day.

She had her doll, Susan,
And mine was named Jane;
We dressed and undressed them
Again and again.

We made them fine bonnets
For each little head.
They wore them to parties,
Then came home to bed.

Ann stepped on my finger,
And said she was glad.
I got up and slapped her,
She 'd made me so mad.

Then I knocked Susan's head off,
And Annie broke Jane.
We cried and we quarreled
Again and again.

Then I said I was sorry,
As much as could be;
So I forgave Annie,
And she forgave me.



"MY FRIEND GILPIN." BY S. DAVIS OTIS, AGE 14. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY DONALD KNIPP BELT (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN my mother was a little girl, her grandmother, who had come from Germany in her youth, used to tell her about an ancestor of hers, the founder of our family. He was a French count in the time of Catharine de' Medici, Queen Regent of France. The count was invited to the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1572, along with nearly all the Huguenot nobles, who came in good faith, never suspecting what terrible treachery was meditated against them.

All the gentlemen whom the king wished to save from this horrible murder were invited to his apartments beforehand, without being made acquainted with what was going to happen.

The count had just gotten inside the Louvre when he was warned of the danger that menaced him. He was trying to escape unseen, when a servant told him that he had left his hat; but he was not to be deterred by so trivial a thing, and went off leaving his head-gear. When he was just outside the palace, the bell of St.-Germain struck midnight and the work of murder was begun by the queen's minions.

He had barely gotten outside the city when he was captured and nearly killed; but he escaped, only to be chased again and again by parties of ruffians before he reached the Rhine. There he planned the city of Heidelberg and built the first house.

After it grew into a town he was elected burgomaster, which office his descendants held for nearly two hundred years, when the main branch came to America.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JULIA INGLEHART (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A RECEPTION was to be given in honor of a celebrated foreigner, and the long hall in Mrs. Emma Willard's School for Young Ladies, at Troy, was aglow with the light of innumerable candles. On either side of the fireplace were jars of goldenrod, for the time was early autumn. Down the broad staircase floated the light-hearted laughter of the girls as they prepared for the evening festivities.

Slowly up and down the room walked the tall, stately principal, touching a flower here or a light there, while awaiting the arrival of her guests.

At last steps were heard at the door, and as the knocker fell, the daintily dressed young girls descended to welcome, with Mrs. Willard, the first arrivals, and be introduced in rapid succession to one after another as they appeared.

After a short time, a hush stole over the crowded rooms.

The conversation ceased for an instant as all turned to look at the distinguished-looking, soldierly man with whom their hostess was speaking.

And then, after every one else, the inmates of the school were presented to the guest of honor. Each curtsied in response to his profound bow, and passed on.

The last in line was a sweet little maid of twelve, the youngest of all.

The great man looked at her a moment, and then bent impulsively and kissed her red lips.

Turning to the head mistress, he said courteously:

"Madam, it has never before been my good fortune to see so charming a group of young ladies."

Thus I have liked to imagine the evening when my great-aunt was kissed by the Marquis de Lafayette.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 17. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

NOTICE.

This is the last month for taking part in Chapter Competition No. 3. Members wishing to take part should form chapters now. Badge and instruction leaflet will be sent free on application, and the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays" will be loaned to chapters desiring to give dramatic entertainments. See last League page.

FORGIVENESS.

JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"FORGIVE me, little doggie,
Forgive me, doggie, do;
Last night in a dreadful temper
I thoughtlessly hit you.

"I did not mean to hurt you,
Although I know I did;
You thought you had displeased me
And ran away and hid."

"Yes, my little master,
What you said is true;
You hurt me very badly,
But I 'll forgive it you.

"You 're very, very good to me—
I love you, little Joe,
And since you will not hurt me,
We 'll be happy now, I know."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN M. PRICHARD (AGE 11).

IT was baking-day, and the morning of June 17, 1775. Mrs. Smith had kneaded her bread and put it in the oven to bake. She was thinking hard, for her husband was a soldier and gone to fight with the brave men on Bunker Hill.

Suddenly there was a ring at the door-bell. Mrs. Smith flew to the door. A man was there; he said: "Fly, the British are burning the houses. Don't stop to save anything." Mrs. Smith replied: "I will save something." So she rushed upstairs and pulled a pillow-case off a pillow and emptied the contents of her top bureau drawer into the pillow-case.

She then went for her family; her little brother was having his hair cut, and when he went to the boat that



"OPOSSUM." BY FRANCIS EARLE, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

was to take them to safety, one side of his hair was cut and the other was n't. As Mrs. Smith was being carried across the river in the boat the man next to her was shot. This is a true story, for she was my great-great-grandmother, and one of my aunts has a pincushion that came out of the pillow-case.

FORGIVENESS.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

"Of the Merciful Knight who forgave his Enemy when he might have slain him."*

WITHIN a forest lone wandered
a weary knight,
With heavy step and slow, in
evening's waning light;
But though his form was bowed,
as if he felt him sad,
Within his heart stole such deep
peace as made him holy-
glad.

For he had met his enemy, and
might have slain him there—
The man who would have had
his life, and caused him pain
and care.
But swift a thought winged
through his mind of prayer
repeated oft,
And angels pressed it home to
him, and bore his prayer
aloft.

So, with forgiveness in his heart,
he went upon his way,
And passing by a holy shrine, he
knelt him down to pray.
And there a vision came to him, that from the cross
above
Bent down to kiss him on the brow, the thorn-
crowned King of Love.

* The picture by Sir E. Burne-Jones.



"TORTOISE." BY LAWRENCE JACKSON, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

OUR LATEST FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE L. SIGOURNEY (AGE 11).

ONE day last winter, as I was playing in the yard with my friend, father called me and asked if I would like to go with him to the lake to get some ice for the ice-house.

I readily agreed to this proposal, and after he had hitched the oxen to the sled, we started for the lake.

In an hour's time we reached it, and began to cut the ice.

When a little of the ice had been cut away and put on the sled, there was quite a large hole in the place where it had been taken out.

One of the oxen standing by noticed the hole and thought he would take a drink. He put his nose into the water, and just as he had taken a mouthful or so he drew back his head so suddenly that a five-pound fish which had been biting his nose came flapping on the ice. I was delighted when I saw it.

We brought the fish home, and had it for supper that night. I thought he was the sweetest fish I had ever tasted, and all the family thought so too.

FORGIVENESS.

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 8).

IF while we live
Our friends do us wrong,
We must forgive,
And so be strong.

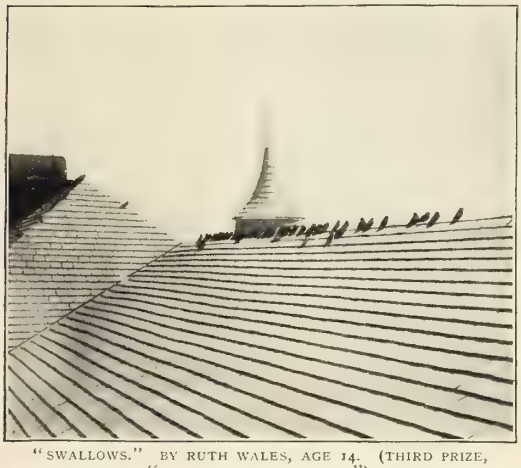
A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CAROL S. WILLIAMS (AGE 13).

LONG ago, in the troublous times, when men carried their muskets to church, and the Indians were continually surprising the settlements in New England, the Indian war-cry startled the peaceful village of Deerfield, where little eight-year-old Eunice Williams, a distant relation of our ancestors, lived with her father. It was the year 1704 when she was carried away by the fierce Mohawks; and living among these savage people she soon forgot the English language, and became an Indian in her habits and thoughts. She married, and her grandson, Thomas Williams, who kept her name legitimately, became the chief of the tribe.

One day two men appeared, bringing with them a little stranger, who had terrible scars on his wrists and ankles. He was given to the chief to bring up, and a sum of money was yearly sent from France for his education. The boy would sit all day as if in a dream, his great brown eyes wide open and without seeming to see in the slightest what was going on around him. Even if he was spoken to his expression did not change or his eyes lose their somber stare.

Gradually, however, he awoke from this stupor, and still more slowly his memory came back to him. He remembered dimly the frightful time at Paris in the French Revolution; how finally, after days of horror, he was thrust into prison. And there he became so stupefied with fear and the strong liquors he was forced to take to drown memory that he could not recollect how



"SWALLOWS." BY RUTH WALES, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

he had been rescued by friends of his father. Thus the Dauphin of France, who was supposed to have died in the Temple, was brought up by the Indians, under the name of Eleazar Williams.

He was sent away to school, and after a good education studied for the ministry. He has always fervently believed that he was heir to the throne of France, and many people think now that it is true. I am only relating the facts as they have been handed down to me. Various books have been written about Eleazar Williams and his wonderful history.

I hope it is really true, for it has a strange fascination for me to think that perhaps this boy was the Dauphin.

FORGIVING.

BY MABEL E. FLETCHER (AGE 17).

"WHEN Benny takes my apple
And runs," says Polly May,
"I never say, 'You come right back!'
I let him go away.
But when it 's nearly seven,
And we swing on the door,
Why, he gives me an orange
He gets at uncle's store—
And I forgive him right away,
Because it 's right," says Polly May.

"When Polly takes my fish-nets
And runs," says Benny Ray,
"And puts her old rag dolls in them
And hides them in the hay,
I say I 'll never, never
Play anything with girls.
But she looks up and says to me,
'Is hayseeds on my curls?'
And I forgive her right away;
It 's funny, too," says Benny Ray.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ANNA MARGUERITE NEUBURGER (AGE 16).

JUST as the twilight was deepening on a stormy winter afternoon, ninety years ago, my grandmother, my great-aunts and uncles, my great-grandfather and grandmother, were all gathered in the cottage in the Black Forest at Wildenstein.

Some of the great-aunts—then fresh, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired young girls—were helping my great-grandmother get the evening meal in the next room; and my great-uncle, Dominicus, a tall, stalwart young man, was lying on the floor before the fire, studying by its flames. Several great-aunts and great-uncles were rolling on the floor, and at my great-grandfather's side sat my grandmother, a quiet little maiden of five years.

Babette, a young person of perhaps seven summers, was seated on the other side of great-grandfather, among the fast-deepening shadows. In Babette's lap there was a slate, and she held a wee bit of a pencil in her moist little hand.

With true German industry and thrift, great-grandfather was putting the finishing touches on a shoe, before the lights were brought in. Now this finishing process was the cause of all the trouble.

The wind had lulled for a moment, and on the silence broke a nerve-shattering, indescribable sound, as of a slate-pencil slowly and painfully guided over a slate by an unsteady little hand.

"Babette," said Dominicus, with the easy authority of the oldest brother, "don't do that!"

Still the noise continued, slow, steady, and aggravating, for it was great-grandfather working on the shoe.

"I say, Babette," cried Dominicus, half rising, "don't make that noise!"

"I will if I wish to, Herr Dominicus," answered Babette's voice, pertly, from the shadows.

Here, perhaps, it would be well to state that great-grandfather was very deaf and quite feeble from age.



"SHADOWS." BY GLADYS W. WHEELER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY W. E. HUNTLEY, AGE 16. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

"Now look here, young woman, are you going to stop that?" asked Dominicus, angrily. And he was already groping his way toward the sound.

"No, I 'm not," answered Babette, mockingly; but she noiselessly crept from her seat, and hastily retreated to a dark corner.

Dominicus groped his way to the sound, and there he dimly saw a bobbing head, which he caught and cuffed soundly!

From the corner came a frightened little gasp; the silence was profound, then—

"Anna," called great-grandfather, quaveringly, "bring me the light, for some one has boxed my ears!"

FORGIVENESS.

BY GERALD JACKSON PYLE (AGE 10).

THE lowing herd, the gentle hind,
The setting sun, the whisp'ring wind,
The tinted leaves of early fall,
The babbling brook—together all
Whispered, Forgiveness.

The herds of sheep upon the lea,
The song-sparrow singing in the tree,
The evening hour, the time of rest,
The naked tree and vacant nest
Murmured, Forgiveness.

FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CAROLYN COIT STEVENS (AGE 13).

THE latest family tradition in our family is the one of my mother's uncle editing the first paper that was ever composed, printed, and published on a railway train.

On Monday A.M., May 23, 1870, "All aboard for San Francisco." The magnificent train started to cross the continent, the longest tour ever attempted by any train. The party was composed of members of the Boston Board of Trade.

The train was made up of eight of the most elegant cars that ever passed over an American railway, built by Pullman Company to convey the party from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

They were fitted with every convenience, comfort, and luxury, all in the latest style.

Two libraries and two organs were in the palace cars; concerts were given in the evening.

A bottle of ocean water was taken to be poured into the Pacific.

The paper was called "The Trans-continental."

The motto was, "Let every step be an advance."

It gave sketches of the principal men; described stations passed and receptions given; described the scenery and wild flowers; prophesied the future of cities, and published telegrams of current events.

At every station the platforms were crowded by persons anxious to view and cheer the party as it passed.

The largest cities gave grand receptions and took the party over the city.

They entered San Francisco seven minutes to twelve May 31, and received a warm Western welcome. The report of the "Homeward Trip" was as interesting.



"SHADOWS." BY ELSA VAN NES, AGE 13.

THE BABY'S FORGIVENESS.

BY MARY CROSS CAMPBELL (AGE 11).

THE baby was getting his morning bath,
And was splashing the water about;
His mother called out, "Come, sweet, time 's up,"
And rudely (he thought) took him out.

He screwed up his little pink nose and mouth,
And kicked her as hard as could be;
He pushed her dear, gentle hand away—
Oh, a bad little boy was he!

He cried so hard that his face grew red,
And his mother could comfort him not,
Till at last he cried himself to sleep,
And she covered him up in his cot.

But when he woke up he was happy to see
His mother's face wreathed in a smile.
So he put his fat little arms round her neck
And forgave her in baby style.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ETHEL STEINHILBER (AGE 14).

It happened a long time ago, before you or I were ever born.

In 1776 it happened, when Washington and his army, small but resolute, were fighting for liberty.

One day as the army were marching on through the cold, they came to a house close by the roadside. The officers entreated Washington to stop and get something—anything—to eat.

He did so. When he told the woman of the house what he wanted, she bustled about and soon had a good warm supper ready.

Beside Washington's plate was a small blue teapot of tea. The good woman smiled and curtsied when the gallant general told her that that was the best tea he had tasted for many days.

At last, when he and his officers were through, they took their departure, but not until Washington said:

"My good woman, truly I thank you for this great kindness. I can never repay you. If ever you are in need, just come to George Washington; he will help you. Farewell!"

That is the reason that on a certain shelf in my aunt's home there is a small blue teapot that seems to scorn everything else, even the tall blue candlesticks nearly as old as the teapot itself.



"SHADOWS." BY DOROTHY H. COLLINS, AGE 13.

FORGIVENESS.

BY EMELYN TEN EYCK (AGE 11).

Now, pussy, you must be scolded, I 'm very sorry to say;
Now take my pocket hank'chief, to wipe your tears away.
Last night as we all were singing, outdoors by the light of the moon,
You sat up on the veranda fence and sang all out of tune!
Now tell me truly, pussy, is that the best you can do?
If it is I 'd ask the fairies to give a new voice to you.
But if you sang your very best, then I 'll forgive you true;
I suppose it 's all the voice you 've got, and have to make it do.
Yes, I 'll forgive you, pussy; now look happy and rejoice.
I love you for your own sweet self, and forget about your voice.

A TRUE MEMORY OF VACATION.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE CANNON (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

O'er the rain-washed roofs the chilling winds of winter sweep,
And, blending with their mournful sound, I seem to hear a strain
Of sweetest music, soft and low, above the plash of driving rain—
A melody whose faintest echoes roll forever in my soul.

One summer day long, long ago, when raindrops fell (thus angels weep),
When winds blew as they blow to-night, and clouds obscured the dusky pole,
A friend's lithe fingers touched the keys and filled the air with harmony.
Whene'er the wind sweeps from the sky it bears those echoes back to me.

Again I hear the sweet, low strains, like murm'ring ripples of the sea,
Or mother's song to lull to rest the baby sleeping on her breast.
Anon the music louder swells, and grander, nobler than before,
Such strains as fill the courts of kings or lead the pageantry of war.

Then, gliding slow in stately measure, the heavenly notes ring full and clear
As when, beneath the lofty nave of some dim church where twilight reigns,
The organ peal falls on my ear, that angels bright might pause to hear,
While echoes roll from arch to arch and strike against the storied panes.

And now once more the theme has changed, and sweeter falls, in cadence low—
A twisted chain of harmony, each note a pearl of melody.
A few soft chords—the melting strain now dies away, more soft, more slow,
And silence reigns. Yet in my soul still echoes on the wondrous lay
A master's mind had hid in notes, and Tulla's fingers found that day.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY PHILIP HASSINGER (AGE 9).

My favorite story in history is where Washington, with a few untrained soldiers, got the better of the well-trained British redcoats.

General Howe, having captured a part of Washing-



"SHADOWS." BY MILDRED EASTEY, AGE 13.



"MY BEST FRIENDS." BY WINIFRED HUTCHINGS, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

ton's army at the battle of Long Island, made up his mind to surround Washington's army by land and water on the following morning.

But, like all British generals, they did not understand Washington's ways.

Washington did not intend to sit still and let the English capture him.

He set his men to work making camp-fires and drilling and making believe to get ready for battle, but secretly he sent some men to gather boats.

His plan was to retreat to New York, and in this he was greatly helped by a fog, which hid the armies from each other.

He started to send his men to New York, and by morning all were on the other side.

When Howe looked toward the shore the next morning, he saw not a soldier, not a tent, only the smoldering camp-fires.

I like this story because it shows what a man can do when quick to plan and to act. It makes me laugh to think of Howe's surprise when he saw the empty camp the next morning. All honor to our wise Washington!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LUCILE RAMON BYRNE (AGE 15).

DURING one of the numerous truces of the French war, a vassal of King Richard's, Lord Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, found a treasure of coins in his grounds. He sent one half of this treasure to Richard, but Richard, not satisfied with a half, demanded the whole. The viscount, justly indignant, refused to give up the whole of his treasure; the king then declared that he would storm the rebellious lord's castle and hang every defender in it.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY IRVING A. NEES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

There was an old song in Limoges to the effect that an arrow made in that place should kill King Richard. One day Bertrand de Gourdon, a youth of the besieged, saw the king riding before the castle with but a single attendant. Remembering the words of the old song, he picked up an arrow and aimed it carefully. "God speed thee," he whispered.

The arrow struck the king in the left shoulder. The wound inflicted was slight, yet it proved serious enough to keep Richard in his tent. The next day he directed an assault from his tent. When the castle surrendered, every defender save Bertrand de Gourdon was hanged. Poor Bertrand was reserved for whatever special punishment his Majesty might devise.

The wound, at first thought so slight, proved to be mortal. The king knew that he was dying, so he ordered Bertrand de Gourdon to be brought before him. The lad faced the brave and relentless monarch unflinchingly. For a moment their eyes met, and each mentally gaged the other. Then Richard, raising himself on his elbow, looked sternly at the boy and said, "Knave, what injury have I done thee, that thou shouldst desire to slay me?" At the word "injury" Bertrand's eyes blazed. "Injury!" he cried. "Hast thou not slain my father and my brothers? Myself thou wouldst have hanged." The king seemed pleased with the lad's fearless answer. "Boy," he said, with great effort, "thou art free. Sheriff, give him money." This was Richard's last command, for a few minutes later he died.

The king's command was not obeyed, for Bertrand de Gourdon was most cruelly killed by one of Richard's officers. This episode happened in the year 1199.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

Amateur papers and magazines are getting very numerous. Most of them do not live very long, but there are a few that come to this office regularly, and seem to grow better each year. Perhaps "The Bubble," of Charleroi, Pa., is the first of these, and the very latest to appear on the scene is "Junior Success," of Toronto, Ontario. It is an enthusiastic effort, but when the editor announces that he is "going to make this paper like what a representative of Amateur Journalism ought to be," we somehow feel that he has words to throw away.

ABINGDON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came this morning, and I think it is lovely, and am so much obliged for it.

We were all surprised and delighted when we saw from the last ST. NICHOLAS that I was a prize-winner, and I feel very much encouraged and mean to try harder than ever on the new League competitions. I have only one more year to compete, and will be so sorry when I am too old.

Our whole family thinks the League is a great institution, and hopes it will last for many years. In my opinion, it is about the most attractive feature in the magazine.

Thanking you again for the badge, of which I am very proud indeed, I remain, as ever,

Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH PARKER.

COSCOB, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the beautiful badge which I received yesterday.

It was a great surprise, for I did n't dream of winning one.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and like it very much, especially the League, and I hope to send you more and better drawings.

Gratefully, I remain, DOROTHY OCHTMAN.

HELENA, MONT.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but I can wait no longer to tell you how much I enjoy your lovely stories. They are more interesting than those in any other magazine for girls and boys.

Among the stories you have published, I like best "Hilarity Hall," "Pretty Polly Perkins," and "Denise and Ned Toodles."

But best of all is the League department. I always look at it the first thing when a new ST. NICHOLAS comes.

I have had one story printed and several honorable mentions, and I hope some time to win a gold badge.

We girls have a club called the U. I. C. We became a League Chapter this month. We have very jolly meetings.

I have a dear "fluffy" little dog called "Dixie," and a saddle horse "Billie." This last summer we had fine times together. Some time I will send you their pictures.

But the most fun of all are the jolly winter coasts we have. Starting from the foot of Mt. Helena, we skim along for about eight or ten blocks.

Well, I must close after saying I wish you could come once a week instead of once a month.

Yours sincerely, RUTH MCNAMEE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you, not only for the beautiful gold badge, which came last week, but for what it stands for and what it means to me. I thank you for the many times you have been so good as to place my name on the Honor Roll, and for sending me the silver badge six months ago.

But most of all I thank you for the work that I have done in the years since I joined the League—that I never would have done without its encouragement.

For it has all helped me both for my life in and outside of school more than you will ever know, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Your devoted League member,

BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my beautiful gold badge to-day. Thank you ever so much for it. I shall always value it because it was won by such hard work. I worked two years for my silver badge, and about a year passed from the time I won my silver badge until now.

I was congratulated by two people before I knew I had won it. Your devoted reader,

LAURA E. JONES.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

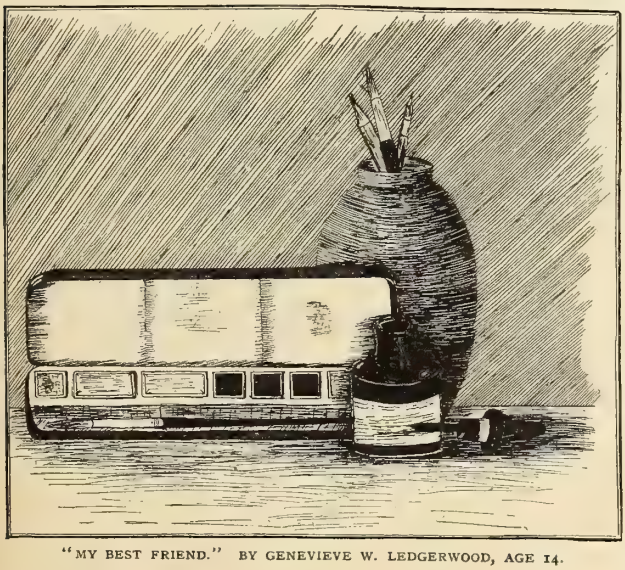
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It was one of the most pleasant surprises I have ever experienced when I first saw my drawing in the League department, and it was an equally pleasant experience when a few days later I received the handsome gold badge.

I am delighted with it, and think it is worth going through several failures and disappointments to win. Sincerely hoping that the St. Nicholas League may ever afford to all its members the great pleasure and inspiration it has to me,

I remain, very gratefully yours,

JAMES H. DAUGHERTY.

Other interesting and entertaining letters have been received from Anna Zucker, Dorothy Nicoll, Gertrude Wilde, Ralph G. Heard, Lucia Beebe, Consuelo Salazar, Edith W. Palmer, Hartman Pryor, Margaret Richardson, Alice L. Fuchs, Freda Messervy, Kenneth Howie, John Mitchell, Marjorie H. Holmes, Marjorie Newell, Lorena Mary McDermott, Phœbe Wilkinson, Isabella McLaughlin, and Marion Beiermeister.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY GENEVIEVE W. LEDGERWOOD, AGE 14.



BY ELIZABETH S. FISHBLATE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

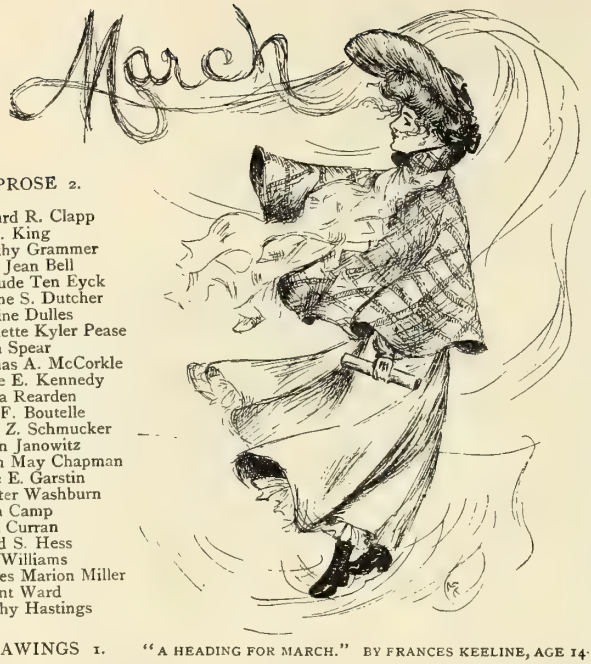
Gertrude Folts
Marguerite Borden
Louise Ball
Daisy James
Walter Harvey
Katharine Monica Burton
Jessica Nelson North
Mary Lenihan
Mena Blumenfeld
Gwendoline Cheyne
Roscoe Adams
Elsie F. Weil
Marion Sellers Almy
Jessie Freeman Foster
L. Beatrice Todd
Marie V. Scanlan
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Elizabeth Parker

VERSE 2.

Henrietta Dow
Ileta Lee Gilmer
Mary Sims
Kathryn Penfold Warner
Helen Janet Smith
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Gertrude Wilcox
Dorothy Doyle
Fanny J. Walton
Augusta Wight
Mary Hendrickson
Hite Skinker
Dorothea Bechtel
Eleanor L. Halpin
Harold R. Norris
Esther Galbraith
Ruth Peters
Henry E. Jones

PROSE 1.

Netta Pearson
Philip Warren Thayer
M. S. Fleck
Carlos O. Young
Catherine H. Starker
Myron C. Nutting
Eleanor Bailey
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Stanley Dyer, Jr.
Charles P. Howard
Priscilla C. Goodwyn
Harry Hudson
Gettine Vroom
Blanche H. Leeming
Frederick A. Coates
Ray Randall
Elizabeth Swift Brengle, Jr.
Bessie Grammer
Stephen M. Trimble
Douglas H. D. Wooderson
Kathleen Denniston
Florence R. T. Smith
Marion Irene Reynolds
Ona Ringwood
Fern L. Patten
Alleine Langford
Ruth M. von Dorn
Willamette Partridge
Mildred Quiggle
Ivy Varian Walshe
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Dorothy Felt
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Lola Hall
Marie Wennerberg
Susanne Wharton
Mary L. Thornton
Ruth Fletcher
Balling Hall Handy
Elizabeth Toof
Carl Olsen
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Marion A. Rubicam
Edith B. Hunt
Jessie H. Ludgate
Gertrude Boland



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY FRANCES KEELINE, AGE 14.

PROSE 2.

Howard R. Clapp
W. O. King
Dorothy Grammer
Doris Jean Bell
Gertrude Ten Eyck
Pauline S. Dutcher
Caroline Dulles
Henriette Kyler Pease
Helen Spear
Thomas A. McCorkle
Saidee E. Kennedy
Nanna Rearden
John F. Boutelle
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Martin Janowitz
Lillian May Chapman
Eloise E. Garstin
Webster Washburn
Gratia Camp
Hazel Curran
Gerald S. Hess
Ellen Williams
Frances Marion Miller
Vincent Ward
Dorothy Hastings

DRAWINGS 1.

Margaret McKeon
Margaret A. Dobson
Dorothy Ochtman
David B. Campbell
James H. Benedict
Paul A. McDermott
Meade Bolton
Julia S. Lovejoy
Albert Elsner, Jr.
Winifred M. Voelcker
Guinevere Hamilton
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Elizabeth Stoddard Stevens
Beatrice Darling
Edward Toth
Helen M. Copeland
Arman Goebel
Eleanor F. Twining
Mildred C. Jones
Deloss K. Tracy
Dorothy Pickering Taylor
Melville Coleman Levey
Helen Stevens
Frances Mitchell
Phœbe Wilkinson
Byron Bennett Boyd
Cordner H. Smith
John A. Helwig
Joseph B. Mazzano
Henry P. Kasner
Urath Brown Sutton
M. H. Fewsmith
C. B. Fisher
William C. Engle
Dwight E. Benedict
Dorothy G. Stewart
Helen Rhodes
Calista W. Stout
Hester Margetson
Mary Clarke
Ethel Messervy
Margaret Lantz Daniell

DRAWINGS 2.

Janet Orr Ewing
Oliver Margetson
Gladys L'E. Moore
Kathleen Bertrand
Edna B. Young
Anne Constance Nourse
Evelyn Olver Foster
Ella E. Preston
Richard A. Reddy
Jean Herbet
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Irma Diescher
Thomas H. Foley
Augusta L'Hommedieu
Grace Allen
Grace Mailhouse
Sarah Atherton
Lois Bell
Carolyn Fisher
Uel Atkins
Margaret Ellen Payne
Ethel Reynolds
Marjorie Hutchings
Harold Locke Smith
Emily W. Browne
Lilius Ford
Nadine Bolles
Edith May Deacon
Charles Cohen
Gertrude Meade Atwell
Frances Chapin
Phœbe Hunter
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Elizabeth Babcock
Genevieve Bertolacci
George Haid
Florence V. Reynolds
Margaret Josenhans
Harold I. Thompson
Anne Gleaves
Aurelia Michener
Irving Cairns
Elinor J. Hosie
Anna A. Fleichtner
Oliver Mudie Cooke
Margaret King
Hudson R. Hawley
Walter Cook
Rachel T. Burbank
Walter Burton Nourse
George Warren Brett
Gertrude Behr
Eleanor Jackson
Addie Wright
Marguerite Jervis
Philip McCutcheon
Archibald S. Macdonald
Austin Babcock
Frances Hale Burt
Clara Watson
Donald McCutcheon
Mabel Colgate
Louise Converse
Hilda Burnham
Eleanor I. Town
Laurence Richardson
Clarence Jones
Louise Paine
Henry Waterman

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Philip S. Ordway
Catherine E. Campbell
Canema Bowers
Elizabeth L. Goodwin
Adelaide Gillis
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Christine N. Clark
Margaret Juliet Shearer
Laura Ethel Christman
Else Buchenburger
M. N. Stiles
Margaret Scott
Harold C. H. Haas
Harold P. Murphy
Grover T. Corning
Freda Messervy,
Florine Thielens

PUZZLES 1.

Dudley C. Smith
Doris L. Nash
Alice Moore
Margaret Murrish
Alice Garland
Edward Horr
Everett G. Frank
Alfred Lynd
Margaret Abbott
Eleanor Marvin
Minnie E. Horn
Marjorie Holmes
Virginia Arter
William Ellis Keysor
E. Beatrice Reynolds
Allan P. Fowler
Corinne Sherman
Marjorie Shriver
Philip Stark

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Lawrence H. Riggs
Cecilia J. May
Margaret Spence
Harold K. Schoff
Elizabeth Edmond
Amary King
Earle Waters
Loring Carpenter
George Wanger
Edwin Shoemaker
Samuel C. Stocker
Marie Davenport Russell
Mildred Ockert
Lucile W. Rogers
Roger W. Straus
Julia Hunger
George C. Morgan

PUZZLES 2.

Joseph Wells
Marion A. Gordinier
Elizabeth Yardley
Paul Ockert
Louise Roberts
Malcolm R. White
Caroline C. Johnson
Rudolph Miller
Christine Graham
Dorothy Stabler
Albert S. Beaumont
Herbert A. Wise
Henry H. Armsby
Edward M. Armsby
Marguerite B. Hill

CHAPTER COMPETITION NO. 3.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth* of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth.*

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth.*



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ——,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds — in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, *upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid,* the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co., when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it wins a prize or not, will benefit any good purpose to which it is applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment.



"MY BEST FRIEND." BY HELEN SLOATS, AGE 3.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY SUE ABIGAIL PRESTON, AGE 15.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 54.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 54 will close **March 20** (for foreign members **March 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "A June Song."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "A Family Tradition," repeated from March. (See introduction.)

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Reflections."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Companions" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for June."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The
St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

"SOME DAY" HAS COME

THERE are many good books which we all mean to read "some day." But we do not always reflect that there is in our calendars no such time as "some day." It is "any day," and that may mean "to-day." In fact, when you think of it, if "some day" should come, it would be called "to-day." All of which serves to introduce a quotation which may be worth pinning up over your desk or table:

"Lose this day loitering, 't will be the same story
To-morrow; and the next more dilatory.
The indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute!
What you can do, or think you can, begin it.
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated.
Begin it, and the work will be completed."

AMERICAN AUTHORS.

IT is in some sense your duty to know the greater writers of one's own land. So, without neglecting Shakspere, Tennyson, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and others from over the sea, the young American should find place for some of the works of Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Irving, Cooper, and other great men of our own, for each of these has his own peculiar merits and charm, the power of saying what no other would say in the same manner. Keep upon your table a volume by any of these, and you will soon learn its worth.

A FATHER'S ADVICE.

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney was twelve years old he had made such good progress in his studies that he wrote to his father a letter in Latin and one in French. In those days, we must remember, if one was to read at all, it was necessary to read in Latin, and French was the language of courts, so both tongues were begun early and studied more practically than we nowadays think requisite. But young Philip's letters seem to have greatly pleased his father, for in return Sir Henry Sidney wrote a charming letter of advice and counsel, well worth reading in full.

We can quote only a little of it, but advise you to read it all. As to study, he wrote, in the old spelling:

"Apply yowr study to suche howres as yowr discrete master dothe assigne yow, earnestlye; and the tyme, I knowe, he will so lymitt [limit] as shal be both sufficient for yowr learninge and saf for yowr health. And mark the sens and the matter that yow read, as well as the woordes. So shal yow both enreiche [enrich] yowr tonge with woordes and yowr witte with matter; and judgement will growe as yeares growyth in yow. . . . Yf yow heare a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commytte yt to yowr memorye, with respect to the circumstance when yow shal speake yt."

Good advice, is it not? And yet how differently a modern father would write, even if he chose the same ideas to express. Would he not put it more like this?

"You 'd better be regular in studying your lessons, for you will find that your teacher knows about what you can do without hurting yourself. Put your mind into it, and try to get the sense out of it, and you 'll acquire a good vocabulary as well as learn something. Then the older you grow, the more sense you 'll have. If you find something well said, store it away, so you can repeat it when it will tell."

Yet the two fathers, he of the sixteenth and he of the twentieth century, mean the same thing.

BOOKS YOU DON'T LIKE.

WE have all heard much of books we are fond of; lists of them have been made, and we have spoken now and again of the most popular. But the books we don't like are sometimes the very ones of which we have most need. Especially is this the case when our reason for disliking the book is our disagreement with its views. You know this to be true as it applies to persons we meet; if we go only with those whose opinions are like our own, we are likely to become narrow, or at least to miss learning much that would do us good. In illustration of this we have only to take up some of the books

of fifty years ago and read their views of the Chinese and Japanese. It is amusing, though mortifying, to see how little was known of these two peoples and their ideas; and we have learned much from them since, to our advantage. The Japanese, certainly, have taught the whole world much about art and workmanship; and both races have shown the rest of us that patriotism and bravery are beneath a skin of a hue duskier than ours. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that there are many arguments made by a recent English writer in favor of Chinese as a universal language. The subject is too big for this department, but we may at least learn from this Englishman that there is some reason for being willing to learn from those who do not in all things agree with us. One of his arguments points out that Chinese writing is readable in any language, just as are the figures we use. The German says "*drei*," the Frenchman "*trois*," and the Greek "*treis*," but all write "3," and all can read the idea meant by that symbol. So in Chinese the words written are symbols of ideas, not letters; and once learned, they can be read in all languages. It would be very convenient, would it not? if by writing Chinese symbols we could make ourselves understood by every other race. The little signs we use in arithmetic and algebra and musical notes are other examples of things all can read in their own languages.

"STRIKE AT THE KNOT!" Two men were chopping wood the other day, when they came upon a very gnarled and knotty log. Some talk followed as to the best way of splitting it into kindling, and one quoted the old saying, "Strike at the knot!"—a piece of advice worth remembering, if it be applied with good judgment. Tasks will often yield quickest if one chooses the hardest part and makes a sturdy attack there, instead of making a timid approach. Often in a lesson there is one hard part—a *knot*, so to speak; and that once cracked, the rest must yield easily. There must be good sense used in applying the maxim, however, for sometimes it is wiser to begin with the weakest part. Thus a general who chose to attack the strongest portion of the enemy's line might find he had made a serious blunder, because the defeat of one part tends to defeat the whole force.

It is interesting to match proverbs that seem to contradict one another, but it will usually be found that the contradiction is only in seeming.

SINGLE TOPIC SCRAP-BOOK You may make for yourself an interesting book by constructing a scrap-book devoted to one subject. One young girl with a strong interest in the life of Mary Queen of Scots has collected from magazines and other sources articles, illustrated or not, as it happens, verses, pictures of buildings and localities, and portraits relating to this heroine, and has put them into a single scrap-book, making a volume in which she takes much pride. When she cannot obtain a printed copy of an extract she wishes to add, she does not hesitate to copy it out neatly upon the pages of her book — which is merely a large "composition book."

The educational value of such work is by no means slight, since to know one thing well one must needs learn much of many others. Indeed, it has been said more than once that to know one thing completely we should have to know all things.

There is a good suggestion here. You will be surprised, if you begin to gather material upon some topic, to see how much is printed about your favorite subject. One word of caution. Do not choose too wide a subject. Make your limits narrow enough to be within your scope. Your scrap-book need not be upon history or literature, but it should be concerned with something worth the time you mean to spend upon it.

"YE" FOR "THE." Do all young readers know that the word so often printed "ye" (as in "*ye* olde fashioned singinge schoole") is to be pronounced simply "the"? The *y* is only a substitute for an Anglo-Saxon character that was used for the softer sound of *th*. You may read how the *y* came to be used by turning to the word "the" in the Century Dictionary, where the matter is clearly explained. And while looking in that same volume, turn over to the end and glance at the long list of authorities quoted in making up a dictionary.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We desire to call special attention to the article, beginning on page 428 of the present number, entitled "The 'Blacksmith Nation'; or, The Story of a Bar of Iron." It may be read with profit, not only by boys of a mechanical turn of mind, but by every American boy who is old enough to understand it (and by American fathers as well). For it is a clear and concise statement of the progress of a bar of iron from the ore to the finished product, and it also presents forcibly the fact of our country's advancement to the forefront in the world's greatest industry—the manufacture of iron and steel. We commend the article most heartily to all the boy readers of St. Nicholas between the ages of twelve and eighteen.

In addition to the description of the process of manufacturing the iron for market, it will be interesting to learn of the huge deposits of iron ore in the regions of northern Michigan and of the more recently discovered deposits in northeastern Minnesota.

A Correction.—By a printer's error a mistake was made in the head-note on page 424, the final phrase of which should read: "and who was later a member of the National Academy of Sciences."

Readers of the two anecdotes concerning General Washington printed in our last number will be interested in the following account of Washington's "muslin horses":

Oswego, N. Y.

George Washington's pet hobby was a horse. His stables, well stocked with valuable horses, were always in the finest order, and his equipage excellent, both in taste and quality.

In the old colonial days, when Lord Botetourt held viceregal court in Williamsburg, Virginia, a friendly rivalry existed between the equipages of Colonel Byrd, a distinguished citizen and a magnate of the old régime, and Colonel Washington—the grays against the mettlesome bays.

After the death of General Braddock, Bishop, the celebrated body-servant of the brave general, became the manager of Washington's stables. Under his strict régime the fine animals in his charge came to be styled "muslin horses," for this reason:

At peep of day the stable-boys began their labors; at sunrise the severe Bishop stalked into the stables, carrying in his hand a muslin handkerchief, which he applied to the glossy coats of the animals, and if the snowy *mouchoir* showed the slightest stain, alas for the luckless grooms! The veteran Bishop, bred amid the iron discipline of the Old-World armies, could not tolerate the slightest sign of neglect.

While General Washington was in Philadelphia he had as head groom a man known as "German John," under whose care were the celebrated white chargers. The grooming of these magnificent animals would be a revelation to the stablemen of to-day. The night before the horses were to be ridden, the grooms covered them with a paste having whiting as an ingredient; then, arrayed in swaddling-clothes, the night-capped and body-wrapped chargers were left to sleep on their beds of straw. Early the following morning the horses were well rubbed, curried, and brushed; from which process they emerged with coats as beautiful, glossy, and satin-like as human ingenuity could make them. But their toilet was not complete until each hoof had been blacked and polished, their mouths swabbed and teeth cleaned! It seems strange, yet it is history. When they were led forth, arrayed in their beautiful leopard-skin housings, they showed by their arching neck and their flashing eyes that they were highly bred and splendidly groomed.

Such were George Washington's "hobby-horses."

Florence E. Wheeler.

Here is a truly gory story by a nine-year-old author. As it is told from the bear's standpoint, it is only natural that it should be rather bloodthirsty; and though Master Bruin seems somewhat boastful of his father's prowess and his own, he modestly owns up at the last to having headed for his cave, and generously supplies a novel climax by including himself among the slain!

THE STORY OF A BEAR.

St. Albans, Vt.

My name is John. I was two years old last November. It was a cold winter night, and all in the cave was dark, when suddenly I heard some queer sounds outside. My mother and I sat up, till suddenly a shot whizzed by my leg and struck mother in the chest. Her great heavy body fell to the ground, but there was one more to save me, and that was my father. He was a great big strong fat bear. The men made a rush; but when father made a rush, too, they stopped and fired. It hit father, and he made a plunge again and again and again. He had killed six men already, but he meant to kill them all, and now was my chance. I crawled out, and went behind the men, and suddenly I made a rush and knocked three men down and killed them; but there was one more, and father had him in his arms and was killing him. So I thought I would go in the cave again, when my father fell dead, and another man in the woods shot me, and I, too, fell to the ground dead.

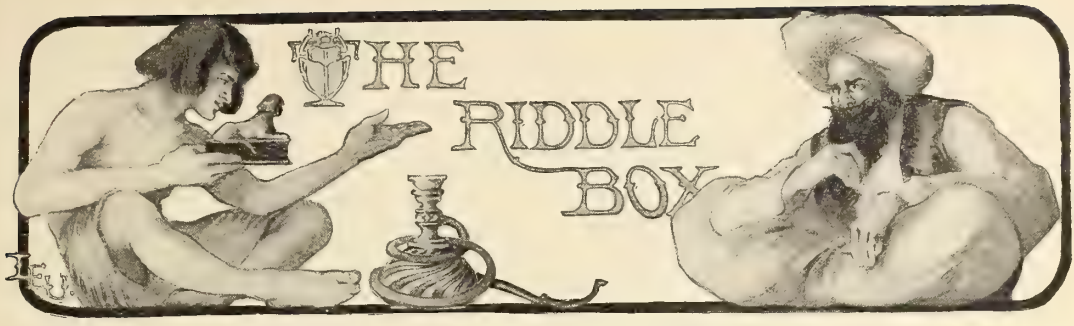
Edward F. Smith (age 9).

Durham, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have had my name in the League honor list No. 1 twice, and hope in the future to get a badge. I especially like the long stories complete in one number. We have a new library here which has over two thousand books, and it has almost all of those books in the St. Nicholas series. I have twenty-five dolls, though now I don't play with them much. And my brother has twelve cats. I also have a stamp collection of over eight hundred (all different) stamps set in an album, and about eight hundred others that are duplicates. Wishing you all possible success, I remain,

Your interested reader and well-wisher,

Mary Hull.

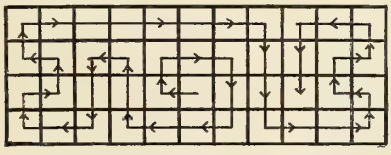


ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Lincoln. 1. All. 2. Pit. 3. One. 4. Act. 5. Son. 6. Ill. 7. And.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Sweethearts, St. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Sy-stem. 2. Wi-thin. 3. En-vied. 4. El-ate. 5. Tu-lip. 6. He-ed. 7. En-noble. 8. At-tract. 9. Ru-in. 10. Te-net. 11. Sl-edge.

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Saint Valentine.



CENTRAL ACROSTIC Washington. Cross-words: 1, Two. 2. Saw. 3. Ash. 4. Who. 5. Whist. 6. Ant. 7. Ingot. 8. Satin. 9. Ton. 10. Inn.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Washington; middle row, Valentines. Cross-words: 1. Waves. 2. Awake. 3. Silly. 4. Hyena. 5. Inner. 6. Notes. 7. Grind. 8. Tongs. 9. Obeys. 10. Nests.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Last. 2. Ante. 3. Star. 4. Term. II. 1. Wire. 2. Idol. 3. Roam. 4. Elms.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Saint Valentine's Day.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Constitution; finals, "Old Ironsides." Cross-words: 1. Confess. 2. Observe. 3. Niggard. 4. Semi. 5. Temples. 6. Iron. 7. Tyro. 8. Uncover. 9. Termini. 10. Ignored. 11. Optical. 12. Nero.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. St. Valentine's Day. Cross-words: 1. Con-sign-ing. 2. Pro-test-ing. 3. Pre-vale-nce. 4. Gro-an-ing. 5. Rep-let-ion. 6. Thr-eaten-ing. 7. Sto-new-are. 8. Dis-tort-ion. 9. Bar-it-one. 10. Bur-no-ose. 11. Ven-era-ble. 12. Cou-singer-man 13. Ver-dig-ris. 14. Bip-art-ite. 15. Can-y-ons.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Roberts; 3 to 4, Turenne. Cross-words: 1. Reflect. 2. Doleful. 3. Liberal. 4. Federal. 5. General. 6. Animate. 7. Empties.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Longfellow; finals, Portland, Me. Cross-words: 1. League. 2. Ostium. 3. Nereid. 4. Garden. 5. Farina. 6. Enamel. 7. Lament. 8. Labor. 9. Outgo. 10. Warship. 1. Ague. 2. Suit. 3. Erie. 4. Dare. 5. Rain. 6. Mane. 7. Name. 8. Boa. 9. Tug. 10. Hairs.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. From 1 to 2, Elephant; 3 to 4, Hedgehog. Cross-words: 1. Beech. 2. Italy. 3. Nerve. 4. Lamps. 5. Ashes. 6. Egret. 7. Ovoid. 8. Thugs. 9. Sheep.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Teddy and Muvver"— Joe Carlada — Helen Osborne Harris — Adeline Wiss — Mabel, George, and Henri — "Allil and Adi" — Marion Thomas — E. Adelaide Hahn — "Chuck" — Grace Haren — Walter Yenawine — Agnes Rutherford — Erl H. Ellis — Tyler H. Bliss — Florence R. Elwell — George T. Colman.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Frances F. Oldham, 4 — Agnes Peaslee, 3 — Mary D. Loomis, 1 — Oscar Koch, 10 — "Get," 8 — John Curran, 1 — Rita Coffey, 2 — Eleanor McManus, 2 — Elizabeth T. Harned, 10 — Margaret C. Wilby, 10 — Ashleigh B. Turner, 1 — "Johnny Bear," 7 — Grovene P. Converse, 3.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My firsts are in shepherd, but not in guide;
My seconds, in earnestly, not in chide;
My thirds, in monastic, but not in nun;
My fourths are in watchman, but not in gun;
My fifths are in tired, but not in lame;
My sixths are in honor, but not in fame;
My sevenths, in boats, but not in bar;
My eighths are in nephew, but not in "ma."
My wholes are three lovely spring flowers.

MARGARET HELEN BENNETT.

NOVEL TRANSPOSITIONS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

TAKE out the central letter of the first word described, insert another letter and rearrange the letters so as to form the second word described. Example: Change a soft substance to a small wax candle. Answer, pa-s-te; take out s and put t in its place: taper.

1. Change certain plantigrade animals to perforates.
2. Change perspiration to remains.
3. Change lovely June flowers to imaginary monsters.
4. Change dainty trimmings to strong currents of air.
5. Change the remains of a fire to relieves.
6. Change a deep chasm to an alloy of copper and zinc.
7. Change pointed stakes for a fence, to a word meaning to analyze grammatically.
8. Change bumpkins to instruments.
9. Change lessons to a large pile of hay.

The letters taken out (read downward), the greatest of the Greek tragic poets; and the letters inserted (read upward), a famous Italian painter.

MADGE OAKLEY.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

1 . 3 . 5
. * . * .
. . * . .
. * . * .
6 . 4 . 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To utter with a melodious voice. 2. A distant country. 3. Joyful. 4. A beautiful woman who was the cause of the Trojan war. 5. To have a whirling sensation.

From 1 to 2, outer garments; from 3 to 4, a fruit; from 5 to 6, a small wax candle.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a large city of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The sole right to print a book. 2. Pertaining to the planets. 3. A preacher. 4. Preparation. 5. Going before. 6. A kind of fruit jam. 7. A republic of Central America. 8. Watchful. 9. To advise.

RICHARD A. VON BLÜCHER.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



WHEN the ten tools shown in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the words (of unequal length) written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general. Puzzle made by

WILLIAM BERNARD HARRIS.

CROSS-PURPOSES.

IF I go out and you go in,
Lively becomes curt. (Br-i-sk, br-u-sk.)

1. A deception becomes a wagon.
2. Dexterity becomes the large bones of the head.
3. Vanity becomes a prim person.
4. A little fissure becomes a lump.
5. Sorrowful becomes confidence.
6. Rigid becomes material.
7. To infect becomes a gibe.
8. To cut off becomes to escape.
9. An instant becomes an armistice.

A. W. CLARK.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty letters, and form two lines from a well-known poem.

My 24-42-1-33-27-16-9-4 is an English lord who became governor of Virginia and saved the Jamestown colony from ruin. My 29-11-19-41-14-38 is the surname of one of the most noted of the Pilgrims. My 30-24-16-49-44 is the surname of the man who was called the "Colossus of Independence." My 7-19-33-23-34-47-2-31 is the surname of an American diplomatist who was awarded the Copley medal in 1753. My 18-20-35 is the surname of an American general who disobeyed Washington's orders at the battle of Monmouth. My 22-9-3-40-15-8 has been called the "Founder of American Literature." My 7-45-39-12-36-31 built the steamer "Clermont." My 21-6-38-19-48-26 is the surname of the man who established the Bank of North America. My 27-10-46-5-12-50-38 is the surname of the man who said, "I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American." My 46-11-17-12-48-32-36-9-28 was the founder of Maryland. My 29-6-39-37-13-46-25-43 was the greatest of discoverers.

HELEN DEAN FISH (League Member).

ANAGRAM.

A famous man:

O REVEL, TO SHOOT DEER.

A. R. L.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

1. SYNCOPATE the central letter from a black man and leave an emperor. 2. Syncopate the central letter from foremost and leave a clenched hand. 3. Syncopate the central letter from an animal and leave the most desirable. 4. Syncopate the central letter of to wash lightly and leave to ascend. 5. Syncopate the central letter of a motive power and leave barren land.

The syncopated letters will spell the surname of a noted American.

MARGUERITE E. STEPHENS (League Member).

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

EXAMPLE: Subtract a letter from to throw; add a letter to the remaining letters and transpose them to make a luminous body. Answer, cast—c=ast+r=star.

1. Subtract a letter from open hostility; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a beam of light.

2. Subtract a letter from lateral; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a quantity of medicine.

3. Subtract a letter from human beings; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a large Australian bird.

4. Subtract a letter from to pull along; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to caution.

5. Subtract a letter from an obstinate animal; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make an illuminating fluid.

6. Subtract a letter from musical measure; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make a measure of length.

7. Subtract a letter from to mislay; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make an auction.

8. Subtract a letter from a heavenly body; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make part of a ship.

9. Subtract a letter from any precious stone; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to beseech.

10. Subtract a letter from something to hold cut flowers; add a letter to the remaining letters, and transpose them to make to rescue.

The subtracted and added letters will each spell something associated with March.

FLORENCE HOYTE (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



DOROTHY.

AFTER A PORTRAIT BY LYDIA FIELD EMMETT.

From a Copley print, copyright, 1900, by Curtis & Cameron.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE GENERAL'S EASTER BOX.

By Temple Bailey.

THE General did not look at all as one would expect a general to look. He was short and thick-set and had a red face and a white mustache, and he usually dressed in a gray tweed suit, with a funny Norfolk jacket with a belt, and wore a soft cap pulled down almost to his eye-glasses.

And he always did his own marketing.

That is how he came to know Jimmy.

Jimmy stood at a corner of Old Market and sold little bundles of dried sage and sweet marjoram, and sassafras and cinnamon, and soup-bunches made of bits of vegetables tied together — a bit of parsley and a bit of celery and a bit of carrot and a sprig of summer savory, all for one cent. Then at Christmas-time he displayed wreaths, which he and his little mother made at home, and as the spring came on he brought wild flowers that he picked in the woods.

And that was how he came to know the General.

For one morning, just before Easter, the General came puffing down the outside aisle of Old Market, with his colored man behind him with an enormous basket. The General's carriage was drawn up to the curbstone, and the gray horses were dancing little fancy dances over the asphalt street, when all at once Jimmy thrust a bunch of arbutus under the General's very nose.

"Go away, go away," said the General, and trotted down to the carriage door, which a footman held open for him.

But a whiff of fragrance had reached him, and he stopped.

"How much?" he asked.

"Three cents," said Jimmy, in a hoarse voice.

The General looked at the little fellow through his eye-glasses.

"Got a cold?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yes, sir," croaked Jimmy.

"Why don't you stay in the house, then?" growled the General.

"Can't, sir," said Jimmy, cheerfully; "business is business."

The General looked at the little stand where "business" was transacted — at the little rows of dried stuffs, at the small basket of flowers, and at the soup-bunches.

"Humph," he said.

Then his hand went down into his pocket, and he pulled out a lot of change. After that he chose two bunches of sweet, pinky blossoms.

"Two for five, sir," said Jimmy.

"Hum," said the General. "You might give me some parsley and a soup-bunch."

Jimmy wrapped up the green stuff carefully and dropped it into the basket carried by the colored man.

"Nine cents, sir," he said; and the General handed him a dime and then moved to the next stall, holding the flowers close to his nose.

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"You forgot your change," cried Jimmy, and rushed after him with the one cent.

"Keep —" But one look at the honest little face and he changed his sentence.

"Thank you, young man," he said, and away he drove.

After that Jimmy looked for the General, and the General for Jimmy. Their transactions were always carried on in a strictly business manner, although, to be sure, the General's modest family of two did not require the unlimited sage and sweet marjoram that were ordered from time to time.

On the Saturday before Easter the little stand was gay with new wares. In little nests of dried grasses lay eggs — Easter eggs, bright pink and blue and purple and mottled. Jimmy had invested in a dozen at forty cents the dozen, and he had hopes of doubling the money, for work surely counted for something, and he and the Little Mother had dyed them.

But somehow people passed them by. Inside of the market there were finer nests, and eggs gilded and lettered, and Jimmy began to feel that his own precious eggs were very dull indeed.

But when the General appeared around the corner, the boy's spirits rose. Here, at any rate, was a good customer.

The General, however, was in a temper. There had been an argument with the fish-man which had left him red in the face and very touchy. So he bought two bunches of arbutus and nothing else.

"Any eggs, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Eggs?" said the General, looking over the little stand.

"Easter eggs," explained Jimmy.

"I 've no use for such things," said the General.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. When one is the man of the family, and the Little Mother is sewing for dear life, and her work and the little stand in the market are all that pay the rent and buy food, it is sometimes hard to be brave. But the General did not notice the tremble.

Jimmy tried again:

"Any children, sir? Children always like Easter eggs, you know."

"No," said the General; "no one but a son in the Philippines — a son some six feet two in his stockings."

"Any grandchildren, sir?" hopefully.

"Bless my soul," said the General, testily, "what a lot of questions!" And he hurried off to his carriage.

Jimmy felt very forlorn. The General had been his last hope. The eggs were a dead loss.

At last it came time to close up, and he piled all of his wares in a basket. Then he took out a little broom and began to sweep in an orderly way around his little stall. He had a battered old dustpan, and as he carried it out to the street to empty it, he saw a stiff greenish gray paper sticking out of the dirt. Nothing in the world ever looks exactly like that but an American greenback, and, sure enough, when Jimmy pulled it out it proved to be a ten-dollar bill.

Jimmy sat down on the curb suddenly. His money always came in pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters. The Little Mother sometimes earned a dollar at a time, but never in his whole life had Jimmy possessed a ten-dollar bill.

Think of the possibilities to a little, poor, cold, worried boy. There was two months' rent in that ten-dollar bill — two months in which he would not have to worry over whether there would be a roof over their heads.

Then there was a basket stall in that ten-dollar bill. That had always been his ambition. Some one had told him that baskets sold well in other cities, and not a single person had opened a basket stall in Old Market, and that was Jimmy's chance. Once established, he knew he could earn a good living.

As for ten dollars' worth of groceries and provisions, Jimmy's mind could not grasp such a thing; fifty cents had always been the top limit for a grocery bill.

But — it was n't Jimmy's ten dollars. Like a flash his dreams tumbled to the ground. There had been many people coming and going through Old Market, but Jimmy knew that the bill was the General's. For the old gentleman had pulled out a roll when he reached for the five cents. Yes, it was the General's; but how to find the General?

Inside the market he found the General's

butcher. Yes, the butcher knew the General's address, for he was one of his best customers, and would keep Jimmy's basket while the boy went to the house.

It was a long distance. Jimmy passed rows of great stone mansions, and went through parks, where crocuses and hyacinths were just peeping out.

At last he came to the General's.

A colored man answered the ring of the bell.

"Who shall I say?" he inquired loftily. "The General is very busy, y' know."

"Say Jimmy, from the market, please"; and Jimmy sat down on the great hall seat, feeling very much awed with all the magnificence.

"Well, well," said the General, as he came puffing down the stairs. "Well, well, and what do you want?"

"Please, sir, did you drop this?" and Jimmy held out the tightly rolled bill.

"Did I? Well, now, I 'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I did, perhaps I did."



THEN THE GENERAL, WITH KNIFE UPRAISED, STOPPED IN HIS CARVING OF THE COLD ROAST CHICKEN, AND TURNED TO JIMMY. (SEE PAGE 486.)

"I found it in front of my stall," said Jimmy.

What a strange thing it seemed that the General should not know! Jimmy would have known if he had lost a penny. He began to feel that the General could not have a true idea of *business*.

The General took out a roll of bills. "Let me see," he said. "Here 's my market list. Yes, I guess that 's mine, sure enough."

"I 'm glad I noticed it," said Jimmy, simply. "I came near sweeping it into the street."

"And what can I pay you for your trouble?" asked the General, looking at the boy keenly.

"Well," said Jimmy, stoutly, "you see, business is business, and I had to take my time, and I 'd like to get back as soon as I can."

The General frowned. He was afraid he was going to be disappointed in this boy. What, after all, if he was a beggar —

"And so," went on Jimmy, "if you would give me a nickel for car-fare, I think we might call it square."

The General fumbled around for his eye-glasses, put them on, and looked at Jimmy in astonishment.

"A nickel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir"; Jimmy blushed. "You know, I ought to get back."

"Well, well," said the General. The boy had certainly the instincts of a gentleman. Not a single plea of poverty, and yet one could see that he was poor, very poor.

Just then a gong struck softly somewhere. "I 'm not going to let you go until you have a bit of lunch with us," said the General. "I have told my wife of Jimmy of the market, and now I want you to meet her."

So Jimmy went down into a wonderful dining-room, where the silver and the cut glass shone, and where at the farther side of the table was the sweetest little old lady, who came and shook hands with him.

Jimmy had never before eaten lunch where the soup was served in little cups, but the General's wife put him at his ease when she told him that his very own soup-bunches were in that soup, and if he did n't eat plenty of it he would n't be advertising his wares. Then the General, with knife upraised, stopped in his carving of the cold roast chicken, and turned to Jimmy with a smile of approval in his genial face, and said that it was his sage, too, that was in the chicken dressing.

They made Jimmy talk, and finally he told them of his ambition for a basket stall.

"And when do you expect to get it?" asked the General, with a smile.

"When I get the goose that lays the golden egg, I am afraid, sir," said Jimmy, a little sadly.

Then the General's wife asked questions, and Jimmy told her about the Little Mother, and of their life together; but not one word did he tell of their urgent need, for Jimmy had not learned to beg.

At last the wonderful lunch was over, somewhat to Jimmy's relief, it must be confessed.

"I shall come and see your mother, Jimmy," said the General's wife, as Jimmy left her.

Out in the hall the General handed the boy a nickel. "Business is business, young man," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

That night Jimmy and his mother sat up very late, for the boy had so much to tell.

"Do you think I was wrong to ask for the nickel, Mother?" he asked anxiously, when he had finished.

"No," said his mother; "but I am glad you did n't ask for more."

Then, after Jimmy had gone to bed, the mother sat up for a long time, wondering how the rent was to be paid.

On Easter Monday morning Jimmy and the Little Mother started out to pick the arbutus and the early violets which Jimmy was to sell Tuesday at his little stall.

It was a sunshiny morning. The broad road was hard and white after the April showers, the sky was blue, and the air was sweet with the breath of bursting buds. And, in spite of cares, Jimmy and his mother had a very happy time as they filled their baskets.

At last they sat down to tie up the bunches. Carriage after carriage passed them. As the last bunch of flowers was laid in Jimmy's basket, a victoria drawn by a pair of grays stopped in front of the flower-gatherers.

"Well, well," said a hearty voice, and there were the General and his wife! They had called for Jimmy and his mother, they said, and had been directed to the wooded hill.

"Get in, get in," commanded the General; and, in spite of the Little Mother's hesitancy and timid protests, she was helped up beside the General's wife by the footman, while Jimmy hopped in beside the General, and away they went over the hard white road.

The General was in a gay mood.

"Well, my boy, have you found your golden egg?" he asked Jimmy.

"No, sir," said Jimmy, gravely; "not yet."

"Too bad, too bad," said the old gentleman, while he shifted a white box that was on the seat between himself and Jimmy to the other side.

"You 're quite sure, are you, that you could only get it from a goose?" he asked later.

"Get what, sir?" said Jimmy, whose eyes were on the gay crowds that thronged the sidewalks.

"The egg," said the General.

"Oh — yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a smile.

The General leaned back and laughed and laughed until he was red in the face; but Jimmy could see nothing to laugh at, so he merely smiled politely, and wondered what the joke was.



"'OH!' SAID JIMMY, AND SAT DOWN ON THE STEP, BREATHLESS WITH JOY." (SEE PAGE 488.)

At last they reached Jimmy's home, and the General helped the Little Mother out. As he did so he handed her a white box. Jimmy was busy watching the gray horses, and saw nothing else.

"For the boy," whispered the General.

The Little Mother shook her head doubtfully.

"Bless you, madam," cried the General, testily, "I have a boy of my own — if he *is* six feet two in his stockings." Then, in a softer tone, "I beg of you to take it, madam; it will please an old man and give the boy a start."

So when good-by had been said, and Jimmy stood looking after the carriage and the prancing grays, the Little Mother put the white box in his hand.

Jimmy opened it, and there on a nest of white cotton was an egg. But it was different from any of the eggs that Jimmy had sold on Saturday. It was large and gilded, and around the middle was a yellow ribbon.

Jimmy lifted it out, and found it very heavy.

"What do you think it is?" he said.

"Untie the ribbon," advised his mother, whose quick eyes saw a faint line which showed an opening.

Jimmy pulled the yellow ribbon, the upper half of the egg opened on a hinge, and there, side by side, were glistening gold coins — five-dollar gold pieces, and five of them.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, and he sat down on the step, breathless with surprise and joy.

A slip of white paper lay between two of the coins. Jimmy snatched it out, and this is what he read:

Please accept the contents of the golden egg, with the best wishes of THE GOOSE.

And then at last Jimmy saw the joke.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PUSSY CAFÉ



GNOME VERSES.

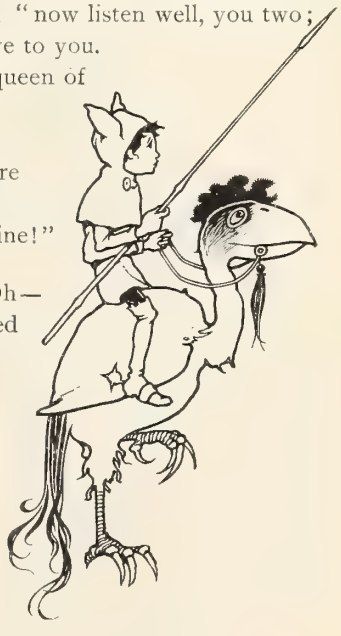
By Carolyn Wells.

THE WISE GNOME.



WITHIN a deep and darksome wood there lived a learnèd gnome,
And in an ancient saucepan he made his cozy home.
His name was so impressive, it filled every one with awe—
'T was Diomed Diogenes Demosthenes de Graw.
His fame for wisdom was so great that even passing birds
Would stop and listen eagerly to Diomed's wise words.

One day two little jub-jub birds were walking by that way.
They paused and said: "Oh, Diomed, do teach us something, pray."
"Ay, ay," the ancient gnome replied; "now listen well, you two;
A bit of information I will gladly give to you.
Yon lustrous luminary,—empyrean queen of night,—
Our libratory, vibratory, lunar satellite,
That rotatory orb revolving round our sphere terrene,
Is but coagulated curds, tinged chromium berylline!"



Although a bit bewildered, the jub-jub birds said, "Oh—
Oh, thank you, dear Diogenes; that 's what we wished to know."

GNOME MATTER.

There was once a dear little gnome
Who rode from his home on Cape Nome;
Said a lady, "My dear,
Do you know why you 're here?"
He looked up and answered, "Why, no 'm."

FUTURE WIVES.

By Margaret Sheppard.

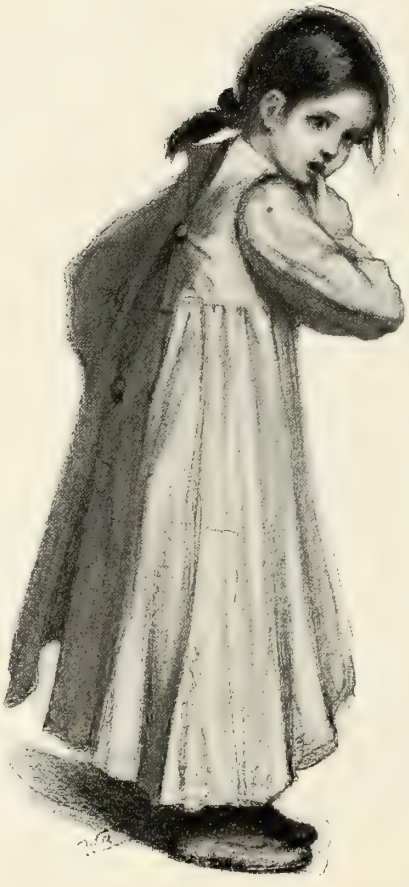


I.

"'Rich man, poor man,
Beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer,
Indian chief.
Rich man'—Mercy,
What a relief!
Thought I 'd have to marry
That Indian chief!"

II.

"'Rich man, poor man'—
Alas and alack!
Are there only two buttons
Down my back?"



A WORK of ART

by

Anne McQueen



"To ye one among my Granddaughters who shall have accomplished ye greatest Work of Art within one Year from ye date of my Death, I do give and bequeath ye Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold, ye same to be set aside for her Wedding Dowry; or, if she have ye ill fortune to remain a Spinster, to be disposed of as she may see fit, after her Twenty-Fifth Birthday.

"And this I do to encourage ye Art of Industrie among my Granddaughters; ye same being a Quality much to be commended in a Gentlewoman. Also: Ye above-mentioned Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold hath been deposited with John Lawrence, M.D., till ye time mentioned; when ye same John Lawrence, M.D., shall appoint Five Persons in this Town, as Judges of ye Works of Art wrought by my Granddaughters. Ye same Judges to be Men or Women, as ye said John Lawrence shall choose (my advice to him is to choose Men, as being of more temperate Judgment). At which time ye said Five Hundred Dollars in Gold shall be awarded to ye one of my said Granddaughters who hath, in ye opinion of ye Judges, wrought ye best Work of Art."

The lawyer, old Dr. Doskyn, who had just finished reading the above codicil to Grandfather Merrivale's will, looked with eyes that twinkled with a little sly merriment, as he wiped his heavy gold-bowed spectacles, at "ye Granddaughters" of the testator, who sat primly erect in their high-backed chairs, their hands decorously folded in their laps, and their round young faces struggling to keep down any expression of astonishment which they might naturally be supposed to feel at hearing this extraordinary communication read. But they were well-bred maidens, and had early been taught the importance of good manners, so that if Grandfather Merrivale had left orders in his will that each maid was to be shut up on bread and water for the space of a year, their faces would still have remained gravely expressionless, though in their hearts they might have been as rebellious as any girls of to-day.

All the very near relatives of old Mr. Merrivale were gathered in the big drawing-room of the old colonial mansion, for the reading of the will, the day after the funeral. Grandfather Merrivale had not been noted for eccentricities, and this codicil was as much a surprise to his other relatives as it was to the girls. Each mother at once resolved, in her heart, that one of her own daughters should be the favored

individual to carry off this reward of "Industrie." The sons and daughters of the old gentleman were all well-to-do people, and their daughters had received all the "finishing" deemed necessary in those days.

Each maid was secretly casting over her list of accomplishments: one could paint on glass; another was noted for her curious skill in the making of paper flowers; another was noted for her fine lace-work; others for embroidery, or for working samplers in cross-stitch, most beautiful to behold — in the eyes of the maid who worked them! In imagination each saw herself the proud recipient of the five hundred dollars, to be added to her wedding dower. It is needless to say that the horrid thought of passing her twenty-fifth birthday unmarried, and so entering upon the dreary state of spinsterhood, never for an instant crossed the mind of any of those well-bred damsels.

Now it is not my intention to relate in detail how each maid undertook the task, nor what particular work she wrought; I merely undertake to relate the true story of my great-grandmother Hopewell's "Work of Art," which has been an heirloom in our family since its completion in the year 1800, one year after the death of Grandfather Merrivale. My great-grandmother, whose maiden name was Millicent Blair, was one of "ye Granddaughters" before mentioned. At the time of her grandsire's decease she was a small maid of thirteen, with a mother who was a notable housekeeper, but who had little patience with "fripperies," as she called those accomplishments most mothers were eager to see their daughters possess. Consequently, the little Millicent, whose home was on a big plantation a few miles from Charleston, South Carolina, where her grandfather had lived, was skilled in pickling, preserving, spinning, knitting, sewing, and weaving beautifully smooth webs of cloth for the use of her family, but had scant acquaintance with the fine arts. Down in her childish heart she desired the five hundred dollars as much as any of her cousins, who were all older than she, and had the double advantage of living in the city and possessing their share of "accomplishments."

"Mother," spoke this small maid, one evening the following week, sitting on the wide portico of her plantation home, knitting busily on a yarn sock for her father's winter wear, "mother, may I try for grandfather's money?"

"Why yes, child. Grandfather, you may be sure, had some useful work in mind when he wrote that codicil — he could never abide fripperies. Your little hands can, maybe, do some work which will be both useful and fair to look upon. Now what task is it which my little daughter has in mind?"

So spoke her mother, a kind woman and gentle, albeit a strict disciplinarian, and one whose rule was that no member of her household should sit in idleness. She sat in her high-backed chair of hickory-wood, its seat of white-oak splint, woven in and out, basket fashion, made by the plantation carpenter; her hands were busied with some fine needlework — a fine white linen shirt which she was making for her husband, putting rows of tucks down the bosom, and counting carefully each stitch she put in. How oddly that sounds in this day of the sewing-machine! counting every tiny stitch, that each tuck might have the same number! Yet in those days of fine needlework few women wore spectacles till very old.

In the broad fields belonging to the plantation the "hands" were picking cotton; it was ideal "picking weather" in October, bright and calm and warm; the bolls were rapidly bursting under the influence of the warm sunshine, and the "lint" promised to be of extra quality, for not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks, and the fields resembled great drifted heaps of snow. The negroes' songs came floating faint and sweet, borne on the still October air.

Millicent, looking out on the white fields, had suddenly become possessed of an idea, which she proceeded to communicate to her mother, receiving that lady's hearty approval.

The next morning, Millicent, accompanied by her own little maid, Venus, a negro girl about her own age, put on her big sunbonnet, stiffened with strips of thin white oak, and her home-knit gloves of cotton yarn, and, each carrying one of the big splint baskets, went to the cotton-field nearest the house. The overseer had had orders to leave a certain portion

of this field for Millicent's own picking, and here she and Venus filled their baskets in undisturbed quiet — save for their own busy tongues. Millicent picked in her own basket, and Venus received strict orders from her little mistress that she must not put in it even a single handful of her picking. "Because this work must be done by myself alone, Venus," she said importantly, "and I must not take help from any body — else it will not be my own handiwork."

She picked till noon, filling her own big basket high with the fleecy stuff, and only stopping when the great plantation bell rang, calling the hands home to dinner. One of the men came by and carried their baskets to the house for the children; but when the negroes went to work again at one o'clock, this resolute maid followed, picking till sundown. At night, while her father smoked his pipe and her mother knitted, she busily picked the seeds out of the fiber, putting the lint, or separated cotton, in a basket by itself.

Remember, in the year 1799, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin had only recently been invented, and all the cloth made from that fiber, after the cotton was picked from the seed as Millicent did hers, was woven on the small hand-looms on the plantations. A laborious process, truly, but in those days people did n't rush as they do now; they had plenty of time.

"Can't I help you, lass?" asked her father, looking with tender eyes on his busy little daughter.

"No, sir; for then I won't be doing all the work myself," answered this scrupulous maiden.

Day after day this went on, Millicent picking her cotton in the day, and at night separating it from the seed, till enough for her purpose was gathered.

Then through the long winter days she stood at the spinning-wheel, spinning her cotton into fine yarn. Her anxious mother had to remind her that "haste made waste," and that it were better to do a thing methodically and at the right time than to hurry so and maybe do it badly; she had a year in which to complete her task, and children needed play as well as work: so Millicent was forbidden to work at her labor longer than certain hours at a time.

The secrecy of the task delighted the child, she felt so important keeping a secret; for, though all knew she meant to try for Grandfather Merrivale's money, no one save her mother and she knew what the wonderful work was to be.

The summer came, and now she worked in the loom-house, weaving; and when her web of cloth was completed, there were long hours of stitching up long, white seams; then came much dyeing of brilliant Turkey red and indigo blue thread, and much needlework.

Finally Millicent's task was finished, with plenty of time to spare, and the precious work which received her mother's praise — for it was really very well done — was folded with rose-leaves between the folds, and packed safely away in the great cedar chest, waiting the day of the final trial.

At last the great day came, and the judges were assembled to pronounce on the work of "ye Granddaughters," in the drawing-room at the old Merrivale mansion, where the will had been read.

All the judges appointed by old Dr. Lawrence for this delicate task were men. I do not know if this was due entirely to deference for old Mr. Merrivale's opinion, or because the doctor himself was a crusty old bachelor, and had small faith in the ability of a woman to judge anything fairly and impartially.

The judges were very dignified old gentlemen, with small opinion of newfangled things like painting and embroideries. The "Works of Art" were all placed conspicuously, so that their merits could be seen at a glance, and the granddaughters who had wrought them were in a state of delightful suspense in another room. Each, as became modest and well-bred girls, said she hoped one of the others would get the prize, as she cared but little for it; she expected to be an old maid, so it would do her little good, and her cousins were sure to be married!

A paper was fastened on each object, bearing a legend setting forth the name and age of the maker, and the date.

There was a portrait in oils, called "Aurora Walking in ye Fields," representing a damsel in a short-waisted frock, with balloon sleeves

and very skimpy skirt, smiling down upon a curious object which she held in her hand; this resembled nothing so much as a small cabbage, but we suspect the fair artist would rather it were called a rose.

Then there was a wonderful bunch of flowers painted on glass, and a large bouquet of wax blossoms under a glass case, and there was a beautiful scarf of tissue, worked in a pretty design of grapes and leaves with gold thread, and a large collar and pair of cuffs done in Irish point. Besides these, there was a large counterpane, displayed at full length, with a pair of small pillow-slips to match. The counterpane was of fine white cloth, with a wide knotted fringe around it, and a border worked in chain-stitch of red and blue thread, consisting of a rather sprangly vine with clusters of unknown flowers at intervals, and, in the middle, a pot of flowers of the same red and blue hues, the flowers branching out to form a garland round the name of the maker; then came the year, and a stanza from Dr. Watts's hymns, all nicely worked in red and blue letters in cross-stitch design. A paper was pinned on this announcing it to be

> Ye Handiwork of Millicent Blair, age Thirteen Years and nine mos., who herself picked and seeded ye cotton, spun ye Thread and wove and Worked this Counterpane and ye pillow-slips, receiving help from no Person.

Everybody was delighted with this piece of work. The practical judges awarded the five hundred dollars to Millicent, much to the joy of her family. And even the other granddaughters were good enough to say that they were happy to see Millicent win the prize, as she had chosen so great a task and had done her work so beautifully.

The counterpane and pillow-slips were used to adorn the big feather bed in the best room of Millicent's own house when, four years later, she married great-grandfather Hopewell.

And there you have the true story of great-grandmother's celebrated "Work of Art."



A RAINY APRIL AFTERNOON IN THE NURSERY.



DANIEL DEFOE.
From a copperplate portrait in the British Museum.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

By W. B. Northrop.

One hundred and seventy-three years ago this month, or, to be more exact, on April 26, 1731, there died in the city of London a man who gave to the boys and girls of the whole reading world a book of adventures that probably has not its equal for interest and the number of its readers. This man was Daniel Defoe, the author of "The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner."

Daniel Defoe was born about 1661 in London, at Cripplegate, one of the East-End districts, and was the son of a butcher. His father was named simply Foe, but our author probably put the "De" on his name in order to make his pen-name sound more "sonorous," the suggestion, it is thought by some, having originally come from writing his name "D. Foe."

He had a knowledge of Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and could speak French fluently. His intimate acquaintance with geography, coupled with a great ease of expression and invention resulting from years of activity as a newspaper editor and writer, equipped him for writing his famous work with that wonderful plausibility which has made it a classic.

Defoe's career was a very eventful one. Living in the stirring times between the years 1661 and 1731, a man of his character could not but be prominent in any part which he took in the doings of the day.

He was educated for the ministry, but he never entered it, engaging instead in the hosiery trade. It seems, however, a strict attention to business did not prevent him from writing numerous pamphlets on topics of the day, and especially political subjects.



DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

One of his early pamphlets—"The Shortest Way to Deal with the Dissenters"—was condemned by the House of Commons and ordered to be burned, and Defoe was fined two hundred marks and had to stand three times in the pillory for its authorship.

The people, however,—who seemed to be greatly attached to Defoe,—took the sting from his trying ordeal; for, instead of hissing and jeering at him as he stood with his head and hands in the pillory board, they formed a guard of honor about him, and decorated with flowers the instrument of punishment.

In the reward which at one time was offered for the capture of Defoe for one of his publications against the government, he is described as follows, the extract appearing in the "Gazette" of January 10, 1702:

"A middle-sized, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown colored hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

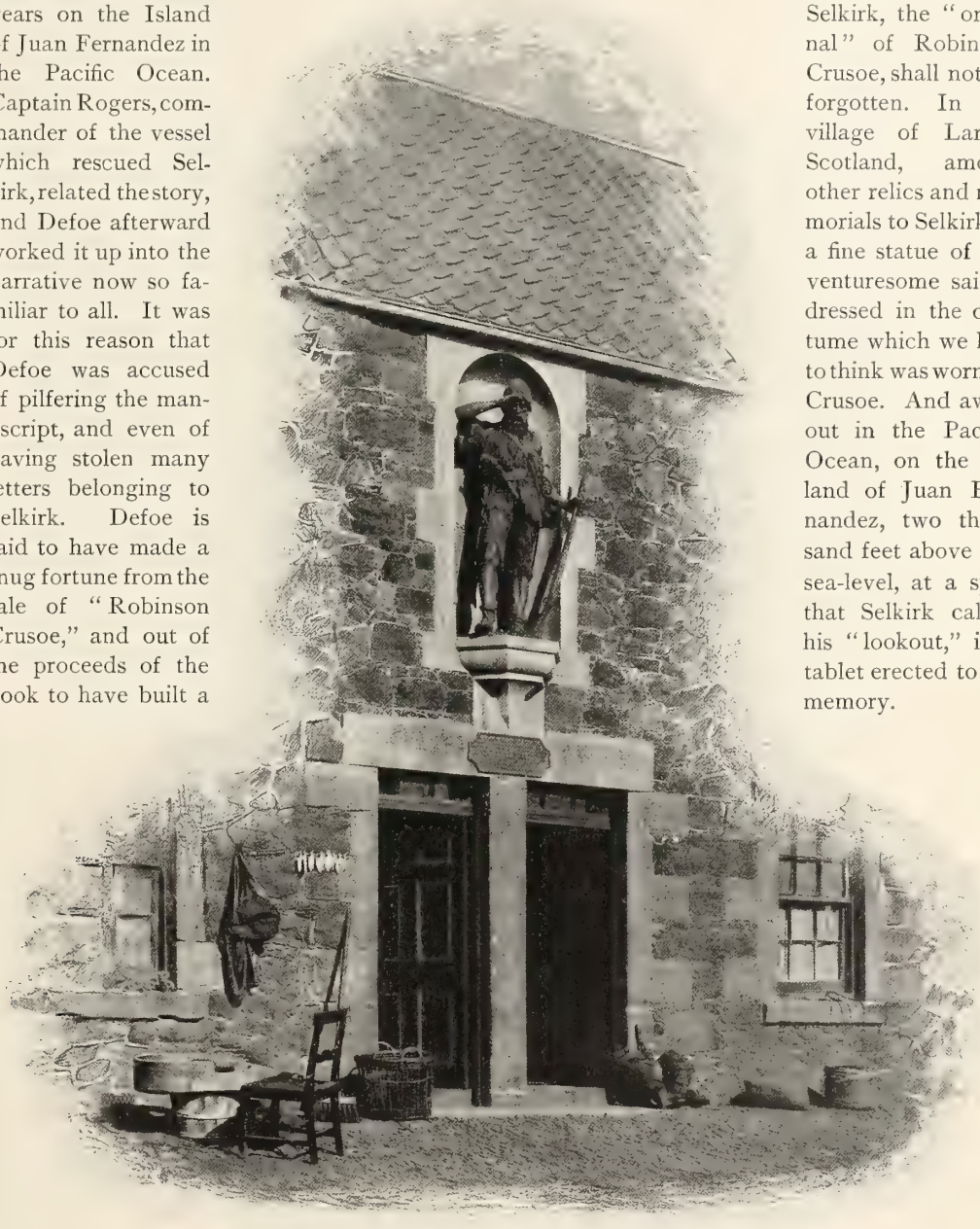
Defoe — before he wrote "Robinson Crusoe"—was a very hard-working newspaper man. For a number of years he edited a semi-weekly paper called the "Review," and during that time published many pamphlets, and contributed every line of the matter to each issue of his paper, with the exception, of course, of the few advertisements on the back pages.

The "Review," published by Defoe, probably suggested to others the famous "Tatler" and also the "Spectator," both of which, on their first appearance, bore close typographical resemblances to Defoe's publication.

At one time, he conducted the "Review" from Newgate Prison. This "Review," even when Defoe was a prisoner, was published simultaneously in Edinburgh and London.

In later years Defoe conducted another paper, called the "Mercator," and brought out the first paper which may be said to have been on the lines of a modern daily. It was called the "Flying Post," and was an evening paper. The title of the periodical was subsequently changed into the "Whitehall Evening Post.'

The novel "Robinson Crusoe" was founded on the experiences of a certain Alexander Selkirk, who resided four years on the Island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. Captain Rogers, commander of the vessel which rescued Selkirk, related the story, and Defoe afterward worked it up into the narrative now so familiar to all. It was for this reason that Defoe was accused of pilfering the manuscript, and even of having stolen many letters belonging to Selkirk. Defoe is said to have made a snug fortune from the sale of "Robinson Crusoe," and out of the proceeds of the book to have built a fine house for himself in a suburb of London. So it must have won instant popularity.



THE STATUE OF SELKIRK AT LARGO, SCOTLAND.

It is interesting to know that while the memory of "Robinson Crusoe's" author has been so carefully preserved, enthusiastic admirers of this charming story have been no less diligent in seeing that Alexander Selkirk, the "original" of Robinson Crusoe, shall not be forgotten. In the village of Largo, Scotland, among other relics and memorials to Selkirk, is a fine statue of the venturesome sailor, dressed in the costume which we like to think was worn by Crusoe. And away out in the Pacific Ocean, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, two thousand feet above the sea-level, at a spot that Selkirk called his "lookout," is a tablet erected to his memory.

"Robinson Crusoe" was not Defoe's only novel, by any means. He wrote many works of the "dime-novel" order, some of their titles being, "The Highland Rogue," "Jona-

than Wild," "The King of Pirates," and the like. He was enterprising, industrious, and untiring, and, had he lived to-day, he would doubtless have been a successful reporter or correspondent for a daily newspaper.

in danger from his being taken for a spy; but authentic accounts of these adventures are difficult to find. No doubt many of them have been greatly exaggerated.

Defoe died suddenly in 1731, at the age of



From a photograph by W. B. Northrop.

THE MONUMENT TO DEFOE AT BUNHILL FIELDS, LONDON.

One of his journalistic feats, for instance, was to interview, on the scaffold, the famous Jack Sheppard. He obtained from the outlaw a message for publication just as the noose was being adjusted around the man's neck.

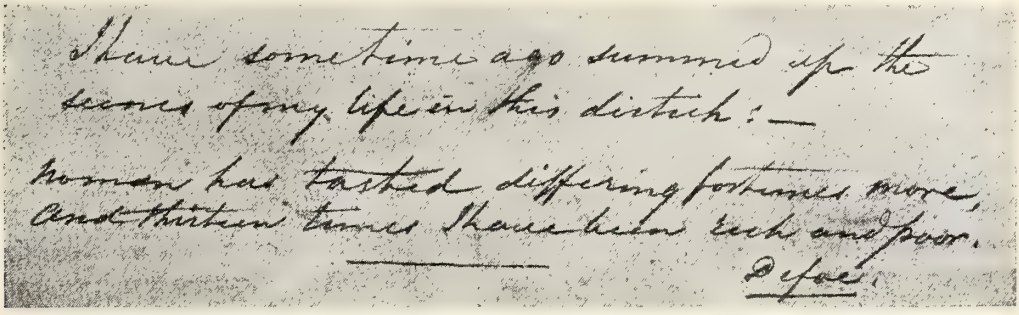
Defoe acted as the agent of the government in some important secret undertakings, which required his journeying all over the continent of Europe. It is said that his life was often

about 71. In a small obscure graveyard in the heart of London stands a white marble column. It marks his last resting-place, and records the date of his birth and death.

This little cemetery, which has for some years been converted into something resembling a garden, is located on City Road, London, immediately opposite the chapel built by John Wesley. Not far from Daniel Defoe's grave

is the grave of John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

A small plane-tree grows over Defoe's grave. Into the leaves of this tree projects the upper portion of the monument. For many years the grave of this celebrated author was practically unmarked; but, a few years ago, through the efforts of a London religious weekly paper, the children of Great Britain sent in subscriptions to a fund, which speedily grew large enough to defray the cost of the monument to the author of their favorite book, and in course of time a suitable monument was erected over the spot where Defoe's body lies.



AN AUTOGRAPH OF DANIEL DEFOE. FACSIMILIE OF A COUPLET WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A PROOF IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

(TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER.)

By Francis Arnold Collins.

What boy would not feel perfectly at home on Robinson Crusoe's island? The cave hollowed in the rock, the garden where he grew his wheat and tended his goats, the forests and plains of Crusoe's island-domain, have been the playgrounds in imagination of boys for generations. We have all wandered with Crusoe over the familiar paths, explored the cave, or sat upon the lookout watching, with a delightful sense of disappointment, for a sail.

And the island of Juan Fernandez, where the real Robinson Crusoe lived so long alone, looks exactly as we would expect it to appear. The island was visited a few months ago by a Chilean war-ship, and a party of her officers — remembering Crusoe with affection, as people do the world over — carefully explored Crusoe's kingdom and took a number of photographs. Although these photographs are now looked upon for the first time in the United States and Europe, they seem, nevertheless, strangely familiar. They serve to bring the old playgrounds of our imagination suddenly to life.

It is exactly two centuries since the actual Crusoe landed upon this solitary island. His name, it will be remembered, was Alexander Selkirk, though, strangely enough, he, too, like Defoe, spelled his name differently from the form used by his father before him, for Selkirk's father spelled his name Selcraig. Of all the labors of the immortal Crusoe, time has left few traces. Selkirk lived much the same life which Daniel Defoe describes in the story. The cave hollowed from the rock, with the rude remains of its stone supports, may still be recognized. The lookout,— the conical hill, "very steep and high,"— where Crusoe watched so many weary hours, rises near by. A large

bronze tablet commemorating Selkirk's sojourn on the island was placed near the base of the lookout by the officers of an English war-ship in 1868. Crusoe's garden is buried beneath two hundred years of tropical vegetation. The long flat beach where he landed, however, is readily identified.

So closely has Defoe followed the actual story of Selkirk's adventures that "Robinson Crusoe" might even now serve as a guide-book for his island. The scenes as Defoe describes them, often with surprisingly few words, have, in two centuries, lost nothing of their charm. The photographs of these scenes do not in any sense contradict the narrative. With the actual photographs of the lookout before us, where Crusoe — or rather Selkirk — first climbed to look about him, Defoe's description borrows a new meaning. "There was a hill not above a mile from me," says Crusoe, "which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea." Or, again, study the photograph of the cave, and Defoe, it will be found, has not used a word amiss. "I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."

The adventures of Selkirk differ only in detail from the story of Crusoe. The real Crusoe, as we may call him, was not shipwrecked, but came ashore voluntarily. He was a Scotchman, and landed from an English ship, the "Cinque Ports," a little vessel of but ninety odd tons burden, carrying eighteen guns, commanded by Captain William Dampier, in 1704. Selkirk was the sailing-master of the vessel, and, in reality, he had had a "falling out" with the captain some time before, and had begged to be put ashore. Just what this quarrel may have been is not known, since the account



THE SCENE OF CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK.

"I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water."— ROBINSON CRUSOE.

comes from the captain himself. Selkirk lived alone on the island for four years and four months, and was then rescued by Captain Rogers, of the "Duke," and taken back to England. Captain Rogers wrote the original account of Selkirk's adventures, so that we have the true story of this famous romance at first hand.



CRUSOE'S CAVE.

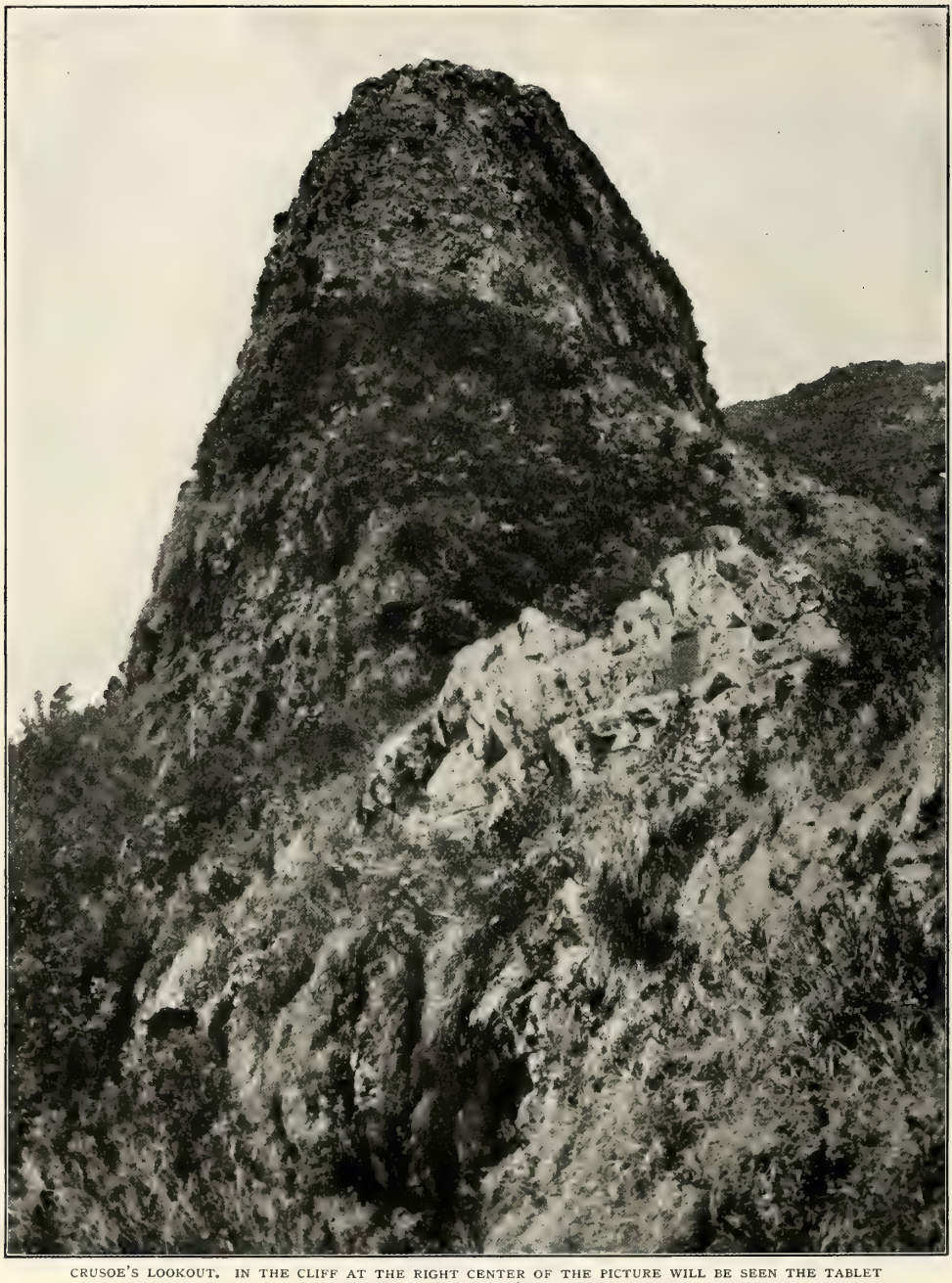
"I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."— ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When Selkirk landed to take possession of his island-kingdom, he carried fewer provisions than did the Crusoe of the story. A boat from the Cinque Ports brought him to the beach with his seaman's chest and meager possessions and put him ashore.

As the boat pulled away, Selkirk quickly regretted his act, and begged on his knees to be taken back to the ship. The sailors refused, returning alone, so that the original Crusoe found himself an unwilling prisoner. There was little romance in the situation. His entire possessions comprised only some clothes and bedding, a firelock, one pound of powder, some bullets, tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books.

Four years and four months later, when Selkirk — now safely on board the Duke — told the story of his adventures, the misery of those first hours on the island were still clear in his memory. As the ship disappeared, he sat upon his seaman's chest in utter dejection. He ate nothing for many hours. His greatest fear was that with the coming of night he would be attacked by wild animals. In his own words, "I went to sleep when I could watch no longer." For a long time he remained in such low spirits that he could eat only at rare intervals. His first food was the flesh of seals and the coarse food picked up along the beach.

For several weeks Selkirk continued to eat raw food. He carried flint with him, but could find no tinder to start a fire. He would not use his shirt, since he preferred to go without cooked food to going undressed. The famous



CRUSOE'S LOOKOUT. IN THE CLIFF AT THE RIGHT CENTER OF THE PICTURE WILL BE SEEN THE TABLET ERECTED TO SELKIRK'S MEMORY.

"There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

suit of goatskins was not thought of until later. The cooking problem was finally solved by rubbing two sticks together, Indian fashion, to start a fire. The flesh of young goats remained his principal food to the end. His favorite method of cooking was to impale a large piece of the meat on a splint of palmetto wood and broil it by turning it slowly before the fire.

The island was well supplied with wild goats, as it is to this day. Nevertheless there were times when poor Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—had great trouble to secure a meal. He shot the goats at first, but his supply of powder soon failed him. After that there was nothing to do but to catch the goats on foot, and many a



TABLET ERECTED NEAR SELKIRK'S "LOOKOUT" ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ, BEARING THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION:

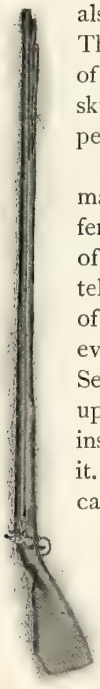
In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the "Cinque Ports" galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the "Duke," privateer, 12th Feb., 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. "Weymouth," A.D. 1723,* aged 47 years. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. "Topaze," A.D. 1868.

chase the nimble little creatures led him. In time, however, Selkirk learned to run so swiftly and to dodge and leap so quickly that he had no trouble in winning these curious races. Selkirk killed in all more than five hundred goats; and, not content with supplying his present needs, he caught many young goats and tamed them, that he might be sure of his food when he grew too old to run. Toward the end of Selkirk's first year on his island he commenced to write his famous diary. In reproducing this incident later, Defoe, for all his genius, could improve but little upon the interest of this original manuscript. Selkirk began the story of his life by telling of his terror of the sea, his dread of wild animals, and his fright at the barking of the seals. He was finally compelled by hunger to look about him. He found abundance of raw meat and cabbages and herbs. Eight months after his landing on the island he wrote that he was at last entirely reconciled to his lot. His life in the years that followed has been the envy of many men and boys in many countries. There was little cold or rainy weather, so that he was constantly

* This date has since been proved to be wrong. The year, as we have seen, should be 1721.

out of his cave. By day he worked in his garden or explored his island-kingdom. On clear evenings he amused himself for hours at a time by lying on his back and counting the stars.

Selkirk soon tired of the famous cave which he had so laboriously hollowed in the rock. An earthquake had loosened a part of the roof, and he feared further accidents. He had attempted to give the rock support meanwhile by building a crude pillar of stones, part of which still stands. Toward the end of his first year of exile Selkirk set about building a house. He finally completed two little huts, using one for a bedroom, and the second and smaller one for a kitchen. The little cottages were built with the wood of the palmetto, which he had laboriously hewn from the forest. The walls and roof were formed of long grass, which was from time to time renewed. The furniture of the two rooms was also, in a very literal sense, home-made. The few chairs and the table were made of palmetto and upholstered with goat-skins. The bedstead was Selkirk's especial pride.



SELKIRK'S GUN.

For all Selkirk's terror of wild animals, nothing ever visited him more ferocious than the rats. He complains of them bitterly in his journal, however, telling of their inroads on his larder, and of how, growing more ferocious, they even bit his feet as he lay asleep. But Selkirk proved equal to this new call upon his ingenuity. The story of Robinson Crusoe tells the exact truth about it. Selkirk made a business of raising cats, feeding them with goat's milk. Thereafter he slept with hundreds of his cats lying about him, and as a reward of his ingenuity slept soundly.

Meanwhile most of Selkirk's scanty store of shirts had worn threadbare. Once more his ingenuity, which had served him so well throughout his stay in the island, came to his rescue. On looking about him for material, he hit upon the idea of his famous suit of goat-skins. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe carefully reproduces this incident. Selkirk skilfully dried the skins and made for himself a complete suit, consisting of trousers, jacket,



SELKIRK'S CHEST AND CUP.

and cap. For this extraordinary piece of tailoring Selkirk used a nail for a needle, stitching with thongs of the skin. Later, finding a piece of iron hoop on the beach, he made several new blades for his knife. In the attempt to make shoes, however, his skill failed him, and this despite the fact that Selkirk had once been a shoemaker. All the shoes that he had made fell apart, and in the end he was forced to go barefooted.

Life was not all work, however, even for the industrious Crusoe. He spent many hours, for instance, his journal attests, in taming young kids. Another amusement was to cut his name, with the date of landing, on innumerable trees in different parts of the island. The tropical growth of two centuries has left no trace of these labors visible on the island to-day. It was from this incident, doubtless, that Defoe conceived the idea of having Crusoe keep a calendar with notched sticks. Throughout his stay Selkirk was also in the habit of praying, reading, and singing in a loud voice each day, often for an hour at a time. He explained candidly in his journal that he did so for fear he might lose the power of his voice from disuse.

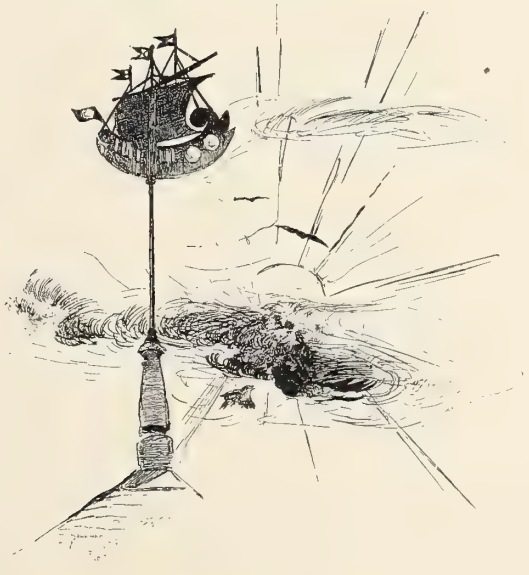
It was only after Selkirk had watched from his familiar lookout, in fair weather and foul, for more than four years that he was finally rewarded by the sight of his old ship. When Captain Dampier landed upon the beach, Sel-

kirk was already standing on the edge of the forest, waving a white flag. In honor of the visit, he wore his last shirt, which he had carefully kept for years for this occasion. The captain afterward noted in his account that Selkirk spoke in a voice which, for all his pains, sounded scarcely human. His feet had been hardened like leather from long exposure. For many weeks he refused to touch any liquor, nor had he any appetite for civilized foods. Selkirk greeted his old shipmates with a delight that may be imagined, and before leaving his island he entertained the ship's crew in his "house."

The island was visited but once by any ship during Selkirk's long exile. A Spanish ship once landed on the island a small company who caught a fleeting glimpse of Selkirk. In those days the Spanish were the deadly enemies of the English, and doubtless Selkirk had recognized the ship's colors from his lookout, and drawn his own conclusions. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe makes much of this visit of the Spanish, and has them prostrate themselves before Crusoe as the "governor of the island." As a matter of fact, however, Crusoe (or Selkirk) played a much less dignified part than Defoe would have us believe. The Spanish shot at and chased him for some distance without success. A bulldog which they had brought ashore was pressed into the service; but Selkirk, from his long training with the goats, outran the bulldog. Growing tired of the chase, Selkirk finally climbed a tree. The Spanish built a fire and camped near his hiding-place, but finally left without discovering him.

The solitude and many hardships of this lonely life would doubtless have driven most men crazy. Selkirk, however, kept his wits throughout it all, and when he finally returned to Scotland, after an absence of eight years, was able to take up his old life where he had dropped it, and, despite his barbarous life, was still a civilized man.

In writing "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe, with a story-teller's license, took many liberties with the original narrative. One of these changes has been to tell us that Crusoe's island was situated on the east coast of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco River. There can be no doubt, however, that the Island of Juan Fernandez, with its cave and its lookout, was the island which Defoe has described; nor that the adventures of Alexander Selkirk have been faithfully reproduced, with an added charm, in the story of "Robinson Crusoe."



A WINDY MORNING.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XVIII.

A GREAT MANY THINGS OCCUR.

Never since Marybud Lodge had been a boarding-school, and the boys had scampered over the grounds in their play-hours, had the lawn presented an appearance so animated, and never at any time a picture so astounding. It was so electrifying, so inconceivable, incredible, and unimaginable as to deprive Mr. Scarlett of the power of speech.

All the celebrities were there with the exception of the Headsman, who, with his ax, was still locked up in the school-room cupboard. They had had a good breakfast and were enjoying the open air in the blithest spirits. Henry VIII was walking between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and amusing them with his merry chatter. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were strolling side by side, engaged in sprightly conversation, he playing the squire of dames as if to the manner born. Richard I, Charles II, and Oliver Cromwell were having a game of leap-frog, and roaring with laughter when one of them came to grief, which Richard III was maliciously endeavoring to compass by putting out his leg to trip them up. Guy Fawkes, with folded arms, was moodily looking on. Houqua was walking from one group to another, with the eternal childlike smile on his face, and saying softly to himself: "Velly good. Can do. The philosopher Mencius observes, 'The gleat man is he who does not lose his child-heart.'" Loushkin had climbed to the top of the cedar-tree, where he seemed to be hundreds of feet in height, and Mme. Tussaud was standing below, looking up at him one moment, and the next chiding those of her celebrities who were transgressing the rules she had set for them.

It was truly a startling scene, and the dazed expression on the countenances of Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback was a sufficient indication of their feelings. Their state of mind was by no means reassured by the astounding behavior of Belinda, whose rotund face seemed to be in great danger of exploding with suppressed laughter. They were, so to speak, paralyzed, unable to move or think; and they might have remained in this state for a considerable time had not Lucy rushed out of the room, quickly followed by Lydia, who had no desire to stop and be questioned by Miss Pennyback and her papa.

Even this interruption only partially restored the senses of Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback. Feebly turning his head, he said in a broken voice:

"Do my eyes deceive me? Am I the victim of an enchantment?"

"I do not wonder, sir, at your asking whether your eyes are deceiving you," replied Miss Pennyback. "You are but experiencing my own sensations in the middle of last night, when, having fainted away in the kitchen, I found myself in my bedroom. It is even yet a mystery to me how I reached that refuge; I could not have walked to it. Can you offer a solution, sir, of an incident so unparalleled?" Mr. Scarlett gazed before him in blank bewilderment, and Miss Pennyback continued: "This is a strange sight that we behold. I perceive that that immensely tall man has come down from the cedar-tree, and is now engaged in conversation with that little old woman in black."

"There is no doubt that we are awake, Miss Pennyback?"

"It does not admit of doubt, sir. You used a word which appears to me appropriate to what we have gone through, and to what we are at present witnessing."

"I have no recollection of any word," said Mr. Scarlett, rubbing his brow in a vacant

manner. "So far as I am aware, I have no recollection of anything in particular."

"The word I refer to, sir, is 'enchantment.' We are not under the spell of a delusion: we are the victims of an enchantment, and the 'Arabian Nights' comes irresistibly to my mind. In the drama that is being enacted on the lawn we have no part; we are, as it were, the audience. Lucy is seemingly employing herself in the ceremony of introducing Miss Lydia to her friends. For friends they undoubtedly are, or she would not be on smiling terms with them. The regal gentleman who is shaking hands with Miss Lydia is the great King Henry VIII come to life again—if such a thing *can* be. And surely I recognize the great and good Queen Elizabeth. I perceive also a personage who bears a remarkable likeness to Guy Fawkes, and an exceedingly small but very active individual. The Little Old Woman in Black is the busiest of the party, and seems to be the ruling spirit. And there! do you perceive, sir, there come all your domestics,—Molly, Maria, Belinda, Mrs. Peckham, Rowley, and Flip,—and that some communication is passing between them and the little old woman?"



"ALL THE CELEBRITIES WERE THERE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE HEADSMAN."

"The servants do not seem to be frightened, Miss Pennyback."

"They do not, sir, though I detect an expression of anxiety on Mrs. Peckham's countenance. And, I declare, there is Belinda talking to that abnormally tall person who is dressed in a foreign military costume. She is actually making eyes at him, and Molly and Maria are following her example."

"He is probably a soldier," said Mr. Scarlett. "Our servant-girls adore the military, and the taller the man, the more they adore him. Belinda looks as if she could fall down and worship the giant."

But what was going on out on the lawn in the meantime?

The purpose of Loushkin climbing to the top of the cedar-tree was to make a survey of the surrounding country, and report thereon to Mme. Tussaud. This was accomplished when Lucy and Lydia came on the lawn; and then followed Lydia's introduction to the celebrities. She was overwhelmed with flatteries and compliments, and of course it was Henry VIII who was the most outspoken in his expressions of admiration.

"Welladay," he cried, "the maiden is passing fair! Lucie, ma belle, if thou art outshone, it is because thy fair sister is in her springtime, which thou hast not yet reached. Beshrew me! a lovelier maid we never set eyes on."

This caused Lydia to blush and Mary Queen of Scots to sigh.

It was at this point that the domestics of the establishment made their appearance.

Mrs. Peckham was in a perplexing difficulty. Last night's raid upon the larder, and the ample breakfast she had provided for the celebrities,—whose appetites were enormous, and who kept on crying for more bacon and eggs,—had exhausted her resources. Dinner had to be provided for at least a score of persons, and she had nothing to cook. She had not the courage to go to her master, so, accompanied by her subordinates, she appealed to Mme. Tussaud, and asked what was to be done.

"This is very serious," said Mme. Tussaud. "Lucy, is that your papa in the breakfast-room, staring at us?"

Lucy looked up and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

"And, if I don't mistake, that lady with him is Miss Pennyback."

"Yes, it is, ma'am."

"The supplies which Mrs. Peckham requires will cost a great deal of money. Your papa does n't seem to be in a good humor, and I have to say something to him before I can venture to make a demand on his purse; but money we must have."

"I have five pounds," said Lydia.

"Why, where did you get it, Lyddy?" asked Lucy.

"Papa gave it me before breakfast," said Lydia, laughing as she gave the five sovereigns to Mme. Tussaud. "When Harry comes, he will give us as much as we want."

"Money is not our only difficulty," said Mme. Tussaud, patting Lydia's cheek. "We dare not let any of the domestics out of the place to purchase supplies. They would gossip to the tradesmen, and all the fat would be in the fire."

"You can trust Harry," said Lydia.

"Good," said Mme. Tussaud. "We will appoint him our controller of the commissariat. He alone shall be allowed to go in and out the house."

She hastened to Mrs. Peckham, told her that things would be all right, and desired her to make out a list of her requirements. Then she called a council of war, at which, after solemn deliberation, the following articles were drawn up:

1. That Marybud Lodge be declared to be in a state of siege, and be regarded as a fortress.

2. That only two persons be admitted into the fortress—Harry Bower and Lorimer Grimweed.

3. That none of the celebrities, nor any of the domestics, nor any member of the Scarlett family, nor Lorimer Grimweed, be permitted, under any pretext whatever, to leave the fortress or the fortifications.

4. That only Harry Bower shall have free ingress and egress.

5. That by day and night the strictest watch be kept upon the two entrances to the fortress, and that all the gentlemen take this duty upon themselves, the duration of each watch to be two hours, when the guard will be relieved.

6. That knocks at the door and rings at the bell be answered by Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd, under the surveillance of the guard, who shall keep tight hold of their collars when the door is opened, and shall not allow themselves to be seen by the persons calling.

A further article, proposed by Richard III, that any person transgressing any of the articles be instantly put to death, was rejected, much to that monarch's displeasure.

During the time employed in these deliberations Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback remained in the breakfast-room, and it was with trepidation that they now observed the Little Old Woman in Black advancing toward them. There were French windows to the room, opening out upon the lawn, and upon one of the panes Mme. Tussaud tapped and motioned them to admit her.

As Miss Pennyback did not stir, Mr. Scarlett opened the window himself, and when Mme. Tussaud entered he had the politeness to offer her a chair.

"Thank you," said Mme. Tussaud; "for the present I prefer to stand. Now, why do you two foolish people remain indoors on such a fine day as this? Why do you not enjoy the air?"

"Are we free to issue forth?" asked Miss Pennyback, in the voice of one who has suffered imprisonment for a great number of years.

"Perfectly free. But perhaps it will be as well that we come to an understanding. Miss Pennyback will do me the favor to retire while I confer with the master of Marybud Lodge."

"You have addressed me by name," said Miss Pennyback. "Allow me to observe that you have the advantage of me."

"You wish to know who I am, but if you were familiar with the attractions of the metropolis you would not ask the question. All the civilized world—and even some barbarians—know that I am Mme. Tussaud."

"Of waxwork fame?" inquired Miss Pennyback.

"Precisely. Of waxwork fame."

"That, madam, is simply impossible. I am not *quite* out of my senses."

"Not quite, I hope," said Mme. Tussaud, with a waggish nod. "So you think it impossible I can be Mme. Tussaud?"

"The idea is ridiculous."

"Is it? I was under a different impression. However, we will not argue. Kindly retire. I have matters of private interest to discuss with Lucy's and Lydia's papa. Sweet girls! You are to be envied, sir. It is not many fathers who are blessed with daughters so charming. Miss Pennyback, did you hear me ask you to retire?"

"So far as I am aware," replied that lady, "my sense of hearing is not impaired. I hear every word you say."

"Well?"

"I consider it advisable to remain; I prefer to remain. You made the remark that every one is free to do as he (or she) pleases."

"Within limits, Miss Pennyback," said Mme. Tussaud, with a genial laugh. "Be advised. If you stay here it will be at your peril."

"I shall stay here," said Miss Pennyback, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me to retire, or you use force to eject me."

"I shall not use force," said Mme. Tussaud, her eyes twinkling with fun, "but I shall take steps to render you deaf to the conversation between me and your employer. Listen. I am going to count three slowly, to give you time to change your mind. If when the last number passes my lips you are still in the room, I shall practise upon you a harmless little piece of magic."

"If you think to frighten me," said Miss Pennyback, making a brave show of resistance, though she was inwardly quaking, "you are greatly mistaken."

"Very good," said Mme. Tussaud. "One—"

"I shall not stir from this room," said Miss Pennyback, in a trembling voice, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me."

"Two—"

"You may count till you 're blue in the face, madam."

"Three."

"I have heard some absurd things in my life," said Miss Pennyback, "but of all the—"

Mme. Tussaud touched her with the magic cane, and she became instantly dumb and immovable.

Chapter XIX.

How Mme. Tussaud brings papa to reason.

"Now we can have our chat in comfort," said Mme. Tussaud to Mr. Scarlett, who was gazing with astonishment at the remarkable

appearance of Miss Pennyback. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, her hand was raised as though to ward off a blow, her lips were parted, but not another word did she utter.

"It *is* enchantment," he murmured.

"Yes, my dear sir, if you like to call it so," said Mme. Tussaud. "You need not be at all alarmed about Miss Pennyback. She is perfectly happy, and will be none the worse for her little nap when I awaken her. As we are to discuss family matters, I thought it advisable in your interests that she should not be present."

"But she *is* present," said Mr. Scarlett, his breath coming short and thick.

"In body, but not in spirit. To all intents and purposes she might be at the north pole. Lucy tells me you indulge in snuff. Oblige me with a pinch. Thank you. Try mine. In my young days snuff-taking was all the fashion, but the fashion has died out, as most fashions do. There is, however, one fashion, Mr. Scarlett, that since the day of creation has never changed, and that to the end of time never will change."

"Pardon me a moment," said Mr. Scarlett, casting a troubled glance at the rigid form of Miss Pennyback. "Are you sure she is comfortable?"

"Perfectly so. The sight of her seems to annoy you. Shall I put her behind this screen?"

"No, no! The consciousness that she was lurking behind a screen would distress me. You were observing—"

"That there is one fashion which will never be out of date. I allude to the fashion of falling in love. I mean no offense, sir, but may I ask if you married for love?"

"I did," Mr. Scarlett blurted out. The confession seemed forced from him.



"THEIR STATE OF MIND WAS BY NO MEANS REASSURED BY THE ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOR OF BELINDA." (SEE PAGE 506.)

"You were not forced to marry a lady you detested?"

"No, certainly not."

"And the lady you married, the mother of Lucy and Lydia, was not forced to marry a man *she* detested?"

"N-n-no."

"And you were happy? Neither of you ever had occasion to repent it?"

"No. But, if you will excuse me,—"

"Excuse *me*. Following the good example of her parents, Lydia has fallen in love, and it is to bring happiness to her young heart that I and my celebrities have journeyed to Marybud Lodge."

"There is no deception, is there?" asked Mr. Scarlett. "You are what you represent yourself to be?"

"Upon my honor as a lady of world-wide fame," replied Mme. Tussaud, "there is no deception."

"And the ladies and gentlemen playing on my lawn?"

"Are what *they* represent themselves to be. The public journals would soon bring me to book if they were not. The public labors under a delusion respecting us. They think that we have no feelings, that we have no heart. They are mistaken. We are ever ready to come forward in defense of the weak, to take up their cause and make it our own. When next you visit my show and gaze upon my motionless form, you will perhaps believe that nothing escapes my eyes or ears, and that when I hear a little child sob quietly to herself, it is my earnest desire to ascertain the cause of her grief, in order that I may relieve it. That is what happened last night, when most of my visitors had gone down to the refreshment-room.

"A little child had been brought to my show, and her friends, who were young lovers, had lost sight of her. So she was left to herself, and was sitting on a bench near me, with a sorrow on her sweet face that penetrated my heart. No persons were near her to witness her distress. The tears in her eyes grew larger, her little breast heaved. It was an inward grief which was oppressing her, a secret trouble for which I thought there must surely be a remedy. I sympathized so deeply with the dear girl that I could no longer restrain myself. I spoke to her—I learned the cause of her misery—"

"Stop a moment, please," said Mr. Scarlett. "When you spoke to her did n't she run away?"

"No. I never speak to a child except in kindness. Ah, my dear sir, it often happens that, wrapped in our own selfish wishes and desires, we elder people are apt to be careless in regard to the happiness of the young children dependent upon us, are apt to forget that we draw our sweetest happiness from them, that our lives would be desolate without them, and the world a desert. The gratitude which our children owe to us for the sacrifices we make for them is small in comparison to the gratitude we owe to them for the daily, the hourly pleasure they bring into our lives."

She wiped her eyes, and Mr. Scarlett wiped his.

"Shall we, then," she continued, "be deaf to our child's pleading—our child, now grown to be a woman, and one of the sweetest flowers in the garden of our house—shall we change the love she bore for us to hate?"

"Hate!" cried Mr. Scarlett, clasping his hands. "No, no—not that!"

"Yes, that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Put yourself in the maiden's place; see with her eyes, feel with her heart, judge with her mind, and find the answer. You know that the little child I speak of as being overwhelmed with grief is your daughter Lucy."

"Yes, I know."

"And that the maiden I speak of is Lydia."

"Yes, I know."

"Oblige me by telling me if you consider Harry Bower a despicable character."

"By no means a despicable character. Quite the reverse."

"Can you bring evidence to prove that he is unworthy the love of an English maiden?"

"No, I cannot."

"Is he not an earnest, upright young fellow, and does he not love your daughter as a girl should be loved, truly, sincerely, and for her sake alone?"

"Yes, I think he does."

"Now, can you give the Grimweed man as good a character?"

"N-no, not exactly. I don't believe I can. They are different kind of men, you know."

"Oh, I know. How old is Harry?"

"Twenty-five."

"And Lydia is eighteen. Very suitable. How old is the Grimweed man?"

"He says he is forty-five."

"He says! Then we can put three years on, at least. That will make him forty-eight. When Lydia is forty he will be seventy. How does that strike you?" Mr. Scarlett was silent. "Well, well, I 'll not press you, for you have met me very frankly. Now about this lease of Marybud Lodge, which the Grimweed man will not renew unless Lydia consents to marry him. Suppose we make him give you the lease without any such stipulation, will you consent to Harry's engagement with Lydia?"

"Willingly, willingly! I always liked Harry Bower better than Mr. Grimweed. But, you see, it would well-nigh break my heart to be compelled to leave the Lodge—"

"Best not speak of breaking hearts," said Mme. Tussaud, grimly. "I told Lydia to write to Harry, and he will soon be here. You have no objection?"

"None in the least. Though it is rather awkward, for Mr. Grimweed will be here, too, with the new lease drawn up, ready for signature."

"Never mind that. I will attend to the awkwardness. There will be such an array of signatures on that lease as witnesses as would make autograph-hunters stare. I suppose, Mr. Scarlett, that we may look upon ourselves as welcome guests."

"Quite welcome—but rather distracting and bewildering, you know."

"I dare say; but, as I heard Queen Elizabeth remark to Tom Thumb this morning, 'There are more things in heaven and earth' (Mr. Scarlett) 'than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"Queen Elizabeth! Genuine? Really genuine?"

"Really genuine. And Henry VIII and Mary Queen of Scots and Oliver Cromwell, and others, with whom you will presently make acquaintance. There is positively no deception. You will find them very pleasant company. Do you invite us to dinner, Mr. Scarlett?"

"Yes, certainly—though I fear we are not very well provided for such a large number of guests."

"We will attend to all that. That dear Lydia of yours has given us five pounds, and of course you will contribute toward the expenses. Thank you." Mr. Scarlett had handed her two five-pound notes. "Mrs. Peckham, whom Henry VIII has created Marchioness of Barnet—"

"What!" shouted Mr. Scarlett. "My cook a marchioness!"

"It is quite true," said Mme. Tussaud, holding her sides with laughter, "with a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand from his royal treasury to support her dignity. And he has made Rowley a knight—he is Sir Rowley now."

"Marchioness of Barnet! Sir Rowley!" gasped Mr. Scarlett, great beads of perspiration bursting out on his forehead.

"Yes. At what hour do you dine?" asked Mme. Tussaud, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"At any hour convenient to their Majesties," replied Mr. Scarlett, the feeling of strangeness at being surrounded by such singular visitors beginning to wear away.

"We will say seven o'clock," said Mme. Tussaud, "and we will lunch upon the lawn at half-past one. Afternoon tea, of course?"

"Of course. We always have a cup."

"Most refreshing. Was I right in supposing that you would not have wished Miss Pennyback to hear our conversation?"

"I should not have wished it."

"It is quite private between us. Honor—"

"Bright," he added briskly.

"Honor bright. As my dear little Tom Thumb would say, shake."

They shook hands, and then he looked at the statuesque figure of Miss Pennyback and said: "Will she remain in that state long? I am really anxious about her."

"I will now restore her to consciousness."

"One moment, I beg. Could you do that to me?"

"I can do it to any one who displeases me,

or whom I wish to punish. It is done with this cane. Very simple."

"Far from it. It is most astonishing. Oblige me by bringing her to."

Mme. Tussaud deliberately arose, and reaching over, touched Miss Pennyback with the magic cane.

"—I never heard a more absurd thing than that," said Miss Pennyback.

"Than what?" asked Mr. Scarlett, his eyes by this time almost starting out of his poor bewildered head.

"Did you not catch what I said, sir?" said Miss Pennyback, with extreme vivacity. "I remarked to this ridiculous old lady that I had heard some absurd things in my life, but of all the absurd things I ever heard, nothing was more absurd than her threatening to practise her magic arts upon me. Magic arts, indeed! I should like to know if we live in a civilized age or not."

"Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett, "when you were making that remark to Mme. Tussaud, did you happen to look at the clock?"

"I cast my eyes in that direction, sir, and observed that it was a quarter to eleven. Merciful powers! It is now five minutes to twelve!"

"An interval of an hour and ten minutes," said Mme. Tussaud, "during which Mr. Scarlett and I have had our little chat on some private family affairs without your hearing a single word of it."

"Quite true, Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett. "We have been discussing private matters while you were asleep. As you perceive,"—he waved his hand familiarly toward the lawn,—"a number of distinguished guests are paying me a visit, and we must show them proper hospitality. Lunch at half-past one, afternoon tea at half-past four, and dinner at seven."

"The whole company, sir?"

"The whole company. It does not come strictly within the scope of your duties, but perhaps you will kindly see that all the leaves are put in the dining-table, and I shall be pleased if you will assist us in entertaining. My daughters will attend to the flowers. I particularly wish the dining-room to be bright and cheerful."

"And every room and every person in the house," said Mme. Tussaud. "Bright and cheerful."

"You shall be obeyed, sir," said Miss Pennyback, meekly.

"Lydia and Lucy and I will assist you in the domestic arrangements," said Mme. Tussaud, "and I recommend you to make yourself agreeable. If you do not, I shall send you to sleep for two or three days, and have you conveyed to your chamber, as I did last night when you swooned in the kitchen. And please be nice and amiable with my people. Henry VIII is a most generous monarch, and scatters rewards with a lavish hand upon those who please him. He has already made Mrs. Peckham a marchioness, and Rowley a knight—"

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated Miss Pennyback.

"And who knows that he may not confer a title on the intellectual lady who instructs Lucy in history? There are more unlikely things than that. Now, *will* you make yourself agreeable?"

Miss Pennyback was conquered; she was incapable of further resistance. "It shall be my endeavor," she said in a faint voice.

"That 's a sensible creature. Mr. Scarlett, will you give me your arm? You can join us when you wish, Miss Pennyback. In ratification of our friendship oblige me by taking a pinch of snuff."

Miss Pennyback dared not refuse. She applied a pinch to her nose, and was instantly attacked with a violent fit of sneezing. When she recovered she saw Mme. Tussaud and Mr. Scarlett walking toward the celebrities on the lawn.

"It seems real, it looks real, it feels real," she murmured. "What am I to think? Have all the years of my life been nothing but a dream, or is the world coming to an end?"

(To be continued.)

A JAPANESE "MIDDY."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE MIKADO'S NAVY.

By Teïichi Yamagata,

Late Ensign in the Japanese Imperial Navy, and Nephew of Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of the Japanese Army.



THE AUTHOR IN HIS "MIDDY" UNIFORM.

I HAVE often observed that many healthy American boys aspire to become either a naval cadet at Annapolis or a military cadet at West Point. The same longing for martial glory fills the breast of many of the boys of Japan, but in Japan the larger percentage of boys who are eager to serve his Imperial Majesty, Mutsu-hito Ten-wo, prefer the navy to the army.

Almost as far back as I can remember, I had no other ambition than to seek fame as an officer in the Japanese navy. It may seem rather odd, therefore, that the writer's career afloat began in the *Chinese* navy and ended practically in the *French* navy, with a long interim of service under the naval flag of the Mikado.

That I would have to take up arms in the imperial service was a foregone conclusion, for I belonged to the *samurai*, the old hereditary fighting class of Japan. To have avoided the profession of arms would have been almost equivalent to inviting disgrace. Besides, I was as eager to embrace my inherited calling as any son of the samurai could possibly be; hence all that remained was to make a choice between the army and the navy.

While visiting relatives at Nagasaki, early in the winter of 1878–79, that seaport city was visited by the "Yu-yen," the first Chinese war-ship that ever sailed in Japanese waters. The Yu-yen was making a round of visits to the principal Japanese ports, and Yokohama was to be among the number.

Thanks to the kind offices of my relatives, the position of Japanese interpreter to the Chinese admiral was secured for me, and thus it was that I sailed from Nagasaki in the ward-room of the Yu-yen. The admiral, who was a stout, red-faced, and very genial man, was, if I mistake not, the same Admiral Ting who was afterward defeated by the Japanese Admiral Ito.

As long as I live I shall always have very kind recollections of my treatment by the Chinese officers among whom my lot was cast during the next few months. Early in 1879 the Yu-yen reached Yokohama, where a protracted stop was made. Here my services as interpreter were to end; but the Chinese admiral, whose especial protégé I had become, urged me to remain with him a month longer, which I did.

Then came my parting from the Yu-yen and her officers. From Yokohama I went by rail to Tokio, and there began my new life as a proud aspirant for honors in the royal Japanese navy.

Being already a graduate of the public schools, the first step was now to enter the Kanda Naval Preparatory School, an institution presided over by Lieutenant Hasegawa. It was a private school, conducted under the sanction of the government, and was at that time the only naval preparatory school in the empire. This excellent school still exists; but, in addition to it, there are to-day two other naval preparatory schools, both conducted by the government, one on the grounds of the Naval College at Tokio, and the other at the Yokosuka Navy-yard.

Japan's system of selecting naval cadets is

altogether unlike the American system of appointment by Congressmen. If a Japanese boy wishes to become a naval cadet, he must first graduate from the public schools. Then he must pay his own expenses at a naval preparatory school. These expenses are equivalent, in American money, to about six dollars a month. Having graduated from the preparatory school, he forthwith enters the Naval College, and from that time on, his expenses are borne by the government. Any Japanese boy who has the necessary mental, physical, and financial qualifications can thus become a naval cadet.

It was a very proud moment for the writer, you may be sure, when he first donned the uniform of the Kanda School and became one of the four hundred students there. The uniform was plain, consisting of a simple blue jacket with a single row of brass buttons, plain blue trousers, and a naval cap of English pattern.

Our arms were not of a kind to strike terror to even the most timid heart, since they were nothing but mock wooden guns. Yet we boys must have fancied that the martial spirit of the old-time samurai dwelt in those harmless make-believe muskets, for it would have been difficult indeed to find a fiercer-looking lot of youthful warriors than we were at drill.

What did we study? First of all, the Japanese and Chinese languages, delving a little into the classics of both. Then we were obliged to write compositions in Japanese and Chinese, and disliked the tasks just as heartily as American boys do their English and Latin compositions. We were taught English also, and compositions in that language were added to our other tortures. Arithmetic, algebra, a short course in Japanese history, a short course in geography and free-hand drawing, including map-work — surely this was enough for boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age! I feel sure that all of my young American readers will agree with me on this point. Elementary military drill and instruction in rowing were elective branches; but there were few boys who did not take them up.

Five and a half days every week were devoted to these studies. The discipline was not unnecessarily strict, and, on the whole, our life was even jollier than American boarding-school life. We were a fun-loving lot of boys, and many were the pranks we played upon one another. Even our instructors did not always escape. But "hazing," as the term is understood in the United States, is unknown to Japanese students.

Graduating from the preparatory school, I entered the Naval College in the fall term of 1881. Now I was a full-fledged naval cadet, in my first year. With what withering contempt did my classmates and I look down upon the boys of the preparatory school! We were cadets; they were, as yet, nothing!

Perhaps our new attire had much to do with our new grandeur. Our cadet uniforms were of navy blue, and the jacket of Eton pattern. On our jaunty naval caps were embroidered the insignia of our cadetship — a design in which two crossed branches inclosed an anchor and cherry blossoms. Still another honor was ours: we were now permitted to wear short swords!

A three years' course was before us — three years of downright hard work and study. At the outset each cadet was allowed to choose the department for which he preferred to fit himself, whether the navigating, medical, or engineering department. The writer chose the navigating department.

There was an average attendance of about five hundred cadets during my time at the Naval College. Many of my old classmates won fame in the late war between Japan and China. Not a few of them were killed at the naval battle of the Yalu; others lost their lives at the bombardment of Wei-hai-wei.

Discipline was far more strict here than at the preparatory school, yet we cadets did not fail to have good times, as I will presently endeavor to show. But first of all let me tell you what we studied. During our first year we devoted the forenoons to plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, history, and especially the naval history of the world. In this latter study we read many works printed in English. Japanese and English composition followed us even into the Naval College. In the afternoon an hour was devoted to military drill, while another hour was spent in mastering the details of a ship's masts, rigging, and sails.

For this latter branch of drill, a barkantine's three masts were rigged up on the grounds of the college, and, at the commands of the instructors, we scampered up and down the masts like so many squirrels. At first we were sent to the top-yards and thoroughly drilled in handling the ropes and sails there; but gradually, as we became more proficient, we were "promoted downward," reaching in time the main-yard.

(In more recent years the barkantine's masts have been replaced by an actual barkantine, moored in the river that flows by one side of the college grounds.)

The second year's course comprised lectures and recitations in mathematics, literature, naval tactics, weather observations, map-drawing, mechanical drawing, astronomy, platting from coast-survey notes, naval architecture, chemistry, and explosives.

Well do I remember some of the jokes that were perpetrated upon our instructors during that second year.

Our lecturer on literature was a civilian of very effeminate manners. One morning he came into the lecture-room, bowed to the assembled cadets, wished them a good morning, and then opened his desk. He sprang back again with a cry of dismay, for out jumped some fifty frogs. Frogs were his pet aversion. A dozen cadets less timorous than the professor rushed to his rescue, and, in great glee, soon cleared the room of the little hopping animals.

Our professor of mathematics, a naval officer detailed to that duty, was made of sterner stuff. It was a more startling surprise that, on another occasion, we prepared for him. A few of us gathered in the class-room one morning some minutes before the time for recitation, and placed inside the stove — in which, of course, there was no fire at the time — a huge cannon-cracker around which was wound a long fuse. We had calculated almost to a second the length of time that fuse would burn.

Lieutenant Takeda entered the room exactly on time, as he always did, consumed the same number of seconds as usual in crossing to his desk, bowed with his usual deliberateness, and said, "*Ohayo, mina san*" ("Good morning, young gentlemen").

Bang! The cannon-cracker exploded with great noise and force, overturning the stove and incidentally blowing the bottom out of it.

Lieutenant Takeda turned as coolly as if on parade, glanced at the demolished stove, comprehended the situation, and again faced the class of innocent-looking youngsters.

"The length of that fuse was very well calculated, young gentlemen," he remarked.

In neither instance, I am glad to say, did the professor make any complaint against the cadets; investigation into either joke might have involved the present writer in unpleasant disciplinary consequences.

It was during the summer vacation between the second and third years that we experienced the event to which we had all looked forward — the practice cruise at sea. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in our class on that cruise, on the training-barkantine "Junkei," commanded by Captain James, an officer who had left the English navy to enter the Mikado's service.

That summer cruise was the hardest part of the course, the cadets being obliged to work like common sailors. Our time was largely spent in scrubbing decks, scouring the metal-work, making, taking, and furling sail, manning the boats, going through laborious gun drills — in short, applying practically all the theories we had learned at the Naval College, and fitting ourselves thoroughly to command and to instruct sailors as soon as we ourselves should reach the quarter-deck.

At the beginning of the cruise most of us experienced to the fullest possible extent the terrors of that peculiar malady known as sea-sickness. What a wretched, miserable lot we were for a few days! How we longed to be back in that safe, steady-going old land-craft, the imitation barkantine on the college grounds!

On the morning of the third day out from Yokohama, the Junkei was rolling and pitching in what appeared to most of us to be a terrifically violent sea. I remember crawling up on to the deck and lurching across to the rail. I must have looked as utterly woe-begone as I felt, for none of my superiors had the heart to order me to duty.

"I will throw myself overboard and end all this misery," I thought; and, while I had that

purpose in mind, the sea looked actually inviting.

Furtively I glanced at the watch officer, but his gaze was fixed upon me, and I thought his shrewd, searching eyes penetrated my intention. Two or three sailors, I observed, were also watching me.

"It will be useless to jump overboard," I groaned. "If I do those sailors will jump overboard, too, rescue me against my will, and bring me back again to endure this horrible illness until it finishes me."

That view of the case decided me not to attempt the leap.

"After all," I reflected, "if I am to die of this horrible seasickness, it is better to meet death like a man."

And suddenly my sickness vanished as if by magic!

Amusing and grotesque all this seems to me now; but I assure you that at the time it was tragically real.

The summer cruise over, we came back to the Naval College to enter upon our last year of academic studies. We completed our course, and the writer was one of the happy lot of youngsters who, in the spring of 1884, graduated from the Imperial Naval College.

Then began a peculiar stage in my naval career. I was a full-fledged midshipman at last, but quickly realized that that nondescript rank carried with it rather more of tribulation than of joy. In the Japanese navy the young "middy" is derisively known as a *hanbun*, which, literally interpreted, means "half." He is half sailor and half officer. On the sleeve of his coat he wears only half of a gold stripe. His epaulets are "halved" by being denuded of fringe. Even his sword, the distinctive emblem of his noble profession of arms, is but half the length of that worn by his superiors. Not only his officers, but the sailors as well, seem to delight in impressing upon him the undeniable fact that he is but a "half-fledged" officer.

Soon, however, I emerged from the chrysalis stage of hanbun into the more complete existence of an ensign. I was happy at last in all but one respect — I longed to take part in a modern naval battle or two. That ambition was gratified, for the Franco-Chinese war had broken out, and my uncle (then Japanese Minister of War) prevailed upon his fellow cabinet member, the Minister of the Navy, to secure for me from the French a commission by courtesy as ensign in the French navy.

As a representative of the then youngest naval element in the emperor's service, I was sent to observe, study, and report upon French methods of naval warfare. It was my lot to take part in the naval battle of Fuchau, and in the field operations in Tonquin.

Afterward I returned to duty on the Japanese cruiser "Heyei," but a few months later resigned from the navy in order to take up my studies in the United States.

Upon my experiences in the Franco-Chinese war I have not dwelt in this article, as it has been my main purpose to afford a glimpse at the life of a "middy" in the then new and modern navy of Japan, although during a period when it was even newer and less modern than his Imperial Majesty's splendid fleet of to-day.



A Good Advertisement



LITTLE JOHNNY: "PLEASE, MISTER, WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT HEN IN FRONT OF YOUR PLACE?"
THE BARBER: "TO HELP BUSINESS, SONNY. EVERY TIME A MAN OR A BOY PASSES SHE CALLS OUT, 'LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT! GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT!'—YOU 'RE 'NEXT,' LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY!"

One Hug is Enough.

PAPA, when business-hours are done,
And home he comes at set of sun,
Greets with wild joy his little girl;
As up he swings her, with a whirl,
Calls her his pet, his heart's delight,
And kisses her and clasps her tight—
So tight, sometimes, that she cries
"*Please!*
Don't give me such another squeeze!
Why, dear papa, I do de-
clare
You 're like a great big, burly bear!"
Then "daddy" smiles and sets her down,
And gently pats her curls of brown,
And says: "My Lady Pinafore,
I will not do so any more—
Until to-morrow!"
And next day
He greets her in the selfsame way!

But one fine evening, after tea,
Wee Betty climbed upon his knee
(She had her slate and pencil, too),
And said: "Now I 've a rhyme for you.
We made it up, mama and I;
I 'll say it for you by and by.
But first—before I let you see
My slate—you 'll have to promise me
That you will not get in a huff,
For our rhyme says, 'One hug 's enough!'
You need n't pout, papa, nor grieve;
It 's plain as figures, by your leave.

"Now I 'll our little verse recite,
And you 'll own up that we are right!

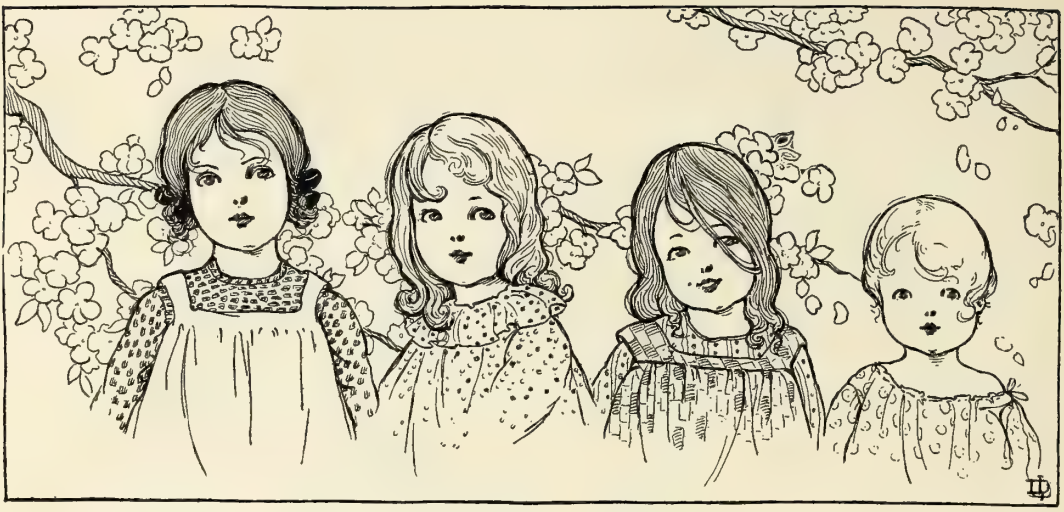
BETTY'S RHYME FOR PAPA.

"Excuse me if I say to you,
'One hug 's enough,' and prove it, too.
'Enough' has letters six, you see—
Enough for two words, you 'll agree.—
And those two words, most strange to say,
Are 'one' and 'hug,' as plain as day;
For here 's your *o* and *n* and *e*,
And there 's your *h* and *u* and *g*."

Then papa laughed and said: "My dear,
You 've proved your claim, that 's very clear.
Enough 's enough. Well, have it so—
Just one good hug, and off you go!"

Walter J. Kenyon.





FOUR LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR FOUR LITTLE STORIES.

By Joaquin Miller.

Away up on the middle fork of the one big and beautiful river of Oregon, wedged down deep between two great black mountains topped with trees and clouds and snow, a little log house nestled close by the bank of the foamy river, alive with shiny fishes. A narrow, shady road ran close by the door. Back of the house on the hillside was a clearing, set thick with apple-trees, peach-trees, and the like, and all loaded down; while the air was full of busy bees, and every one of the great dark trees up and down the steep mountains was musical with the song of birds.

Dot and Puss and Dimples and Pudge — these were the names of the four little girls who lived in the log house, but where they got their names no one but their father could tell.

It was ten miles through the thick woods to the next house; it was quite as far to their first neighbor in the other direction: and as this was a sort of stopping-place for the very few travelers who ventured on horseback over this portion of the Oregon Sierras, I drew rein at the door and shouted: "Hello the house!"

In a moment four little girls blossomed in the door — rosy, round-faced, brown-faced, sunny-haired, hearty, happy. Beautiful? They looked as if they might have escaped from the upper world and slid down the great snow-peaks to that little home by the beautiful river.

"Might I stay?" There was a welcome to the tired stranger in every "yes," as four pretty mouths opened in chorus.

Dot, the eldest, a strong, self-reliant little girl of ten years, led my horse to the stable across the road; Dimples led me into the cabin; Puss brought water from the spring; little Pudge brought her apron full of chips from the wood-pile in the back yard; and all four were soon busy preparing supper.

The father came home, a weary man, tall and strong, lonely-looking and very silent, and swung his gun and game-pouch on the great elk-horns over the fireplace.

We had supper by the firelight; Dot with her little hands kept piling on the pine knots till the gloomy little cabin was light as day.

After a hearty meal on wild meat, Indian corn, and fish, the little girls cleared off the table, and then grouped about it with their books. But no, they could not read. They

wanted to hear about the great big world — the world that was to them like fairyland. I told them many wondrous things, the half-sad and very silent father sitting all the time back in the dark and alone.

By and by I asked them to tell me something of their books. And how learnèd they were! They knew much indeed of books. But their geography was mixed. All history, the "Arabian Nights," novels of all kinds, all these were jumbled in their little heads together. Yes, their mother, they said in whispers, as they glanced back at their father, had taught them ever so much. They had never seen a schoolhouse or a church. Once they had been to camp-meeting. Yes, mother — when she was a young woman — had come from a far-off country, — from Boston, — had married, settled in the woods there, away from all the world, and, only last year, had died.

Seeing his children were now as sad as himself, as they thought of their mother, the man rose, came forward, kicked the fire till it blazed up more cheerfully, and suggested to the children that they should tell me some stories in return for mine.

"And oh, let 's make 'em up ourselves!" shouted Puss, as she clapped her dimpled hands and hitched up her chair, as did all the others, with their elbows on the table and their bright faces all at once as merry as the May.

"Certainly," answered matron Dot, "we will make 'em up all by ourselves; and you shall tell the first; only don't put in any bogy-man or ghost to scare little Pudge." And with that Dot put an arm about Pudge and drew her close to her side; while Puss smoothed down her little gingham apron, hitched her chair again, and, clearing her throat, gravely began:

"Once upon a time in Arabia — in Arabia — where — where all the giants are born and brought up and educated, there was a great giant who had no castle. So this great giant — he got up and took his club and set out to walk and walk till he could find a great castle, where he could put people in and lock 'em up and — ahem — and eat 'em. Well, he walked and he walked — ahem. And he was barefooted and he had no shoes at all. And he was bareheaded and his hair was long — ahem, ahem. And he walked and he walked till he came to a great high mountain. And he went up to the top of that high mountain, for he thought it might have a castle on it. But he found there only a great big flat rock on the edge of a great steep precipice, with — ahem — with a railroad running along in the valley below. Yes, the — the — ahem — the Erie Railroad! Well, he lay down on the flat rock and went to sleep, and in the night he waked up and went down in the valley to get something to eat. For — for like all great and good giants he was — ahem — always hungry. Well, he found a milk-house, and he drank up all the pans of milk, and he ate up all the fresh butter, — ahem, — and he could n't find any bread, and he hurried back to his big flat rock on the mountain above the precipice, for he was getting very tired. And he lay down on his back on the big flat rock, with his hands a-holdin' tight on his head, for he felt — ahem — very queer. Well, by and by he heard a rumblin' — oh, such a rumblin'! And he was, oh, so certain his head was going to break open! And — ahem — he held tight on to his head with both his big hands. Then he did n't hear any rumblin' any more, and all was still; and he went to sleep. Ahem! But by and by such another rumblin' — oh, such a rumblin' that it made the mountain shake! And he held so tight on to his head that he almost screamed out for pain. And then he listened. And then he began to laugh. And he let go of his head and he laughed and he laughed and he laughed. For what do you think it was that rumbled so? Why, it was n't his head at all. It was only the Erie Railroad. Yes — ahem — yes, and he laughed and he rolled and he rolled and he laughed till he rolled right over that precipice, and he fell — ahem — and fell a hundred thousand feet, and he landed with his neck in the fork of a tree, and — and — ahem — died! Yes. And if you can go to foreign countries and find the Erie Railroad, and find that precipice, and stop the train, and get off and measure how high that tree is, you can tell just how tall that giant was, for, for — ahem — for if his foot could have touched the ground he could have stood up and it would n't have killed him, you see!"

"Oh! oh, Puss!" "Oh, Pussy!" cried Dot and Dimples.

"I 's glad he 's dead, anyhow, for I don't like giants," said little Pudge, as she nestled closer to Dot; and the father again came forward out of the dark and poked up the fire.

"And now, Dot, it 's your turn," said Dimples, as she reached over and buried a hand in the cloud of yellow hair that nestled on Puss's shoulder.

"Yes; and I 'll make it short, for Pudge has yawned twice. And remember, now, this is a story that has to be all told over again from the first if any one asks a single question. So don't one of you speak or I 'll never get through to-night.

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding on a sloping hillside above the sea. On the great black mountain back of them there was a forest of pines, and in this forest there were a hundred thousand bears."

"Oh, my! So many?"

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding —"

"Please, please, sisser Dot, I won't speak any more," pleaded Pudge.

"Well, then, don't, Pudge, because, you see, every time anybody speaks I have to go right back to the beginning and tell it all over from the first. This is one of that kind of stories, you know. But I can go ahead this once. Well, the flock of sheep went sliding their noses along on the ground very fast, and a little lamb got very tired and lay down by the side of a rock — a gray rock, I think. Yes, it went to sleep there, while its mother went on with the flock, with her nose on the ground, nibbling grass. After a while the lamb felt a cold nose moving up and down on the back of its neck, and thinking it was its kind, good mother who had come back with the flock on the way home, it lazily opened its eyes and looked up. And what do you think it saw? A great black bear!"

"Oh! And did it —?" But Pudge clapped both chubby hands over the rosy mouth with its rows of pearl just in time; and with just a little frown the story-teller went on.

"'Guess I 've got you,' said the bear.

"'Spec' you have,' said the lamb. 'But you better not eat me.'

"'And why had I better not eat you? Humph! Come, get ready to be eaten. I 'm hungry.'

"'Oh, please, Mr. Bear,' said the little lamb, 'if you won't eat me I will take you to where there is a big Popwopsus. And if you have n't got enough after you eat the big Popwopsus, you can eat me.'"

"And oh, Dot, what is a —?" Just in time Pudge got her two hands over her mouth, so the story did not *quite* have to be told over from the first.

"Now this was a very ignorant bear, and did not know what a Popwopsus was."

"No more do you, nor anybody else," chuckled Dimples aside to herself.

"But, like all very ignorant people, it pretended to know a great deal, and said it was a bargain; and as the lamb gladly led the way up the hill to a great pine-tree, the bear muttered to himself that he could eat them both and not half try.

"'There you are, sir,' said the lamb, pointing to a great high heap of gum that had oozed from the tree. 'Help yourself.'

"Now this bear thought this must be delicious food indeed; so, pretending to know all about it, he gruffly bowed his thanks to the lamb, and reaching up, he opened his great red mouth, threw his arms about the fat wax Popwopsus, and hugging it tight, greedily bit off its sticky head!

"Well, you should have seen that bear's mouth! And jaws! And feet! Gum! Gum! Nothing but gum!

"And you should have seen that little lamb laugh! He just stuck his little fists in his little sides and danced up and down for delight.

"And the bear pawing at his own teeth! And gnawing at his paws! Oh, my! And he rolled over, and the leaves stuck fast, and he began to look as big as an elephant. And so the lamb pitied him and said:

"'Come, I 'll take you back to where I found you.' And so he went back down the hill, and the poor bear hobbled and rolled on after.

"But pretty soon they met the sheep. Then

a big ram with great bent horns bowed to the bear. And the bear thought it was all right. But, I tell you, whenever a ram bows to you, look out! Well, the rams all bowed to that bear, and then they began to come. Jump! Bump! Thump! And over that bear went, country, and was very nearly crying with fright, she meekly held her head to one side and managed to go on. "Once upon a time, in a very foreign country, there lived in a great coal-mine a man with a leather nose. Now this man was a Norwegian, and he had a name that was so



"'AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE LAMB LAUGH!'"

heels over head, till he rolled into the sea and was turned into a great big island that was all surrounded by water."

"Oh, my! Who ever heard a lamb talk! Now *I* don't b'lieve that t'other story, too!" said Pudge.

"Pudgey, Pudgey! But now Dimples; and then little Pudge."

"Once upon a time in a foreign country a—very, very foreign country," and here little Dimples stopped, rolled up her dimpled hands in her coarse apron as if they had been cocoons in silk, and began it all over again. She did this two or three times in her great embarrassment, and at last, after assuring us over and over again that it was in a very, very foreign long that it took a man a day and a half to pronounce it, and—"

"Now, Dimples! Oh, Dimples!"

"Well, Dot, I 'll pronounce it if you like. It may not take a day and a half, but it will take some time."

"Skip the name, then, and hurry up, for Pudge is very sleepy."

"Well, then, they called him Old Leather Nose. And whenever anybody called him Old Leather Nose there was a fight; for he was very, very sensitive on that point. Now this was in California.

"After a while he got sick; and the doctor, who was afraid of him and wanted to get him out of the way, told him he had a certain kind

of disease. And it was a Latin disease that was even harder to pronounce and longer than his name; so we will skip the Latin disease, although I know it and can pronounce it very well, sister Dot.

"Now the doctor told Old Leather Nose that the only way to cure him was to plant him in the ground in a deep hole up to the chin, under a great pine-tree up on a great high mountain, and keep him there, with only one pipe to smoke, till the sun rose in the morning.

"And so the doctor took ten men, and they carried Old Leather Nose from the Norwegian coal-mine up on a high mountain somewhere in Florida, where there are a great many ferocious walruses, and they planted him up to the beard, and gave him a pipe to smoke. Yes, and when they began to plant him he took off his leather nose and laid it carefully down on a chip by the side of—"

"And did it cure him all well, Dimples? Did it, Dimples?"

"Pudgey dear, the walruses came down in the night and ate his head off smooth with the ground. And that 's all."

"Oh, how dreadful! My sakes alive! But he tum'd to life again! he tum'd to life again! —did n't he?"

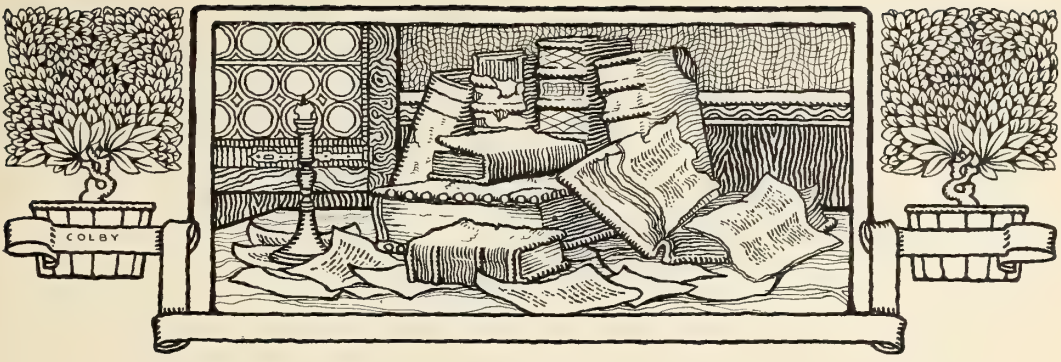
"Yes, little Pudge, but that is another story. And don't go to sleep just yet. It 's your turn now. Only a little one, dear, and then papa will put Pudge in her little trundle-bed."

"Once upon a time in a—in a—" And the little fists dug and doubled about the great, dreamy eyes, and tried to push away the mass of curls that curtained them, and with much effort the sleepy little girl got through with this little fragment of a story: "Once upon a time dey was mice an' mice an' mice. Oh, my, such a mice in a fur—furrin tuntry. An' a man he goed a fousand hundred miles to brin' a fousand hundred tats for to tatch 'em. An' he do an' he dit a wadon an' dey brin' him tats. An' dey brin' him a fousand hundred tats. An' he put 'em in a wadon, an' he start for to do for to tatch 'em mice. An' he tame by a house, an' de dog bark, an' de tats back up on de wadon look like a load o' hay. An'—an'—oh, my, I is so s'eepy! An'—an' he tame by a tamp-meetin'. An' de tamp-meetin' sin' er hymn; an' den er tats sin' a song, too. An' den er tamp-meetin' have to stop—an' den—an' den—er—"

And the little round face bowed down and buried itself in the folded arms on the table. The silent father came forward from his now very dark corner, and taking the little sleeper from her sister, placed her in the trundle-bed. In a few minutes one more was beside her, and two in the little bunk over the trundle-bed. The father and I were soon in bed in the adjoining room, with the door open between.

And when he thought I slept, he rose up softly, went into the other room, drew out the trundle-bed noiselessly, and kissed his four little motherless girls, with only God to see him. Then he stepped to the door, drew a great bolt across it, and, taking his rifle from the rack, set it in reach at his bedside, ready to defend his babes. And then we slept.





"WANTED."

By Margaret Vandegrift.

Mrs. John Clayton and her only son were at breakfast in the smallest breakfast-room possible to a small house. There was nothing small about the breakfast, however; the porridge-dish and milk-pitcher were of goodly size, and both well filled.

"You 're sure you don't mind it, dear?" asked John, Jr., tenderly, as he held out his bowl for a second help. His mother laughed brightly.

"Oh, Jack! if your father were only safe at home again I 'd be willing to live on porridge and milk to the end of my days!"

"But then, you see, I don't intend you to do that," answered her son, stoutly. "This is the third day — 'three times and out,' you know. I 'm bound to find something this morning. I 'll just look over the 'wanted' column before I start; there may be somebody in search of a young fellow of my pattern." He ran his eye over the column. "There 's only one that 'looks likely,'" he said, pulling open his knife to cut the advertisement out, and reading as he cut:

"'Wanted, a young man not under seventeen nor over twenty-five, who is not afraid of work. Call at 47 W. Blank Street.'"

"But that may mean a porter, or a gardener, or a footman, or anything," said his mother, doubtfully. Jack laughed.

"I could n't conscientiously recommend myself as footman or gardener," he replied, "but I 'd make a capital porter; for instance —" and he picked his good-sized mother up, and, after almost setting her on the sideboard, let her gently down to the floor.

"You disrespectful boy!" And she boxed his ears lightly.

"I 'll take that for my accolade," he said, kissing her heartily. "I 'm going out to fight the world for you, lovely woman!" And with a gay laugh he was gone.

"Dear fellow!" murmured his mother, as she gathered up the spoons, "how brave he is! How proud John will be of him. Never one word about his disappointment, when he had chosen his profession and all. He seems to think only of me."

Meanwhile Jack's long legs were carrying him rapidly over the forty or fifty blocks which lay between his home and 47 West Blank Street. The keen air and quick motion brought a bright color into his brown cheeks, and a more pleasantly hearty and healthy-looking young man than the one who rang at the aforesaid number at precisely nine o'clock would have been hard to find. A dignified butler opened the door of the quaint, old-fashioned house, and ushered Jack into a large, cheerful library. Every curtain was drawn back, every shade raised, and the room was flooded with autumn sunshine. A fire of unsplit oak and hickory logs burned upon brass andirons, on a wide and deep hearth, and a plump white cat, stretched upon the hearth-rug in friendly proximity to a huge St. Bernard dog, gave the finishing touches to this picture of comfort. The room was lined with

well-filled bookcases; a convenient library table stood in the center, surrounded by deep, cushioned chairs and a luxurious lounge. A small revolving book-rack stood on one corner of the hearth-rug, between the lounge and an easy-chair. In giving his card to the stately butler, Jack had mentioned that he came in answer to the advertisement; and the servant, after showing him into the library, took the card upstairs, and returned presently, saying:

"My master begs that you will wait half an hour, as he is particularly engaged, and that you will amuse yourself with the books."

"All right," said Jack, cheerfully, adding to himself, as the solemn man withdrew, "It 's not a bad place for spending half-hours or half-days in, by any means!"

He turned to the small open book-case, in preference to attacking the larger ones, and smiled at the singular medley he found there. One side held the latest scientific works; another, grammars of living and dead languages; a third, a fine collection of antique books, with covers worn and torn; and the fourth, a most remarkable array of fiction — French novels, translated and in the original, the latest trash from the most notedly sensational pens, both American and English.

"Ah! I wonder what he 'd think if I should ask him to lend me this book"; and Jack pounced upon a valuable and expensive work upon mechanical engineering. He read for a few moments standing, then dropped into the nearest chair and read on. The white cat, as if mistaking him for the usual occupant of the chair, sprang upon its arm and nestled down, purring. The great dog rose slowly, stretched himself, and laid his splendid head upon Jack's knee. "Good fellow!" said Jack, giving him an absent-minded pat; and the dog stood contentedly, slowly waving his banner of a tail, and did not move, even when Jack drew out note-book and pencil and began taking notes from the book he was so eagerly reading.

The half-hour passed quickly. Jack was quite unconscious of any presence save that of the friendly brutes, when a short, dry cough and a strongly interrogative "Well?" made him suddenly twist his chair around and look up.

Before him stood a keen-eyed old gentleman, in an immaculate black suit, with very white linen and hair. Jack rose at once, and too suddenly to please the feelings of the dog and cat.

"I 've been standing within three feet of you for five minutes," said the old gentleman, in a voice which somehow made Jack think of parchment. "What were you reading? A French novel or an English one?"

"Neither," replied Jack, coloring a little under the steady gaze of the earnest gray eyes. "I found a work on engineering which I 've been wishing to see, and I was reading that. I beg your pardon for keeping you standing, but I assure you I did not know you were there."

"I accept your apology," said the old gentleman, dryly, "and now we 'll proceed to business. I did not choose to state fully, in my advertisement, what I wished. I preferred seeing the applicants first. What reference have you as to your character?"

Jack promptly named two or three well-known professional men.

"Hum!" said the other. "You understand, young man, that it 's a reference as to character, and not attainments, for which I 'm asking?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, with a significant quietness. "These gentlemen are all old friends of my father's and lifelong friends of mine."

"Very good!" and the inquisitor smiled a little. "Who, and what, is your father, by the way?"

"His name is Clayton"; and Jack held his head up proudly. "He is a scientist, and he is absent just now upon a scientific expedition to South Africa."

"Pleasant place for an excursion!" muttered the old gentleman, adding suddenly: "And why are n't you studying for a profession, I 'd like to know?"

"The man whom my father left in charge of his affairs has absconded with the greater part of our money, and I have postponed my studies until I see my way clear to take them up again," answered Jack, stiffly.

"Only postponed 'em, eh?" and the old gentleman chuckled. "What did you mean to be?"

"I *do* mean to be a lawyer!" Jack did not know how defiantly he said that.

"Then what do you want with a book on engineering?"

"I am offered the chance to study, and afterward enter as junior partner, in the office of a man whose practice is chiefly railroad litigation, and he told me that it would save me time and trouble hereafter if I would post myself upon mechanical engineering first. And now may I ask what are the duties of the situation you are offering?"

"Very good! Very good!" cried the old gentleman, briskly. "But I have just one more question to ask — old folks are apt to be idly curious, you know"; and he chuckled once more. "Will that offer of which you spoke keep, or is it to be taken or left at once?"

Jack's face clouded as he replied:

"I do not know positively, but I am afraid that it will only keep a few months, at furthest."

"So! now we 'll proceed to business. I want a night-watchman in my warehouse." He eyed Jack narrowly, but the young man made a tolerably successful effort not to look disconcerted.

"I want a young, strong, wide-awake fellow to watch for two weeks over the largest and most valuable cargoes that my ships ever brought from India, China, and Japan. If I find the man I 'm looking for, he may have the chance of a better situation at the end of the two weeks, but I make no promise as to that. For the two weeks I 'll give, to a suitable person, one hundred dollars and his board; he will not be needed through the day, and should he prefer to board at home I will allow him twenty dollars more. I see no reason why you should not be the man, if your reference proves satisfactory, but I never do anything important without sleeping on it, so I 'll give you my answer to-morrow morning, and then you can give me yours."

"I can give you mine now," said Jack; "I shall be glad to accept the situation, should you be satisfied with my reference."

"Very well," replied the old gentleman. "Now you may go. I 'll lend you that book you were reading, if you like. Or, stop a bit — I wish you 'd sleep here to-night. I have a special reason for wishing to be called at six, sharp, to-morrow morning, and you look as if you had some sense. If I tell Jenkins to call me, he 'll knock once, and go away. I 'm a heavy sleeper sometimes, and this is important. You 'll be doing me a favor if you 'll stay and get me up at six — in spite of myself, if need be."

"Very well," said Jack; "I 'll do so, with pleasure" — and he could not repress a little smile at the anticipation of shaking up the inquisitive old gentleman the next morning. "But," he added, "I must go back and tell my mother about it, and find some one to sleep in my room — I cannot leave her alone in the house."

"Where are the servants?" asked the old gentleman, abruptly.

"We don't keep any, at present," replied Jack, with equal abruptness, adding: "I will be here by nine o'clock, if you wish."

"I do," said the other, and nothing more was said on either side, except "good morning."

When Jack recounted this strange interview to his mother, she did not know whether to laugh or cry, and so did a little of both. When the story was finished, "You may depend upon it that he 's insane," she said apprehensively. "Don't have anything more to do with him, dear; write and say that you 've changed your mind."

"But I have n't, Madam Clayton," answered Jack, laughing. "He 's not a bit insane, only queer; and, even if he were, I 'm about twice as large as he is and equal even to the strength of his insanity — and, just think! one hundred dollars for two weeks! It 's princely! We can pay a half-year's rent in advance to begin with, and by the time the rest is gone we shall have the money from the sale, and it 's a poor story if I can't find something permanent before that is gone."

"But I can't bear it," faltered his mother, "that you should be a night-watchman, when you have graduated from college and stood high in everything."

"This from you, unworthy descendant of a 'Signer'? Shades of my ancestors!" And Jack began the Declaration of Independence, and kept on until his mother stopped her ears. Then he went out to engage his most intimate friend to sleep in his room, and after a merry supper he started briskly off for 47 West Blank Street.

He found his prospective employer at the library table, apparently engaged with a mathematical problem.

"By the way," said the old gentleman, as Jack was shown into the library, "I forgot to tell you my name; it 's Tyler — Thomas Tyler. I 'm tempted to close our engagement to-night. Your references will do very well. But I can't break a life-long habit — I must sleep on it."

He paced the room for a few moments, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Then, as if laying aside a rough outer garment, he began to discourse upon books and authors, and held Jack entranced till the clock struck eleven. At the last stroke he rose and held out his hand, with "Good night! You 're not a bad listener. Your room is next to mine, and I shall not lock the door between, for you may have to come in and shake me. My man has set the alarm-clock at five-forty-five; that will give you fifteen minutes to stretch in. The alarm has lost its effect upon me, but perhaps you 're not used to it. Not, eh? Very good. Then there 's no doubt of its waking you. We 'll breakfast at six-thirty sharp, and by seven I shall be off. I 'll give you your answer at six-forty-five."

He said the last words over his shoulder as he trotted upstairs, and Jack followed, smiling and half inclined to adopt his mother's idea that the man was crazy. But Jack's two long walks and the most comfortable of beds conspired to cut short speculation and amusement.

He placed the clock close by his head, and it seemed to him that he had just turned over after doing so when he was waked by what he at first believed to be an earthquake. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and saw by the dim and chilly light that the hands of the clock pointed to five-forty-five.

Making a brief and temporary toilet, he knocked first lightly, then loudly, at the door of the adjoining room. Hearing no response, he repeated the knock, and then opened the door. There, peaceful as an infant, lay the sleeping Mr. Tyler. A gentle, satisfied snore rose and fell with his respiration, and Jack, with a feeling of profound pity, gave him an equally gentle shake. His limpness was discouraging. "I can't shake his poor old head off," muttered Jack, after repeating the treatment as long and as hard as he dared, "and he would n't like it if I were to stick a pin in him — I 'll try pulling the clothes off!" He tried it. The sleeper snored on. In despair, Jack lifted him bodily and tried to set him in an arm-chair. He collapsed, slipping through Jack's arms into a helpless heap in the chair, and slept on. Desperate, Jack looked about the room for a suggestion. He was not long in finding one. The door into the adjoining bath-room was half open. Jack hastened thither, and seizing a large sponge, turned the cold water upon it, gave it a hasty squeeze and then rushed back to his charge. "There 's no help for it," said Jack to himself, grimly. "He told me he *must* be waked!" And he thrust the wet sponge against the nose and mouth of his apparently unconscious victim, and held it there. As if the touch of the water had been an electric shock, the old gentleman stiffened, sat up, gasped, sputtered, opened his eyes wide, and remarked politely:

"Young man, you can go and dress yourself. It is my lifelong habit to take a cold bath every morning."

Too much astonished to reply, Jack returned to his room, took his own bath, dressed, and entered the breakfast-room by one door as his host, fresh and rosy under his white hair, came in by another. No allusion was made to the involuntary awakening, but at six-forty-five Mr. Tyler said:

"Young man, I engage you for the two weeks. I shall look for you at four o'clock this afternoon, when I shall show you over the warehouse. Then you can go home, get your supper, and sleep till nine o'clock. I wish you to be at the warehouse for the night at ten o'clock punctually." He talked pleasantly with Jack until both had eaten a hearty breakfast, and then dismissed him.

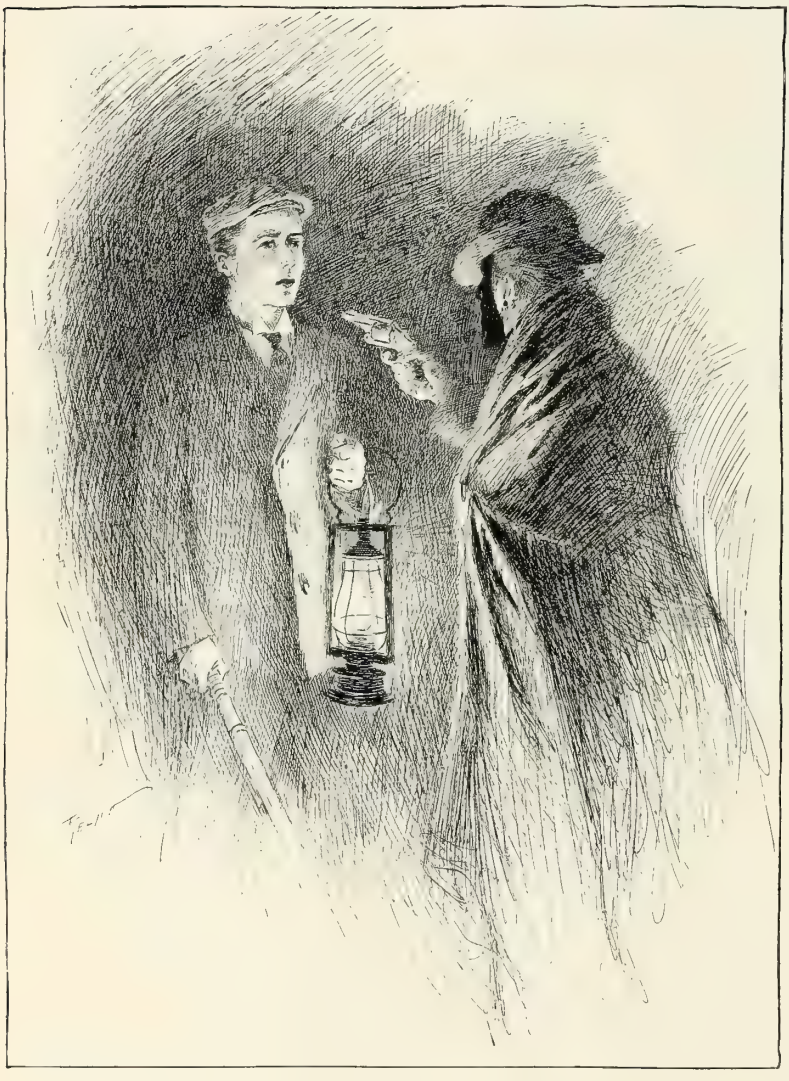
Jack's two weeks as night-watchman passed with but one event. Mr. Tyler had objected to firearms in the building, asserting that if a stout club and the burglar-alarm proved insufficient, he would bear the responsibility. It was, however, with something very near to fear that Jack, on the last round of his last night, suddenly found himself confronted by a man in a cloak and black mask, who, pointing a revolver at his head, said coolly:



"BEFORE HIM STOOD A KEEN-EYED OLD GENTLEMAN IN AN IMMACULATE BLACK SUIT."

"Give me the keys quietly, and I 'll not hurt you."

"I don't know how in thunder you got in, but I know how you 're going out!" said Jack, savagely, and striking up the arm which held the pistol he prepared to bring his club down violently upon the intruder's head.



"JACK SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A MAN IN A CLOAK AND BLACK MASK."

Jack wondered why the pistol did not go off; but his wonder was lost in astonishment as the burglar whipped off his mask and revealed the rosy face of Thomas Tyler.

"I 'm very much afraid you 've nearly broken my arm, young man," he said tranquilly, "but you meant well, and it is my lifelong habit to judge people, so far as I can, by their intentions rather than by their actions."

"I 'm sorry if your arm is hurt," said Jack, a little sullenly, "but I think you must admit it 's your own fault. I don't like tricks, and this one might easily have turned out pretty seriously for both of us."

"Generally speaking, you are right," said Mr. Tyler, quite unruffled, and feeling his arm as he spoke. "No; I find that it is not broken — arnica will soon reduce the swelling. I would like you to call at four this afternoon. I have some further employment for you. Good morning."

He was gone before Jack could ask a question or speak a word, and when that hero of one fight presented himself in the library at the appointed time, the arnica treatment appeared to have been successful.

"Young man," said Mr. Thomas Tyler, solemnly, after seeing Jack comfortably seated, "I have been looking for you for the last ten years, and I congratulate myself and you that I have found you before it is too late."

Jack's mouth was open to suggest that ten years ago he had been a boy of eleven; but Mr. Tyler, with a majestic wave of his hand, silenced him and continued:

"Do not interrupt me, if you please! Your turn will come presently. I repeat it, I have been looking for ten years for a suitable person

to study law under my immediate supervision, subsequently to share, and eventually to inherit, my practice, which is large. My importing business is in the charge of long-time associates and partners. When I began the search I had no idea of what I was undertaking. I am fatigued with it, and with the duties of my profession. If your career continues as it has begun, you will succeed me sooner than you would have done if I had found you ten years ago, but not without working for it, sir. I can assure you that you will *not* be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease! These are my terms: I will pay you, for the first year, one thousand dollars. For this I shall expect your diligent service, the first half of every day, at whatever I ask you to do, copying, errand-going, hunting up references for me,—my memory does n't work as it once did, I find,— anything, in short, which I should ask my son to do, if I had ever had one. The afternoon and evening will be entirely your own, and I shall expect you to make good use of them for your own advancement. The second year, and the years to come, will depend upon your use of the first. Do you agree to these terms?"

Jack sprang up, holding out his hand. His eyes were sparkling, his breath came fast. "Do I agree?" he cried. "Oh, Mr. Tyler, how can I ever thank you enough? I thought — I was afraid —" His voice broke, and he stopped.

"Tut, tut, young man!" said Mr. Tyler, severely. "You need n't go on like this. You 'd have hacked your way out somehow — I 've only sharpened your ax for you. Let me see," and he pulled a note-book from his pocket. "You 're the twenty-eighth. Of the others, I found all but three reading novels: seven the translations, thirteen the English, and four the American ones. Of these three two failed on the waking test and one on the burglar test. I almost condoned the latter failure, but not quite; a lawyer wants all his wits where he can lay his hand on them at once and in the dark. To the other twenty-four I mentioned that the position I had to offer was that of night-watchman merely to see the effect. In every case it was declined with visible scorn."

"And do you mean to say," exclaimed Jack, "that you were shamming sleep — that you were n't asleep that morning when I so rudely attacked you with the sponge?"

"Not at all — not at all. I was uncommonly wide awake."

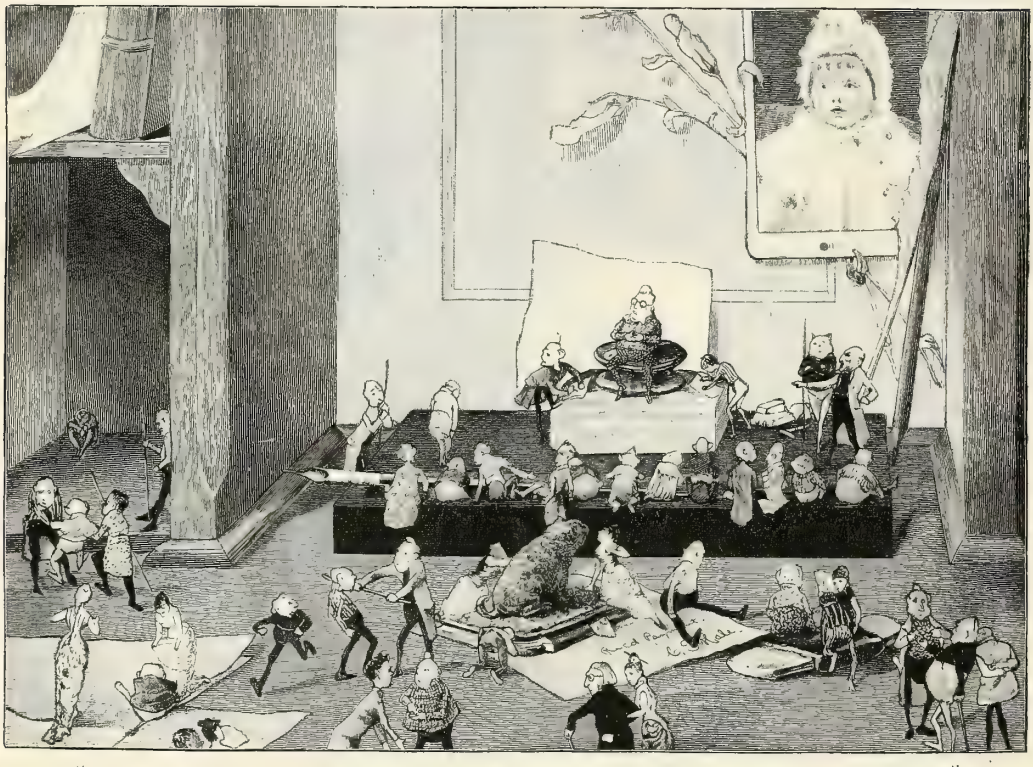
"But you snored."

"That snore was the result of careful practice. Practice, and nothing but practice, makes perfect. Keep that in mind, young man — that, and the fact that, as some sensible man has said, 'Opportunity has no back hair'— and you 'll succeed. Remember, there 's no such thing as luck."



ABOUT OLD INK-STANDS.

By Tudor Jenks.



"TINY ELVES THAT HOLD COURT BEFORE A POMPOUS LITTLE JUDGE WHOSE BENCH IS THE INK-STAND COVER."

In the old fairy stories magicians are said to have made their customers read the future by looking into little pools of black liquid. We shall try to read a little of the past by looking into a few old ink-stands.

All boys and girls should read Thackeray's poem to his gold pen, wherein he makes the pen say:

> "Since he my faithful service did engage
> To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,
> I 've drawn and written many a line and page."

But the ink-stand speaks of the pen thus:

> "Day after day still dipping in my *trough*,"

and this does not seem quite respectful. We may rather think of an ink-stand as a magic well out of which, when no human eye is watching, come swarms of tiny elves, that play at school, sitting in rows, or hold court before a pompous little judge whose bench is the ink-stand cover, who argue, quarrel, and joke among themselves, and then, on the coming of a human being, plunge into the invisible depths of the black well, there to remain till the pen's magic can summon them forth to play their part in fairy stories and gay verses.



AN OLD POTTERY INK-STAND.

In ink — ordinary ink, at least — modern science has made no improvement. The ink

of our forefathers was worse than that of their ancestors, and ours is yet worse. The Chinese still produce perfect ink, for their so-called "India ink" has all the virtues an ink should possess. It flows freely, writes black, remains black, and is permanent in all climates.

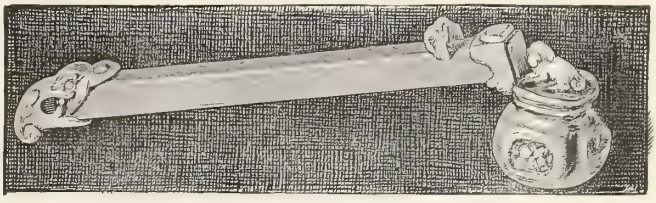
Ink-stands, however, are merely mechanical, and they have shared with other mechanical devices in the improvements science has introduced. To-day you may buy ink-stands of wonderful ingenuity: they prevent the ink from drying up, they keep it always at the same level, they protect it from dust; they are made to hold various sorts and divers colors; they are combined with all the requisites for the desk, with calendars, watches, memorandum-pads, paper-weights; and they offer receptacles for the small odds and ends that have to do with writing.

Perhaps the greatest invention in "ink-stands" is the fountain-pen, for it is nothing but a portable ink-stand combined with the pen. I do not know that even the Chinese claim anything that may be considered a forerunner of this modern triumph of convenience.



AN OLD-TIME INK-HORN.

The earliest form of ink-stand was undoubtedly a mere paint-pot—a gallipot, or little cup of pottery glazed so that it would hold liquid; indeed, the word "gallipot" means glazed pot, as the dictionary will tell you. A form of this early vessel is seen in the "Greek royal ink-stand" here pictured. This is of pottery, and is in the primitive shape, except for the improvement made by the addition of a cover to keep out dust. After the cover had been invented, it was not a difficult matter to cut a hole in the top to make a place for the pen — probably a split reed, such as was used by the Egyptian scribes for writing upon their papyrus leaves. There is nothing whereby we can determine the date of this stand, but the simplicity of its design and decoration would suggest that it belonged to an early period, perhaps about 500 B.C. We may see its direct descendant to-day in the solid glass ink-stands

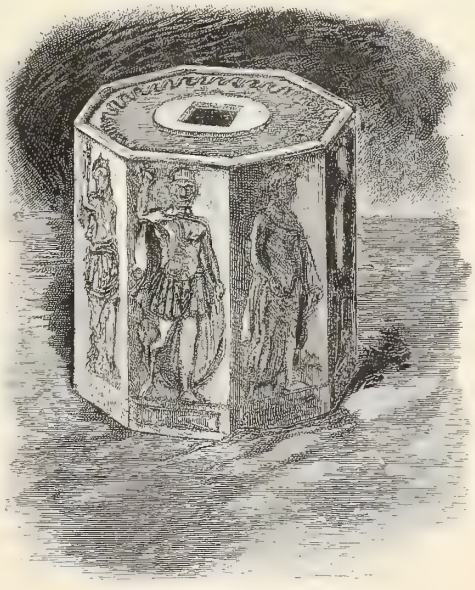


A JAPANESE INK-STAND.

exposing the ink only at one small opening in the top, though these later ink-stands have the advantage that they do not spill ink when overturned.

With this simplest form of ink-holder we must class the ink-horn, and the clay stand that has a ring-handle for carrying. The ink-horns, too, needed either a support, when used on a table, or a cord when carried upon the scribe's person.

A compromise between ink-horn and fountain-pen is found in the Japanese contrivance that holds both brush and ink. In order to be understood, the picture needs a little explanation. The round portion of the apparatus is the ink-holder. Within it is a sponge soaked



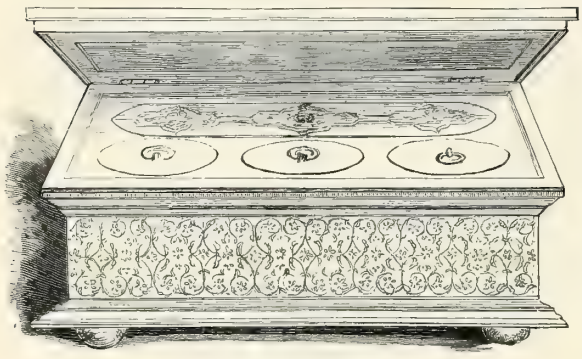
A GREEK ROYAL INK-STAND.

with ink until it will yield ink to the brush on slight pressure. The long square box holds the

"pen," which is a brush, of course. The lid of the ink-stand is hinged at the top of the brush-box, so it swings clear over to the stop or stud, opening both brush-box and inkstand at once.

These most convenient little writing-cases are carried thrust through the girdle, like a dagger. Often they are beautifully decorated by the artistic Japanese and made very valuable by their material.

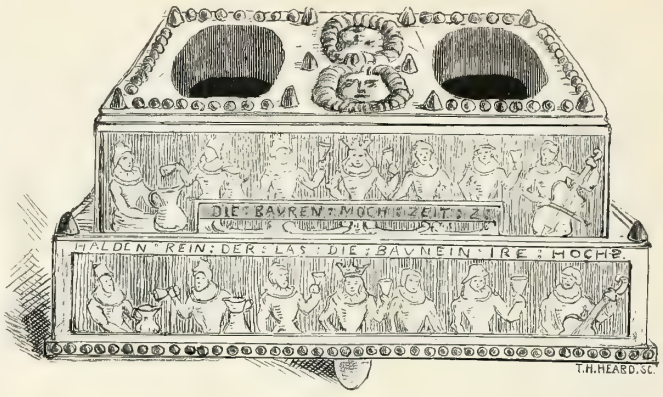
The use of colored inks is almost as ancient as writing itself, since we find in the oldest manuscripts black, red, green, violet, and yellow inks, usually applied only as ornaments, except the old "stand-bys," black and red; and consequently we are not surprised that ink-stands with two or more wells were known to the most ancient peoples—and probably, therefore, those old writers often knew the irritation that comes of having put the pen into the wrong ink-well.



A MOORISH STEEL INK-STAND.

The two examples here shown bear evidence of the people who made them: the steel stand, exact and finished in workmanship, and decorated only in arabesques, tells us of the Moorish craftsmen, skilled in metal-work, but forbidden to use the likeness of any creature in their designs; and the Delft stand of pottery, with its Gothic banquet scene and its big openings, speaks of the Dutch worker who makes an ink-stand easy to keep clean and convenient for use—with racks for pens and a good solid base to make all stable.

One is puzzled to know why, in so elaborate a piece of work, the same design is repeated upon the upper and lower portion.



A DUTCH DELFT INK-STAND.

It will be interesting to compare the ink-stands of some great scholars who lived many years apart in the history of the world. It may be that we shall find a story still left in those ink-wells whence they dipped so many arguments.

Here, to make a beginning, is the stand used by Bernard of Clairvaux, called St. Bernard. We do not need the old quill-pens that project from it to tell us that this belongs to the days of primitive things, and to a man who cared little for the luxuries of life. Except for the broad, saucer-like base, here is the old gallipot that is much the same as the pottery cup of prehistoric times.

And yet St. Bernard was of noble birth, and became so great a power in Europe that he founded seventy monasteries, secured the recognition of a pope against a rival claimant, and aroused all France to the Second Crusade.



ST. BERNARD'S INK-STAND.

As a writer he produced four hundred epistles, three hundred and forty sermons, and twelve theological treatises, as well as hymns that became famous; so his ink-stand was an important article of furniture in his house. This great monk died in 1153, more than seven and a half centuries ago; so we may regard his ink-stand as belonging to the days of the early Norman kings of England, or to the days of the Crusades, before the learning of the East had come to awaken interest in the great scholars of Greece and Rome.



SAVONAROLA'S INK-STAND.

Our next example is of three hundred years later, and shows the influence of the renaissance of knowledge of the classic times. This belonged to a great Florentine — Girolamo Savonarola, also a monk, for he belonged to the order of St. Dominic. This is a Roman writing-case rather than an ink-stand, and would not have been out of place in the library of Virgil or Horace. The picture shows a roll of manuscript, a book, a bit of parchment, and an ink-horn, probably, from which projects a quill-pen. The whole might well stand for a symbol of the learning of the time, in its imitation of the Roman form and its indispensable volume — undoubtedly some classic author. Its date may be remembered as nearly that of the discovery of America, for Savonarola died six years after 1492. Savonarola restored popular government in Florence, but at last was put to death.

But the studies of the Renaissance led to the science of later ages, and we shall now look upon the ink-stand of a professor of mathematics, the great Galileo — who will never be forgotten so long as a pendulum swings. It was Galileo who invented the pendulum, as you know, for all have read of his watching the swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa. Galileo's equipment for writing seems to be complete, since he has the ink-well, a sand-box, a pounce-bowl, and a pen-cleaner, all neatly held upon a metal stand. From 1564 to 1642 the great discoverer and inventor lived, giving to the world, besides the pendulum, the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, and other fruits of his long study.

Great thinker as he was, the outcome of this ink-stand must have been very different if it had not been for the work of such men as Bernard and Savonarola in the preceding ages. The monk, the reformer, the scholar, each did good work to prepare the way for his successors.

Next comes the statesman. Count Cavour, a native of Turin, died only about forty years ago. The words written by his pen did much to make of Italy a united nation. In our own time the most notable change in the history of the nations has been the uniting of small states into large nations; and so the work of Cavour is a good type of the most progressive step made by nations in the nineteenth century. Cavour's ink-stand, strangely enough, may be fancied to be a symbol of his work. It seems to be an antique Roman lamp, possibly a figure of Silenus, to which have been added modern improvements — a tablet and hook for a watch, and the cup and jar. Thus it is an ancient instrument repaired and restored to fit modern needs — just as the old Roman governments were altered and amended to adapt them to modern Italy and the conditions of a changed world.



GALILEO'S INK-STAND.

Each of these was a man in whose hand the pen was mightier than the sword, and all

four ink-stands were part of the equipment with which they changed or directed the history of the world. Before their time was the age of the sword — the age that was coming to an end when Charles the Great (Carolus Magnus, or "Charlemagne") kept his writing-tablets under his pillow in order that at odd moments he might practise the art he found so much harder than conquering his neighbors. For Charlemagne never could train his mighty sword-hand to skill with pen, or stylus.



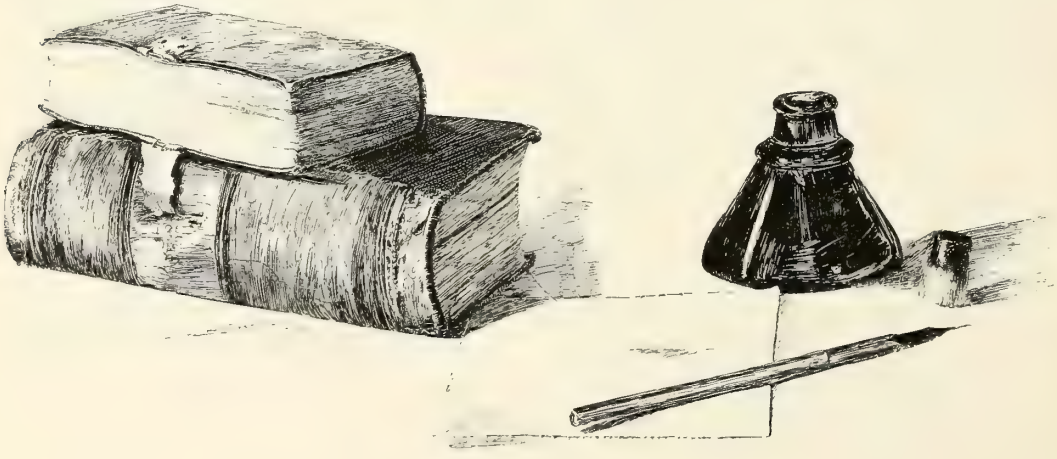
CAVOUR'S INK-STAND.

And you, young reader, must not think Bulwer's words,

> In the hands of men entirely great
> The pen is mightier than the sword,

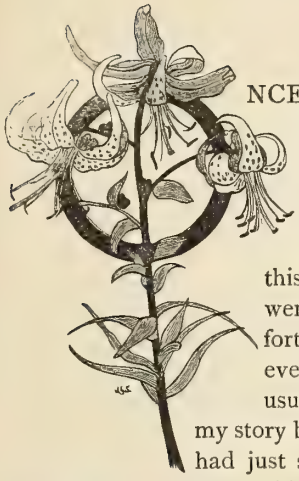
are only theatrical mouthing of false sentiment. They are the simple truth — the truth which history confirms. Nations founded by the sword, sustained by the sword, pass and are forgotten. But the written words, the words of "men entirely great," outlast the very civilization amid which they were penned. Who can leave out of account, even to-day, the work of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspere, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe? Even to-day every thinking man must acknowledge their sway, must live in the kingdoms of thought these men have founded.

Let us, then, put among the relics of the great the tools of their government — and let us hold precious the pens and ink-stands that have outlasted and overcome the swords of conquerors, the scepters of the kings.



WHAT BEFELL PRINCE SNAPSANDSNAILS.

By Elsie Scott.



ONCE upon a time, in a country so far away that you never even heard of it, there lived a king called Twankeydillo. Now this king and his queen were very happy and fortunate, and they were even more happy than usual at the time when my story begins, for the fairies had just sent them the most lovely prince in the world — at any rate, that is what his parents thought, and perhaps they were not far wrong. He was a merry, good-tempered little soul.

But the question of his name distressed his fond parents. The king would have had him called Twankeydillo after himself, and the queen, whose name was Strephona, wished to have him named Strephon, because she considered it a much prettier name than Twankeydillo.

One day they were sitting together in the garden, and the prince was lying on a rug on the grass, gazing at the sky with that air which is peculiar to babies — a sort of "the-world-was-made-for-me-to-enjoy" air.

Well, as I was saying, the king and queen were discussing a name for him, when a harsh, croaking voice, which seemed to come from the tree under which they sat, said: "Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails — that 's what little boys are made of, and I never yet heard that princes were any exception to the general rule."

The voice ceased, and as the king glanced hastily around to see who spoke, he beheld the ugliest of dwarfs peeping out of a hole in the tree at some distance from the ground.

"Wait a minute," said he; "I have something to say to you."

Then he disappeared, and presently a little door flew open at the foot of the tree, and out stepped this terrible spectacle. Imagine to yourself a little man about twelve inches high, of a bright yellow color, with pink eyes like a white rat, and not a scrap of hair on his head, which was partly covered by a green cap, and which, together with his costume of green and purple, completed a sight calculated to strike terror into the heart of the boldest king alive.

Queen Strephona gazed at him a moment in horror, and then, seeing that the corners of the prince's mouth were turning downward and that a wail was just coming, she snatched him up and ran into the palace with him.

"Rather nervous, eh?" grinned the dwarf, watching her hurried exit. "Well, I suppose she had never seen anything as ugly as I am, and probably she never will again. I 'm the ugliest thing on this earth. That 's something to be proud of, is n't it?" and the little man slapped his chest and smiled at the king, who stood as if turned to stone. "But now to business. I am the messenger of the Queen of Butterflyland, who has been greatly distressed by the difficulty you seem to have in choosing a name for your son. She has carefully thought over the matter, and has sent me to you now with this offer. If you will call the prince "Snapsandsnails," she will become his godmother, and, when he attains the age of twenty, will permit him to visit her, and will marry him to the most beautiful princess in the world.

"But —" said the king.

"Wait," replied the dwarf; "you have not heard all yet. If you do not agree to this proposal, I have orders to take the prince back with me."

The king turned quite white, and sat down suddenly in his chair. "Horrors!" he ejaculated. "What can I do but accept, though what the queen will say I dare not imagine. 'Snapsandsnails!' What a terrible name for a prince, to be sure!"

And the king almost wept as he thought of it.

"My dear sir," said the dwarf, "pray don't distress yourself so much; try to look on the bright side, and think what a beautiful daughter-in-law you will have in about twenty years' time. Cheer up, and go and break it to the queen. I am glad you have been reasonable enough to accept Queen Papillon's offer. Now it only remains for me to give you this portrait and this emerald ring; on his twentieth birthday give him both, but until then do not open the box in which I now place them."

So saying, the little man put the box into the king's hand, made him a polite bow, opened the door in the tree-trunk, and was gone. When, however, he reached the hole from which he had first addressed the king, he put his head out and said: "I forgot to say that you must bring Prince Snapsandsnails up nicely or he won't get the princess. Good-by."

Queen Strephona was very angry at first when she heard what her precious son was to be called, but on the whole she was rather relieved at the question being settled without any more trouble.

Prince Snapsandsnails grew up to be a very handsome young man, and was a favorite with every one. On the day that he was twenty, his father took him into a room that had always been kept locked, and gave him a little box made of ebony, saying: "In this box, my son, you will find two presents from your godmother which I imagine will change the current of your life completely. Open and see."

The prince opened the box, and taking out the ring placed it on his finger, and then looking at the portrait, he fell so violently in love with it that he almost fainted.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I must start at once to find this lady! My mother has many beautiful ladies in her court, but never before have I seen a face of such exquisite loveliness."

Twankeydillo begged him to wait till the next day; but the prince would not listen. He put on his best suit, kissed his mother, and said good-by to the king and court, who escorted him to the edge of a beautiful lake which lay between Twankeydillo's kingdom and that of the Butterfly Queen.

Here he was just about to get into his own boat, when it was pushed away by another which he had not noticed till that moment. In the boat sat a little man dressed in bright green and gold, who beckoned to Snapsandsnails to enter, and who then pushed off and rowed up the lake.

Finding that nothing he could say would make the boatman talk, the prince amused himself by watching the scenery as they glided over the water. Far away in the distance there were beautiful snow-clad mountains which were reflected in the clear water of the lake. The country he had left was very lovely, but as they neared the upper part of the lake he thought he had never seen anything so exquisite as the scene now before him. The lake here was quite narrow, and the banks on either side were covered with flowers of every kind and color. Roses, pink, white, red, and yellow, were dipping their scent-laden heads into the water, while above them grew hedges of lilac, laburnum, pink and white cherry blossoms, and other flowering trees.

Presently Snapsandsnails saw before him an island, and on that island a castle, and almost before he knew it the boat had drawn up at the foot of a flight of marble stairs.

The prince sprang out and turned to thank the little green man, but he and his boat had vanished. "Well, that is queer," thought he. "I wonder where he could have gone!"

However, as he was not to be found, our prince mounted the stairs, and finding a little page at the top, he sent him to tell Queen Papillon that he had arrived and awaited her pleasure. The page soon returned saying that her Majesty would see him at once, and he was ushered into her audience-room.

There at the end, on a golden throne, he saw the Butterfly Queen, and a very gorgeous sight she and her court presented. Her maids of honor sat around her, all in robes of palest blue, which the prince noticed later on were made entirely of the feathers of the little blue cliff butterflies. The queen herself was clad in cobweb silk woven with sunbeams, and had a magnificent pair of butterfly's wings of peacock hues on her shoulders.

The guards who stood just inside the door wore armor of green beetles' wings tipped with gold, and carried lances of peacocks' feathers.

As Snapsandsnails advanced toward the queen, she rose to meet him, and, taking him by the hand, made him sit beside her. "You were in a great hurry to get your princess, my dear godson," she said laughingly; "I did not expect you till to-morrow. Such enthusiasm must be rewarded, and I suppose you are longing to hear where she is and how to get her."

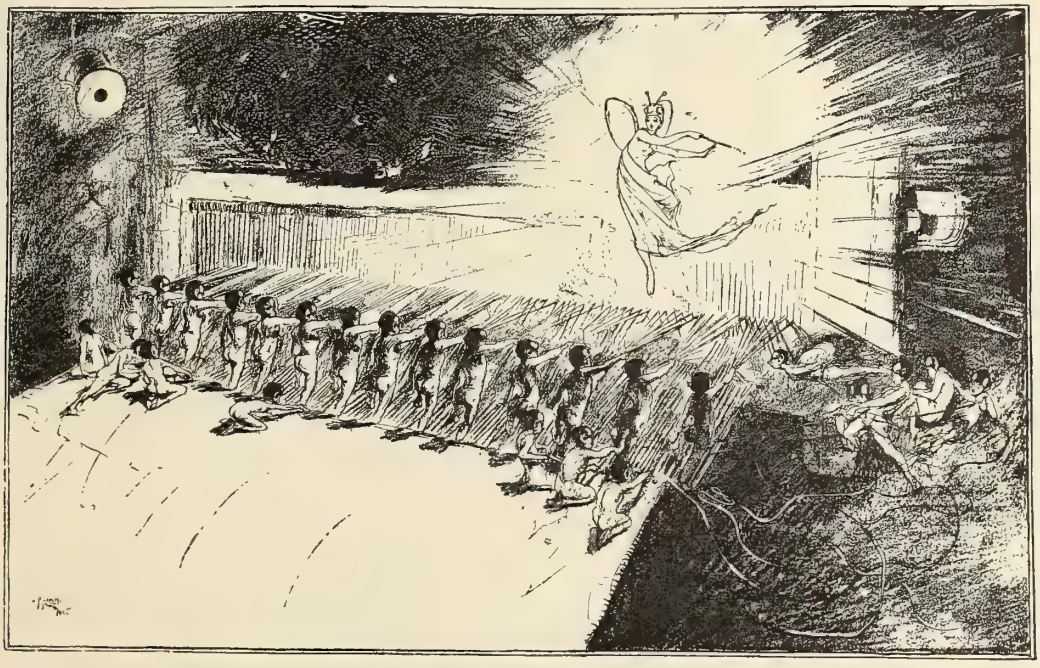
"Indeed I am," replied the prince, earnestly. "Please, dear godmother, tell me, and let me start at once on my journey."

The queen shook her head at him. "I will tell you about the princess to-night," she said, "but you must not start till to-morrow morning, as the country through which you must pass is enchanted, and, except when the sun shines, I have no power over it. You may start, however, as soon as the sun rises; but remember to be back before it sets if you would keep your princess. Now for her story. Perhaps when you hear it you will not care to go farther, in which case say so and you may return."

"Nothing will ever abate my ardor, madam!" cried Snapsandsnails.

The queen smiled and continued: "On the same day that you were born, the King and Queen of Niemansland welcomed a daughter. Your father and mother quarreled over your name — hers did likewise; and messengers were sent to her father and yours at the same time. So far you were treated alike, but now mark the difference.

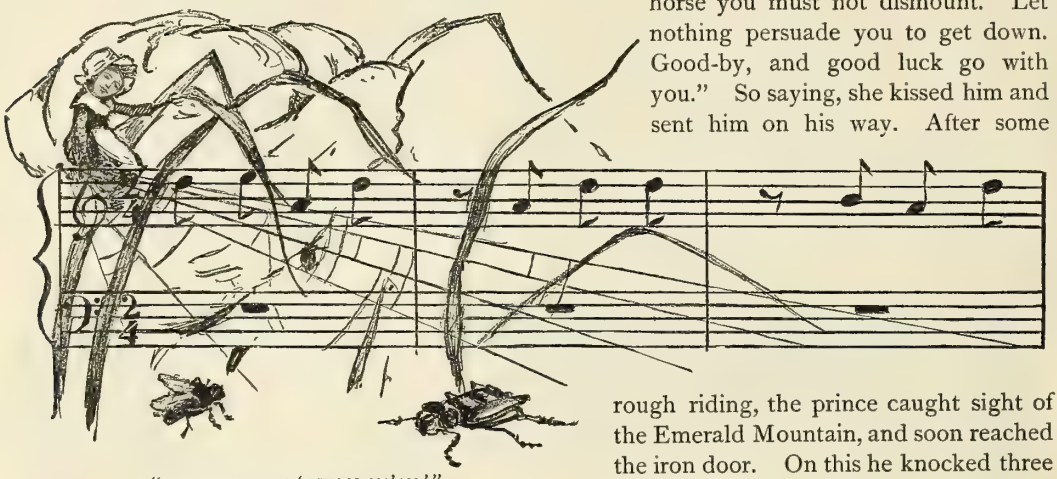
"Your father did as he was told: hers refused; and, consequently, she fell into the power of an evil fairy, who has hidden her in the Lake of Fire under the Emerald Mountain. There you must seek her. The ring which you wear is a little bit of the mountain; be careful of it, as only by its virtue can you find the mountain and your princess. To-morrow go to my stable and choose a horse, and saddle it with the golden saddle you will find hanging on the wall. Choose with regard to speed rather than beauty, and then come to me for final instructions."



THE ROYAL LOOM.

That night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the castle, and Snapsandsnails saw so many wonderful things that he was obliged to pinch himself several times to make sure that he was really awake and not dreaming. In one corner of the palace was the royal loom, before which a score or more of elfin weavers were pulling and twisting the silken threads, all keep-

ing time to the moving wand of a beautiful little fairy, who shone resplendent in the light of the silver moonbeam thread. And when the prince sauntered out into the garden, he



"A LITTLE FAIRY 'SCHOOL-MA'AM.'"

was no less delighted to see a quaintly dressed little fairy "school-ma'am," sitting upon a grass-blade, and from a cobweb music scale teaching young insects how to sing. Farther on, near the lower end of the garden, where a large salt-water pond gleamed in the moonlight, he stopped to observe a jolly little merlad swinging in a hammock that two prickly little sea-horses were holding for him. Indeed, the strangest sights that he had ever beheld delighted his gaze at every turn, and when at last he retired to slumber he half doubted whether he had not been in a dream the whole day long.

He rose the next morning before the sun, and having chosen a gray horse with very long legs, and saddled it, he went to see Queen Papillon.

"You have chosen well," she said, when she saw him. "Now, as the sun has risen, start on your journey. You must go straight to the Emerald Mountain, which you will have no difficulty in finding while you have the ring. There in the side you will see an iron door. Knock three times, and each time say,

'Emerald, Emerald,— open, I pray,
For I come to take Sugaryspice away.'

Then the door will open; and remember this: until you have the princess safely on your horse you must not dismount. Let nothing persuade you to get down. Good-by, and good luck go with you." So saying, she kissed him and sent him on his way. After some rough riding, the prince caught sight of the Emerald Mountain, and soon reached the iron door. On this he knocked three times, saying each time:

"Emerald, Emerald,— open, I pray,
For I come to take Sugaryspice away."

The door creaked slowly open, and the prince rode in. He went on for some time in the green light which the emerald gave, and then plunged into utter darkness. He felt that he was going downward, and by and by he saw a faint glimmer of light in the distance toward which he made his way. Presently he found himself in a large cave, the only tenants of which were three little men who seemed to be hard at work, and as they worked they croaked:



A HAMMOCK RIDE IN FAIRYLAND.

"Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails —
That 's what boys are made of.
Sugar and spice and all that 's nice —
That 's what girls are made of.

"And this must be Prince Snapsandsnails,
Who, unless his courage fails,
Will ride through seas of fire and ice,
To rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"They seem to be singing something about me," thought the prince. "What are you doing, friends?" he asked.

"Wishing you well, your Highness," said one of the dwarfs, doffing his little green cap in salute, and adding, "if, as we think, you are Prince Snapsandsnails, and if you are come to rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"That is my name, and that my mission," said the prince.

"Then be of good courage; remember and faithfully obey your instructions, and you cannot fail," said one of the little men.

The prince thanked the dwarfs heartily for their kindness, and rode on into the darkness again — and this time truly terrible darkness. Frequently his horse stumbled and nearly threw him; and all around him were voices laughing at him, now raging, and again others weeping. Many times he was told that he had taken the wrong path; many times there were awful chasms and precipices before his horse's feet, which had to plunge through sudden bursts of flame or slide upon moving, slippery stretches of ice; and now and again flashes of light would come, showing him horrible faces and forms closely pressing round him. Boldly, however, he rode on, now and again kissing his precious ring; and after a while, to his great relief, he saw a faint red light glimmering in the distance, and making for it in spite of the threats and warnings shrieked into his ears, he found himself in a cave like that in which he had seen the little men, only this one was twice as large.

There in the center stood his princess,— he knew it was she,— but all around her rose flames of fire, and his horse, terrified almost to death, refused to go a step farther, and began backing into the passage they had just left, and the voices laughed and jeered and shouted behind him. The princess stretched out her hands to him imploringly, and when he saw the tears in her eyes, he hesitated no longer. Dashing his spurs into the horse, he made it bound forward, and though it started back with a snort next moment, he had snatched up the princess in that short time.

Then, on the instant, the flames went out, leaving them to find their way out of the cave in utter darkness.

"Perhaps the horse can find the way better than we can," suggested Sugaryspice, and so the prince dropped the reins and let the horse pick its way over the rough ground. And, in this way, after what seemed a long and toilsome journey, they at last emerged into the cave of the three little dwarfs.

The dwarfs were greatly pleased to see them return safely, and saluted them with hoarse little cheers as they passed through the cave.

The prince and princess got back to the Butterfly Queen's castle just as the sun set, and she at once sent her messengers to Twankeydillo and the princess's father, and the next day both kings, with their queens and courts, arrived, and Snapsandsnails and Sugaryspice were married amid great rejoicing. Even the dwarfs and fairies left work for the day to come and see the fun, and the royal pair lived happily ever after.



The Adventures Of A City Bear



THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

By Palmer Cox.

There was a great philosopher
Lived years and years ago;
And such a merry soul was he
They called him Laughing Joe.



"THEY DROVE HIM FROM THE TOWN."

For laugh he would throughout the year,
Let things go wrong or right;
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day
Would gather round his place
To listen to his hearty laugh
Or see his smiling face.



"NOW CHILDREN SEEKING AFTER JOE
WOULD ROUND THE RUINS STRAY."

But gloomy-minded people said
They thought it was a shame
A man should be disposed to laugh
At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd
And pulled his dwelling down;
They hustled him around the streets
And drove him from the town,

To find a home beyond the sea
Upon a foreign strand,
And never dare to set a foot
Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm
Those people little knew
What even one good-natured soul
And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe
  Would round the ruins stray,
And grieve because the people drove
  Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by
  Those bad-behaving men
Sent messengers across the sea
  To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts
  To meet him at the shore,
And begged him there to live and laugh
  In peace forevermore.



A VISIT TO A COLORADO GLACIER.

By F. H. Kellogg.

In the northern part of Colorado, a spur range of three peaks extends in an easterly direction from the Front Range of the great Continental Divide. This little spur is called the Mummy Range, from a fancied resemblance to an Egyptian mummy reclining at full length. The highest point, Hague's Peak, forms the head, and a somewhat lower summit two miles to the north and west marks the knees of the prostrate figure; the feet extend to the Front Range, where the third peak, Mount Fairchild, raises its gigantic form.

On the northern slope of the second peak there rests an immense mass of snow and ice, which, in the light of recent investigation and discovery, has greatly increased in interest to the mountain-climber and explorer. The very existence of this snow-field is a comparatively new discovery, and until a few years ago the number of visitors to the spot might easily have been counted upon the fingers of one's hands. That this is so is due partly to its isolated and concealed situation, and also to the distance to be traversed and difficulties to be overcome in making the trip.

This mountain, the Mummy, lies twelve or fifteen miles directly north of Long's Peak, in a portion of the country scarcely ever visited, either by neighboring residents or tourists from abroad. The nearest settlement is Estes Park; and from this point the expedition requires three or four days, for great difficulty is experienced in carrying blankets and provisions necessary for so long a stay over the devious and difficult route which affords the only possible means of access to this range.

Upon the occasion of a visit to Estes Park during the summer of 1890, vague reports of the wonderful object on the Mummy came to the ears of a party of several university students, of whom I was one. We were then camping in Willow Cañon. It extends in among the mountains, and it then furnished a site for the last human habitation this side of the Continental Divide. As soon as we heard that an actual glacier was within reach, we at once resolved to see it, and active preparations for the trip were immediately begun.

The history of the discovery of this glacier is an interesting one. An old bear-hunter chanced upon the field on Mummy Mount, which he called "the largest snow-field in the Rockies." Before his death, which occurred shortly after, he mentioned this discovery to a gentleman then living in Denver, who devoted much time to the exploration of new mountains and strange localities in and about this neighborhood.

In 1882 this gentleman, a Mr. Hallett, visited the spot entirely alone. In trying to ascend the north side of the ice-field, he suddenly broke through the bridge of a hidden crevasse; but by extending his elbows, he managed to extricate himself from his perilous position and returned in safety to his camp. This incident finally led him to wonder whether this might not be a glacier. In 1886 and 1887, Mr. Hallett, in company with an experienced mountaineer who was as familiar with the Alps as with the Rockies, twice revisited the spot. Upon the first of these expeditions, after a careful examination, the true nature of this vast expanse of snow and ice was, for the first time, positively determined. Here, in the heart of Colorado, existed a true glacier showing crevasses, moraines* — in short, all the characteristics of the well-known Alpine glaciers of Switzerland. To this was given the name it now bears, "Hallett Glacier," in honor of the man who, in such a startling way, made the first real discovery.

We had no guides and few directions; but we could, from a distance, distinguish at least the Mummy from the surrounding mountains, and we trusted in our ability to find some way,

* A moraine is an accumulation of sand, broken stones, and rocks along the edge of a glacier.

unhampered as we were by any great amount of luggage.

Just before leaving Estes Park we halted at a ranch for a final adjustment of "Billy-the-Burro's" pack and a general making ready for the climb, now just ahead. On the way we encountered an old mountain stage-driver, grizzled and weather-beaten, who seemed much interested in our party. After carefully inspecting our various equipments, he asked: "Whar mought ye be a-goin'?" One of us replied: "To the Mummy. Ever been there?" "Bin thar? Bin thar? W'y, looky here, young chap; I 've bin thar when you did n't hev no more sense 'n a tarmidgun [ptarmigan]. But yer better take an ol' man's advice an' stay ter hum; fer ye 'll never git back ag'in — nobody ever has. Take my advice, and let ol' Mummy alone."

We wondered how *he* got out alive, but we refrained from questioning him further.

Undaunted by this terrible warning, we trudged gaily along, and, leaving Estes Park, entered Black Cañon, carefully noting, for possible guidance on our return, peculiarities along the route as we traveled.

Soon we were completely enveloped in the mysterious shades of an immense forest. Pushing steadily on, we arrived, at about dusk, at the base of a peak which we thought to be our destination, the Mummy. We halted here for the night, and pitched our camp, which process consisted merely in throwing off our packs and starting a fire. A threatening storm induced us to gather a great pile of logs near the fire, in order that a rain might not deprive us of this the one great solace of a night in the open. We had barely finished our supper when the storm broke upon us, cold rain and sleet, for at that elevation, of about ten thousand feet, it was cold, and there was snow on the mountain peak above. At this height the small scrubby trees afforded but little protection against the rain, so we wrapped ourselves in rubber blankets and, with feet to the fire, lay down to sleep.

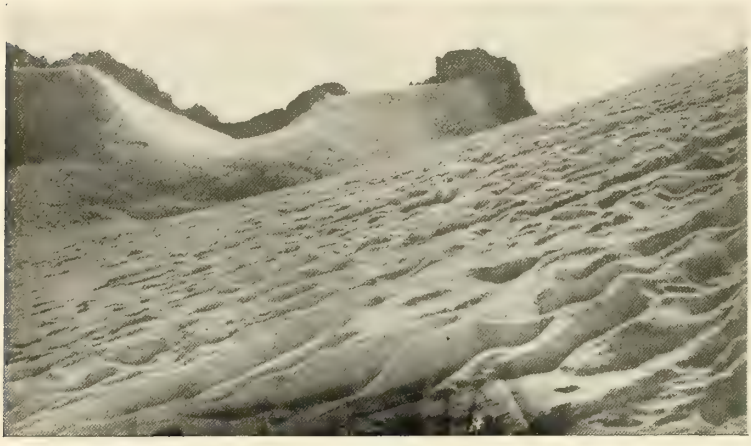


"WE WRAPPED OURSELVES IN RUBBER BLANKETS AND, WITH FEET TO THE FIRE, LAY DOWN TO SLEEP."

Early the next morning all was bustle and activity. As we prepared our breakfast of ptarmigan and coffee, eked out with cold supplies, the clouds rapidly disappeared, and the first rays of sunlight tinged the peaks and forests with a delicate pink. Delighted with this favoring weather, we started again on our search for the glacier. We made rapid progress, and in a few hours stood just at the foot of the topmost cap of the huge mountain under whose

shaggy mane of spruce we had encamped for the night.

We rounded the cap, expecting, as we reached the north side, to come upon the glacier. Instead we saw nothing but great rocks strewn everywhere upon the bald top of the mountain. Ahead for several miles we saw a deep chasm, presenting the only possible location for a snow-field of great size.



THE HALLETT GLACIER — NEAR VIEW.

This chasm, within whose inclosing walls might be concealed the object of our search, really cut into the mountain lying next to the west; and this, we thought, could not be the Mummy. We were, therefore, undecided as to our course. By this time it was late in the afternoon, so we divided our party into two sections and started off in slightly differing directions; but the day was now too far gone, so we were soon obliged to return to camp without being rewarded in our search.

The next morning we made a long detour around the side of Hague's Peak, avoiding the most difficult climbing, and soon found ourselves within the former pathway of the glacier, an immense chasm strewn with rocks piled on rocks for miles and miles, a most wild and desolate scene. From this point, however, we could see the upper snows of the great mass, and, greatly encouraged, plodded on. After some two hours' scrambling over rocks, we neared an immense rocky ridge or dike extending across the gorge, which we rightly took to be the terminal moraine of the glacier lying above.

I ran, jumped, and fell in a wild scramble over the irregular piles of rocks, my camera bouncing and bumping on my back and shoulders. After a distance of about a half-mile was thus traversed, I climbed the dike, and the whole mass was in sight. Before pausing to really admire the grandeur of the scene before me, I adjusted my camera and made five quick exposures. In a few moments the clouds came twisting and curling in at the head of the gorge; then, settling down, the whole view was obscured in a dense sea of mist and fog.

An immense snow-field, about a quarter of a mile in width, extended to the top of the mountain, a thousand feet above. Its whole extent was covered with grooves, markings, and cracks. A little lake, formed by the melting of the snow and ice above, nestled at the foot of the ice-field, its waters imprisoned by the great dike. This lake was partially frozen over, and in the occasional open spaces large blocks of ice were floating round. Moved by the force of the wind, they grounded upon rocks or firmer ice underneath, then were lifted up with a groaning and creaking, varied by sudden splashes, as large fragments broke off and fell into the water. The lower edge of the ice and snow projected over the water, rounded off in beautiful combings and rolls, apparently about to drop off into the lake. Even as we looked, our attention was attracted by a sharp crack, followed for a few seconds by a continuous crackling sound; then, with a loud report, an immense block of ice broke off and fell into the water with a great splash, showing us in miniature the process by which great floating icebergs of the arctic seas are formed.

Our visit was made during the month of August, yet the whole surface of the glacier was covered with snow. Situated far up there, at an elevation of almost fourteen thousand feet, and sheltered from the sun and wind by the high walls of its inclosing amphitheater, only a very

little actual melting occurs — just enough firmly to pack the snow upon the ice, and so prevent its breaking up.

The possible presence of other, smaller crevasses, hidden under a thin bridge of snow, suggested extreme caution in our movements. However, we determined to attempt the ascent of the icy slope to the rocky ridge above. After numerous slips and falls, and narrow escapes from sliding into the lake, but luckily with no serious mishap, we reached the jagged cliff extending above the mass.

Encouraged by our success, we followed the crest of the ridge around the head of the glacier; then a short but steep climb brought us to the topmost cap of the Mummy.

When the top was reached, we were amply repaid for our labor and pains. From this vantage-ground is obtained a view probably unsurpassed in all Colorado; for this peak is about fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and stands out on a spur from the Great Divide, thus affording a reach of vision much more extensive than from some of the higher peaks of the divide itself.

In the east appeared the plains of Larimer County, dotted with lakes, sparkling gems in an emerald setting, a view pleasing and restful to the eyes. Farther toward the south, a dark blotch of smoke marked the location of the smelters in Denver. To the south, Long's Peak presented the only obstruction to our gaze in that direction; while in the west the Park and Medicine Bow ranges of snow-clad mountains showed something of the magnitude and extent of the great Rocky system. To the north stretched away the plains of Wyoming, bounded in the distance by great white mountains. Immediately at our feet we looked down upon the glacier, the sun's rays glistening upon the ridges and blocks of ice and refracted in a dozen different colors.

So extensive and apparently limitless was the view that our eyes finally became weary with gazing, and we determined to return home.

Frequently losing our way, then recovering it, we went on by day and night, until, on the second day, we reached a clearer field; then we pushed along at a rapid pace, and at about 10 P.M. arrived at our cabin in Willow Cañon, cold, wet, tired, and hungry, but full of praises of the grand view from the top of Mummy, and of the only known glacier in the interior of our continent.



HALLETT GLACIER FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.

SPRING.

A LITTLE bit of blowing,
A little bit of snow,
A little bit of growing,
And crocuses will show.
On every twig that 's lonely a new green leaf will spring;
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,
A little bit of rain,
The blue, blue sky for greeting,
A snowdrop come again.
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,
And every day of winter another day of spring.

Carolyn S. Bailey.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"OH, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY DOG! WHAT *SHALL* I DO WITH YOU?"

WOODLAND ECHOES.



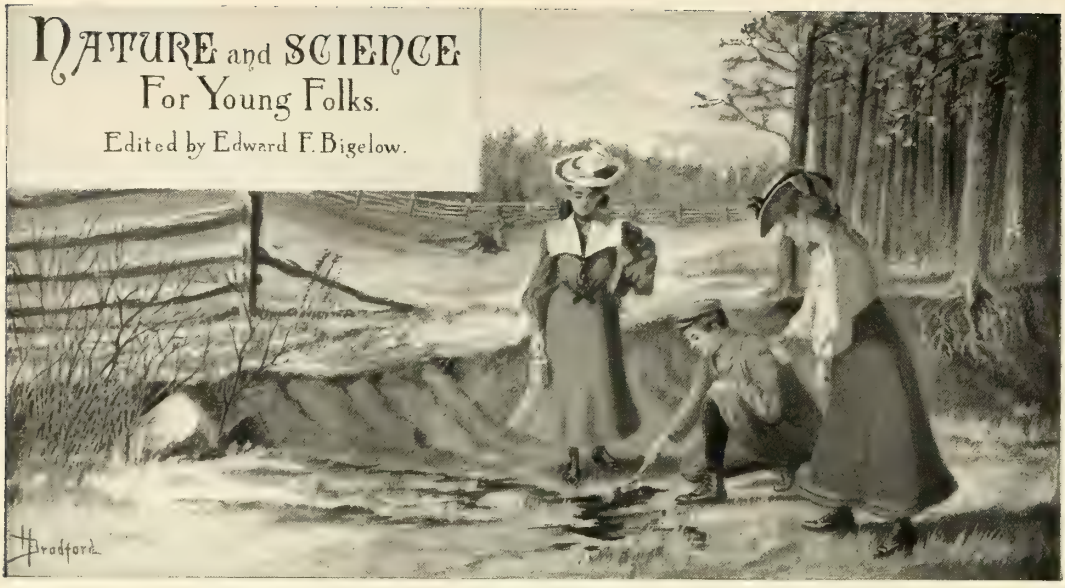
MOTHER SQUIRREL: "I WISH YOU WOULD STOP THAT POUNDING DOWN THERE; I AM TRYING TO PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP."



WIDOW HARE: "THANK YOU, MR. WOLF. WHAT A LOVELY CABBAGE! OH, THOSE DREADFUL STORIES THEY TELL OF YOU! AND TO THINK I HAVE BEEN ALL THESE YEARS TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM THE DOOR!"

NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



COLLECTING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS (RHIZOPODS) FROM A SMALL POOL.

April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
SHAKSPERE.

April is the initiative month; it opens the door of the seasons.
JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.

MANY microscopic animals you can find—if you know where to look, and have some grown-up scientific friend to help you catch them—in small pools, ditches, and various damp places.

But, because you can find microscopic animals even in large numbers in some stagnant water, you must not believe that "all water is full of little animals," as we sometimes hear very incorrectly stated by people who do not know. The scientific man takes a drop of water in which some plants have decayed, and shows, by the aid of a powerful microscope, many interesting swimming and wriggling forms. He sometimes omits to explain that this is not ordinary drinking water; hence a wrong idea of microscopic life in water is often held by those who have not studied nature's wonderful homes.



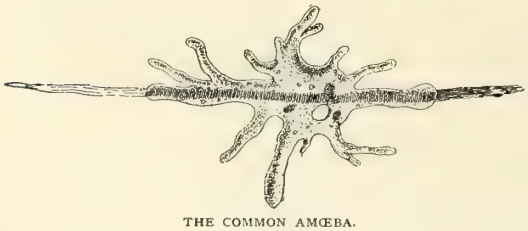
One of the many forms assumed by an amœba with its leg-like extensions. In this the appearance is decidedly root-like. The little animal can take small particles of food into any part of itself.

Among the most wonderful of these tiny animals in water is the amœba, that looks when at rest like a tiny fleck of jelly. When the amœba starts to walk it can thrust out leg-like extensions from various portions of this jelly mass, and use those that point in the direction it wishes to go.

These extensions of the little amœba and of other members of the family have somewhat the appearance of the tiny roots of plants; hence the little animals are called "root-footed."

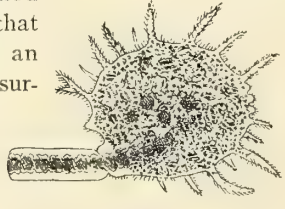
The little amœba can eat a plant much larger than itself, in a method somewhat similar to that of a starfish eating an oyster—by merely surrounding it.

Scientists claim that the amœba never dies—except, of course, when destroyed by accident



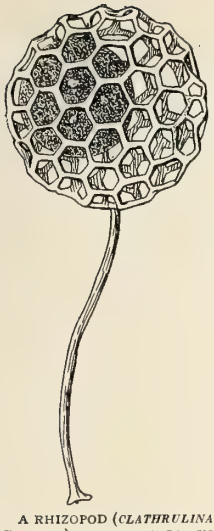
THE COMMON AMŒBA.

Eating a shred of water-weed by surrounding it. The leg-like projections (pseudopodia, or "false legs") can be extended from any part of the body.



AN AMŒBA SWALLOWING A DESMID.

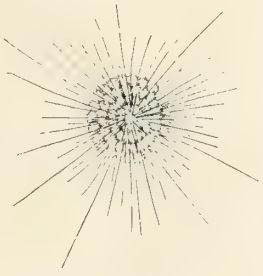
The desmid, a microscopic plant, is the stick-like extension at the lower left.



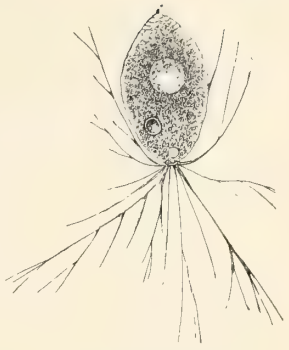
A RHIZOPOD (*CLATHRULINA ELEGANS*) THAT LIVES IN A MICROSCOPIC GLOBE OF LATTICE-LIKE GLASSY MATERIAL.

or eaten by some larger animal. When the amœba becomes above the ordinary size it extends itself out, somewhat in the shape of a dumb-bell. A little later the two globe-like ends are entirely separated, when each portion swims away as a complete little animal.

But the amœba is only one of a large number of these strange "root-footed" animals. Many of these others live in the ocean, while still others live in fresh water, or even in damp places on land. In fact, they occur almost anywhere that is not too dry and the water is clean. We can find them on the bark of trees, on the dripping rocks near waterfalls, in the ooze at the bottom of ponds and ditches, in the slime on submerged objects, on the under side of floating leaves, and in the water which we squeeze out of bog-moss. And many live in shells which, like the shell of clams and snails, are formed from the creature's own body, or are built up of sand grains and the hard parts of other minute animals and plants. Some of these little fellows are green, some are red or brown, some are nearly black, and some almost as clear as glass. They are often shaped like an egg, or a helmet, or an Indian pot, and have a single opening at the bottom of the shell. Through this opening the animal thrusts out its legs, and with them crawls along and seizes its food.



THE SUN-ANIMALCULE.
These rays are extended nearly all the time.



AN INTERESTING FORM.
Pictured by Dr. Leidy, and called *Pamphagus mutabilis*.

Instead of blunt, irregular "make-believe" feet, some have straight, slender rays two or three times as long as the body. One of these is the sun-animalcule, common among floating plants in standing water. It is so named



STUDYING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.
A drop of water is taken from that in the pail by the aid of a slender glass tube. This drop is placed on a glass slip and then examined under the microscope.

because, with the round body and projecting rays, it looks for all the world like the picture of the sun in old prints. When some smaller creature touches one of these rays it seems to become paralyzed, and is drawn down the surface of the body to where a sort of lump rises up and swallows it. If the prey is too big for one ray to manage, half a dozen will surround it, becoming more or less fused together, while the lump which rises up to engulf the morsel is half as large as the animalcule itself.

The sun-animalcule floats, and moves onward in a mysterious and unknown way, while some others, not very different in appearance, do not move about except when they are very young, but stand on long stalks and have a sort of latticework shell, the rays streaming out through the holes. As many as forty individuals of still another kind will tie themselves together by long bands, so that, being bright green, they look much more like some minute water-plant than like a colony of animals.

These are only a few of some hundreds of different kinds, many of which are likely to turn up unexpectedly almost anywhere. Indeed, one of the charms of studying these rhizopods (which is simply Greek for root-footers) is that one never can tell what queer thing he will find next. EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.



THE FLICKER CUTTING A HOLE INTO THE RAIN-PIPE.

A CRAZY FLICKER.

MR. BURROUGHS somewhere has said that if the flicker ever goes crazy he will go crazy boring holes. Now I never doubt anything Mr. Burroughs says about birds and beasts, and so, for a good many years, I have confidently expected that if ever I found a crazy flicker I should find him, as Mr. Burroughs predicted, boring holes.



THE FLICKER LEAVING THE FOREST TO GO TO THE VILLAGE.

Of course I never expected to find a real crazy flicker, though I have long been convinced that the whole flicker family is queer and, indeed, somewhat crack-brained.

But I have found one—a real crazy, insane flicker; and he was boring holes—boring holes in tin rain-pipes: for he seemed to have been possessed.

He appeared last spring in Newton, a beautiful suburb of Boston. It was in the springtime, and Highhole (Highhole is one of his six common New England names), inheriting a delicately balanced mind, was drilling into the rain-pipe. Doubtless he thought he was preparing a place for a bride. Now the average young flicker bride is about as "spoony" and as ready for "love in a cottage" as any bride; but I have yet to see one who would go to the length of a rain-pipe.

No; the young flicker was mad, insane. He arrived in April, and announced himself by beating a thunderous tattoo on a galvanized-iron chimney. The persons in the rooms below jumped as if the roof were falling. The passers-by on the street stopped and gazed around in wonder. There was nothing to be seen. Again the rattling, ringing roll, and up out of the chimney popped Highhole, in an ecstasy over his new drum.

Then across the way on the top of another house he spied another, bigger drum, and flew over there. It was a big ventilator. He struck it. To his apparent delight it boomed; and catching his toes around an iron hoop that encircled it, he beat out a roll that a drummer-boy might have envied.



A FLICKER BORING A HOLE INTO A TELEGRAPH-POLE.
One can expect almost anything of a flicker.

The mystery is that his bill did not fly into splinters. But it did n't. The sound, however, seemed to go to his head, and he got crazier and crazier over galvanized iron until he discovered the rain-pipe.

Up to this time the neighbors had looked upon him as a youthful and devoted lover, who could not express half of his feeling upon an ordinary rotten stub, and so had taken to the sounding hollow chimneys. They had been amused. But suddenly all that changed. They woke up to the fact that the bird was a raving maniac: for what did they see, one morning, but the flicker, high up under the corner of a roof, clutching a small iron bracket in the side of the house and diligently trying to drill a hole through the hard metal rain-pipe.

He was hammering like a tinsmith, and already had cut an opening half as big as one's fist when discovered. He had not tried to drill before; he had been happy with the mere sound.

But something either in the size or shape or ring of the pipe suggested "nest" to his wild wits, and right through the pipe he had gone.

He was scared off finally, but not until he had let himself in and had had a look down through the strange bottomless pit that he had opened.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

A FROLICSOME MOUSE.

MANY of the young people who have stayed at an old farm-house have been awakened at night by a squeak and a scurry of small feet over the attic floor. Now the young folks' bed-time brings play-hours for the mice, and if we steal softly up the steep garret stairs, where the sweet-smelling herbs are hanging from the rafters, we may catch the mice at play.

One night when I was standing perfectly still in the wood-shed with a lantern, something rustled like a leaf over the floor, and I soon discovered a half-grown mouse chasing its tail in regular kitten fashion. He whirled round and round like a top, then scampered across the floor and repeated the performance until he was fairly out of breath. At first I thought fright caused this strange little frolic; but in a moment I changed my mind, for the fearless little fellow sat up and washed his face while he looked me over. In a twinkling he had started off in another mad little whirl.

Mice evidently roll and tumble together in kitten style over the attic floor when we are fast asleep in our beds.

W. C. KNOWLES.



"A HALF-GROWN MOUSE CHASING ITS TAIL IN REGULAR KITTEN FASHION."

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

COTTAGE CITY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking in the fields to-day (March 2) I saw several grasshoppers. They were about an inch long and of a dark gray color above and of a light gray below. I am sending by this mail four specimens of the grasshoppers. Is it not early in the season to see grasshoppers? I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Your constant reader,
NANETTE NORRIS
(age 9).



FOUR YOUNG WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

Most species of grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. The eggs are deposited in the ground in autumn, and begin to hatch about the middle of April. But not all grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. A few species hatch early in the autumn, and the young in various sizes can, in certain localities, be seen jumping vigorously about even on any warm sunny day in midwinter. It is these young winter grasshoppers and not the spring-hatched grasshoppers that you found.

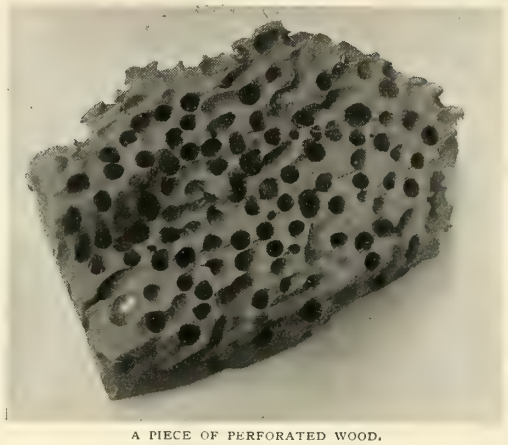
PERFORATED WOOD.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We inclose a piece of "honeycombed" wood that we found in the garret. Will you tell us what made the holes in it? I hope you will publish a picture of the wood if you think it interesting enough.

Your interested readers,
MARGARET and ALLAN RICHARDSON.

These holes were cut out smooth and round by the sharp jaws of some of the many species of wood-eating insects.



A PIECE OF PERFORATED WOOD.

Nature and Science has received many specimens of wood-cutting by insects. Sometimes, as is probably the case in this specimen, the holes are cut by the full-grown insects for homes, just as some animals burrow in the ground. Many insects cut holes in wood only for a hatching-place for the eggs.

A ROCK RESEMBLING A SHEEP'S HEAD.

WATERFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a photograph of a rock that we think shows a striking resemblance to a sheep's head.

The rock is on the west bank of the Hudson about one mile above Waterford and a little more than one hundred and fifty miles from New York. The river here is very beautiful, but too shallow for steamboats. I often go rowing on it in a skiff.

Yours very truly,
EMILY P. BURTON.



A "SHEEP'S-HEAD" ROCK.
The lower part of the rock, especially, resembles the nose and mouth of a sheep.

SPIDERS.

[The editor of Nature and Science gratefully acknowledges assistance from Professor J. H. Emerton, Boston, Mass., in the answers and comments to these letters regarding spiders.]

Spiders are not insects, although many young folks (and older people, too) often make the mistake of regarding them as insects. If spiders were as large as crabs they would be mistaken for crabs, for they more closely resemble crabs than they do insects, except in size.

Spiders have eight legs, while insects have six. Spiders do not always use the whole eight legs for walking. When they are groping about in a strange place or when they feel angry or proud, they lift up the front pair and walk perfectly well with the other six. In climbing about their webs they get along with only three or four legs and use the others to guide a new thread they are spinning or to carry something. But they always have the eight legs unless some have been lost by accident. Another difference between spiders and insects is in the eyes. Insects usually have two large compound eyes, one on each side of the head, but spiders usually have eight single, small eyes in a bunch on the front of the head, sometimes in two rows and sometimes in pairs on different parts of the head.

A SPIDER THAT LIVES IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

The Boulders, Watch Hill, R. I.

Dear St. Nicholas: I send you a specimen of a spider that I found. A friend saw a hole in the ground that was too big for an umbrella hole, and not big enough for a snake's, so I got the hatchet and dug it up. I put my finger in it, but I drew it out quickly enough when this spider made his appearance. I put a glass over him and a saucer under him, and took him to the drug-store and had him chloroformed. Please tell me his name, what family he belongs to, if he is poisonous, and something about his habits. Helen Greene.

The specimen you send is the *Lycosa*—a spider that digs a deep hole in the ground. The young are frequently carried on the mother's back.

A ROUND-WEB SPIDER.

Germantown, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I like you very much indeed, and so does my brother. In the summer-time I catch a great many spiders and put them in a glass case. Some of them get very large; I have had some over an inch long. It is very interesting to watch them. They eat other spiders, and do not seem to think anything of it. There is a spider around here that has a spring net. When anything gets on the web it lets go of a thread of silk and the net springs forward and catches the insect. I have often put little ants on the web and I have seen the web spring. My brother and I collect butterflies and other insects and we have quite a number. There is a very small spider only about an eighth of an inch long, and it makes a round web. Can you tell me what it is?—"because I want to know." It is greenish and has a web about three inches in diameter.

Yours truly,

Mayburry Smith.



THE GARDEN-SPIDER AND ITS COCOON.

On page 559 is an illustration of a little spider with its round web. Of course all spiders begin little, and those that in August make webs half a yard across may in the spring make circular webs no bigger than a watch-face.

That picture shows a common round-web spider about half grown as it lives in the early part of June among the dead tops of last year's grasses. In the most exposed and unsteady places on the ends of the grasses it makes a nest much too large for itself and hides there during the day. In the evening it makes the round web as near the nest as convenient, and gets its living from the mosquitos and such little insects as happen to fly into it. It usually has a strong thread from the nest to the center of the round web, and toward morning goes back to the nest, and while hidden there can tell by feeling the thread if any more insects get caught in the web. The round web is usually so much injured by use or by the wind that a new one has to be made every evening.



A ROUND WEB OF THE GARDEN-SPIDER, WITH A ZIGZAG WHITE BAND ACROSS IT.

As the spiders grow larger they find steadier places, and make larger webs and smaller nests, and sometimes even no nest at all. The second nest sketched in the letter from this young correspondent and shown on this page is plainly that of one of the best known of our round-web spiders, *Argiope riparia*, which is nearly an inch long, brightly marked with black and yellow. In the early part of summer nobody notices it. It is then small, and marked with yellow and gray, like the lower part of the grass; it lives near the ground and drops out of its web at the least sign of danger. In July it grows up rapidly, and about the first of August, when people begin to look in the pastures for berries, it reaches its full size, and makes webs a foot or more in diameter, with a zigzag white band across the middle, usually among the weeds near a ditch, where it drains away the plants so as to make an oval clearing in which the web can have room to hang without touching anything. In September it lays its eggs, several hundred of them, and makes around the eggs a cocoon an inch in diameter, with a neck like a water-bottle, as shown in the sketch. The outside is stiff and brown like brown paper and the cocoon is fastened to the lower branches of berry-bushes or among stout grass near the ground, where it is out of sight and not likely to be disturbed through the winter. The young hatch in the cocoon, and when warm weather comes in May they find their way out of the cocoon, and, after keeping together a short time, and no doubt occasionally eating one another, scatter through the grass and begin to make webs each for itself.

A SPIDER IN AN ELECTRIC GLOBE.

FRONTENAC, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our rooms at the hotel "New Frontenac," Thousand Islands, New York, I saw a little spider on the electric globe. My maid touched it and it fell to the floor. Then by bouncing it on the palm of your hand it would curl up. I turned on the light, and there was the most beautiful web I think I ever saw. I would like to know how the spider can fasten his delicate thread on a slippery globe. Then, how can it work up and down so fast on its thread?

I remain your interested reader,

FRANCIS MAULE.

The walking of spiders on smooth and upright surfaces is not easy to explain. Probably surfaces that seem smooth and clean to us are rough and dirty enough for such little animals as spiders to take hold with their feet and walk up as we go up a steep hillside, taking hold of stones and stems with our hands and feet. The feet of spiders have each two little claws, and those that climb best have very fine teeth on the claws, while the rest of the foot is covered with flattened hairs. A spider shut up in a clean bottle keeps trying to get to the top. It falls back again and again, but keeps trying, and sooner or later succeeds. It helps itself by spinning a thread, as it goes, from the hind part of the body, and attaching this to the glass, so that where it has been once it has a thread by which to hold on when it goes to the same place again. The thread as it comes from the body is soft and sticky and can be attached anywhere.



A SPIDER'S ROUND WEB.
Showing the "nest" at the upper right.

THE CLICKING OF A SPIDER.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the early spring, when I was out on a little excursion, I happened to be standing perfectly still in some woods, waiting to catch a *Vanessa antiopa*. While thus standing I heard a series of clicks or rustles, and on looking down saw a spider was making the noise. I watched it closely, and saw it apparently feel about a leaf with its body, by raising it up and down. Then it would cause the click to be heard; but while it was actually in the act I could not detect the slightest movement anywhere. The noise sounded as if one gently scraped the rough edge of a leaf with a knife, repeating the action twice—a grating sound twice repeated. The spider would do this on one leaf, and then hurry off to another and renew the action. I heard the same sound in another direction, and found it was another spider of the same kind. The spiders were the usual gray ones seen in the woods, about an inch and three eighths across the legs. Can you tell me whether there is any meaning in it? Has it been observed before? Yours truly,

FRED H. LAHEE.

Professor Emerton was so much interested in this letter that he at once went to the home of Master Lahee and assisted him in his observations. The professor writes:

There have been several published accounts of such noises from spiders, and this one is worth recording. I have never heard spiders make any noise except the sound of their feet on the web when it was stretched tight. I questioned Master Lahee, and he seems very positive that the sounds came from the spiders, which were probably *Lycosas* of one or two or three species that mature early in the spring. I hope he and I will have an opportunity to look after them this season.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THERE 's a play-house by the hemlock,
Where the woods are dark and still;
There 's a shanty by the "deep hole,"
And a fortress on the hill.

There 's a bonfire in the woodland,
And the branches overhead,
Crackling as the flames rise higher,
Start the rabbit from his bed.

And the war-whoop from the valley,
Where the underbrush is deep,
Tells that spring has filled the forest
And the world is not asleep.

There is laughter from the meadow,
From the thicket dark and dense;
There are sounds of childish laughter
From the wigwam by the fence.

Oh, the whole wide world is laughing,
In the balmy springtime haze,
To the hearts that know not sorrow
In the happy childhood days!

THERE were thirty contributions received this month that could not be considered because the ages of the senders were not given. Of course, this is not a great number, but when among the lot there were some very good poems, stories, and drawings, the editor feels sorry for the senders, who do not even have a chance to compete or to get on the roll of honor. You see, all contributions are judged according to the ages of the members, and what might be a very excellent poem or story or drawing for a member of ten would be rather poor for one of fifteen. Hence there is no possible way for us to judge how good a contribution is unless we know how old a boy or girl sent it. There are only a few rules, but they are very important, and most of them will be just as important by and by when the young artists and writers have become grown-up artists and writers, doing work for "grown-up" papers and magazines.



"SHADOWS." BY CHARLES E. JACKSON, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

And this reminds us that we should like to have a list of all those who have graduated from the League into the ranks of paid workers. We know of a dozen or more—some of them illustrating for papers, magazines, advertising firms, etc., some of them writing stories, poems, articles, and what not.

The editor would like to publish a full list of these ex-members, and to keep track of their work. Of course, our "classes" have been organized only four years, and even those who were seventeen when we began could be only twenty-one now, so that the percentage of paid workers could not be very

large. But every year will add to their ranks, and we who have watched their growth from month to month and from year to year do not like to lose sight of those who have persevered so faithfully and are becoming a part of the world's progress.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 52.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Charles Irish Preston** (age 11), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Silver badges, **Ruth Peirce Getchell** (age 16), 8 Linden St., Worcester, Mass., and **Louisa F. Spear** (age 14), 6 Williams St., Newark, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badge, **Dorothy Elizabeth True** (age 13), Honolulu, Hawaii. Silver badges, **Fannie Crawford Golding** (age 15), Dunbar, Miss., and **Marcia Edgerton** (age 10), Negaunee, Mich.

Drawing. Gold badges, **F. Miles Greenleaf** (age 17), 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb., and **Harold Breul** (age 14), 235 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **Laura Gardin** (age 14), care of A. L. Beyea, Harrison, N. Y., **Frances Raymond** (age 13), 1444 State St., New Orleans, La., and **Marjorie Newcomb Wilson** (age 11), 34 Gramercy Park, New York City.

Photography. Cash prize, **Charles E. Jackson** (age 15), 5426 Pennsylvania Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Gold badge, **John W. Gatch** (age 11), Terrace Park, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Silver badge, **John S. Perry** (age 16), 2110 19th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN W. GATCH, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Squirrels," by **Horace J. Simons** (age 14), 1824 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio. Second prize, "Seagulls," by **John C. Williams** (age 17), 6609 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill. Third prize, "Tree-swallow," by **Samuel D. Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Dorothea M. Dexter** (age 15), 178 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn., and **Howard Hosmer** (age 12), Nashville, Ill.

Silver Badges, **Frank Dolin** (age 16), 4313 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., and **John V. S. Bloodgood** (age 14), 56 W. 37th St., New York City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Marion Thomas** (age 14), 305 Main St., Burlington, Vt., and **Emerson G. Sutcliffe** (age 12), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

Silver badges, **Florence R. Elwell** (age 15), Amherst, Mass., and **Katharine C. Bowley** (age 12), 27 Enos Place, Jersey City, N. J.

THE CAVE OF SAFETY.

BY DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MANY years ago, in a sunny land, there lived a powerful king whose name was Kamehameha.

Now the place where this king lived was called Oahu, and there was a war brewing between his island and another called Hawaii.

At last it was decided, and great preparations were made for the coming battle.

The first thing was to place the queen in safety while the war was raging.

The king, with a party of chiefs and attendants, searched for two whole days, till at last they came to a beautiful valley full of palms and taro plants. It was surrounded by high mountains, all but the lower end, which ran down to the sea. As they walked up this valley they saw an opening in the side of the mountains. To their great joy they found it to be an immense cave. It was lined with gray lava, and from this were hanging green ferns. At the door were banana-trees and tree-ferns, and hanging over the door of the cave were vines. Near by was a beautiful grove of fruit-trees and an avenue of palms.

The king was very much pleased with this place of safety for the queen.

They hurried back, and the next day returned with goods to furnish it with. There were exquisite tapa-cloths that were hung on the walls, and large fans, and on the floors were put banana-leaves and then mats woven out of rushes and bamboo. The throne-room was hung with tapa-cloths, and in different places capes made of feathers. The throne was a mat so finely woven that it was almost like cloth. At the sides were *kahilis*, also made of feathers, that were waved to and fro. And so they fixed a place of safety for the queen, and there she stayed while the war was raging. It was a fearful war, but victory came to King Kamehameha, for he drove his enemies over a cliff which was called the Pali, and that ended it all.

As soon as this war was over the queen returned to her palace, but never was the cave of safety forgotten.

On each side of the path that led to the cave and planted by the queen herself, was a cocoanut-tree. And to this day one may see four of those trees still remaining.

YOUTH.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

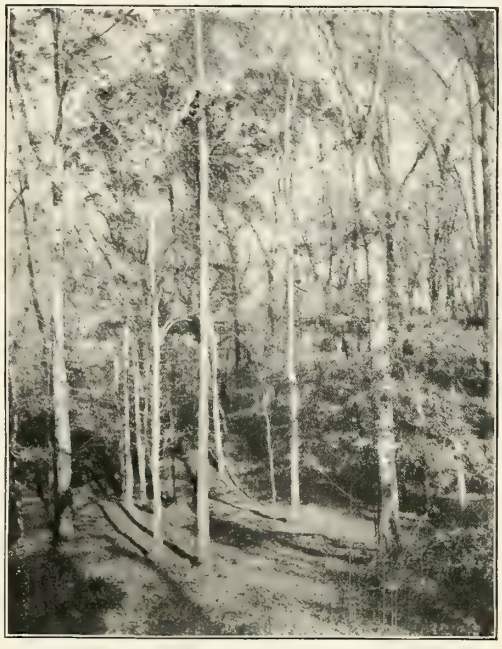
WE proudly speak of modern times,
And of inventions great;
We call ourselves so civilized,
And of our comforts prate.

Yet people of some future day,
When looking back on us,
May wonder how we got along
And never made a fuss.

They 'll say: "There lived some people once
Who never left their world—
Who never even went to Mars,
Or knew why planets whirled.

"Such savages were this queer race,
They did n't even know
What filled the space beyond the air.
Their vehicles were slow;
"They could not even reach the speed,
One hundred miles an hour;
We do it in a minute now,
And use but little power."

So, though the earth is very old,
You certainly can see
It still is in its youth, compared
With all the years to be.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN S. PERRY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE OPTIMISTIC YOUTH.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE day dawned slowly in the east,
The air was warm and dry;
The bumblebee buzzed drowsily,
And lazy was the fly.

Down to the brooklet Tommy ran
With little rod and line.
Said he, "I 'll surely have some fish
Before 't is time to dine."

He fished and fished till nearly noon;
The sun shone warm and bright;
But, sure 's you live, he did n't get
One solitary bite.

Was he discouraged? Not a bit.
He only fished away,



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 15.
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

And said, "Of course I 'll
catch a few
Before the close of
day."

As he was going to his
home
He met his brother Jim,
And when he saw his
empty hands
His brother said to
him:

"Well, Tommy, did you
catch your fish?"
The blunt reply was,
"No;
I did n't get a single one.
I 've been a-fishing,
though!"



"SQUIRRELS." BY HORACE J. SIMONS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

HOW THE CHILDREN MADE A CAVE.

BY FANNIE CRAWFORD GOLDING (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE children lived in the country, and near their home was a woody hillside on which they loved to play. At the foot of this hill ran a deep ditch, though the stream which flowed at the bottom was very shallow.

At one place the bank had crumbled away and left a semicircular gap, and 't was here the children made their cave.

First, the boys cut pine poles in the wood and laid them over the top, close together. Then the girls brought pine straw and thatched the roof. They left a hole at the back for a chimney, and made a sort of fireplace of stones, in which the dearest little fires you ever saw were kindled. The children also made a little bridge to go from the door of the cave to the other side of the ditch. They dug steps in the bank to come down to the bridge.

The boys made seats inside, and drove pegs in the wall on which to hang their bows, arrows, and other weapons. They also manufactured marvelous peace-pipes, and wore feathers in their caps. The girls roasted potatoes in the fire, and made a little garden, in which they planted onions, potatoes, and squash, and corn.

The squash never came up, the corn died in its infancy, and the potato-vines ran a good deal but had no potatoes under them. As for the onions, though they grew very well they were never cooked, for when the hungry warriors and hunters came home after fierce battles with imaginary palefaces they devoured everything in sight; and as the onions were very nice, they had soon, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, "eaten every one."

All through the summer the children played in the cave; but with autumn came school, and so the Indian plays had to end, as all things do.

'T was years ago that they made the cave, but one of the children has never forgotten it. I know, for I was one of them myself.



"SEA-GULLS." BY JOHN C. WILLIAMS, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"TREE-SWALLOW." BY SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE CAVE AT THE CAROLINE.

BY MARCIA EDGERTON (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

KENNETH lives in the mining region of northern Michigan, and when the miners go by his home he watches them with the greatest interest. Often his papa takes him to one of the mines for a walk, and Kenneth looks down the shaft and watches the skip disappear with its burden of men into the darkness.

One day, when he came home, he went to the barn for a shovel, and soon he was digging busily in the back yard. For "If the miners can make the sand fly, why can't I?" said he.

Kenneth was a very persistent miner, and he and his little friends soon had a big hole in the ground, which they named the Caroline Mine.

One day Kenneth came running to the house, tugging something he had dug from the mine, and shouting:

"Oh, mama, I 've struck ore!" But it proved to be only a piece of an old bolt, so the company did n't get rich very fast.

At last the hole was so large that the boys thought they must have a bucket to raise the sand from the mine, and a bushel-basket answered very well for that. But now the trouble began. The boys became so enthusiastic that they made several tunnels in the walls of the mine.

One morning Kenneth went out as usual, and found that the surface over the tunnels had



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET MCKEON, AGE 14. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

caved in, burying Lord Fauntleroy, Kenneth's doll, in the ruins.

All efforts of the boys to rescue the doll were in vain, and the fall of earth was so great that the mine was abandoned.

One of Kenneth's friends has a midget press, and publishes a little newspaper; and in the next number there were the following head-lines: "Cave at the Caroline! One Life Lost!" And as there was a rain-storm about that time, Harold added, "The Mine Rapidly Filling with Water!"

IN GRANDMA'S YOUTH.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL (AGE 10).

In winter, in the days of yore,
When the cold wind howled at the door,
And the needles went click, click, click,
While the clock kept time, tick, tick, tick,
In grandma's youth,

The children sat with folded hands,
And never thought to make demands,
But spoke when they were spoken to,
And did as they were told to do,
In grandma's youth.

They all went to the meeting-house,
And sat as still as any mouse;
And, like the little busy bee,
They studied hard as hard could be,
In grandma's youth.

Yet they were much the same as I,
Those little girls of days gone by;
They thought and played just as I do,
And made mistakes and blunders too,
In grandma's youth.

JUDGES' CAVE.

BY WILLIAM WEBER (AGE 12).

In 1660, when Charles II came to the throne of England, he said those judges of his father who did not surrender within a certain time would be executed. Some of the judges were dead and others had fled. Among those that fled were three judges named Goffe, Whalley, and Dixwell. These men went to the Puritan colony of New Haven, where the king sent soldiers after them. After a while the soldiers went home, saying the fugitives could not be found.

From New Haven they went to Boston and then back to New Haven. While in New Haven, Goffe and Whalley stayed in a cave on a high mound west of New Haven. This cave is formed by several large boulders, grouped here, it is thought, by a glacier. It has three entrances, one of which is almost hidden by a boulder. It is about fifteen feet high, but has just room enough for three men inside.

While the two judges were in the cave, Richard Sperry brought them food in a basket.

The city of New Haven has recently put a railing around the cave to keep curiosity seekers from chipping it. On the largest rock is an iron tablet telling how the cave got its name—Judges' Cave.

YOUTH.

BY RUTH PEIRCE GETCHELL (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Go not so fast, O Time, I do entreat thee;
Pray stay thy steps awhile and rest thee here.
Oh, rush not on so fast; there 's none to greet thee,
And as a day speeds on each flying year!

O cold winds of the north, pray come not, come not;
Stay back, stay back, where cold doth always lie!
O come not near this quiet, peaceful valley,
Where by thy hand the flowers droop and die!

What! dost thou rush, O Time? Pray tell me, tell me,
Why dost thou hurry on so swift and fast?
Oh, let me be a happy child forever,
And every year be young as in the last!

No answer! All my prayers and my entreaties,
They do not check him on his flying way.
He pays no heed; each fall the flowers wither,
And I am growing older every day!



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY LAURA CARDIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN OLD MAN'S SONNET TO YOUTH.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 14).

Oh, for those careless, happy, golden hours
Spent dreamily in childhood days by me!
Then Mother Nature's simple scenes were free—
The little babbling brook, the dear wild flow'rs,
The moist green ferns that grew in shady bow'rs,
The blithesome bird that sang so merrily,
The luscious apples on the bending tree,
The tinted rainbows after April show'rs.
I loved all nature with my youthful heart;
To her my deepest secrets were laid bare;
For she was kind, and soothed to peaceful rest
My untamed soul with motherly, mild art.
Now, old and wearied of this world of care,
I shall return to Mother Nature's breast.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY RAY SAPP, AGE 16.

WHAT CAVES TEACH.

BY WILLIAM G. MAUPIN (AGE 13).

In ancient times caves were regarded with superstitious wonder by men. In Greece, the temples of Pan, Pluto, and Bacchus were caves, and the famous oracles of Delphi were delivered in a cavern, around which a magnificent temple was built by Cleisthenes, an Athenian in exile.

Prehistoric man dwelt in caves, as has been shown by explorations in France, where also were found skeletons of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the wild horse. Tusks of mammoths, skilfully carved with representations of the reindeer and ibex, have been found in France and Belgium. In a cave explored near Plymouth, England, in 1816, bones of the rhinoceros were discovered, conclusively proving that the rhinoceros existed in Britain in prehistoric times. Remains of huge bears, much larger than any that exist now, have been found in many European caves; also of hyenas, small hippopotami, and a species of pigmy elephant, discovered in Sicilian and Maltese caves. The discovery of the skeletons of these animals leads to the belief that Africa was connected by a bridge of land to the European continent, centuries ago in the Pleistocene age.



BY FRANCES RAYMOND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

The human inhabitants of the ancient caverns of France, Switzerland, and Belgium, in all probability, lived by hunting and fishing alone. They were wholly ignorant of spinning and of the art of making pottery. They were clad in the skins of animals, sewn together with sinews. Their weapons consisted of stone and ivory hammers, lances, harpoons, and short spears, rough and unpolished, but eminently useful to these early hunters. Whether these ancient cave-dwellers buried their dead or not, we do not know; probably they did not. They had no domestic animals.

The most ancient men in Europe are thought to be the same as the Eskimos. Their styles of carving on bone are identical, as are also several of their weapons. The ancient European cave-dwellers split the bones of animals which they killed, and ate the marrow; this custom is still carried on by the Eskimos. The manner of sewing the clothes is the same, and the bone instruments and needles are almost identical.

Thus the remains of animals and the bone instruments and weapons of the primitive man found in caves furnish us with almost all of our information concerning the ages when the world was young, and render valuable assistance to the work of science.

THE YOUTHFUL BOOKWORM.

BY MIRIAM A. DE FORDE (AGE 15).

Said one bookworm to another, as they stopped one day to talk,
"I am getting so rheumatic, it is hard for me to walk;
But, in spite of close confinement, you are youthful, fresh, and gay.
Now what could cause the difference in our constitutions, pray?"

Answered then the youthful bookworm, "There 's no need to feel so blue;
There *was* a period, long ago, when I was sickly too.
But for thirty years or more, since first it went to press,
My sole and daily diet has been St. Nicholas."

N. B.—Is that the reason why bound copies of St. Nicholas usually look so worn? We think not!

A CONCERT IN A CAVE.

BY DOROTHEA DA PONTE WILLIAMS (AGE 16).

I wonder how many readers of dear old St. Nick have ever been to a concert in a cave? Unless it is no extraordinary feature of amusement in America, I do not think there are many.

During a vacation in Newquay, Cornwall, England, I had one of the most pleasant and novel experiences that it was ever my lot to come across.

One day, in walking through the little town, a poster caught our eyes on which was stated that a concert would be shortly held in the "Cathedral Cavern" at Porth, a few miles away.

Many well-known artists were engaged, and it promised to be a very good concert.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY HAROLD BREUL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

We dream of things to come,
We dream of things gone by;
But when there 's anything to do
We do not even try.

Sometimes the more ambitious ones
Try just a thing or two;
But do they ever stop to think
How much there is to do?

So let us learn the "why" and "how"
A battle may be won;
And let us learn the time is "now"
That things ought to be done.

TWO INDIAN CAVES.

BY LUCIA LUCILE CADWELL (AGE 15).

ONE morning in July, 1902, papa, my sister, two cousins, and myself went on a ramble over the first range of the Santa Ynez Mountains, where my cousins told us there were some Indian caves.

One cave was quite large; there was room enough for forty or fifty people to get in at once. Papa was the only one who went into it, though, as a mountain fire had caved the front in, so he could hardly squeeze through.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

At the foot of the advertisement was a note:

"Visitors are requested to bring with them camp-stools and candles."

The eventful day dawned clear and bright, and nearly all the visitors were going. Armed with camp-stools and candles, we joined in the procession wending its way to the cave.

The concert was to take place early on account of the tide.

Arriving at the "Cathedral," we saw an immense boulder in front of a large opening, over which we had to climb, with the aid of coast-guardsmen.

Inside all was dark, and the first thing we did was to walk into a pool of water. We accordingly lit our candles, and found a dry spot, upon which we planted our camp-stools and waited for the concert to begin.

The cave was an immense structure, not unlike a cathedral, and a grand piano was placed ready, but how it was got in I cannot say.

The concert itself was excellent; but occasionally one heard "Oh!" in the middle of a song, as somebody received upon his nose a drop from the roof.

Very solemn and grand it seemed, in one of nature's buildings; but finally, when it was over, we had to scramble out through a narrow hole termed the "back door."

On the way home, people were heard to declare that they never enjoyed anything so much before; and in all my life never shall I forget that novel experience of a concert in a cave.

THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

BY DOROTHY BERRY (AGE 12).

WE do not know the "why" of things—
We do not know the "how";
We know, but always seem to miss,
The swiftly passing "now."

The other cave was so hidden in the rocks that we could hardly tell there was one there. At one side was a small hole, just large enough for a person to get through on his hands and knees.

Inside were some pieces of large feathers that would drop to pieces if any one picked them up, several arrow-heads, two unbroken Indian baskets, and lots of small pieces of baskets that rats or age had destroyed, leaving only pieces, hardly two alike. Some of them were very prettily woven together.

The smallest basket was jug-shaped, and lined with asphaltum to keep water in.

There was room enough in this cave for ten or twelve Indians, and tall enough to stand up in.

On the way home we passed a Spaniard's house, and the occupant, who was seventy-five years old, told us a short history of these baskets.

The baskets are more than two hundred years old, and were kept in these caves filled with water and provisions by the Indians: the caves were their storehouses. In time of war the squaws could stay there, and the warriors, when hard pressed, would flee there for refuge among the rocks.

These baskets were made of tules or bulrushes, that grow in swamps near the ocean.

The Natural History Society in Santa Barbara, California, now have these baskets as relics.

YOUTH IS BEST.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 12).

Oh, how I dread to grow!
I 'd rather stay just twelve;
I 'd hate to have a beau,
Or else to work and delve.

I 'd rather stay just small,
And romp and laugh and play,
And not to grow at all,
But just have fun all day.

THE LURAY CAVE.

BY HILDA RYAN (AGE 11).

About a mile from the little village of Luray, which is in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, lies a gently sloping ridge, beneath which is the entrance to a cave.

The Luray Cave is so far superior to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky that a visitor has compared them to a handsomely furnished parlor and a big barn.

The first thing that meets one's eyes is a hall in which the ceiling, walls, and floors are covered with stalactites and stalagmites, which resemble immense icicles. In some places these have met and formed graceful columns.

Around a bend in the path is the Vegetable Market. Here may be seen piles and piles of vegetables, all formed in limestone, which any one would imagine had just arrived from a neighboring farm.

Near by is the Fish Market, where all kinds of fish lie in orderly rows. The illusion is completed by the drops of water hanging from their tails.

One of the many marvelous things to be seen is the Saracen's Tent. Everything is perfectly represented in limestone.

Then there is a great room called the Elfin's Ramble. If ever fairies wish for a place to play hide-and-seek in, they will find what they seek here, for there are many narrow passages. If we entered one of these, we would find that it led to the Giant's Hall, which is an immense room, less beautiful than grand.

Then there is the Bridal Chamber, also the Bridal Veil, which is a beautiful thing, transparent and delicately traced with the most exquisite patterns. No loom of Brussels ever made anything half as lovely as this.

There is a pit in which lie some petrified human bones. It is said that these are bones of an Indian chief, who was punished for deserting his squaw to marry a "paleface."

At one place there are a great many statues, whose features are very indistinct, but at a distance one would imagine that he had entered the Louvre in Paris.

Is it not hard to believe that nature alone is to be thanked for the wondrous beauties of this cave?



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME — TO WIN THE CASH PRIZE."
BY ALICE GOSS, AGE 16.

(Miss Goss had, unknown to herself, been awarded the cash prize for February before this sketch was received.)

WIND CAVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

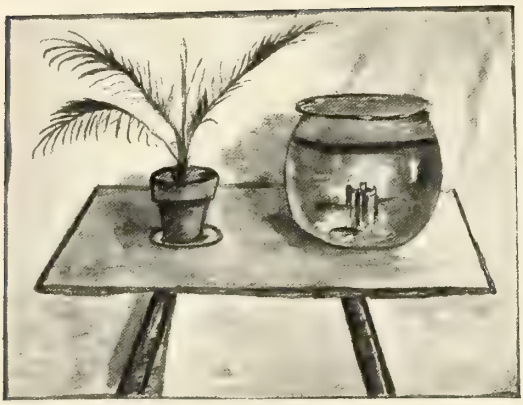
BY JESSIE POUND (AGE 11).

On the night of the Fourth of July, several years ago, when I was four years old, papa, mama, and I started on a visit to my uncle in Montana. We stopped off at Hot Springs, South Dakota, to spend several days. Ten miles from here is the famous Wind Cave. It is thought to be the largest in the world. It has one hundred miles of passageways, three thousand rooms, and eight levels.

It was discovered first by a cow-boy in 1884. While riding through a small gulch, he noticed a very strong rush of wind coming from a hole in the ground. He looked and found the beautiful cave.

One bright, sunshiny morning we started for the cave, and when we got there papa made arrangements with the guides to take us through. They said that I could n't stand the walk; but papa persuaded one of the guides to carry me if I got tired. We had only a day to stay, and they advised us to take the eighth level.

First we went into a small room. The guide closed the door tightly behind us, and then opened a trap-door in the floor. The wind came rushing up. We went



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DONALD W. CAMPBELL, AGE 11.

down a stairway over four hundred steps long. We went into some of the rooms where the walls looked as though they were covered with pop-corn and have great pop-corn balls hanging from the ceiling. In others the walls seemed to be covered with brown honeycomb. The guides called this boxwork.

Some of the rooms were all blue, all white, all pink, or all yellow. Some of the passages were so low that the grown people had to stoop, but I could run through them all.

In some of the rooms the guides lighted coils of magnesium wire to show the beauties.

The United States government has possession of the cave now. The government is going to make a park out of the ground around the entrance, and put electric lights in the cave and an elevator at the steep places.

YE RHYME OF YE WYCKED YOUTH.

BY MARIE WENNERBERG (AGE 13).

Ye gude wyfe wyth ye kyndlye hearte
Sayed to herselfe, "I 'll bake a tarte
So large and rounde and goode to see
That yt wyll serve ye guests at tea."

Ye bakyng done, ye tarte she tooke
And set yt yn ye wyndowe nooke
To coole, that yt myghte toothsome be
For all ye noble companie.

Ye wycked youth came strollyng bye;
Ye goodlye tarte dyd catch hys eye.
'T was fyrst a nybble, then a byte,
And soone ye tarte was out of syght.

Ye evenyng came, ye supper too,
And all ye guests, goodlye and true,
They sat them down, ye tyme soon came
When for ye tarte went the goode dame.

But back she ran and sadlye cryed,
"I fear yon rogue ye tarte espyed,"
And, poyntyng to hys jam-smeared lyp,
Ye dame ye ladde began to whyp.

Ye goodlye guests wyth eager vymme
Dyd all unyte ye youth to trymme,
And how ye wycked youth dyd smarte
Because he stole ye goodlye tarte!



BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7.

MY EXPERIENCE IN A CAVE.

BY JOHN MITCHELL (AGE 8).

WHILE at the sea-shore last summer, I went one afternoon to the beach to play with some of my little friends. It was very low tide, and we amused ourselves hunting horseshoe-crabs and cockles. Before we knew it we had gone a long way, and to our great surprise we found a good-sized cave, which had been made by the ocean in a high sand-bank at the top of the beach. We also found an old bench and a box which had been washed up on the beach, and these we put in the cave, and made a very comfortable little play-house and called it the "Discovered Cave."

When it was time to start for home we found the tide had changed and was now quite up to the mouth of the cave, and we were obliged to wade up to our ankles in the water to reach the dry beach. We did not mind that, but thought it was great fun.

We often went to our cave, which we had fixed up quite nice; but always after that we took care to watch the tide, and did not get caught again.

OUR TRIP TO AMETHYST CAVE.

BY EDITH M. GATES (AGE 17).

WE started from camp, four English girls and I, about nine o'clock, one August morning, to explore Amethyst Cave.

Proceeding along the stony beach for two miles, we found the little fissure in the bluff, and enthusiastically began our search for the purple stones which have made the cave famous.

To the left of us stretched the sparkling waters of the Bay of Fundy. Above us towered high bluffs.

We found no amethysts, but we burdened ourselves with fine, though heavy, specimens of agate, and after trying vainly to photograph the cave, we started for camp. But in our enthusiasm over our surroundings we had forgotten the tide. To our horror, it was in.

We tried to climb the rocks which separated us from the other beach. They were too high! The water was too deep to wade! Should we stay and be drowned?

Time was precious. Snatching our kodaks and specimens, we hurried up the beach until we found a stream we had noticed before. Following its course for about a mile along its banks, we struck a narrow path.

We felt very thankful when we thought of the possible peril we had escaped.

But the worst was to come, for suddenly the path ended at the foot of an enormous bluff. We must retrace our steps and wait for the tide to turn, or climb the bluff. We chose the latter.

The ascent was almost perpendicular, and our way was blocked by many obstacles. Up, up we climbed. Our way grew more dangerous. We dared not look behind. Our feet sank into deep moss at every step, and we were obliged to cling to stumps and weeds for support.

At last we reached the top, and, plunging through a miniature evergreen forest, found ourselves on level ground.

There were "fields to the right of us, fields to the

left of us." We sank exhausted on the ground and rested. At last we struck across the fields in the direction of the bay. The sun was hot. We struggled along for several miles until we struck a rocky path.

We descended, single file, and at last, to our relief, found ourselves on familiar ground. A short walk and we were again in camp, thoroughly exhausted, but with great appreciation of Amethyst Cave.

YOUTH.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 16).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

THERE is a story that beyond the sea
Deft toilers weave fair tapestry;
And, working only on the under side,
They see but tangled knots and stitches wide,
Until at last 't is turned, when they behold
The vivid splendor of the pattern bold!

So shall not we, upon the loom of time,
Devote our youth and strength to plans sublime?
Patiently work in the appointed way,
Nor seek reward or recompense to-day!
Perchance, when we are bid our work to turn,
A pattern all divine we shall discern!



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY KATHARINE THOMPSON, AGE 10.

A TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MILDRED WHITE (AGE 10).

WE were going to make a trip to Mammoth Cave, so we made our bloomers, with short skirts and woolen waists.

When we went in we could feel the change of atmosphere, as it was warm out of the cave and so cool inside. Every couple had lanterns. One old woman weighed about three hundred pounds and she looked so funny in her bloomers. Her husband was very small and had but one eye. How he got his wife through the cave I could not see. The women all wore bloomers.

One woman was very frightened, and when I next saw her she had hold of the negro guide's coat-tails, and there she swung the rest of the journey. Some one laughed at her, but she cried, "I paid him extra! I paid him extra!"

When we came to Fat Man's Misery, they tugged and they pulled, and at last they got the fat woman through.

I thought the most dangerous part was crossing the Echo River. The boats were flat, and in one place the rock came out so far that we had to stoop down to keep from hitting our heads against it. In this river there are fishes with no eyes, as it is so dark they could not see anyway.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DAVID DEAN, AGE 11.

The Star Chamber is very pretty, too. In the top of the chamber it looks as if there are stars and a comet. The guide takes the lanterns away, and goes behind the rocks; then he brings the lanterns back in a bunch, and on the side of the chamber it looks like the sun rising; then he holds them higher, and so on, until it looks like the sun up in the skies.

It was hard for some to climb the Corkscrew, but at last we climbed it.

There is a place where you stop to eat dinner. We had two large baskets of lunch, and as there was a table there, we set it and ate our dinner. Some went on and finished the route, but we went back. When we got to the mouth of the cave the atmosphere changed, and for the first time that trip we felt tired. One lady fell in a swoon and had to be carried out. But, nevertheless, we had a very good time.

YOUTH.

BY MARGARET I. LARIMER (AGE 12).

WHEN we young children laugh and shout,
And jump and yell and run about,
And turn the chairs all upside down,
And tear big rents in our best gown,
Our mother says: "Now you must stop;
You jump and run and skip and hop
As if you had been brought up wild.
Why don't you sit up nice and mild?"
But grandpa says: "Just let 'em run
And jump about and have some fun,
They 'll never have their youth ag'in,
And I just say it is a sin
To make the children sit up straight
And think about their future fate;
So let 'em run, that 's what I say,
And have some fun while well they may."

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MARY CROMER (AGE 13).

THE surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865, is my favorite episode in history. The Union was tried severely and was nearly dissolved; but it stood the test, and the North and South are bound together even more closely than ever before.

On that eventful day of April 9, 1865, the troops in blue and gray were drawn up at the foot of a ridge, on each side of Appomattox. The two chiefs met, shook hands, and went into a house near by, where Lee signed Grant's terms of surrender. Grant showed his magnanimous nature by permitting Lee and his staff to keep their swords. He also permitted the Southern troops to keep all their horses, as he said they would need them in tilling the soil.

Thus was the war ended, and oh, how sweet it was to have peace again! Let us be thankful that it is all over, and in all probability there will never be such a war in this great Union again.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 15.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Marion E. Lane
Hilda van Emster
Edith J. Minaker
Harold R. Norris
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Margaret Smith
William Richards
Margaret Spencer Smith
Saidee E. Kennedy
Harry A. Rosenberg
R. A. Kilduffe
William Laird Brown
Emily R. Burt
Helen Spear
Margaret Minaker
Pauline K. Angell
Maude Dudley Shackelford
John Griffith Maguire
Philip Stark
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Frieda Muriel Harrison
Corolyn Bulley
Katherine G. Robinson
Margaret F. Grant
Alison Winslow
Sarah McCarthy

VERSE 2.

Margaret Stuges
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Eilene Peck
Byron B. Boyd
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Helen Luoise Norris
J. Paul Kauffman
Minnie E. Chase
Dorothea Gay
Edith Julia Ballou
Annie S. Ramsey
Mary Yeula Westcott
Baldwin A. Manil
L. Beatrice Todd
Jessie Freeman Foster
Irene Weil
Florence Isabel Miller
Helene Esberg
Nannie C. Barr
Marguerite Reed
Anna E. Foster
Ray Randall
Lotta E. Walworth
Carrie Noël Scott
Augusta Frank
Florence M. Smith
Clara P. Pond
Lois M. Cunningham
H. Mabel Sawyer
Mary Blossom Bloss
Pauline Kessel
Mabel Robinson
Katharine R. Wells
Edith Kaufman
Laurita Lois Olds
Stanley Dyer, Jr.
Lucie Clifton Jones

PROSE 1.

Philip Warren Thayer
H. Munro Gere
Marie Hill
Remsen Holbert
Frances Renshaw Latzke
Mary Graham Bonner
Florence R. T. Smith
Charles P. Howard
Willia Nelson
Elizabeth R. Eastman
Elsie Kimball Wells
Ivy Varian Walshe
Elsie Turner
Frederick A. Coates
Mildred Ockert
Nancy Moore
Jeannette Nelson
Julia B. Chapin
Gertrude Hodgson
Stella J. Liotard
Tyler H. Bliss
Joe Pound
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Helen Davenport Perry
Abigail E. Jenner
Dorothy Dickinson
Francis Marion Miller
Camille Bowie Adams
Lyle Vincent Nelson
J. Herbert Hodgins
Hilda Braun
Kathleen Bertrand
Lucile Doty
Milton C. White
James Pryor
Eloise E. Garstin
Marion Dilliard
Marguerite M. Cree
Martha Olcott Willis
Mignon de Neuf
Gertrude M. Corbett
Halsey Ackerman
Elizabeth Hirsh
Alexis Tardy Gresham
Charlotte Wykoff
Dorothy Corson
Mildred Schoendew
Ruth S. Goddard
Sarah Brown
C. Norman Bartlett
Henry B. Dillard
Marie Craighead Brown
Carolyn B. Albrecht
Margaret Douglas Gordon
Marjory McQuiston
George I. Foster
Ella Harrison
Kate M. Horton
Philip C. Gifford
Blanche H. Leeming
Elizabeth C. Field
John M. Walker
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Marjorie Macy
Edna E. Wise

PROSE 2.

Natalie Wurtz
Rita Wannigh
Ethel Berrian
Mark Finley
Carolyn C. Stevens
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Margaret R. Busso
Gladys T. Vaughan
Robert Paul Walsh
Julia Hutchinson
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Millicent Pond
Florence W. Montague
Helen J. Simpson
Fanny C. Carver
Herbert Atkinson
Margaret Boland
Ruth P. Cornwall
Archibald S. Macdonald
Henry Herman Hitchcock
Margaret Spahr
Paul S. Arnold
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Ruth Elizabeth Kellogg
Paul Whipple
Ruth Elizabeth Sherman
Robert Bartholomew
John Rice Mines
Dorothy Hastings
Vincent Ward
Ottilie Wright
Pauline Flint
Andrew Miller
Frances Brookman
Dorothy Place
James E. Moran
Helen W. Edgar
Gertrude W. Boland
Prudence Ross
Millie B. Hess
Eleanor L. Halpin
Miriam Abbott
Fanny J. Walton
Ellen Stolpe
Dorothy Potter Bower
Carrie B. Simpson
Marion Prince
Ralph C. Tobin
Gratia B. Camp
Margaret Elliott
Dorothea H. Smith
Eunice M. Schoff
W. Seldon Wakem
James K. Angell
Wynonah Breazeale
Mable Luscomlee

DRAWINGS 1.

Walter C. Corbett
Walter Josephs
Phoebe U. Hunter
Dorothy Hardy Richardson
Mildred Wheat
Frances Keeline
Elizabeth Abbott
Anna Zucker
Phoebe Wilkinson
Muriel C. Evans
James H. Daugherty
Florence Murdock
Marguerite Strathy
Isadore Douglas
Marion Jacqueline Overton
Delmar G. Cooke
Meade Bolton
Josephine Arnold Bonney
William Whitford
Beatrice Andrews
Russell S. Walcott
Grace Mailhouse
Paul A. McDermott
Laura Janvrin Aldrich
Charlotte Ball
Katherine G. Parker
Byron Derr
Margaret J. Naumberg
John Sinclair
Anna A. Flichtner
Katherine D. Barbour
Dorothy Ochtman
Vieva Marie Fisher
Corinne Loney

DRAWINGS 2.

Gertrude Natalie Bigelow
Marie Day
Cordner H. Smith
Marion H. Tuthill
Floyd Godfrey
Elinor Burleigh
Muriel Ivirney
John A. Hellwig
Madge Oakley
Bessie Townley Griffith
Emilie C. Flagg
Eugenie B. Baker
Kathleen Gaffney
H. Kasner
Alice Paine
Mildred Curran Smith
Gladys G. Young
Walter Swindell Davis
Helen de Veer
Margaret Peckham
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Floyd L. Mitchell
Margaret Ellen Payne
Alice E. Kingman
Henriette Barney Burt
Vernon Radcliffe
Florence E. Marceaux
Elizabeth Burt
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Elizabeth Freedley
Katharine Andrews
Gladys A. Lothrop
Julia Murray
Jacob Bacon
Eleanor I. Town
Genevieve A. Ledgerwood
Queenabelle Smith
Dorothy F. Smith
Emily W. Brown
Marcia Hoyt
Ruth Shaw
Winifred Littell
Irving Cavins
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Edna B. Steck
F. Lloyd Wright, Jr.
Ruth Collins
Helen Mather Brown
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Beatrice Crane
Edna Waddell
Elizabeth Brown
Elizabeth Burgess
Ruth P. Brown
Constance Freeman
Elizabeth White
Rose Marie Naething
Lisbeth Harlan
Clara B. Shanafelt
Norine Means
Maude Maddock
Albertina Pitkin
Lucy DuBois Porter
Marcia Gardner
Bessie B. Styron
Roger K. Lane
Persis Dewey
J. Forman Goebel
Florence Hartmen
Edith Philips
Harold Curtis
Harry Wade
Dorothy G. Stewart
Mary Shepley Coolidge
Sarah L. Coffin
Gretchen Stirling James
Helen F. Price
Margaret J. Koser
Louise McGilvra
Edna Chapman
Elizabeth McCormick
Ruth Kellogg Pine
Sara Homans
Katharine Avery Leeming
Florinda Keester
Dow Harvey
Stanley Gibson
Irene Loughborough
Donald Tyler
Beatrice Brougham
Marie Mohr
Stephanie Balderston
Lucy Bruggerhof
Glenn Stanley
L. Phaon Grossart
Jamie Taylor]
Victoria Robertson
Frances Hale Burt
Doris Portmann
Ellen Perkins
Mary T. Atwater
Gladys Nelson
Wilfred Jones

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Alberta Cowgill
Dunton Hamlin
Henry Hand Hickman
Edith C. Houston
Shirley Alice Willis
Carlota Glasgow
John Fry
Edward B. Fox, Jr.
Mary Arrowsmith
Ellen Day
Edwin Shoemaker
John W. Paret
M. N. Stiles
Edith M. Andrews

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Julius Bien
Max Plambeck
Henry M. Davenport
Gertrude H. Henry
Sally Frankenstein
John Hoar
Marion K. Cobb
Robert W. Allen
Margueret Dobson
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Rexford King
Hannah Price Right
Gerome Ogden
Jean Forgeus
Margaret Porter
Walter I. Barton
Elizabeth Chapin
Laurence Osgood Macomber
H. O. Phillips
Walter Geer, Jr.
Mildred Favor
Lucy S. Robinson
T. P. Perkins
Alice Garland
Charlotte Spence
Helen Wing

PUZZLES 1.

Louis Stix Weiss
Richard B. Thomas
Walter P. Bliss
Charles Brooks
Elizabeth O. Camblos
Henry Morgan Brooks
Margaret H. Bennett
Helen Shaw
Roger Griffin
Elizabeth Roby
Gerald Smith
Hellene Kingsley
Margaret Stevens
Adeline Thomas
George Boulton Thorp

PUZZLES 2.

Floy Lewis
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Aida C. Barnes
Mary E. Dunbar
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Simon Cohen
James Brewster
Alice Knowles
Josephine Godillot
Edward Roffe Thompson
Katharine Camblos
Ward Swain
S. Lawrence Levengood
Isabel Adami
Kenneth Connelly

NOTICE.

MEMBERS sometimes complain that their names are not correctly printed on the Roll of Honor. Perhaps they do not always write very plainly. Names should always be *very carefully* written.

CHAPTERS.

No. 690. "Zenia." Beurniece Cowon, President; Eva Seely, Secretary; eight members. Address, Conde, S. D.

No. 691. "Workers." Florence Lewis, President; Josephine Horwitz, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 692. "X. Y. Z." Jessie Riall, President; Alma Rothholz, Secretary; nine members. Address, 2108 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.

No. 693. "The Goop Girls." Margaret Gordon, President; Dorothy Doyle, Secretary; six members. Address, 20 South Market St., Staunton, Va.

No. 694. "Butterflies." Lois Noel, President; Carolyn Scott, Secretary; two members. Address, 2319 Albion Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 695. "Starlight." Robert Aitken, President; Wylda Aitken, Secretary; six members. Address, Mt. Hamilton, Conn.

No. 696. "Sunny Side." Marion Beadenkopf, President; Alice du Pont, Secretary; four members. Address, 808 Broome St., Wilmington, Del.

No. 697. Bessie Wicker, President; M. Virginia Bell, Secretary; nine members. Address, Box 68, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 698. "King Arthur." Raphael Butts, President; Nellie Butts, Secretary; six members. Address, 21 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 699. "Minnehaha." Pat Kirby, President; Glen Walker, Secretary; three members. Address, 350 North Duluth Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.

No. 700. George de Charms, President; Anton Sellner, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Bryn Athyn, Pa.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A FIRM in Minnesota offered a prize for the largest number of words to be made of the firm name. A St. Nicholas League member, Rufus Putnam, twelve years old, carried off the honors with 5012 words, more than double the number supplied by any other competitor. It is a remarkable fact that in making his list he did not once duplicate himself, though he did not once refer back to see if he had done so.

MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just received my consolation prize (advertising competition) in the shape of a nice new dollar bill, which I will always keep.

I thank you very much for it; it was so nice of you to give it to me, because it was the last time that I could compete, as I have reached that age when the League gates close themselves upon me, that is to say, for the competition; but as long as I live I shall always take an interest in the doings of the League. I owe a lot to the League; my English has been improved to such a point that you thought my writing worthy of a beautiful gold badge. Besides, through you I have nice friends and correspondents, who, by their lovely letters, bring me near to America and make me realize how happy American children ought to be in having such nice institutions as the ST. NICHOLAS magazine and the League.

Again let me thank you for all the pleasure that you have procured me.

Your faithful and thankful reader, TULA LATZKE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cash prize arrived some days ago, and of course I was delighted with it.

I want to thank you not only for it, but for the help and pleasure that work in the League has been to me.

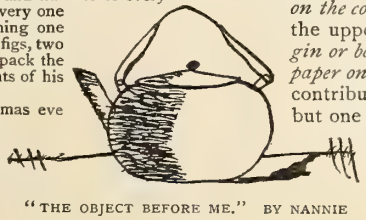
Yours sincerely,
AGNES C. LACY.

HAYESFIELD P, BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so interested in Miss Richardson's letter, which appeared in the December magazine; it was about the "Empty Stocking Club." I thought she might like to hear about our Bath Santa Claus scheme. Every Christmas we borrow the Somerset Hall, and there people send toys of all kinds, and garments also. People who are interested in the work have sewing-parties and make things for it. One of my aunts made thirty little dresses; others, owning shops, send sweets, figs, and oranges. About a fortnight before Christmas several gentlemen go round to every house in the poor districts and take the name, age, and address of every child under twelve. And on Christmas eve every one of these have a parcel brought to them containing one quarter pound of sweets, one quarter pound of figs, two oranges, one toy, one garment. They try and pack the parcels so that every child may find the contents of his or her parcel useful.

It *is* fun delivering these presents on Christmas eve from a great big furniture van. I think your club is splendid, and also think the same as you, that it makes one much happier in seeing the appreciative looks of the little children. I remain,

Yours truly,
MURIEL BUSH.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY NANNIE GAIL, AGE 9.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Isabella McLaughlin, Annie Lamar Noble, Gwynne Frances Noble, Margaret Rhodes, Hardenia B. Fletcher, Eva Mae Seeley, Barbara Littlefield, Marion I. Reynolds, Marion S. Goodhue, Lorraine Ransom, Dorothy Edd, Madeleine Fuller McDowell, Catherine Gunn, Helen de Haven, Daisy James, Beatrice Crane, Hester W. Conklin, Edgar Daniels, Harry B. Lachman, Elinor Bliss, Albert E. Stockin, Doris Smith, Marion E. Bradley, Frederick A. Coates, Phyllis Booth, Theodore L. Fitz Simons, Charles Irish Preston, and M. Adelaide Durst.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine. Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to a membership badge and instruction leaflet free.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 55.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 55 will close **April 20** (for foreign members **April 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "The Liberty Bell."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "A Dog Hero." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Pleasant Corner."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Still Life" and "A Heading or Tail-piece for July."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A GUIDE IN BOOKLAND.

No one except a bookseller or a librarian can have any idea of the number of volumes a year that the publishers of all lands are now putting forth by means of their great steam-driven presses. Figures give only a faint idea of the multitude. It would matter very little if they were all poor books and not worth your attention; but, both fortunately and unfortunately, many of them are exceedingly good. Yet no one can read more than a few, and so it becomes more and more important that those few should be well chosen. A certain amount of your time must be given to the best old books, and as for the rest, you must have good advice. In this department can be given general hints such as will be useful to many at a time; but each studious girl or boy will need something more, something special. If you have an older friend in whose judgment you have confidence, and that older friend is willing to help you, he can be of the very greatest service to you by acting as a guide through the maze of paths that lead in every direction among the delightful highways and byways of the land of letters. Any true lover of books will be glad to act as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to those for whom they are a new territory.

FINDING YOUR OWN PICTURES.

We are now going to repeat, for the benefit of our new readers, a suggestion that was made once before in this department a long time ago. Even those who remember reading about the idea before will not be sorry to be reminded of a pleasant way to add to the interest and value of their books.

You all are aware that there are coming from the presses all the time excellent pictures relating to everything under the sun, and especially to the scenes and characters of well known books. The suggestion we would make is that you preserve such of these as may come in your way, and then use them to illustrate your own books. It will be easy, for instance, to secure portraits of the authors in whom you delight, and it often is not at all hard to find pictures of noted places referred to in the text of the book. Do not be in too great a hurry about pasting in what you find. It is wiser to keep an envelop — large enough to hold the pictures without bending them — and collect whatever comes to hand and is thought fit for your purpose. After you have a fair amount of material, you can sort out the best and prepare it for the book. Some grown-up people who give a great deal of time, thought, and money to this "extra-illustrating," as it is called, have the pictures so prepared as to seem made for the volume; but this would not be worth your trouble. It will be best for you to mount your pictures on thin paper cut to the size of the book, and then fix these in their places with just a touch of paste.

COMPLETE SETS OF AUTHORS' WORKS.

If you will notice the bookcases in your friends' libraries, you will be likely to see many books in uniform bindings — sets of authors' works. It seems to be a fashion among most book-buyers to buy all the works of a single writer. This may be wise for those who have lived long enough to be sure what they like. But a young reader would be wiser to buy only the single volumes in which he is for the time interested, being careful to buy volumes of a standard edition, so that, when later he wishes to buy other volumes of the same author, his set will be uniform.

So long as books were a great rarity, such advice was not needed, and those who wrote giving counsel to young readers saw little reason to warn them against allowing books to accumulate too rapidly. Now, in these days of inexpensive books, the caution is needed.

AN ESSAY BY AN INDIAN BOY.

We clip from a recent copy of the New York "Tribune" the following forcible piece of writing, said to be by a young Indian pupil not yet so familiar with the English language as he is with the "noble quadruped" he has chosen for the subject of his essay: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the

stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and such other like animals."

A CAUTION TO READERS. THERE are persons so fond of reading aloud that they are ready to oblige their friends in or out of season by the presentation of poems or stories at all hours. Most people are willing to listen to a good reader, but remember that the question, "Would n't you like me to read you so-and-so?" is not easy to answer if one happens not to be in a listening mood. Maybe it would be better to say, "This is a very interesting description of an avalanche in the Alps." Then you will see by the answer whether reading it will be welcome. Those whose minds work very quickly are sometimes annoyed by hearing something they could enjoy if they read it to themselves. Besides, tastes differ.

COMPOUND INTEREST. IN reading upon a given subject it will be found that the interest increases according to one of the bothersome rules you have in your arithmetics — by compound rather than by simple interest. That is, every fact you learn about a subject which pleases you will give you greater enjoyment of everything that relates to the same matter.

This is especially true in reading books about foreign lands; each fact helps the interest of every succeeding one. If, for instance, you begin to make yourself acquainted with China, that land where all our ideas seem turned either inside out or upside down, the first reading will make the second not only easier but more interesting; and by the time you have read two or three books on the "Celestial Empire" you will be likely to seize every opportunity to learn more of those fascinating people who care so little about the great Western world that some of us are inclined to think is the only part of the earth that counts.

Then, when you know something of China, how can you refuse to learn the wonderful story of Japan's leap from the middle ages into the life of the present day? And here again the law of compound interest applies — the more you read, the more pleasure the reading will bring.

TOO MUCH "SYSTEM." IT is natural for readers, both young and old, to enjoy change — to turn from one sort of book to another; and yet many think they must keep at each one until it is finished. The over-systematic reader is likely to lose enjoyment of an author by losing the freshness of interest that would come after giving some time to another species of writing. But when you lay a volume aside it would be well to set a time for taking it up again, so that you may be reminded of the unfinished task. Keeping a diary is an excellent thing if it be used to remind you of what you intend to carry out in the future. It is a simple matter to turn to a date a week or so ahead, and there make a memorandum, so that when you reach the appointed time you will not forget "unfinished business."

THE SECOND READING. A GERMAN philosopher makes the suggestion that any book at all important should be read a second time, and that this second reading should at once follow the first. He gives his reasons, which is very kind of him, for philosophers often forget that what is plain to them may be obscure to less studious mortals.

He says the second reading makes the beginning of the book clear because of the light shed by the end. The re-reading also gives a new view of the book, since we are in a new state of mind, and thus have different impressions.

One does not have to be a German philosopher to see the sense of this; an American girl or boy is quite equal to grasping it.

But sometimes her Majesty, Queen Commonsense the Good, goes about among us, her loyal subjects, disguised as Miss What-Everybody-Knows, and remains unknown until a really wise man shows that we are entertaining royalty *incog* and in *mufti*.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family twelve years, my sister taking you eleven years, while I have taken you one year. I love you dearly and wish to take you many more years to come.

I have a little fox-terrier whose name is "Bob." He is just one year and two and a half months old. Bob is very bright and can do many tricks; he can beg, speak (bark), and jump for things. He can also catch things in his mouth and jump over a stick. He loves to go out walking, and has to have his strap and collar on when he goes on streets where there are cars and dogs. His strap has nickel on it, which makes a noise if rattled; and if I am upstairs and he down and I rattle it, he comes bouncing upstairs. He begs to me because he knows he is going out walking, and is very happy. Bob knows that hats mean going outdoors, and so when he sees mine on me he begs for his strap and collar. He is very beautifully marked and is a thorough-bred. One day, or at least evening, he was very sleepy, and my cousin was petting him. Robert, my cousin, said: "Pussy-cats!" Bob jumped up and barked and made a great fuss (he knew what "pussy-cats" meant). Another time he saw a cat, but did nothing but stare. He has done many more cute things, too many to tell.

I love "King Arthur and his Knights," and all the prose and poems.

Your affectionate and ardent reader,

JULIA MUSSER (age 12).

BRADWELL LODGE,
DEER PARK, TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt is giving you to me for a year. Deer Park is a very pretty little place with many pines and spruces, and we have a big field to play in. I am ten years old and I have two sisters, Marjorie and Marion. There is about two inches of snow on the ground, and I hope it will stay. I have just received the Christmas number this morning, and I have been reading "A Comedy in Wax," and I like it so much, and also the "Two Little New York Maids."

I remain your loving reader,

OTTILIE SCHREIBER.

"GROVE FARM," IPSWICH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you since July, and I like you better than any magazine that I have ever read. We live in a house at "Grove Farm" in Ipswich, Massachusetts. There are two houses on the place, one of which is about two hundred and sixty years old. I don't know how old the one that we live in is, but it is not half so pretty. I think that the list of books in the chapter of Books and Reading is fine, and I have read a good many of them.

I must close now, so good-by. Your loving reader,

HERBERT DUDLEY HALE, JR. (age 10).

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have many squirrels around our home; they live in the top of our house right over our play-room. There is one little squirrel which we call "Mr. Gray." Once Mr. Gray was caught in a trap. He was so cunning father thought he would keep him. He sent for a trap, but that night when we went to bed the poor little thing cried so piteously that father let him go.

Yours truly,

CATHERINE C. COOK (age 9).

LITTLE DOROTHY'S MISTAKE.

BY M. LOUISE SMITH.

LITTLE maid Dorothy goes to school
And studies her lessons well.
She is only five, but, "sakes alive!"
Every "'rithmetic sign" she can tell.

The "add-to pluses" stand up like this, +,
And the "take-aways" flatly lie, —.
The "times like an ×" do sometimes vex,
And the "intos" (÷) cause many a sigh.

But little maid Dorothy knows them all,
And can name them with never a stop —
Though 't was funny to-day when we heard her say,
"There 's a church with a plus on the top."

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am six years old. Uncle Jim sent you to me for Christmas. I don't go to school, but mama teaches me to read and write. I can read in the Third Reader, but I can't read the ST. NICHOLAS alone. Mama and grandma read it to me. I enjoy the children's writing very much, and the picture of the woodchuck. Next year I will be able to read it alone, so I hope Uncle Jim will send it to me again.

Good-by,

HARRY L. ALDRICH, JR.

RATZÖTZ BRIXEN,
SÜD TIROL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stayed part of this summer on the Island of Rügen in the Baltic. We found several pieces of amber in the seaweed on the shore. We also found some round, finger-shaped pieces of stone which looked like flint. Some of the broken pieces we found were about four inches long. A man in a shop told me that they were called "Donnerkeil," or "thunderbolts."

We have already had a good fall of snow here and some coasting. We did not have any till Christmas last year.

Your affectionate reader,

WALTER WHITE.

BEVERLY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me last Christmas and I enjoy you very much.

My Aunt Ellen used to take you when she was about the same age as myself, and so she lets me have the back numbers to look at. I enjoyed them so much that I was given the magazine for Christmas. Hoping to take you many more years, as I am only eleven, I remain,

Your loving reader,

ELEANOR WALKER.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Primrose, Hyacinth, Snowdrop.

NOVEL TRANSPOSITIONS. 1. Bears, bores; 2. sweat, waits; 3. roses, ogres; 4. laces, gales; 5. ashes, eases; 6. abyss, brass; 7. pales, parse; 8. louts, tools; 9. tasks, stack, Aeschylus, Correggio.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. 1. Chant. 2. Japan. 3. Happy. 4. Helen. 5. Reels. From 1 to 2, capes; 3 to 4, apple; 5 to 6, taper.

DIAGONAL. Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Copyright. 2. Planetary. 3. Clergyman. 4. Provision. 5. Precedent. 6. Marmalade. 7. Guatemala. 8. Observant. 9. Recommend.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Wellington. 1. Saw. 2. Tweezers. 3. Rule. 4. Awl. 5. Chisel. 6. Pincers. 7. Auger. 8. Hatchet. 9. Spokeshave. 10. Punch.

CROSS-PURPOSES. 1. Trick, truck. 2. Skill, skull. 3. Pride, prude. 4. Chink, chunk. 5. Trist, trust. 6. Stiff, stuff. 7. Taint, taunt. 8. Elide, elude. 9. Trice, truce.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

ANAGRAM. Theodore Roosevelt.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Grant. 1. Negro, Nero. 2. First, fist. 3. Beast, best. 4. Rinse, rise. 5. Motor, moor.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Subtracted letters, Windstorms; added letters, young lambs. 1. War, w, y, ray. 2. Side, i, o, dose. 3. Men, n, u, emu. 4. Draw, d, n, warn. 5. Ass, s, g, gas. 6. Time, t, l, mile. 7. Lose, o, a, sale. 8. Star, r, m, mast. 9. Gem, m, b, beg. 10. Vase, s, s, save.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Mabel, George, and Henri — Joe Carlada — Ross M. Craig — "Teddy and Muvver" — Grace Haren — M. McG. — Marian A. Smith — C. Leonard Talpey — William Ellis Keysor — Annie Lee and Louis — Katharine C. Bowly — Mary V. Sullivan — Marian P. Toulmin — Laura E. Jones — Sidney F. Kimball — "Chuck" — Florence R. Elwell — "Allil and Adi" — Dorothy E. Downing — Marion Thomas — Florence Du Bois — Christine Graham — Jean Barkalow — "Johnny Bear" — "Get" — Annie C. Smith — Emerson Grant Sutcliffe — Jo and I — Nettie Barnwell — Louise K. Cowdrey — Annette Howe Carpenter — Frederick Greenwood — Florence Guida Steel — Marian Elizabeth Ingalls — Lilian Sarah Burt — Gordon and Sydney Rutherford — Stella Weinstein — Edith L. Fischer — Mary Randell Bacon — Virginia Gillesby.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from W. Auger, 1 — H. L. Godwin, 1 — Alice C. and Alan C. Livingston, 2 — Dorothea M. Dexter, 6 — Phyllis Bigelow, 1 — "Marcia and Co.," 10 — Omira D. Bailey, 1 — Elizabeth Pilling, 1 — John Allen, 1 — Katharine Boshart, 6 — W. Bruce McKerall, 5 — Emmet Russell, 3 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — Marshall T. Tirrell, 10 — Martha G. Schreyer, 9 — Amy E. Mayo, 2 — M. Blanche Kimber, 1 — Helen J. Jelliffe, 10 — C. C. Anthony, 8 — Burt H. Smith, 2 — Florence Doane, 1 — Sidney Gamble, 10.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A SPRING flower. 2. An idol. 3. To mark with a name. 4. A deputy. 5. People of an ancient race.

HELEN DEAN FISH (League Member).

A MAGIC SQUARE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

A	L	S	P	B	E	K	J	M	O
R	O	J	I	N	I	E	N	C	D
Y	C	P	O	T	F	O	B	R	S
G	E	E	X	M	A	F	T	B	K
S	L	E	S	P	E	N	L	I	U
N	A	O	T	A	U	R	A	P	S
L	U	H	P	R	N	U	S	I	A
C	E	S	C	D	T	B	U	O	K
O	A	M	J	B	N	S	N	O	R
E	L	S	R	E	C	A	L	T	D

START at a certain letter in the bottom line, proceed in any *diagonal* direction, and spell the name of a great celebration soon to begin in one of our large cities. (Suppose S is the starting-point; from S one could go to A or J but not to L or M or R.)

Start at a certain letter in the top line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell the names of two men prominent in the historical event which this celebration commemorates. Each letter is to be used but once.

FRANK DOLIN.

CHARADE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is full of danger great,
And truly many a *second*
Has fallen there; my *whole* should be
Gently toward safety beckoned;
For he is stupid — yes, and slow;
Pray how should he the danger know?

DOROTHEA M. DEXTER.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Doubly behead and curtail to hinder, and leave the evening before a holiday. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a maker, and leave to devour. 3. Doubly behead and curtail the virtue or quality of a thing, separated from its grosser parts, and leave a Japanese coin. 4. Doubly behead and curtail majestic, and leave consumed. 5. Doubly behead and curtail to raise to a higher station, and leave a feminine name. 6. Doubly behead and curtail carriers, and leave a common verb.

When the six little words are written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third word, the second letter of the fourth word, and so on. These letters will spell a spring festival.

HOWARD HOSMER (League Member).

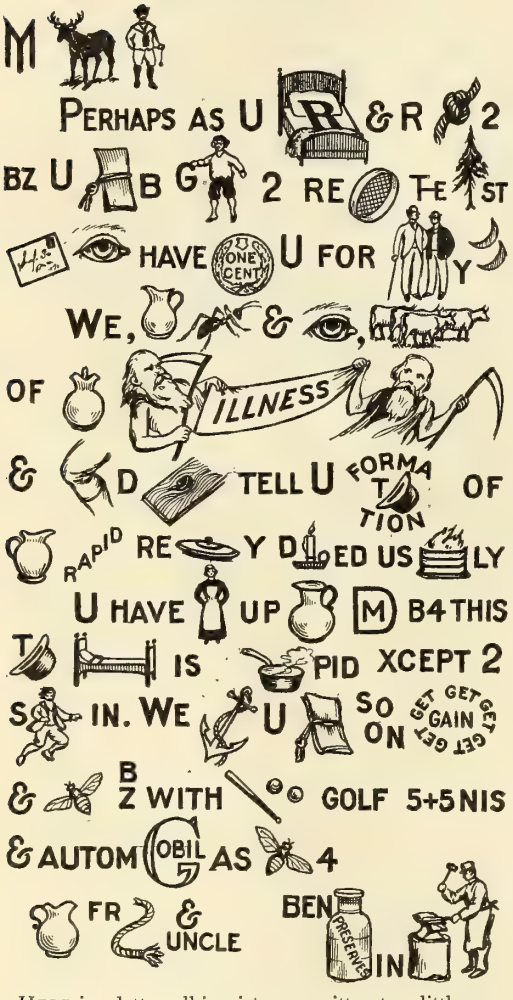
CHARADE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is the name of a boy;
My *second* the name of a girl;
My *third* is a thing that folks often do—
The word that stands for it is "hurl."
My *fourth* is a dainty that 's baked
In a dish both round and flat;
My *whole* means wise generosity—
See what you can make out of that!

JOHN V. S. BLOODGOOD.

REBUS LETTER.



HERE is a letter, all in pictures, written to a little convalescent. How many can read it?

CHARLES D. DOUBLEDAY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the title of a book; my finals spell the name of its author.

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Relating to a city. 2. A cheerless tract of country. 3. A feminine name. 4. One who wastes time. 5. A shallow place. 6. One of the senses. 7. Meditates. 8. Requested. 9. Small Italian coins. 10. Pertaining to a cone. 11. An expression of dismay. 12. Verse. 13. A constellation named after a hunter. 14. Small singing birds.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR (League Member).

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1 . . . 4
. * . * .
* . . . *
. * . * .
* . . . *
. * . * .
* . . . *
. 2 . 3 .

CROSS-WORDS. 1. Sharp and harsh to the taste. 2. A wading bird. 3. A rapier. 4. Apartments. 5. To extend. 6. A decree. 7. The plea of defense under which a person on trial for a crime tries to prove that he was in another place when the act was committed. 8. Something brought to Bethlehem by the three wise men.

From 1 to 2, a spring holiday; from 3 to 4, a city occupied by Grant in April, 1865.

PHILIP STARK (League Member).

CONCEALED ZIGZAG.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell the name of a sage.

1. Here comes the cab; let us go.
2. Either the man or the boy is responsible.
3. There are hidden seven objects of value.
4. It is the treble clef, therefore you are wrong.
5. Mr. Smith induced many of the workmen to strike.
6. The hat-rack stood in the hall.
7. The friar-bird is a queer creature.
8. I consider the last part unessential.
9. Hans was a lad of German descent.

EDWIN P. LEHMAN (League Member).

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS. 1. To yield. 2. Acuteness. 3. To butcher. 4. Causing sickness. 5. Unmoved. 6. To decay. 7. Soldiers who abandon service without leave. 8. Those who design. 9. One who offers himself for an office. 10. A builder of houses. 11. To extort money by threats. 12. Noisy. 13. Small cakes made of eggs, almonds, and sugar. 14. A band of musicians.

From 3 to 4, a well known character in a play written by the dramatist named from 1 to 2. He was born in April.

HOWARD HOSMER.

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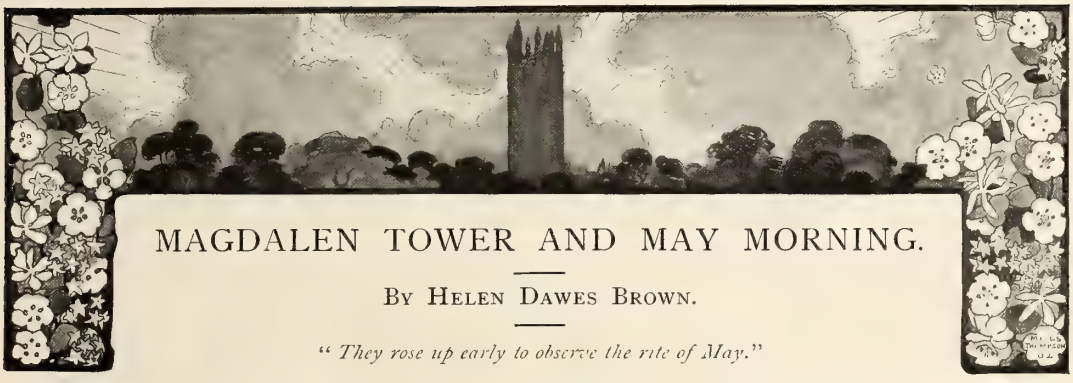
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"MERRILY, MERRILY SHALL I LIVE NOW,
UNDER THE BLOSSOM THAT HANGS ON THE BOUGH."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. MAY, 1904. NO. 7.



MAGDALEN TOWER AND MAY MORNING.

BY HELEN DAWES BROWN.

"They rose up early to observe the rite of May."

THEY were two American girls, not very young and not very old, and their names were Alice and Barbara. They rose and dressed before daylight, stole downstairs candle in hand, mastered the bolts and the bars of an English house door, and whispered and tiptoed their way out of a sleeping house before the clock struck four. Once upon the Oxford street in the cold of the morning, with the lamps burning weird and yellow in the last darkness, the elder sister, overcome by the enormity of their escapade, whispered, "Oh, let us go back! I *never* was out at such a creepy hour before. *Do* go back."

"The idea!" was all the adventurous Barbara would answer.

They sped through the silent streets, still speaking in whispers. Birds were beginning to waken behind high garden walls. The morning air was fragrant with the scent of young flowers and shrubs. Sober Oxford was yet fast asleep, and the city was given over to birds and flowers and Alice and Barbara.

A gate in a red brick wall was reached, and the girl of courage rang the bell till it clanged loud and long. The forbidding gate led to a hospitable garden, and thence to a hospitable house and lamp-lit breakfast-table. Here were more Americans and a kindly English hostess.

"To be invited out to breakfast at four o'clock!" sighed Alice, contentedly, as she ate her toast and bacon and drank her tea.

The daylight had meanwhile been gaining upon them. They came out of the doorway into a world of smoked pearl, lighted by masses of white blossoms.

A fly stood at the gate. "A fly!" sighed Alice again. "Actually to ride in a *fly* after all these years of reading Dickens."

The little American party drove merrily through the still, gray streets. At the gate of

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MAGDALEN BRIDGE AND TOWER FROM THE RIVER.



MAGDALEN TOWER FROM THE STREET.

Magdalen College they divided: the adventurous to mount the tower, the poorer-spirited to remain below in the cloisters. Up climbed Barbara — up a ladder, then by a stair, last by another and steeper ladder, her English companion panting forth historical facts as they mounted:

"The tower was begun in 1492, — a great date of your own, Miss Barbara, — and it was finished in 1507. Its height is one hundred and forty-five feet. Three — hundred — people — can — stand — on — the — top."

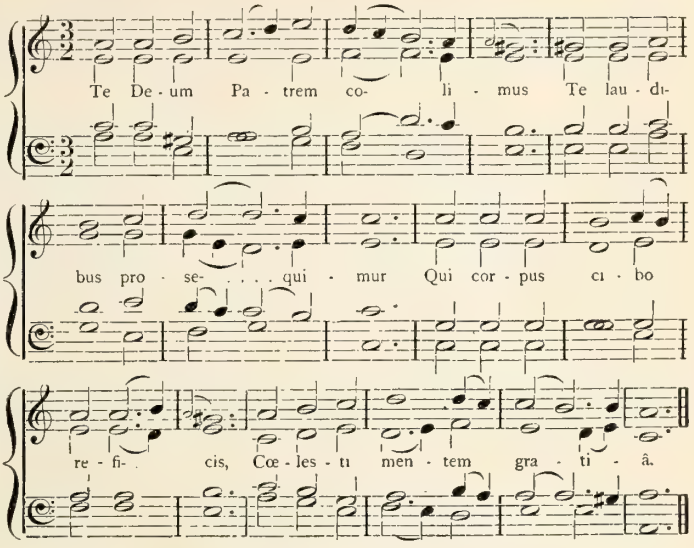
And by this the poor lady's breath was quite gone. The less enterprising of the party were supplied with chairs, and sat comfortably in the cloisters, while far above their heads the company gathered on the top of the beautiful Magdalen Tower. The center of the group was the white-robed college choir.

On May morning, from time immemorial, the Magdalen choir has sung a hymn at sunrise from the summit of their tower. The custom is so old, indeed, that it is lost "in the dark backward and abysm of time," as Shakspere said.

Meanwhile, outside the college, upon Magdalen Bridge, crowds waited to hear the May

music. Bicyclists had come in from all the country round, and the small boys of Oxford were out in force. Yet the hush of the strange hour fell upon them all.

To grave Alice, standing in the ivied arch of the Founder's Tower, the stillness that came before the music seemed its most fitting prelude. She was glad that laughing Barbara had had her way, and had left her below to her meditations. Never had the old stone tower looked more lovely than in the pearly light of the dawn. The dull gray was now turning to rose-color in the east, though it was proving a softly lighted English day, and of a rather hazy sunshine.



The moment the hour of five had sounded, the choir-master's signal was given, and the



THE CHOIR ON MAGDALEN TOWER SINGING AT SUNRISE.

delightful, calm stillness of the morning was broken by even lovelier strains of music.

This is the sweet, solemn Latin hymn with which the choir welcomed that rosy May morning:

Te Deum Patrem colimus
Te laudibus prosequimur
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Cœlesti mentem gratiâ.

"It is far better to let the music come down to us, as if it came from a gateway of heaven," said those looking upward from the cloister or from Magdalen Bridge.

"To stand so near the sky and mingle with the music is a foretaste of heaven," was said, no doubt, by those upon the tower.

Between the stanzas there fell a stillness. There seemed not the least murmur of a leaf, not the slightest whisper of the air, to mar the wondrous silence.

As the music of the hymn at last died away, there rang out over Oxford wild, joyous bells announcing the 1st of May. The sleeping city must waken now and join in praise of the springtime.

If this celebration of May morning were all a solemnity, it would be out of character. It would be neither the Englishman nor the college boy that would take such a ceremony altogether seriously.

To the astonishment of the grave Alice and to the delight of Barbara, just as Magdalen's bells began to ring, the undergraduates seized one another's caps and gowns, and sent them flying over the tower battlements. The black-winged gowns looked like huge birds fluttering and circling in the air. The fun was great when a cap alighted on a high roof or a gown floated gracefully into a tree-top. This was one of the eagerly awaited opportunities of the college "scout," who turned a penny by rescuing stray caps and gowns.

Alice and Barbara walked back to the Banbury Road. To some of the slumbering household the night was not yet over, and the American maidens had still the sense of an escapade, spite of the presence of an English chaperon. Softly they lifted the heavy gate-latch, and stealthily they fitted the key into the great house door. They lighted their candle again, and stole upstairs through the darkened house, just as the clocks were striking six.



"CAPS AND GOWNS OVER THE TOWER BATTLEMENTS."

"Do you feel more like a ghost or a burglar?" whispered Barbara.

"Am I walking in my sleep?" Alice murmured. "Was that music in a dream?"



THE COMING AND THE GOING OF PETE.

By Noah Brooks.

He came to us in one of the solitary places of the Platte River valley, in western Nebraska. There were five of us, four young men and a boy of fifteen, on our way across the continent from the Missouri to the Sacramento. In those days — for this was many, many years ago — there was no way of crossing the Great Plains but that of following the trail afoot, with ox-teams, horseback, or other simple means of travel. In crossing the plains, men first had the trackless wilderness to penetrate; next came the trace, showing where a few wayfarers had passed; then the trail was formed by many feet turned toward the west; after that was the wagon-track made by the emigrant-wagons of gold-seekers bound to California; the stage-road came soon after, and, last of all, was the iron railway. We were on the trail as it was turning into a wagon-track.

Late one afternoon, just as we had camped on the grassy banks of the river, a large yellow dog came out of the underbrush and regarded us with some anxiety. Being encouraged by a few kindly calls, for it seemed queer to see a dog wandering in that lonely and uninhabited place, he came into camp, forlorn and suspicious.

He was tall, coarse-haired, with foxy ears and a club-shaped tail. We tried him with various names that are common in dog history — Bose, Tray, Duke, Turk, and so on; but to none of these did he make reply until some one said "Pete!" At this he gave a diffident little jump and a bark. Thenceforward he was Pete, and Pete he remained until the end of the story.

As we happened to have plenty of buffalo meat in camp that night, Pete was given a good supper. He was ravenously hungry, and while he was eagerly gnawing a bone he suddenly dropped it with a yelp of pain. Going to the poor beast to see what was the trouble, I passed my hand along his jaw, and found a lump under the skin, as if some part of the jawbone were broken and out of place. The gentle pressure of my hand put the bone into place again, and Pete, with a grunt of satisfaction, went on with his supper. After that, as long as he was with us, Pete would run to me, whimpering, whenever his ravenous feeding brought on his grief. As he laid his nose on my knee, I pressed back the troublesome lump, and Pete ceased his complaints. But he learned to be careful of his wounded jaw, and avoided wrenching it when gnawing his food.

One of the wayfarers whom we occasionally met on the trail toward the setting sun, seeing me perform this painless little surgical operation for Pete some weeks after he came to us, said that he knew the dog. His master, he said, was a brutal fellow, and, being angry with the dog one day, struck him violently on the head with the butt of his rifle. The dog fled howling from the camp, and probably in this way became a wanderer until he made our acquaintance and found friends.

We all liked Pete, and he was on the most intimate terms with all in the camp; but there were two reasons why he attached himself chiefly to me: I had first helped him in trouble, and I had charge of the "grub" in the camp. On the plains, and in fact in all camps, the food is never known by any name but that of grub. From my hands, usually, came the food that was so welcome to Pete. One kind of food which we all liked was known as flapjacks; and Pete liked flapjacks as well as the rest of the camp did. But the labor of cooking them, one at a time in the frying-pan, was too great to make us willing that Pete should have many. To turn a flapjack over in the pan, it is necessary to loosen it a little around the edges, and toss it in the air in such a way that when it comes down in the pan it will be with the cooked side up; and to do this well requires experience. Sometimes, while the cake or flapjack was turning in the air, the wind would catch it

and it would light on the ground instead of in the pan — that flapjack, broken and gritty with sand, was Pete's. And he would solemnly and wistfully sit by the fire watching the cooking of the flapjacks, and waiting for the accidents that were to give him a share of the good things. After a while he became so expert in the art of catching the flying cakes that he knew just when one was going to strike the ground, and his jaws snapped on it before it finally landed in the sand. It might be a pretty hot morsel for Mr. Pete, but he never complained.



"PANTING WITH EXCITEMENT AND FATIGUE, HE LEAPED UP TO MY SHOULDERS."

Our house was a tent, taken down every morning before we turned our faces westward again, and pitched every night on a soft and level spot of earth. Pete was never allowed to sleep in the tent with us, much to his surprise and discontent; but he discovered where I slept near the wall of the tent, and made himself a bed as near the canvas as he could get, and kept watch all night.

When we reached the alkali country, Pete suffered a great deal from sore feet. The alkali makes the spring water unfit for drinking, and makes rough and dry the skins of persons traveling over the trail. After a while Pete's feet were so sore that we made him ride in the wagon.

In Salt Lake City we camped on the edge of the town in an open, grassy square, called Emigrant Square, as directed by the officers of the place. One fine morning we woke to find our oxen gone, although they had been carefully chained to our wagon-wheels the night before. How had anybody unchained the cattle without making any noise? and why did not Pete give the alarm when the thieves came to our camp? Pete! Sure enough, where was Pete? He was nowhere to be found. In vain we searched through the camps of other emigrants; neither the dog nor the oxen were to be seen. The loss of the cattle was most severe, of course, for without oxen we could not go on to California; but to lose Pete was like losing one of our party.

Next day we discovered the cattle in an inclosure that had been covered with brush, as

if to hide what was within. The owner of the place said he found the oxen running at large, and he had taken them up to wait for the rightful owners to appear. He knew nothing about a yellow dog with foxy ears. We thought it best to get out of Salt Lake City at once, and, yoking our cattle to the wagon, we started for Box Elder, a little settlement to the north of the town. With heavy hearts, we jogged along across the fields until we struck the road leading to the settlement. Turning back to look at Salt Lake City, which is a very beautifully situated place near the Great Salt Lake, we saw something leaping through the tall grass of the meadows below us. It came leaping and bounding, rising and falling in the waving windrows of grass, only half visible to us on the road above. "It 's Pete!" cried the boy of the camp. "It 's dear old Peter, as sure 's I 'm alive!"

Sure enough, it was our faithful dog. Panting with excitement and fatigue, for he had run several miles, he leaped up to my shoulders, grinning from ear to ear. He seemed to say, "Is n't this great!" Then he leaped on each member of the party, one after another, with a short, sharp bark of joy. On his neck was a bit of rope by which he had been tied by his captors. The end of the rope showed that he had chewed it through and in that way had made his escape. But how did he know where to look for us? I don't know.

When we came to the Great Desert, Pete had hard lines indeed. Food was scarce, and the only water we had to drink was that which we had



"HE BROUGHT IT INTO CAMP AND LAID IT AT MY FEET." (SEE PAGE 586.)

brought along with us. Usually emigrants planned their journey so as to cross the waterless and treeless desert places in the night, resting at the springs scattered along at great intervals. We had no meat but the salt bacon, and we lived on bacon and stewed beans cooked by a tiny fire made from fuel brought in the wagon. Pete refused beans until, after a time, he became very hungry and was near starving; then he consented to eat some into which a little of our slender stock of bread had been crumbled. Near Rabbit Hole Springs, then a famous watering-place on the dry and dreary desert, Pete caught a small animal resembling a chipmunk or ground-squirrel. He brought it into camp and laid it at my feet, but with a hungry look that seemed to say: "It would be only fair if you gave this to me to eat." Of course Pete got the bit of fresh meat he had brought into camp.

Later on in the desert tramp, we made a night march of nearly forty miles across a wild waste of sand which was not difficult for the feet of man, but was rather heavy for wagon-wheels. The face of the country was rolling and not at all rocky, and as the trail was clear and easy for travel, I wrapped a light blanket about me, for the nights were cool, and went on ahead of the train, Pete following close at my heels. It was a still and starlight night, with only a gentle sigh of the winds breathing over the vast, untrodden, treeless wilderness. The silence was so utter, so complete, that Pete at my heels grew uneasy, and once in a while left the trail behind me and capered up by my side with a forlorn whimper, as if he could not bear that awful silence any longer. I spoke to him with a laugh which seemed to make him understand that things were all right, and then he would drop back contentedly to his place at my heels and give no more trouble until the lonesome fit seized him again.

We reached a deep swale in the sand after a long walk, and, much to Pete's satisfaction, settled down for a rest. He crawled under my blanket, and there, in the stillness of the desert, with the stars blinking down upon us from the dark, dark sky above, I could fancy that we were lost in the lonely heart of the continent. There might be oceans of water, noisy cities, clattering factories, and shrieking railway trains somewhere in the world; but here was nothing but the most complete desolation, a silence that could almost be felt. Presently Pete stirred uneasily and poked his nose out from under the blanket with a grumble. Hearing nothing, I scolded him for his suspicion; but he would not be still, and while I could hear nothing in the darkness, although I listened intently, he bounded out with a tremendous bark, and kept it up in spite of my scolding. Presently, from out of the gloom I heard the voice of one of our fellow-emigrants, who, knowing that I had gone on ahead, had pressed on to overtake me. Pete had detected his light footsteps on the sand when he was a full mile distant from us!

About midnight of our last day in the desert, as we plunged down a steep gulch, we found ourselves, to our great surprise, in the midst of a large camp of emigrants. They were literally camping on the trail — a very foolish thing to do, as anybody can see. Instantly all was confusion. In our train was a drove of cattle, and the foolish campers had a drove lying about their tents. Dogs barked, cattle bellowed, men shouted, and for a time the noise and tumult were great. After a while we managed to get matters straightened out, and, gathering up our own, we plodded on down the trail and out into the rock-strewn plain beyond.

After we had tramped onward a few miles into the weariness of the desert, somebody said, "Where 's Pete?" We whistled and we called, but there was no reply. Pete seldom left my side for even so much as an hour when we were in camp, and never before had left me on the trail. Two of us went back on the trail, and, mounting a big boulder, called and whistled for the missing dog. But all in vain. From where we stood we could see the white tents of the campers shining in the starlight; but there was no sign of Pete. Perhaps his master was in the camp of the men on the trail, and Pete may have been captured by him. Perhaps a camper, anxious to own a dog, had time, in the midst of the hurly-burly, to snare and tie him up to his wagon-wheel. I doubt not that, if free, he certainly would have followed us to the end of the continent. But we never knew whither he vanished, and we never saw him again.

TOM'S SUNSHINE ENGINE.

By Meredith Nugent.

And just to think of it! the "weather man" predicted still more rain. Tom wondered when his engine would have an opportunity of showing how well it could work. "Oh, if the sun would only shine for a few minutes!" he exclaimed irritably; then burying himself in the big chair, he dreamed of his rambles in sunny California the winter previous. As he recalled the days spent in golden orange-groves he smacked his lips in exasperation, and then not even the remembrance of the fine salmon taken from the Penobscot, nor the merry times he had passed with Rohel York trout-fishing in the Rangeleys, could convince him that his own State of Maine was not the dreariest place on earth.

Tom's sunshine engine was a contrivance of his own, and he was very proud of it. It consisted of a stiff writing-paper fly-wheel eight inches in diameter, a paper flanged wheel, straw uprights to support the straw walking-beam and the axle, a split straw driving-rod and piston, and a paper cylinder. The two upright straw supports for the flanged driving-wheel each measured five inches in length, and these were fastened to a discarded glass negative with sealing-wax — absolutely perpendicular, you may be sure. The engine was Tom's invention, and for the benefit of other boys who might wish to make one like it, I will tell you how Tom made his. He began by making a flanged driving-wheel. To do this he pricked three holes in a strip of paper, one for the pin, another 1½ inches from this, and a third ½ inch farther on from the first one.

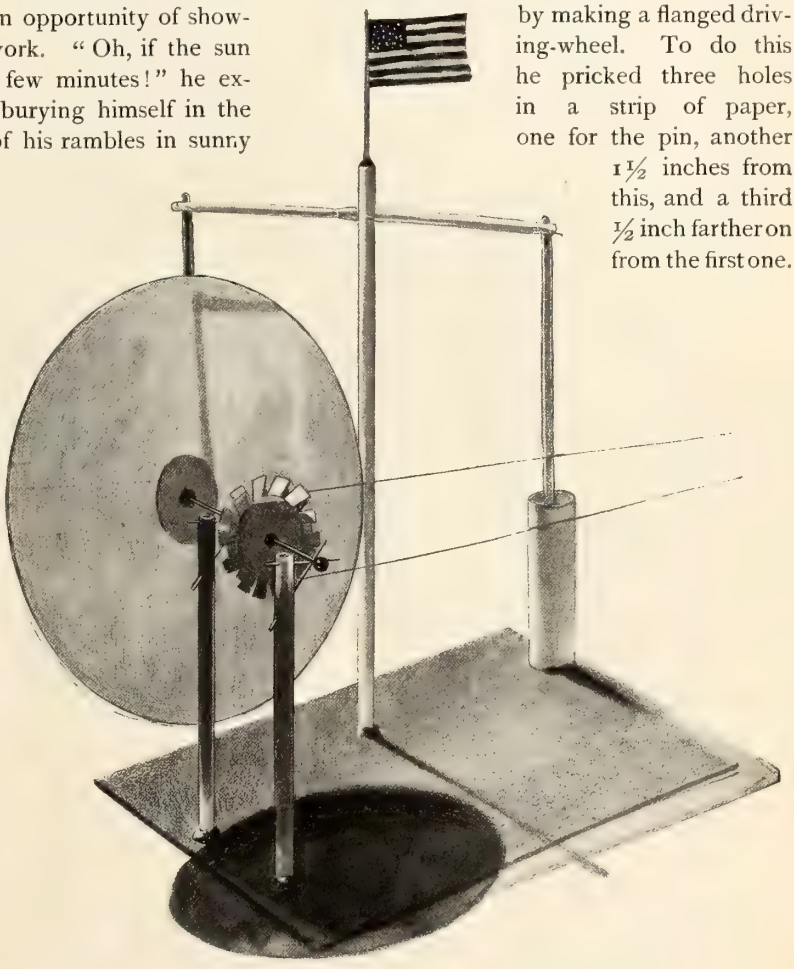


FIG. 1. THE "ENGINE," SHOWING FLY-WHEEL AND FLANGED DRIVING-WHEEL.

Then, laying this strip on a sheet of stiff writing-paper, he pressed a pin through the first hole, placed a pencil-point in the second and described a circle, and then placed the pencil in the third hole and described another circle. After this he marked off the outer circle with a pencil at about every three sixteenths of an inch. On every mark he cut a slit toward the exact

center of the disk as far as the inner pencil circle, not a hairbreadth farther. Then, holding the disk ever so gently, he turned one little cut projection in one direction, and the next in the opposite, just as you see in Fig. 2.

He then made of cardboard a wheel 8 inches in diameter, over the center of which, on both sides, he pasted a small circle of paper to stiffen the wheel where the axle came through.

Straw uprights, he found, were ever so much better than wooden ones, and he strove with all the care possible as he stuck the needles into the uprights, as shown in Fig. 1. Through each of these two vertical straws he thrust a needle at an acute angle upward, and just above where these entered he thrust in another at exactly right angles to each straw. Then through the

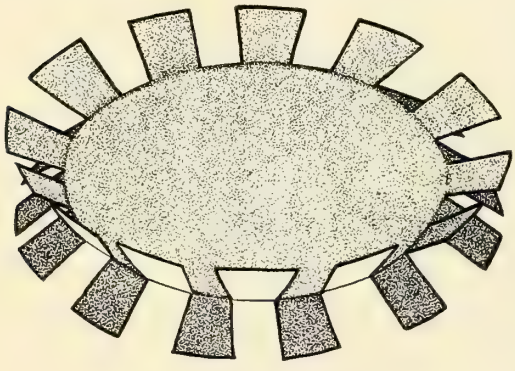


FIG. 2. THE FLANGED DRIVING-WHEEL.

exact center of the flanged wheel he put a "stickpin," and on the point of this he pressed the large wheel. Then he laid this stickpin with its two wheels on the projecting needles, as shown in Fig. 1.

Now he fastened a long straw upright in position, and attached the straw cross-beam to it with a pin, so that it worked without the slightest friction. To each end of the cross-beam he suspended a split straw, one to serve as a piston, the other as a driving-rod. A pin bent as shown in Fig. 3 was stuck through the crank-rod and into the fly-wheel. The holes pierced in the straws were large enough to prevent any but the slightest friction, yet not so large as to permit the pinheads to come through. The dangling piston was allowed to move up and down in a writing-paper cylinder.

When the engine was completed Tom's eyes fairly gleamed with satisfaction, and little Gyp just barked and jumped at him as though she were equally pleased.

Then Tom went to work on the "power plant," as he called it, for as a matter of fact the part that we have just described as if it were the "engine" is in reality the "load," or the driven part; it was Tom's joke that made it appear as if the load were driving the engine.

We will now describe the "sure enough" engine — the part that Tom said really "did the business."

He attached a square bit of cardboard to one end of a knitting-needle with plenty of sealing-wax, and then with more sealing-wax fastened straws on top of this at exactly the same distances apart. Over these straws he drew half-sheets of writing-paper, and fastened these in position with sealing-wax, so that they should all remain at the same angle (Fig. 3). Then he stuck a circle of pins around a slice of a large cork, so that they formed oblique angles upward. Then, just above where these pierced the cork, he placed another circle of pins at oblique angles downward. He used a wooden upright, to the top of which he attached one end of a piece of cardboard at right angles, as shown in the picture. Near the projecting end of this cardboard he bored a hole, and about this fastened three needles with sealing-wax, so as to form a small triangle for the vertical knitting-needle to revolve in. He also fastened a bit of cardboard with a hole in it to the negative upon which the wooden upright was fastened, and placed three needles across this also, so as to form a triangle directly under the upper one. These needle triangles are not shown in Fig. 3, and are really not absolutely necessary. Then, to avoid any chance of friction, he sharpened the lower end of the knitting-needle with coarse sandpaper. This done he lowered the point of the knitting-needle down to the opening in the horizontal cardboard strip, pressed the point of it exactly through the center of the cork wheel, and lowered it again until the sharp tip rested on the glass negative. Nothing remained but to connect the cork wheel and the paper-flanged wheel of the other "engine" with a piece of thread hanging rather loosely, as shown in picture.

And now, if the sun would only shine! Tom's engine stood right in front of the large south window, a gem of careful workmanship, but as motionless as though it were never intended to move. The clouds still scudded rapidly northward as the boy hurried to school the next morning, and not a sign could he detect of clearing weather.

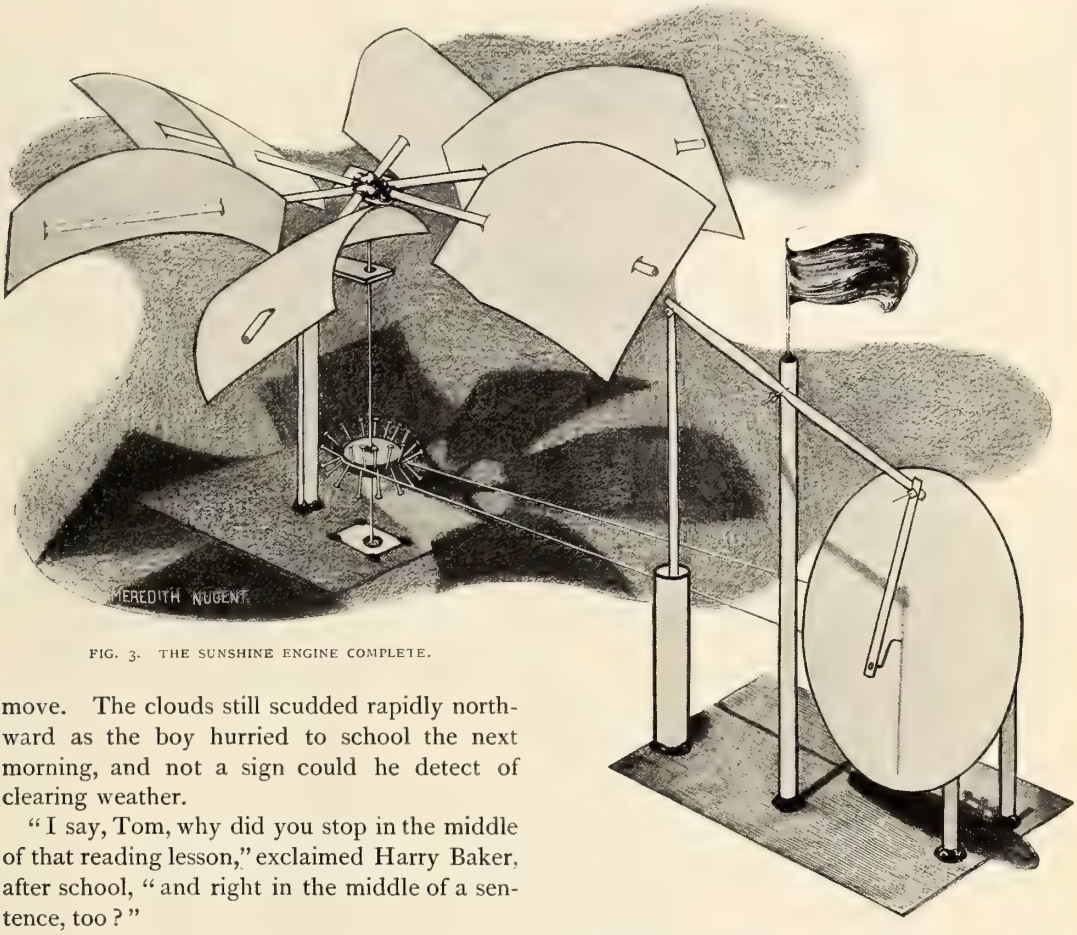


FIG. 3. THE SUNSHINE ENGINE COMPLETE.

"I say, Tom, why did you stop in the middle of that reading lesson," exclaimed Harry Baker, after school, "and right in the middle of a sentence, too?"

"Well, you come along with me, and I 'll show you why I stopped," retorted Tom, somewhat nettled at having so much fun poked at him; "only hurry up," he added on reaching the lower steps, "for I am going to run." Run they did, and in an incredibly short time Tom had thrown open the door of his sunny room.

"But what makes it go, Tom, what makes it go?" repeated Harry Baker, excitedly, as they gazed on the remarkable piece of mechanism.

"What do you think makes it go?" said Tom, proudly, and with a slight air of mystery.

Harry scratched his head and tried to solve the puzzle. He looked first on one side of the engine, then on the other, then under the table, and then unconsciously reached out his hand as though groping for invisible threads.

"I 'll give it up," he said after a few minutes. "Tell me, tell me, what *does* make it go?"

"Sunlight!" shouted Tom, whose exuberance now burst forth in a wild hilarity. And while the little fly-wheel revolved just like that of a real engine, exultant Tom went on to explain the details of his wonderful mechanism, which, as he had told Harry, was run by no other power than the heat rays arising from the glorious sunshine itself.

Any boy reader of ST. NICHOLAS may build sunshine engines for himself by carefully following Tom's method of working; be sure, however, to bend all your energies to the work as did this young inventor, for then you will succeed, and the sunshine will run your little engine for you day after day and week after week.

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.



"DENISE RAISED HER HEAD FROM HER HANDS AND LISTENED FOR THE SECOND CALL."

Chapter I.

WHAT THE WOOD-THRUSH TOLD.

Denise sat all alone in her phaëton, her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin propped upon her hands. The soft brown curls fell all about her face, and the brown eyes, which matched the curls in color, looked dreamily off toward the glassy river. The linen carriage-robe had slipped from her knees, and one end trailed out upon the green grass on which the phaëton stood; for she had driven out of the main road into a little byway leading up the mountain,—her favorite spot for a

"good, quiet think,"—and she and Ned Toodles were reveling in the beauty of that early spring day. The atmosphere was so balmy, so filled with the thousand promises of spring, the sun so warm and comforting without the oppressive heat that would come later in the season, and all nature so entrancing in the exquisitely soft green of her new spring attire, that it was no wonder the sensitive, imaginative child of eleven should be transported into a fairy-like reverie, or the little pony, which had now been her constant companion for more than eighteen months, should, so far as an animal can sympathize with a human being's moods, enter into sympathy with Denise's. He stood perfectly still, his head drooping and the usually wide-awake eyes partly closed, as though he, too, had nearly slipped away into a land of dreams.

Presently from out the woodland came the incomparable call of the wood-thrush, rising from its soft, tender note to the clear, joyous call which told to all the world that life was, oh, so sweet! Denise raised her head from her hands and listened for the second call which she knew would follow. It came, and this time a little nearer, as though the bird were searching the woods for its mate. Then back went the answering call, but not from the bird's mate. Raising her head, Denise puckered up the soft red lips, and clear and sweet from between them came the



Then she listened for the reply. It came, and so did the bird. Peering cautiously from the leafy covert, it hopped nearer and nearer to the still figures at the roadside, as though asking, "Where is she?"

Denise smiled, but made no sound; and the little bird, deciding that those odd-looking creatures so near by were harmless, opened his tiny beak and, clear and sweet at her very side, gave his entrancing call again.

The moment it ceased, Denise repeated hers, and for a few moments a very bewildered little bird flitted about the nearest trees, until at last, with an indignant flourish of his brown tail, he flew off to seek his own little lady-love.

As he disappeared into the wood, a merry laugh rippled after him, and, giving one bound, Denise sprang over the wheels and landed upon the grass beside Ned. The move was a sudden one, but Ned was used to moves of all sorts; so, giving a soft little whinny of welcome, he aroused himself, took a step or two nearer, and poked his head under Denise's arm. She dropped upon the soft grass, saying:

"Ned Toodles, it 's springtime! springtime! springtime! I *am* so glad, are n't you?" And, cuddling both arms about the warm head which was thrust into her lap as she sat there, she buried her face in the silky forelock and "snuggled" as hard as she could. Ned responded by a succession of subdued whinnies, as though saying: "More delighted than I can express, for spring means green grass, long walks with you, and no bother with blankets."

"Now, Ned, listen," continued Denise, for these conversations were by no means uncommon—they were held daily. "Spring means warm weather, warm weather means vacation, vacation means Pokey! What do you think of that? You see, Ned Toodles, Pokey is clever, very clever indeed! and some day she is going to be famous, because she told me so. She is going to study hard and get to be a teacher, and buy a dear little house, and furnish it, and have her mother live with her always. But, to do that, she must study hard while she is a little girl, and that is what she is doing now—oh, *so* hard! And just as soon as vacation comes, Pokey will come out here, and—THEN!" This thought was too tremendous to be dealt with sitting, and, springing up, Denise cried:

"Let 's go home just as fast as ever we can, Ned, for I 've a sort of feeling that something fine is going to happen"; and she scrambled into the phaëton and was soon spinning down the road toward home.

CHAPTER II.

AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW ONE.

IT was the 20th of April—Tan's birthday! At least, Denise considered it his birthday; for upon that date, when she was a wee lassie of four, Tan had been given to her—although

they certainly had not come into the world upon the same day, for Tan was "no kid" when she got him. That he was more than seven and a half years of age she knew, and a friend of her father's who was well up in animal lore said that Tan was not far from fourteen years of age, to judge from the rings upon his horns, which were almost as distinct as those seen upon the Rocky Mountain sheep, which Tan resembled both in size and color. So Tan was growing old for a goat, and during the past winter had suffered somewhat from rheumatism. The veterinary who came to see him did all he could to afford him relief, but said that Tan would probably not live through another winter. But as spring drew near Tan improved steadily, and when the warm days came and he could go out in his field to crop the fresh, sweet grass, it seemed just the tonic he required, and he grew quite gay and frisky. He still followed Denise whenever he could do so, but in some of their long rambles often grew tired and stopped stock-still in the road to pant after a particularly hard climb.



THE "POWWOW" IN THE TREE. (SEE PAGE 595.)

Ned, Sailor, and Beauty Buttons were not able to understand, although Sailor himself, it must be confessed, was not very young.

Directly after luncheon was eaten, Denise flew out to the "Birds' Nest"; for the pretty little play-house and stable for her pets was still as dear to her as upon the day she had received the key to it from papa's hand. Running into the

part which held the carriages for Ned and Tan, she took down Tan's harness, which had not been put on him for many a long day, wheeled out the little carriage, and then went to the door to whistle for Tan.

Out upon the grass in front of the "Birds' Nest" Denise rolled the little old-fashioned carriage, and then turned to greet Tan, who, at the first sight of these familiar objects, felt his poor old bones filled with new life, and his loving old heart beat for joy, for these meant that he was again to draw the little carriage and, as he supposed, his beloved little mistress. With a prolonged *baa-aa-a-a-a*, he came trotting toward her as fast as his stiff legs permitted, and rubbed his head against her sleeve by way of telling her how pleased he was.

It was only a moment's work to her practised hands to adjust the harness, and Tan was a proud goat as he waited for her to get into the carriage. But she had no intention of doing so. Such a load as her plump little self was not to be thought of; so, bidding him stand perfectly still, she ran back into the play-house, and a moment later reappeared with a little pink flannelette blanket, bound all around the edges with black braid, and a piece of broad pink ribbon.

"Here, Beauty Buttons," she called to the tiny black-and-tan terrier, which was enjoying a sun-bath in the play-house dining-room, "come and ride in Tan's wagon, for I 'm too heavy"; and down trotted the small dog, to be dressed in the blanket she had made for this festive occasion, and adorned with a bow to match. He knew well enough what was expected, and hopped into the carriage. Denise put the reins over his neck, and there he sat, a brave little groom, while Denise went up to Tan's head and took hold of the bridle. Poor old Tan! all aches and pains were forgotten, and he stepped off in his bravest style.

Now we will go over there under the apple-trees, and I 'll dress you all up," said Denise; and off they went, and presently were standing beneath trees so filled with beautiful bloom that they looked like huge bouquets. The boughs hung low, and before long, Tan had nearly disappeared under his decorations, for sprigs of apple-blossoms were stuck in every part of the harness where it was possible to place them, the carriage and Beauty also coming in for their share. When all was finished, Denise led Tan to the rear porch and gave a "bob-white" call. It was almost instantly answered by a "bob-white" from within, and her mother's face appeared at an upper window.

"What is this, sweetheart — a flower fête?" asked Mrs. Lombard, smiling at the posy-bank under her window.

"Is n't it pretty?" cried Denise; "and did you ever see such lovely blossoms? Tan seems so much better, and I think he will be all right now that warm weather has come again, don't you?"

"I should not wonder a bit," was the comforting reply.

"Have you a letter?" asked Denise, noticing that her mother held an envelop in her hand.

"Yes, dear. It is a letter from Mrs. Murray, saying that they will be back in their old home this week, and that we may expect to see the house open any day. I am so pleased to hear such good news; for it has seemed very lonely to have our nearest neighbor's house shut up all these years. I wonder if you can remember her children at all? The eldest was only six months older than you, and a dear little lad."

"I am afraid I can't," said Denise, wagging her head solemnly, as though she were found wanting in something.

"Well, keep your weather eye open," said Mrs. Lombard, laughing, "and when you see some one whom you don't know, just say to yourself, 'That is an old friend.'"

"I will," answered Denise, joining in the laugh, and turning to lead Tan and his passenger back under the trees. The apple-trees grew near to the fence which divided Mr. Lombard's property from his neighbor's, and that particular corner of the grounds was always a favorite one of Denise's. Up in one tree was her "cubby," beneath two others swung her hammock, and upon the velvety grass beneath them she spent many a happy hour reading, while Ned Toodles, Tan, Sailor, Beauty Buttons, and the kittens stood, sat, or stretched themselves about her at their will. A hedge of currant-bushes grew along the fence, concealing all that took place within or beyond.

Denise had led Tan to a particularly inviting spot, and taken him from the shafts, although she had not removed the harness and its decorations. Beauty had hopped out of the carriage, and was now sprawled out like a big frog. Seating herself in one of the rustic benches under the trees, Denise drew Tan toward her, and began to pet him. She rambled on in the odd way she had of sharing all her thoughts with her pets (safe confidants, who never betrayed her secrets, and who loved the voice for the voice's sake). Presently a loud, impatient whinny caused her to look over toward the play-house.

"Do you hear that?" she demanded. "I do believe that Ned is jealous for the first time in his life"; and she answered the whinny by giving a peculiar piping whistle.

A stamping and a clatter were the result, and presently John's voice was heard shouting: "Hi, you young scamp! Don't ye dare thry that thrick on me ag'in. It 's takin' out yer own bar-fastening ye 'll be, is it? Don't ye dare! There," as the sound of dropping bars told that Ned was free. "Get-t-t out beyant to Miss Denise, and cut no more capers." And, with a rattle and clatter, out rushed Ned, to come tearing over the grass toward Denise. His abrupt exit so startled the kittens, who were basking in the sunshine just outside the door, that they bounced up like two rubber balls, and tore along ahead of him, with tails stuck straight up in the air like bottle-brushes. They did not stop their flight until they were safe in the branches above Denise's head.

As though to rebuke such unseemly haste, Sailor arose majestically from his favorite corner of the piazza, and, descending the steps, came slowly across the lawn, waving his plumy tail like a flag of truce, and looking with dignified contempt upon such mad antics as Ned was just then giving way to. And for a climax to his performance, Ned rushed around and around two or three times, evidently regarding Denise's pealing laughter as wild applause, and then, coming toward her with a rush, bumped against old Tan and nearly upset him, as he pushed him aside to put *his* saucy nose where Tan's had been.

It was all done so quickly that Denise hardly realized what had happened, till she was startled by a hearty, boyish laugh from the other side of the hedge, and, turning quickly, saw a lad of about twelve looking over the fence and laughing. Giving Ned a shake by his little silky ears, Denise pushed him from her and hopped up from the bench, saying: "Is n't he the craziest thing you ever saw? I suppose you are the person I am to see and not to know a bit, but am to call an old friend"; and with this bewildering announcement, she went over to the fence to speak to the still amused boy.

Hastily reaching in the pocket of his immaculate little overcoat, he drew from it a small card-case, and taking from it a little card, handed it to Denise with a truly Chesterfieldian air, as he raised his cap and waited for her to read the name.

Although a carefully bred child, Denise had not had much experience in conventionalities, and did not go about with a card-case in her pocket. So it never occurred to her to throw any formality into her reply, and her next words banished forever any misgivings the boy might have entertained as to the outcome of this act. "Will she be stiff and prim?" had been his inward doubt while coming back to the home so long untenanted by his parents, and learning that their next-door neighbor had an only daughter of about his own age. He had been at school abroad, and "manners polite" had been as breakfast, dinner, and supper to him for three long years, till very little of the genuine boy appeared upon the surface, however much it seethed and bubbled beneath. True to his training, the card had been produced when occasion called for it; but the sigh of relief which came at Denise's next words told that a mighty burden had been lifted from his boyish soul.

"Oh, how perfectly splendid! You are Hart Murray, mama's old friend's son. Come straight over the fence and let me show you all my pets, and we 'll talk till we can't think of another word to say!"

CHAPTER III.

HART.

No second invitation was needed, and, resting one hand upon the fence, Hart gave one of those "neck-or-nothing bounds" which only

boys can make, and the next instant stood beside the surprised girl.

"How under the sun did you do it?" she exclaimed; for, never having had any boy companions excepting her cousins from the city, Denise hardly knew what to expect.

"Oh, that 's nothing," answered the boy, modestly, as he followed Denise over the lawn, and a moment later was surrounded by her inquisitive family. Ned promptly struck an attitude, and sniffed from afar in long, audible breaths; Tan presented arms, so to speak, by trying to rear upon his hind legs as of old, and make believe to butt the new-comer; Sailor walked right up to him and put his paw into his hand; and Beauty, not to be outdone in politeness, instantly began to do his tricks for their guest's benefit, finally sitting up on his hind legs to "beg" and "sneeze" three times in rapid succession. Overhead the kittens kept up a sort of accompaniment to the others' performances by running rapidly up and down the limbs and meowing incessantly.

"I say! What a lot of them!" exclaimed the boy. "And are n't they dandies?"

"Yes, I think that they *are* a pretty nice group. Tan is all dressed up because it is his birthday."

"Not really! What a joke, for it 's mine, too. I 'm twelve years old to-day, and that is the reason I came out here — a sort of birthday treat, don't you see."

"How funny!" cried Denise; "but is n't it splendid, too! Let 's leave my pets down here to enjoy themselves while you and I get up into the tree. See the seats up there? It 's a fine place for a powwow."

Hart glanced up into the blossom-laden tree, and, without another word, began to scramble into its fragrant depths, Denise following as nimbly as a squirrel. Seating themselves upon bits of board which had been nailed in the branches, they at once availed themselves of one blessed privilege of youth, and asked questions by the dozen.

"When did you come out?" was Denise's first question.

"Just before luncheon, with Mrs. Dean, the housekeeper. Father and mother won't be out until to-morrow. But I could n't wait any longer. You see, I had n't seen the place since I was just a little kid only five years old, and mother said that she had always lived here when she was a girl, and that your mother was her old school friend. And then she told me about your pets, and — and — well, she said that she hoped you and I would grow to be good friends too, don't you see"; and the handsome blue eyes smiled in the friendliest way. Hart was a handsome boy, tall and well formed for a boy of twelve, with a firm mouth, fine teeth, and the most winning smile imaginable. Little brown Denise was an exact opposite; for his hair was a mass of golden waves, hers as dark as a seal's.

"Why, of course we 'll be friends," said Denise, heartily.

As they sat chattering, a musical "bob-white" whistle sounded almost beneath their feet, and Mrs. Lombard's face peered through the boughs.

"That boy up there is Hart Murray," she said merrily. "I know, for he has stolen his mother's eyes and golden hair and come out here to masquerade. Come straight down and let me shake hands with you."

It would have been hard to resist Mrs. Lombard's cordial welcome, and a moment later Hart's slender hand lay in hers, and she was smiling into his face as only Mrs. Lombard could smile. "I thought I heard a wondrous piping out in the old apple-tree," she said, "and came out to learn what manner of bird had taken possession. I have found a rare one, sure enough, and shall try to induce it to spend a good part of its time in my grounds."

"I don't believe it will need much coaxing," was the laughing reply.

"Oh, we have laid all sorts of splendid plans already," cried Denise, "and were just going over to the stables when you whistled. Come with us, moddie."

Slipping her arm about her mother's waist, Denise led the way. Resting her hand upon the shoulder of the tall boy walking beside her, Mrs. Lombard asked: "And what are the plans for good times?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. Father says that he will get me a pony, and a boat. Denise and I can have jolly rides, and I 'll take her rowing if you will let her go. Will you?" he asked eagerly.

"Dear me! who will guarantee her safe return?" asked Mrs. Lombard.

"Oh, I 'll take first-rate care of her, if you 'll only let her come; please say yes."

Ned Toodles had always displayed a very marked aversion for any one resembling a man, and it was funny enough to watch his attitude toward Hart. At first he submitted to being petted with the air of "Well, good breeding compels me to show no aversion, but, remember, you are only accepted on probation." But Hart was too manly a chap to torment an animal, and before long Ned grew very fond of him.

The stable did not boast a man's saddle, and Ned would be likely to make things pretty lively for the first masculine creature attempting to mount him. So when Hart asked if he could ride him, Denise said, "I shall have to get the new saddle from the harness-room," and went to the pretty little closet containing all Ned's belongings. Taking from it her own beautiful little saddle with its castor seat and immaculate saddle-cloth, she hastily rigged up a stirrup upon the right side, unscrewed the pommels, and, heigh, presto! there was your man's saddle fine as a fiddle.

Ned was then taken from his stall, and the saddle adjusted. So far, so good. That move was not an unusual one, and his little mistress had superintended the operation. No doubt she was going to ride him, even though she had rigged up that queer dangling thing upon the right side of the saddle.

Arrived at the entrance gate, Hart prepared to mount the pony.

Denise knew Ned's peculiarities regarding boys, but it seemed impolite to say more than that he did not like *some* boys. But well enough she knew that there would be, as she mentally termed it, "a high old time" when Hart tried to ride Ned. However, Ned was not vicious, and the worst outcome of the venture would be a spill, which, she thought, Hart would not mind in the least. Now Ned's usual procedure, when submitted to the indignity of a boyish burden, was to stand perfectly still until he had his victim safe upon his back, looking, meanwhile, the very picture of innocence and meekness — a sort of "what-a-good-boy-am-I" expression. So when Hart gathered up the bridle in the most scientific manner,— for he had ridden ever since he was old enough, and was a skilful little horseman,—Ned wagged one ear wisely and "prepared for action."

Hart placed his foot in the stirrups, adjusting the makeshift one to his satisfaction. "Now, old fellow, let 's show our paces!" he said, and Ned took him at his word. First a sedate walk, smooth and easy as a rocking-chair, but gradually growing more rapid. Charming! The walk then changed into a trot, quite the park gait. Now a gentle lope. *Could* anything be more perfect than that gait? His rider became more than ever convinced that the animal he was bestriding was the most perfectly broken one he had ever ridden. All this time one wise eye was cocked knowingly backward, to watch the boy upon his back, and note with great satisfaction that his confidence in his mount was momentarily increasing. Then! Off like a mad thing, tail up in the air, head down, and Tam o' Shanter's imps in hot pursuit, till about three blocks are told off. HALT! Up went the hind legs, and down went the head, and it is indeed a skilled rider who sticks on at that point of the game.

But this time Master Ned had reckoned without his host, for his host "did n't spill worth a cent," as that host himself asserted. Then came a tussle, and up and down the road tore that crazy little beast, bent upon dislodging Hart or dying in the attempt. Meanwhile Denise was standing at the gate, screaming with laughter, and Mrs. Lombard looking on with considerable anxiety. Hart's hat had long since sailed into a neighboring field, and most of his attire looked as though he had dressed himself in the dark. But he was still on Ned's back, and, so far as that bad little scamp's efforts were concerned, likely to stay there.

"Ned Toodles, how *can* you be so bad!" cried Denise. Ned stopped short at that sound, and took time to consider the situation. Fatal moment! Fatal, at least, for Hart; for into that wise little horse-noddle flashed an idea, which without a second's hesitation was acted upon. With a wild, triumphant neigh, he wheeled short around, made a rush for an open gate at the end of the grounds, pelted through it like a

monstrous cannon-ball, and a second later was in Buttercup's cow-yard. Now Buttercup was the dearest cow in the world, and her eyes were beautiful to behold, and her coat was like satin. But the barn-yard — well, they are very nice places for *cows*. Into this yard came Ned like a tornado, scaring poor Buttercup out of her wits, for, although upon the friendliest of terms, she had never before received a visit from Ned.

"So you *won't* get off my back!" said Ned's face and attitude, as plainly as words could have said it. "We 'll see!" And down he went flat upon his side. What happened next would better be left untold. Alas for the pretty castor saddle! When Denise arrived upon the scene Ned was still resting from his labors, Hart stood staring at the peacefully reposing animal with a decidedly crestfallen air, and John had come up to "drop a casual word" on affairs in general.

Ned had never been whipped, but he came near to chastisement that time, and did not forget his sound scolding; but after that an armistice was declared, and Hart was permitted to ride all he wished, Ned evidently feeling that he had earned the right to do so.

Not long after this, Hart's pony was given to him, and although somewhat larger than Ned Toodles, as warm a friendship was formed by the two little horses as existed between their master and mistress. "Pinto," as Hart's pony was named, on account of his peculiar markings, was a dear little beastie, although he never attained to the degree of intelligence that Ned displayed as the years went on. But that, no doubt, was because his life had not been so closely associated with a human being as Ned's had been ever since he became Denise's pet.

Denise and Hart, mounted upon Ned and Pinto, ranged the country far and wide, and it was a far corner indeed that they did not find their way into, sooner or later. Those spring months, with all their bud and bloom, were halcyon days for the boy and girl, for Hart literally lived at Mrs. Lombard's home, till Mrs. Murray, who was calling one day, said to her: "Emilie Lombard, when do you intend to send in my son's board bill? This is simply dreadful! He is hardly out of bed in the morning before he is making some excuse to come over here."

"Let him come as often as he likes, please. It is good for Denise to have such a sturdy playmate, for she has never had any real crony but Pokey, who is such a gentle little soul that I 'm afraid Denise will think more of her own way than some one's else."

"Well, you have no idea what it means to me to have that boy so happily associated!" exclaimed Mrs. Murray. "Denise is just the jolly little chum for him to have."

"It all seems too delightful to be true," said Mrs. Lombard; "and to have you again for my neighbor after all these years of separation makes me feel like a young girl again."

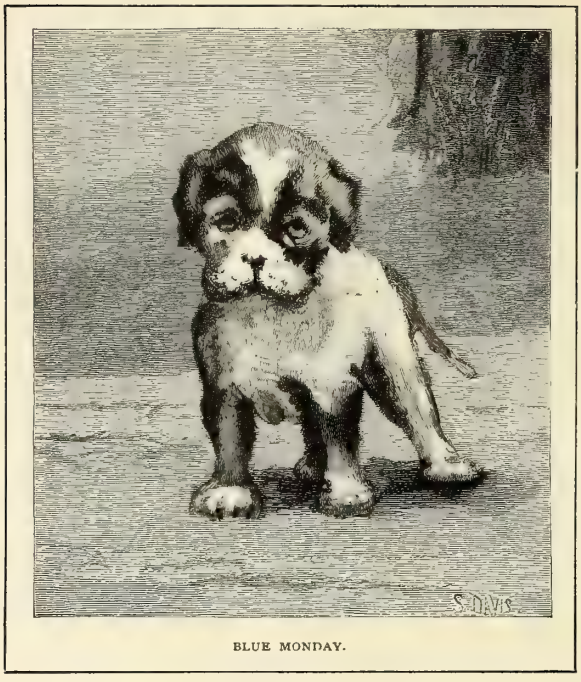
"You have never been anything else," replied Mrs. Murray; "for you have stayed young with Denise, and that is the secret of your beautiful attitude toward each other. Well, you must not let Hart remain to dinner tonight, at all events," added Mrs. Murray. "Send him home in time to dine with his father, or I do not know what will happen."

"Very well; home he goes at the stroke of five, to remove all traces of the afternoon's siege before Mr. Murray's arrival at six."

"Yes, please; it will be a real kindness: for my time is so occupied with the other children that I fear I have let Hart 'paddle his own canoe' more than I should have done. But they are all so small that they need me more. Good-by, and run over when you can."

(To be continued.)





BLUE MONDAY.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(*Begun in the November number.*)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XX.

Lulla, Lulla, Lullaby.

The appearance of the grounds of Marybud Lodge did not favor the idea that the world was coming to an end, what was taking place thereon being particularly lively and jolly. The little estate having no regular orchard, the fruit-trees were dotted about here, there, and everywhere, in the most charming disregard of mathematical system; and this made it all the more delightful, because you were continually coming upon a fruit-tree when you least expected it. The apples and pears were growing, but were not yet eatable; the cherries, however, were quite ripe and very fine, one white-heart tree in particular eliciting a chorus of admiring "oh's!" Loushkin's tremendous height gave him a great advantage over the other celebrities, and being a glutton in the eating of fruit, he stuffed himself with cherries as fast as he could pluck them. To the general outcry that he was not playing fair he paid no attention. Cries of "Unfair!" "Oh, you greedy!" fell upon deaf ears. He paid no regard to them, and looked down upon the royal pigmies with disdain. None of the warriors had the hardihood to come to blows with him; even the Lion-heart did not feel himself equal to such a contest.

It was Tom Thumb who solved the difficulty, and who once more proved to be the hero of the party.

"I 'll be lambasted if I 'm going to stand this!" he cried; and he ran to the kitchen and returned with Mrs. Peckham's toasting-fork,

with which he prodded the giant's legs, by way of little pin-pricks, which made him stamp and roar. But Tom easily dodged the huge legs; nimbly and gleefully did he skip in and out, like a school-boy playing a game, and continued to tease Loushkin till the giant could stand it no longer, and cried a truce. To show that he bore no malice, he hoisted Tom up into the tree, and the little man climbed to the higher branches, loaded with magnificent cherries, which he threw down to the eager celebrities, who feasted on them to their heart's content. They were all very gay, and behaved more like children than the famous people they were. It was hard to believe that the world, at one time and another, stood in awe of them. Queen Elizabeth had taken a great fancy to Lydia, who had put cherries with double stalks over Lucy's ears and her own, and so far unbent as to say:

"Those cherry ear-rings in thine ears become thee marvelously well. Fix a pair in mine, maiden."

The fashion being set, all the ladies followed suit, as is the way of ladies, and were presently walking about decked with cherry ear-rings. Richard III, in a crafty voice, was complimenting Mary Queen of Scots upon her beautifully shaped ears, which these adornments, he declared, made even more beautiful, when she, taking his compliments in earnest, asked him to sling a hammock for her between two trees. This he proceeded to do, and when he had finished, he offered his hand to the lady to assist her. But Tom Thumb, who had been watching him, sprang forward and cried:

"Do not use it, Scotland's Queen! See—he has so cunningly twined the ropes that the moment you get into the hammock you will fall to the ground." Then, turning to the crooked king, he said: "You will earn the tar and feathers yet, Richard Three, and I shall be glad to be at the barbecue."

"Pest on thee!" exclaimed Richard III. "How darest thou interfere, and what meanest thou by thy tar and feathers?"

"It is a national institootion, monarch," replied Tom Thumb, "— an institution which the free and enlightened citizens of a great republic are much skilled in and greatly proud of."

"Nay, Tom of the Thumb," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "thou canst not claim that novel penalty as a national institution, for it is one of our own ordinances, devised for the punishment of knaves when we were on the English throne."

"Knave in thy teeth!" cried Richard III, "darest thou apply that epithet to us?"

"Ay, thou false rogue. I dare that, and more, and will prove it, an thou wilt, on thy scurvy pate."

"Bully for you!" said Tom Thumb. "Now, Richard Three, speak your little speaklet and show your muscle."

But the surly monarch slunk away, muttering direst vengeance against the little man and all his royal cousins.

Queen Elizabeth, who had been standing near, said to Lucy:

"Our gallant little Tom of the Thumb hath a shrewd head upon his shoulders. Had he more inches he would have been a great soldier. As for the hammock, we deem such beds a sweet resting-place for babes, while the careful mother, rocking it, sings a lullaby. We do not recall that Will Shakspere wrote a lullaby for babes. If he had done so it would surely be sung in every English home. There are some sweet lullaby words in that marvelous play 'A Midsommer Nights Dreame,' writ in the true spirit of poesie. Titania—do you know who Titania was, child?"

"No, your Majesty," replied Lucy, embarrassed at having to display her ignorance.

"You should, child. She was the fairy queen, and fell in love with a donkey. Titania says to her train:

> 'Come, now a Roundel, and a Fairy song;
> . . . Sing me now asleepe,
> Then to your offices, and let me rest.'

How doth the chorus run? 'M, 'm, 'm! Ha, I have it:

> 'Philomele, with melody,
> Sing in your sweet Lullaby;
> Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
> Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,
> Come our lovely Lady nye,
> So good night, with Lullaby.'"

"Lulla, lulla, lullaby," sang Lucy to herself. "How beautiful it is! 'So, good night with

lullaby. Lulla, lulla, lullaby.' And here is the prettiest daisy-chain of all for you. I love you, Queen Elizabeth."

"And we love thee, sweet child," said Queen Elizabeth. "When our revels here are ended we shall be always pleased to see thee in our court at Marylebone. It will gladden our eyes to look on thee when thou art grown to be a maiden like thy sister Lydia."

"I will come often," said Lucy, and went on singing "Lulla, lulla, lullaby," as she moved about the grounds. She could not forget the words, nor for that matter did she wish to forget them.

"And we lay it upon thee," continued Queen Elizabeth, "that now and again thou shalt devote an hour to the sweet singer whose poems shed luster on our reign. Whither is the fair Lydia flying? There is quicksilver in her pretty feet. Goeth she to put a girdle round the earth?"

"To the front gate," cried Lucy, starting up. "I hear Harry Bower's voice!"

"Run, child, run. Our trusty knight, Tom of the Thumb, will remain by our side."

Oliver Cromwell was keeping guard when the front door-bell rang, and kept his hand on Sir Rowley's collar as the old gardener limped forward to open the gate.

"Be that you, Mr. Bower?" Sir Rowley called.

"Yes, Rowley," answered Harry, outside.

"Open the gate—quick!" cried Lydia. "Don't be frightened, Harry!"

In a twinkling the gate was open and shut, Harry was inside, and Oliver Cromwell, stern and straight, was looking down upon the young man.

Lydia rushed into Harry's arms and kissed him, and he kissed her. They forgot that everybody was looking on.

Cromwell frowned. Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe laughed.

Harry Bower had in his arms a packet of immense size.

"I have brought them, Lydia," he whispered.

"The chocolate creams, Harry?"

"Yes; fourteen pounds in pound bags—I bought some of every sort they had in the shop."

He did not show any astonishment at what was going on around him, whatever he might have felt. Lydia's letter had prepared him for the most amazing events, and he kept saying to himself as he walked to Marybud Lodge: "Harry, my boy, you must not be surprised at anything you see. There is something very mysterious behind all this, but Lydia knows what she is about, so be prepared for wonders." That is why he did not take to his heels when he saw all those strangely attired celebrities staring at him, and why he smiled quite brightly when a little old woman in black came forward and said:

"Take him away, Lucy and Lydia, and tell him everything."

So the two girls conducted the fortunate young man to a secluded part of the grounds called the Nut Walk, and poured the wonderful news into his ears. He took it all very coolly, the only remarks he made while they were talking being, "Yes, yes, yes," "Oh, of course," "Very natural."

"But are you not surprised, Harry?" asked Lydia.

"A little—inside of me," he answered.

"You would never have guessed, would you?"

"Never. But now that I know what it is, and see them all walking about, and hear them all talking, it seems the most natural thing in the world. What did you say in your letter? That you had every confidence in the strange friends by whom you were surrounded. That is enough for me. *I* have every confidence in the strange friends by whom *I* am surrounded. Can Lydia be wrong in *any*thing she says, Lucy? No, she cannot. Would I go through fire and water for Lydia? Yes, I would. Is n't this much pleasanter than going through fire and water? Yes, it is. There it is in a nutshell."

"You dear boy!" said Lydia, brimming over with love for him.

"You dear girl!" said Harry, brimming over with love for her.

Then they both threw their arms round Lucy, and lavished the fondest endearments on her for having brought them together so happily, and Lucy said, "It *is* nice, is n't it?"



"TO SHOW THAT HE BORE NO MALICE, LOUSHKIN HOISTED TOM UP INTO THE TREE."

"I came here prepared, you see," said Harry, pursuing the theme. "If, when I entered the Lodge, I had seen all the trees walking about, dressed in the latest fashion, and all the cherries had hopped off the branches and run after me, begging me to eat them, and if your dear little pony had trotted up to me and remarked in French that it was a bright day, but that he feared we should have rain, I should have thought nothing of it at all, after reading Lydia's letter."

"We must n't stop talking here any longer," said Lucy. "There are things to be purchased; we have a grand dinner-party to-night, and Mrs. Peckham has nothing to cook."

"Listen to Mama Lucy," said Harry, merrily. "Lydia, I think I shall marry Lucy instead of you."

"I would n't have you, Harry," said Lucy, in a stately way. "You are the property of another person. Come along, come along."

Harry was introduced to the celebrities, and immediately won their good graces by distributing three pounds of chocolate creams among them. Mme. Tussaud took charge of the remainder, saying it would not do to make her people sick. Then she and Lucy and Lydia went into the kitchen and discussed provisions with the Marchioness of Barnet, and if anything were needed to complete their happiness it was supplied by old Mr. Scarlett, who popped in and said to Harry, "How do you do, Harry?" just as if there had never been the slightest difference of opinion between them; and when Harry replied that he had never felt better in his life, and hoped Mr. Scarlett was the same, the old gentleman said in an offhand manner: "Just so, just so. Of course you will spend the day here and take dinner with us?"

"I shall be more than delighted, sir," said Harry, who was in the seventh heaven of happiness.

It was altogether the very pleasantest scene that had ever taken place in a kitchen, and one could fancy the sly little god of

love peeping out of a corner and clapping his chubby hands in approval.

Then Harry had a happy thought. He said that he could not go out and purchase the provisions alone; he must have feminine assistance.

"You see, Mme. Tussaud," he said, "it is not only quantity, but quality, that has to be seen to. I can do the quantity, but I can't do the quality. That requires a lady's judgment."

"Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, with a sly twinkle, "you go with Harry Bower and look after the quality."

Harry and Lydia looked imploringly at Lucy, who promptly replied: "I should make the most absurd mistakes. I don't know a duck from a goose unless they are walking about. Lydia is the proper person."

"But perhaps Lydia does n't want to go with Harry," said the old lady.

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," said Lydia, which set them all laughing.

"It can't be done," said Mme. Tussaud, "without some alteration in the articles of war. At present no one except Harry is allowed to go in and out."

Away she trotted to consult her celebrities, and had a hard task of it. Henry VIII insisted that it was he, and he alone, who should escort Lydia to the shops, and Richard III declared he could get everything that was needed at the point of the sword, and that it would make it much easier for Lydia if he went with her. Mme. Tussaud would not listen to them, and eventually returned to the kitchen and said that Harry and Lydia were to go. Off flew Lydia for her hat and mantle, and then the happy lovers went to the gate.

"Tarry not, fair maiden," said Henry VIII; "our heart will be heavy until thy return. If thou art long absent, the birds will forget how to sing."

"He does n't mean anything by it," whispered Lydia, pressing Harry's arm. "It is only his way."

Chapter XXI.

LORIMER GRIMWEED APPEARS.

It took Lydia and Harry a long time to make their purchases, and when all the supplies had been bought, the kitchen and larder were furnished with such quantities of provisions as to cause great astonishment and admiration among the domestics. Every hook had to be brought into use, and tables, dressers, and shelves were fairly loaded. Harry, feeling that this was the turning-point in his life, made purchases in the most reckless manner, and he was not a bit annoyed, but only laughed at Lydia's gentle remonstrances.

"My darling girl," he said, "Quality is your department, Quantity is mine. Just you see that everything is fresh; I will take care that they have enough."

There was no doubt about that. Never was there such a provider! Ducks and fowls by the dozen, fore quarters and legs of lamb, ribs of beef ("Short ribs, please," Lydia had said to the butcher, and Harry thought it very wonderful of her), saddles of mutton, all the kidneys and sweetbreads the butcher could supply, great baskets of green peas, French beans, asparagus, new potatoes, tomatoes, and delicacies of every possible kind. The tradesmen were jubilant, and kept recommending things to Harry—hothouse pineapples, peaches, nectarines, grapes, and goodness knows what; and he kept nodding his head and saying, "Yes, we will take that, and that, and that," paying all the bills without asking the price.

"Oh, Harry," said Lydia, "you will be ruined!"

But, for all that, she could not help admiring her dear boy for his generosity. He purchased other things as well as provisions—air-pistols, bows, arrows, and targets, bats and shuttlecocks, skipping-ropes, humming-tops, whip tops, balls, kites, monkeys on sticks, Japanese fireworks, rolling-hoops, marbles, ping-pong, and an "Aunt Sally"; and he hired a magic lantern and slides. He almost emptied the toy-shop. Lydia kept pulling at his sleeve and saying, "No, no, Harry!" and he kept on ordering more things and saying, "Yes, yes, Lydia; it 's all right! The more the merrier." At last she sank despairingly into a chair in a state of comic stupefaction,—which made her look prettier than ever, if anything could,—and the shopwoman brought her a glass of water.

They made half a dozen journeys back to

the Lodge, followed by a regiment of stout errand-boys carrying heavy loads, and every time they presented themselves they were received with shouts of approval by a very jolly lot of fun-loving royalties and notables.



"THE CELEBRITIES WERE WILD FOR FUN, AND WERE BEHAVING LIKE SCHOOL-BOYS SET FREE FROM SCHOOL." (SEE PAGE 604.)

All the toys and games they had purchased were carried to the playground, and Harry and Lucy and Lydia had as much as they could do to explain them to the celebrities. Harry fitted up a new swing, which was much enjoyed, the ladies sitting in it one after another, and the gentlemen pulling the ropes and pushing. "Higher, higher, higher!" screamed Queen Elizabeth and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe; but Mary Queen of Scots was less daring, and shrieked in terror when she was whirled high in the air. Animated as was the scene which had been presented to the eyes of Mr. Scarlett when he first beheld the celebrities, it was tame in comparison with what was now to be

seen in the playground. The celebrities were wild for fun, and were behaving like schoolboys set free from school. They flew from one pastime to another. Queen Elizabeth was sitting on a rocking-horse, and Tom Thumb was rocking her; Cromwell and Richard Cœur de Lion were whirling a skipping-rope for Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe and Lucy; Guy Fawkes was setting off Japanese fireworks; Henry VIII and Richard III were trundling hoops; Houqua had taken pieces of very thin paper of various colors from the folds of his robe, and was making butterflies, which he kept flying in the air with his fan; Lydia and Harry were having a game of battledore and shuttlecock; Loushkin was on guard at the front gate, and Charles II on guard at the back.

It was just when Henry VIII had run his hoop between Richard III's legs, and when the crooked monarch was picking himself up and growling and fuming, and when Harry, roaring with laughter, was mischievously trying to trip the ladies with the skipping-rope, that Lorimer Grimweed rang the front door-bell. Being admitted, he saw nothing of these mad pranks, the playground being round the corner, at a little distance from the lawn. The only persons in view were Loushkin and Sir Rowley.

"Hello, Rowley," cried Lorimer Grimweed. "Who is this lamp-post, don'tcherknow?"

But Sir Rowley had scuttled off. Lorimer looked at the giant in amazement, but Loushkin took no notice of him.

"This is a rum go," said Lorimer Grimweed. "I say, you May-pole, who are you when you 're at home?"

"When I am at home," replied Loushkin, in a thunderous voice, "I am drum-major in his Imperial Majesty's Preobrajensky Regiment of Russian Guards."

"Oh," said Lorimer Grimweed, in still greater amazement, "that 's what you are?"

"That is what I am, and I give you to understand that it is against orders to speak to the man at the wheel."

"But look here, you know," remonstrated Lorimer Grimweed, with an eye to exactitude; "you 're not at the wheel, you know."

Loushkin did not reply in words. He placed the fingers and thumb of one huge hand upon Lorimer Grimweed's head, and spun him round like a teetotum.

"Oh, I say, you know!" cried Lorimer Grimweed. "Here! Look out! What are you up to? Oh, grimes! Oh, oh, oh!"

This was the protest which came in breathless jerks from the spinning schemer, his teeth chattering, his eyeballs rolling wildly, and his hands stretched forth in the endeavor to catch hold of something to stop his spinning round and round. He caught hold of a human form, —the form of Miss Pennyback,—who, observing what had taken place, had rushed out to his rescue.

"Keep tight hold of me," he gasped, clinging to her both as a prop and a protection. "The world 's going round—and oh, grimes! my head! Did you witness the assault? Don't deny it, don'tcherknow. You *must* have witnessed it."

"I did, sir," she answered in a sympathizing tone, "and I was deeply grieved—though I cannot say I was astonished."

"Oh, were n't you? That 's a good un, that is. Not astonished? Oh, ah! What next, I wonder?"

"Goodness knows, sir," she said, as she supported him into the house. "After what has taken place this day nothing would astonish me. But, hush! Mr. Scarlett approaches!"

"Good morning, Mr. Grimweed," said the old gentleman. "Good morning, good morning, good morning." He was so nervous that he would have continued to repeat "good morning" several times had not Lorimer Grimweed stopped him.

"Hang your 'good mornings'! Here, I say —who 's the man on stilts, and what 's the meaning of the assault committed upon me the moment I entered the Lodge? None of your shirking, don'tcherknow. I 've got a witness, and I 'll have heavy damages."

"Assault! Dear me! Assault! Dear me, dear me!" The old gentleman was quite at sea. He stammered; he kept mopping his brow with a huge bandana handkerchief; indeed, in those few seconds he did several things for which there was no reason whatever.

Lorimer Grimweed looked at him with suspicion. "There 's something in the wind," thought he.

"Where 's Lyddy?" he asked.

"My daughter is in the garden."

"Oh, is she? She knows what I 've come for, does n't she? And *you* know what I 've come for, don't you?"

"Yes, of course. The new lease. Have you brought it?"

"I 've brought it, right enough. Here it is, and it will be signed when Lyddy gives me the answer I expect—not before, Mr. Scarlett, not before. I 'm not going to be played upon any longer. Not if I know it, sir! Does n't think I 'm good enough for her, hey? My stars! That 's rich. Not good enough? Oh! Ah!"

"It is n't exactly that, Mr. Grimweed," said Mr. Scarlett, and he was glad that Lorimer Grimweed interrupted him, for he did not know what he was going to say next.

"Oh, it ain't exactly that, ain't it? I say, Mr. Scarlett, there 's a sort of change in you that I don't find agreeable. If you 're playing any of your tricks on me, look out, that 's all I 've got to say—look out. Hello!"—as, greatly to Mr. Scarlett's relief, Mme. Tussaud sailed into the room—"here 's another of 'em. Who are *you* when you 're at home?" This was a favorite form of inquiry with him; he considered it smart and cutting.

"I am a friend of the family," replied the old lady, "when I 'm at home, and when I 'm out."

"Oh, are you? The family have a lot of new friends I did n't know anything about. You look as if you 'd just come out of the Ark," said Lorimer Grimweed with a grin. "Grimes! What a bonnet! How 's Noah and all the little uns? But here, stop a minute—I 've seen you before somewhere. By Jove, yes! But, no, it can't be!"

"My name is Mme. Tussaud. I should think you *have* seen me before."

"Not the wax un?" exclaimed Lorimer Grimweed, lost in astonishment.

"Do I look like 'the wax un'? I 'm the original." Miss Pennyback was about to make a remark when Mme. Tussaud said, "We can dispense with your presence, Miss Pennyback. Oblige me by retiring. Remember!"

For a moment Miss Pennyback thought of resisting. She recognized a possible ally in Lorimer Grimweed, and she would have dearly loved to checkmate her enemy; but when Mme. Tussaud advanced toward her, with the magic cane extended, she gave utterance to a shriek, and fled.

"What is this?" said Mme. Tussaud, taking up the copy of the lease which Lorimer Grimweed had put on the table.

"Here, I say, just you drop that! It belongs to me, don'tcherknow? Just you hand it over," said Grimweed.

"I perceive that it 's a new lease of Marybud Lodge," said Mme. Tussaud, paying no heed to his request. "Are you going to sign it? I will be a witness."

"Wait till you 're asked, old lady. The lease will be signed when the conditions are fulfilled."

"Is Miss Lydia one of the conditions?"

"Yes, she is, if you want to know. Here, I say, Mr. Scarlett, what 's the meaning of all this? I 'm not the man to stand any one's impudence, you know."

"My dear Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, very sweetly, "why put yourself out? You and I and the ladies and gentlemen who have accompanied me are going to be the best of friends. I will take care of the document."

"It is n't worth the paper it 's written on till it 's signed," said Lorimer Grimweed.

"Of course it is not."

"I say, how does it happen you know my name?"

"How does it happen I know a great many things?"

"And what do you mean by the ladies and gentlemen who have accompanied you?"

"You will soon find out," said Mme. Tussaud. "Come and see."

(To be continued.)

THE COYOTE.

By J. M. Gleeson.

The coyote (kō-yō′te) is a most unpopular little beast, sharing, though to a greater degree, the general discredit attached to his more or less civilized brother, the yellow dog. As he prowls around a camp or lonely ranch-house, making night hideous with his shrill yap-yap-yapping, and on the lookout for anything good to eat, from a leather bridle to a leg of lamb, his reception is ever the same—hard words and a harder bullet, or more likely a little strychnine. He will eat anything he can catch: mice, prairie-dog, prairie-chicken, and of course the scraps left over by the big gray wolf. He is, in fact, a mere scavenger, but one whose services have not been found acceptable to man. He has neither the cunning of his small cousin the fox, nor the speed and strength of his big cousin the wolf, but for all that, and in spite of constant persecution, he manages fairly well to hold his own against the ill will of an unsympathetic world.

In many of the Western States these animals are still quite numerous, and when we remember that in a single family there may be from six to ten little coyotes, we can readily understand why in the wilder sections of our country they do not disappear altogether.



A FAMILY OF COYOTES AT HOME.

It must keep Papa and Mama Coyote very busy to care for their numerous family, for they have not only to be fed, and that requires con-

stant foraging, but also guarded against innumerable dangers.

In captivity they are not always good parents, and I saw one coyote that killed seven out of her litter of eight. Perhaps she did not wish them to grow up in captivity. It was curious, however, that she should have saved just one. She was an anxious though not overgentle mother to the little survivor of this gruesome domestic tragedy. Sometimes, for no evident reason, she would pick him up in her mouth, the long, sharp fangs closing down over the little fellow wherever she happened to seize him, sometimes on the back, but just as often on his head, and trot around her cage on noiseless, tireless feet, as though looking for a place to conceal him, the little fellow kicking and squealing all the time to be set free. Of course he could not understand that in this fashion his mother would have carried him away from danger had they been on the prairie, where all her instincts were developed.

It is a very pretty sight to see a litter of little, brown, fuzzy coyotes when they begin to crawl about, and I have watched them for hours as they clambered and tumbled around their mother. They soon tried to get over the high board threshold of their house, and on one occasion, when one stronger and braver than the rest finally did so and landed on his head in the wide, wide world, the very first thing he did was to totter over to the pool of water in the center of the cage and tumble in. And there he would have remained had I not hastily summoned a keeper, for his mama made no response to his cries for help.

I have never had any difficulty in making friends with the gray wolves I happened to be sketching. Immediately on my appearance, no matter what they were doing, they came at once to the bars to be scratched and talked to, and when their coats were changing and their skins very sensitive they would stand there any length of time while I pulled away the loose tufts of hair, their every action expressing a somewhat sullen friendliness. But with the coyote it was different. They never make friends with nor lose their fear of man.

Generally speaking, they resemble the prairie-wolf, but are much smaller and of a browner color; their fur is also longer and the tail more bushy. They vary considerably in color, changing with the seasons. In winter their coat is lighter, in summer darker and with more brown. Black coyotes, while not common, are sometimes seen, but these are only freaks of nature.



PRAIRIE FOES.



"SISTER BETTY'S LITTLE STORY."

SISTER BETTY'S LITTLE STORY.

By Louise R. Baker.



This is the tale that Betty told
To the baby brother, as good as gold,
As he cuddled down with a listening air
In her lap as she sat in the rocking-chair:

"There once was a boy who came through the gate,
And he saw by the sun he would surely be late
If away to the school-house he did n't run;
So he went like a shot — and that makes 1.

"Past the old mill-pond, past the old mill,
Past the old churchyard, a-running still;
When out of the churchyard a little dog flew
And kept at his heels — and that makes 2.

"Down to the turnpike, and on to the spring,
You might almost have thought they were birds on the wing.
And a girl with a book-bag, under a tree,
She also joined in — and that makes 3.

"The three, like a whirl of the gustiest wind,
Left the mill and the spring and the tree far behind;
Then they startled a cow down back of the store;
She joined the procession — and that makes 4.

"The girl and the boy and the old moo-cow
And the little dog barking a bow-wow-wow,
They all were attacked at a hornet's hive
By a furious hornet — and that makes 5.

"Over the field by the shortest way,
Where the mowers had finished a-harvesting hay,
And, sure as you live! at the big hayricks
They scared up a rabbit — and that makes 6.

"High in the light clouds sounded a song,
But it stilled right there as they rushed along,
And down from the beautiful, beautiful heaven
Flew a curious flicker — and that makes 7.

"The seven they passed like a lightning-flash,
And making the noise of a thunder-crash;
The boy and the girl they were sure they were late,
When a lamb came bleating — and that makes 8.

"With a clippety-clop, with a buzz and a moo,
With the bark of the dog and a bird-note, too,
On through the glen where the white sands shine
Rose a butterfly flapping — and that makes 9.

"Now hurrah for the fun! They were going so fast
That the little red school-house they almost had passed,
When forth stepped the teacher as trig as a wren,
And called: 'Are n't you early!' — and that makes 10."

"Ten!" echoed baby, his little blue eyes
Filled with a far-away faint surprise;
Then decision crept into the face of the tot:
"*Ten*, Betty Martin? It makes ten WHAT?"

A GIANT IN FEATHERS.

By John R. Coryell.



PIERRE CHARTONNE was not by any means the least excited person on the French fleet which cast anchor in Rafala Bay, Madagascar, on a certain day some three hundred years ago. Pierre was to go ashore for the first time in more than a year. The captain had promised that in the morning he would accompany the men who were going to look for fresh water.

The next morning, with his beloved blunderbuss borne upon his shoulder, Pierre stepped proudly on the beach, ready and anxious to meet the savage men and curious wild beasts he felt sure he was going to see.

Shortly before dinner-time it was proposed that some of the sailors should try to shoot a few of the birds of which the forest seemed full; for fresh meat to a sailor is one of the greatest of luxuries, and it seemed a pity to do without it when it was directly at hand. Here was an opportunity which Pierre did not let pass. He entreated his commanding officer so earnestly to let him be one of the shooting-party that consent was given.

Pierre, blunderbuss in hand, and three sailors started for the forest.

An hour later, the three men hurried down to the beach laden with game, but without Pierre. Where he was they did not know; they had missed him more than half an hour before, and supposed he had returned to the beach.

"Here he is now," suddenly exclaimed one of the men.

And there indeed he was, hatless and in haste. As quickly as his short legs could carry him he was tearing through the underbrush; and as he drew nearer the men on the beach could see that he was frightened.

When he reached the alarmed sailors, he sank, panting and exhausted, on the sand. To all their hurried questions he could only gasp out, "After me!" and point to the forest. Whereupon they all gathered eagerly about him to hear his story.

"After we had gone about two miles into the forest," he began, "I left the others, because I thought we would see more game in two parties than in one.

"A little while after I had left them I saw what looked like a large round white stone in the thick brush. I thought I might as well find out what it was, and made my way to it, and, I give you my word, it was a great big egg—almost as big as a tar-bucket. I made up my mind to carry it back to the ship to take home, though it was heavy; but while I stood with it in my arms, brushing off the dirt that was on the under side, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and then I thought there must have been a big bird to lay that enormous egg, and then I shook so that I nearly dropped the egg.

"I got behind a tree near by and stooped down so that I could see through the bushes what kind of a bird was coming.

"I never saw such a thing in my life before! Maybe you won't believe me, but that bird made so much noise as it came through the bushes that I thought it was a herd of cattle. And when it came to where I could see it, each of its legs looked as big round as my leg, and it was as tall as a small tree. And such a beak as it had!

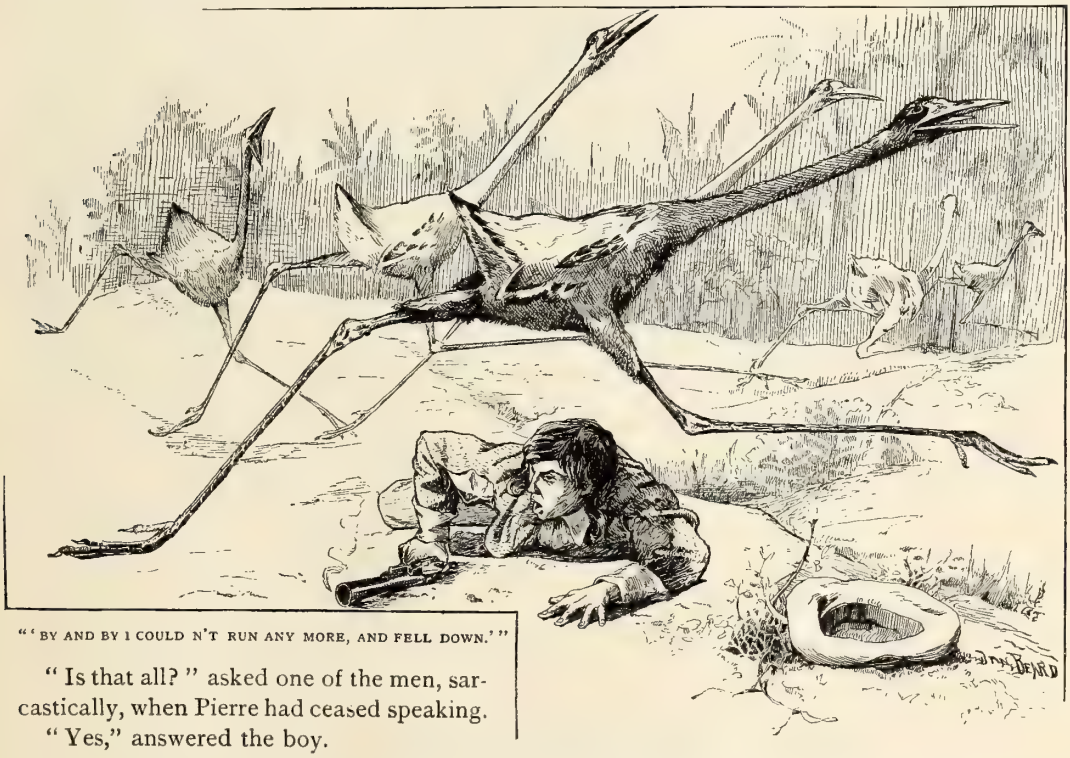
"It went directly to the spot where the egg had been, and then I was frightened, for I knew if it caught me with the egg I 'd be eaten up in a minute. But I did n't dare to move. When the monstrous creature missed the egg,

it set up an awful squawk. Then I dropped the egg and ran in the direction that seemed clearest of trees.

"The bird ran, too, for I could hear it crashing through the bushes, and I expected every minute to be taken in its big mouth. By and by I could n't run any more, and fell down, when five big birds similar to the one I had already seen came leaping along straight at me.

"I lifted my gun, but before I could shoot, the first bird had run over me and knocked me down.

"I jumped up and ran, and I did n't stop running till I found you, and here I am."



"'BY AND BY I COULD N'T RUN ANY MORE, AND FELL DOWN.'"

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically, when Pierre had ceased speaking.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well," said the man, "if I were going to make up a yarn I 'd try to have it reasonable, or end in something exciting."

"But I did n't make it up!" exclaimed Pierre, indignantly.

"All I 'm sorry for," said one of the men, "is that he did n't bring the egg with him. It would have made such a rare omelet."

At this the sailors laughed.

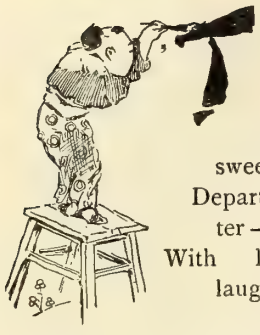
As long as Pierre lived he was known as Big-Bird Pierre, for he could get nobody to believe him. Since his time, however, more has been learned of Madagascar, the island where Pierre landed; and though nobody has seen a living bird such as Pierre described, eggs and skeletons of the birds have been found, and, judging from them, it is no wonder that the little French boy was frightened.

The egg is larger than a football, and would, it is calculated, hold as much as one hundred and sixty hens' eggs. As for the bird, it was of the same family as the ostrich, but was more than twice as tall and proportionately heavier, so that, towering as it did a man's height above the tallest elephant, it must have been a startling bird to see for the first time unexpectedly.

The æpyornis, as the bird is called, does not exist now, but Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, thinks that all the indications are that it may have lived within the last two centuries.

THE FEAST OF LAUGHTER.

By Nora Archibald Smith.



IS the very first "day of the hare"
In Wasa, the province of Kishu,
And the breezes that sweep through the town
Depart all a-ripple with laughter—
With light-hearted, musical laughter.

The month is the tenth in Japan,
In Wasa, the province of Kishu,
And the leaves of the bamboo are stirred,
And the sugar-cane trembles with laughter—
With rustle and tinkle of laughter.

The brown baby smiles in his sleep,
In Wasa, the province of Kishu;
While the fathers ha-ha at their work,
The mothers' lips bubble with laughter—
With honey-sweet, mellow-toned laughter.

Shall I tell you why mirth is abroad
In Wasa, the province of Kishu?
Why the owls in the deep, gloomy shade,
And the toad in his hole, shake with laughter—
With silver-shrill, jubilant laughter?

Listen all who listen can,
And hear this tale of old Japan!
Ages ago the thing befell,
But people still the story tell.

'T was in the misty long-ago,
Ere yet this gray old earth
Had grown too staid and sober
To indulge o'ermuch in mirth.
To the sacred shrines of Isè,
Where Izumo's walls appear
Purple-clad, the gods assembled
In the tenth month every year.
All affairs of love and wedlock
In the whole land of Japan
There were mooted, there were settled,
On a wise celestial plan.



At the first one of these meetings,
Having half forgot the date,
When the grand debate was over
Certain gods arrived too late!
Sympathy nor pity gave they—
Brother gods in parliament—
Ridiculed the tardy comers,
Every one on laughing bent.



Since that time in all the district,
On the "first day of the hare,"
Ancient men and toddling children
Unto Isè's shrines repair.
Journey ended, all the graybeards
Face the curious, wond'ring throng:
"Laugh, ye bright-eyes! Laugh, ye sweet-lips



Laugh and jest the whole day long!"
Ready smiles break out in answer
On each satin, dusky cheek;
Hands are clapping, feet are dancing,
Dimples playing hide-and-seek.

Laughing hear the feathered people,
Laughs the sun as he looks down,
And, the sweet contagion spreading,
Laughter rings through all the town.



By Rev. Charles M. Sheldon.

(*Author of "In His Steps."*)

The stage curtain had gone up, and the impatient audience, packed closely into the little theater of San Benito, was growing clamorous. It had come to be amused by the great prestidigitator, M. Truchette, and it had waited now full ten minutes and no appearance of the great magician. An Italian audience is frequently a restless one. This one had lost patience. There on the stage was the apparatus of the master—the famous table, the mysterious curtain, and various devices for astonishing the unlearned. But monsieur himself did not make his appearance, and the people were beginning to grow abusive of the theater-manager, M. Truchette, his assistants, and even the innocent little orchestra tooting and scraping away to fill up the time, and growing nervous at the murmurs of discontent on every side.

But if the audience could have gone behind the scenes it would have been satisfied with the sight of a very effective little tableau. Upon a faded green settee lay the famous performer, while near by stood a youth of a very fair countenance and a very determined look. He was evidently dressed for the performance, and his appearance was exceedingly pleasing. Near the stage exit of the room stood a nervous little man, evidently the stage-manager. His hand grasped the tasseled curtain near the head of the couch where M. Truchette was lying. He was remonstrating with him in a quiet but imperious tone. "The performance must go forward, monsieur. If the lad can take your place, as he says he is able to do, why not let him! He can but fail. The people will not be silent much longer. Hark! They begin to call out already. Do you remember that night in Christmas week, when the first tenor was unable to sing at the great jubilee in this very place? The people rushed upon the stage and tore down all my best pieces. Ah! It was an irreparable damage." And the little manager shrugged his shoulders pathetically.

The man on the couch tried to raise his head, but groaned and fell back. With great difficulty he gasped: "He—but he is only a lad! He cannot do anything!"

"You forget, M. Truchette. I am eighteen years old. I have learned many things. I will do my best. I will not try to take your place. I will only pacify the audience."

"Ah, well, go! I expect the audience will mob us both. Ah! The pain in my eyes again!" And the artist sank back and seemed to have fainted.

"Go on and do what you can, young man," said the proprietor of the theater. "I will see to M. Truchette. Do you keep those childish people quiet. At least," he added, with a grim smile, "give them something to nibble on, for they are growing hungry indeed."

The noise in front of the curtain was swelling into a roar when the youth stepped from the room. He advanced slowly and with dignity to the footlights, and made an impressive bow. The audience was in a bad humor, but there was a moment's hush, and the young man instantly took advantage of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I regret to say that M. Truchette has been suddenly seized with a blind headache and will be unable to appear before you to-night. I am Rudolph Cluny, his assistant. And by permission of monsieur I will do my best to amuse you this evening, begging you to excuse any slight mistakes I may make owing to the absence of any assistant."

There was something so frank and winsome about this speech that many of the audience regained their good nature. But there were loud cries from different parts of the house. "Truchette! Truchette! This is one of his tricks! This is but a lad! He cannot do the feats of monsieur!"

Rudolph saw that his slight hold of the audience would be gone in a moment unless he did something to arrest attention. He knew enough about audiences to know that once out of the grasp of the artist it is well nigh impossible to get them back again. He immediately determined on his course of action. His stay of two years with his master as assistant had given him a good command of the regular stage jargon common to jugglers. And being exceedingly observant, he had learned many things of which monsieur himself was ignorant, and had even practised some new tricks of his own. He was bold and was determined to succeed. And across his vision there flitted to inspire him the little mother and the sister in the vale of Camprais for whom he was serving monsieur, and whom he hoped before long to visit when he had earned a little more.

He ran his fingers through his curly hair and began to laugh. The cries of the audience ceased, and very soon the people began to laugh, too, Rudolph's laugh was so contagious. In the midst of it all Rudolph raised his hand and pointed to the ceiling of the theater. Instantly every eye was turned that way.

"See!" cried Rudolph. "See the messengers of Cupid on their way, coming down to earth to bring a missive to the fairest lady in San Benito!"

It was a common trick of the master juggler, but it happened to be new to the people of San Benito. A pair of snow-white doves appeared to fly down from the very center of the theater dome. They alighted upon Rudolph's shoulders. In the bill of one of the birds was a bit of paper. Rudolph took it, unfolded it and pretended to read as follows:

"This to the fairest in San Benito.

"Cupid sends thee greeting, wishing thee beauty and happiness many years, and assures thee that thy beauty will fade and thy happiness vanish if thou dost frown upon him who is specially favored of the gods,

"Rudolph Cluny of Camprais."

There was a moment's quiet from the audience, and then the generous applause that followed assured Rudolph that his first attempt had given him favor with the fickle people. He smiled and grew confident. The bird trick, seemingly so impossible, was in reality very simple. The doves were well-trained pets of M. Truchette. Rudolph had come upon the stage with the birds concealed in one of the *profondes*, or deep pockets, of his dress-coat. When he pointed to the ceiling of the theater, and every eye in the audience was directed to it, he drew the birds from the *profonde* and tossed them up into the air. They soared up a little higher and then settled back upon the young man's shoulders. Every one is familiar with the fact that the eye is easily deceived as to distances. To the audience it appeared as if the birds actually came down from the dome. The light was dim up there, and at any rate there the birds were, and they did fly from somewhere and alight on the lad's shoulders. As for the letter, Rudolph simply by a rapid movement, as he caressed one bird, placed a bit of paper within its bill. And the rest was easy, as every stage juggler is provided with plenty to say, speeches of flattery or nonsense, just to divert the audience as much as possible from the movements of the hands.

Over the audience went that rustle of expectation so dear to the soul of every actor, that sharp but *still* sound, caused by the sud-

den catching of breath on the part of many people. Rudolph, with the sensitive acuteness of the true artist, heard and interpreted the sound to mean an interest on the part of the audience that would increase with the success of his performances. He felt proud to think that he was succeeding so well at the start and proceeded with his next trick with a jubilant feeling in his heart.

This was the "Mysterious Table," on which he placed a basket of oranges which, after being covered with a silken cloth, were transformed to vases of fresh-cut roses. The trick succeeded perfectly, as did also the "Mysterious Curtain," another favorite trick of his clever master. The trick was witnessed by the simple but sharp-eyed people of San Benito with feelings of astonishment, and loud cries of "Bravo!" greeted the youthful performer, who bowed his acknowledgments and felt very happy as he proceeded with his next attempt, the "Magic Painting."

This was also entirely new to the people of San Benito, who were beginning to have an admiration for this young man from Camprais. They watched the performance with great eagerness. While Rudolph, who had never before attempted the magic painting alone, determined that come what might he would succeed with it. But alas! Who can anticipate all the possibilities which await one in that difficult game of legerdemain.

A gilt frame, four feet square, resting upon an easel, had been standing upon the stage during the performance. Rudolph now placed it upon a small platform which he brought out from behind the scenes, saying as he did so, that he wanted everybody to see the most wonderful painting in all Europe, or, for that matter, in the world.

Within the picture-frame was a piece of blank canvas, or what appeared to be this. Rudolph now walked deliberately to the side of the stage and waved his wand. The people looked on in breathless anticipation. Slowly the outlines of a landscape began to be visible on the canvas. Then they disappeared, and Rudolph turned pale, and for the first time in the evening seemed disconcerted. The trick had failed, and owing to the peculiar way in which it was performed by the master, Rudolph was uncertain concerning the next movement. He hesitated, and for a moment he was so confused that he could not think of anything to do or say in order to cover his failure.

That hesitation was fatal to him. The fickle audience began to hiss. Rudolph stretched out his arm with a gesture of beseeching appeal. It was too late. The people began to raise the cry, "Truchette! Truchette!"

Rudolph stepped to the footlights and tried to pacify them. At that instant the little manager also appeared and added his voice to that of the young performer. But the sight of the manager seemed to arouse the audience rather than quiet it. He was very unpopular with some of the leading citizens of San Benito. And instantly a cry arose against him.

"Bring out Truchette! Make good the performance! Bah! The lad cannot repay us for coming!" were the cries of many. In vain the manager protested that monsieur was ill and unable to appear. In vain Rudolph begged the people to have patience and he would show them wonders. The people were not to be appeased.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" was heard.

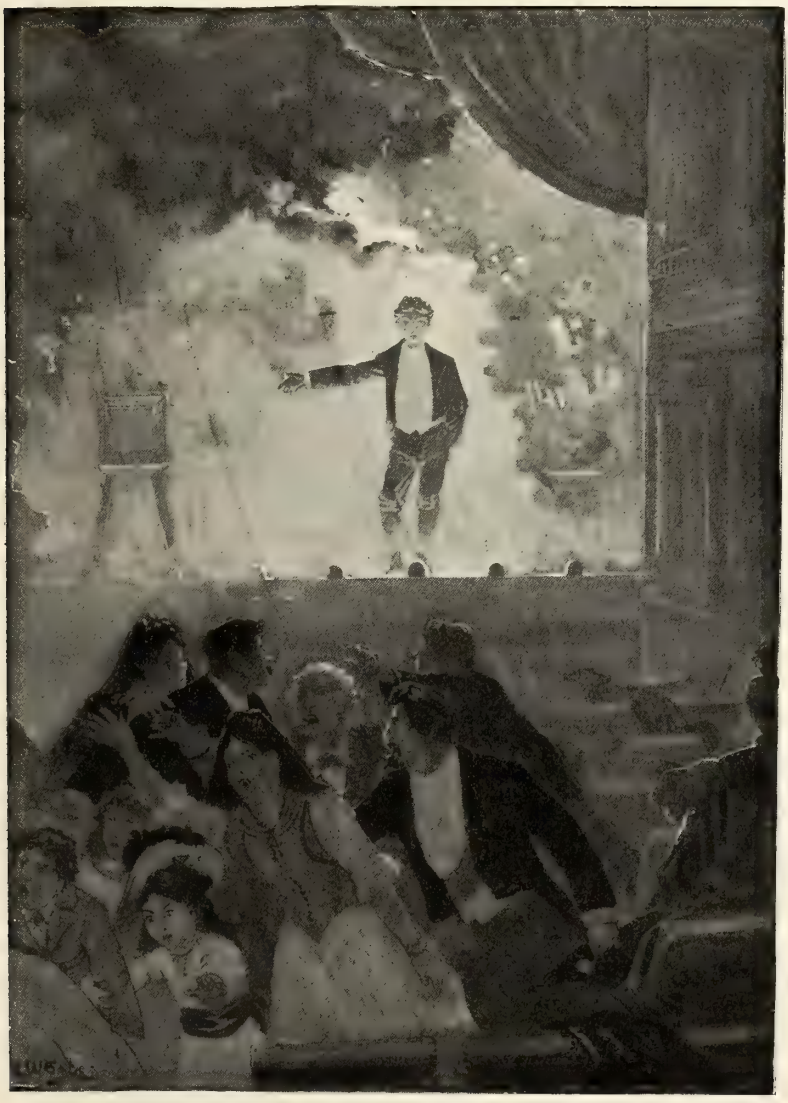
The little theater was surrounded by buildings, and its entrance was small and insufficient. It had been condemned by the inspectors, but nothing had been done to remedy the matter. It was this, for one thing, that had made the people of San Benito indignant at the theater-manager. That cry of fire raised a panic. The people turned and made a frantic rush for the doors. Women shrieked, and men howled like wild beasts as they trampled one another. It was at that moment that Rudolph Cluny regained his composure and saw that unless the panic was arrested, a horrible disaster would befall the people.

He had a very sweet voice, and at once he began to sing one of the popular ballads of the day in a tone so tender and expressive that the people stopped. It is a well-known fact that singing can be heard much farther than a shout or an ordinary call of the human voice. And this plaintive song rising from the soul of the slender lad upon the stage was so thrilling in its fearless courage and quiet repose that it

had the effect of stopping the mad rush for the doors. The lad finished one stanza of the song and began the second, and the song seemed to have an enchantment for the music-loving Italians. They actually applauded the singer when the last note died away. Again Rudolph instantly seized the opportunity. He spoke clear and strong:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is the rear of the theater which is in flames. See the smoke coming toward me from the back? The front is open and untouched. There is plenty of time to escape if you go out as usual. Behold me! I will remain here until you are all safely out!"

The people shouted "Bravo!" and began to go out, but without any panic. The theater had indeed caught fire at the extreme rear. The flames burned with extraordinary rapidity. Rudolph could see them bursting through the scenes at his left. Before all the people were out of the theater, the smoke rolled in billows across the stage and a burning piece of wood was blown to Rudolph's feet. He leaped down to make his way out. But ere he had groped his way through the orchestra circle, already blinded by the smoke which filled the little auditorium, there flashed into his mind the fact that M. Truchette lay asleep or perhaps suffocating in the little room at the right of the stage! He had been forgotten by everybody!



"THE LAD FINISHED ONE STANZA OF THE SONG AND BEGAN THE SECOND."

Rudolph did not hesitate a moment. He leaped up again and crawled on his hands and knees across the stage toward the entrance of the little room where monsieur had been left. The heat and smoke were terrible. He felt burning brands drop on him. Twice his hair caught fire. He extinguished the flames with his hands and still crept on. The door of the little room was open. He rose to his feet and rushed in. He could not see. He could only feel. Yes, monsieur was still on the



"HE CAUGHT HIM UP AND STAGGERED OUT ACROSS THE STAGE."

couch. Whether dead or suffocating he could not tell. He caught him up and staggered out across the stage. The stage was in flames. Rudolph rushed through them, and with the burden in his arms again descended to the orchestra circle. It was a terrible moment to him. The entire building seemed aflame, so rapidly had the fire spread. But at last he reached the doors. He rushed out. Ah! How sweet the air and the cool night! And how the people shouted when he appeared with his burden! He fell fainting, but strong arms raised him and bore him to a place of safety, while the theater of San Benito roared in the embrace of the fiery element as if enraged at the escape of its prisoners.

When Rudolph recovered from his burns, which were serious and at one time threatened to be fatal, the people of San Benito honored him with everything in their power. They were not ungrateful. A medal was struck off, commemorating the event, and Rudolph proudly wore it home; and the little mother and sister in the vale of Camprais wept glad tears over the dear lad who had done so much to honor them.

M. Truchette was not unmindful of his former assistant, and gave him encouragement to study music and develop his voice, which a noted master declared to be well worth the instruction. And several years later Rudolph Cluny was singing the ballads of the country to delighted audiences in Europe. He grew to be a tall, handsome man. And, better than all, he was brave and good. And he always wore the medal given him by the fickle but generous people of San Benito.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—This story was related to me by an Italian lady who was present at the scene of the performance in the little theater. Rudolph Cluny is a real being of flesh and blood, although he is known by another name. The story has never until now been made public in this country. C. M. S.



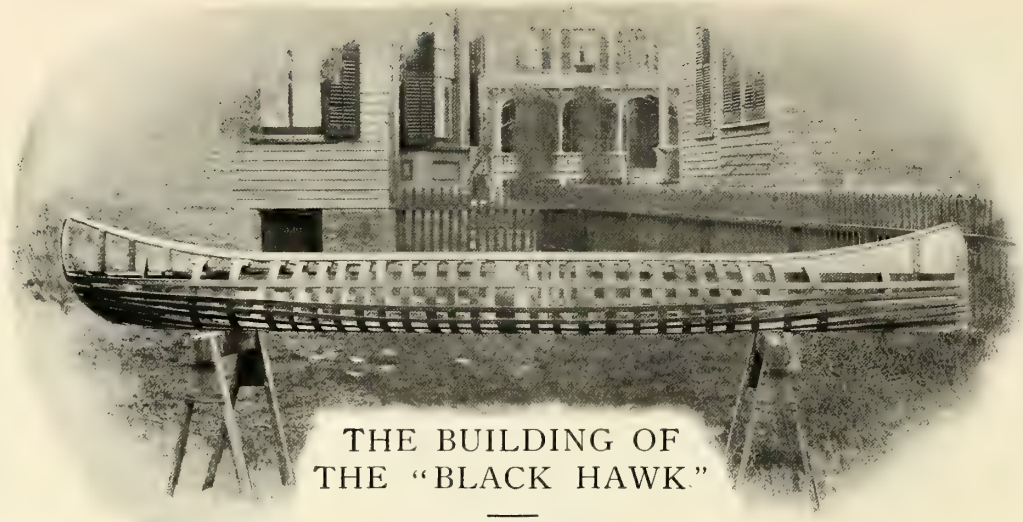
THE PICTURE.

BY M. M. D.

DEAR little Marjorie Boulton,
Sweet little lady mine!
One of earth's blithesome fairies,
Alert in the glad sunshine.

Well may the grateful blossoms
Nestle and thrive in thy clasp,
And hearts grow warm and tender
At the thought of thy gentle grasp.

So, little Marjorie Boulton,
We 'll gaze on the picture awhile,
Quite sure that the face in a moment
Will brightly respond with a smile!



THE BUILDING OF THE "BLACK HAWK."

By S. D. V. Burr.

The *Black Hawk* was built last year and paddled and sailed all summer by a boy of fifteen, who did not spare the boat in any way, and it now lies in dry-dock (down the cellar) for the winter, safe and sound in every stick. This summer it will be sandpapered, painted, and put in commission again.

There are two ways of building a canoe: one is to get a plank for a keelson, a couple of strips for the gunwales, any old wooden barrel hoops for ribs, tack on the canvas, and there you are. This certainly makes a quick job, but the result is a thing horrible to look at, and which will surely be thrown away unless the owner can find a more foolish boy who will pay him fifty cents for the outfit.

The next way is to build the boat in accordance with a plan, knowing beforehand just what you are going to do, and having in your mind a clear picture of what the boat will look like when finished. This is not only the best method but the easiest, and is sure to produce a craft of which you will never be ashamed, either for its looks or its sailing qualities. Perhaps it will seem that this last plan is slow, because it is necessary to do a little work before the actual building begins; but it is really quick, since, when once started on the frame, things go with a rush.

The *Black Hawk*, however, is a regular Indian canoe model, with raised stem and stern, bulging sides, and flat bottom. It is 11½ feet long, 12 inches deep, 24 inches wide at the gunwales at the center, and 28 inches in the widest part at the center. The bow is curved, while the stern is straight to carry the rudder.

The keelson is of spruce 4 inches wide by 1 inch thick and 10 feet long. At each end this is recessed to receive the stem and stern posts,

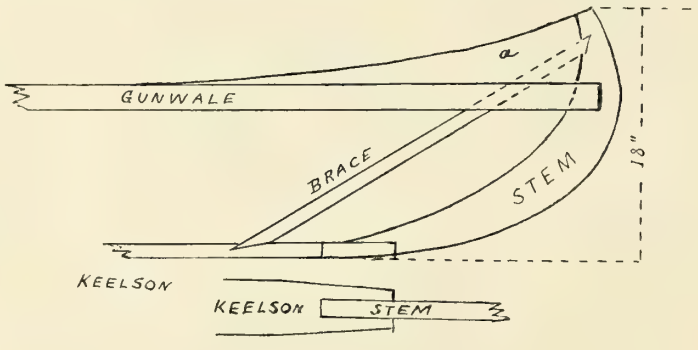


FIG.

which are held in place by brass screws. The stem piece (Fig. 1) is made of 1½-inch plank, properly curved at its forward edge, which is beveled each side to make the edge ½ inch thick. Along this edge the canvas is afterward

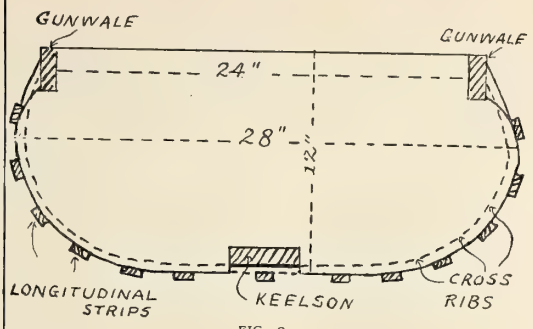


FIG. 2.

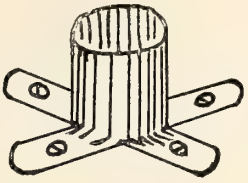


FIG. 7.

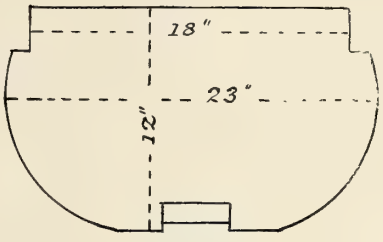


FIG. 3.

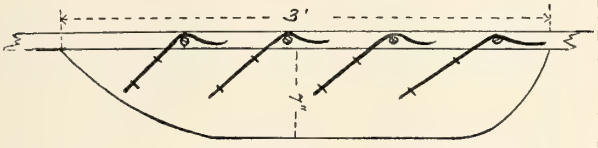


FIG. 8.

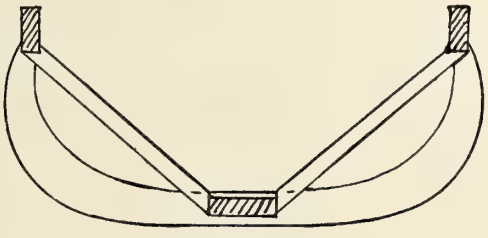
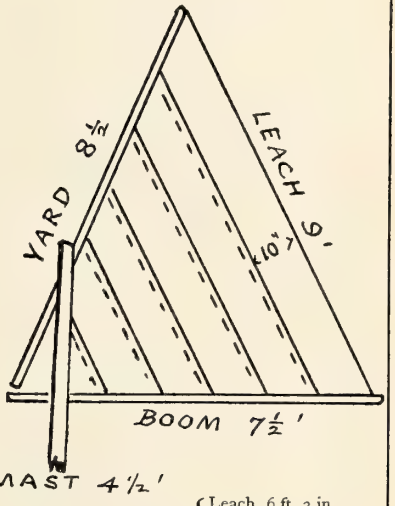


FIG. 4.



Dimensions of the mizzen-sail: { Leach, 6 ft. 3 in. / Yard, 6 ft. / Boom, 4 ft. 2 in.

FIG. 9.

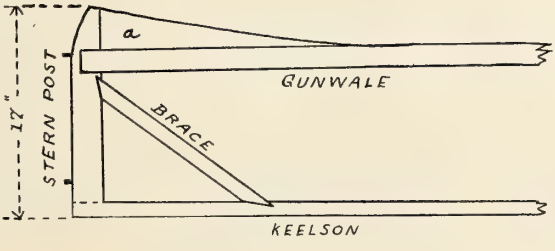


FIG. 5.

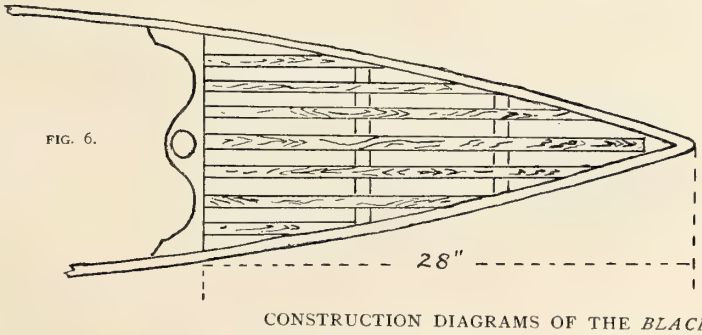


FIG. 6.

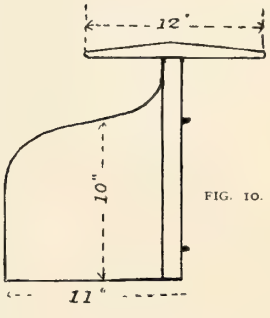


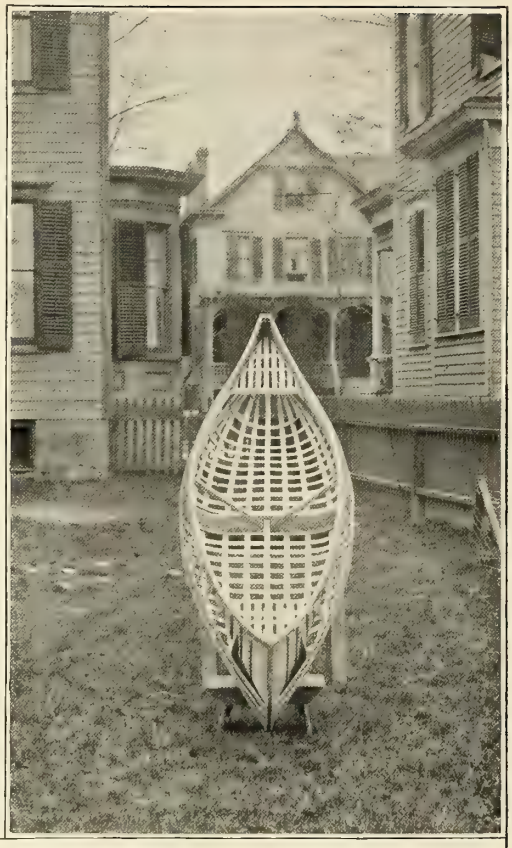
FIG. 10.

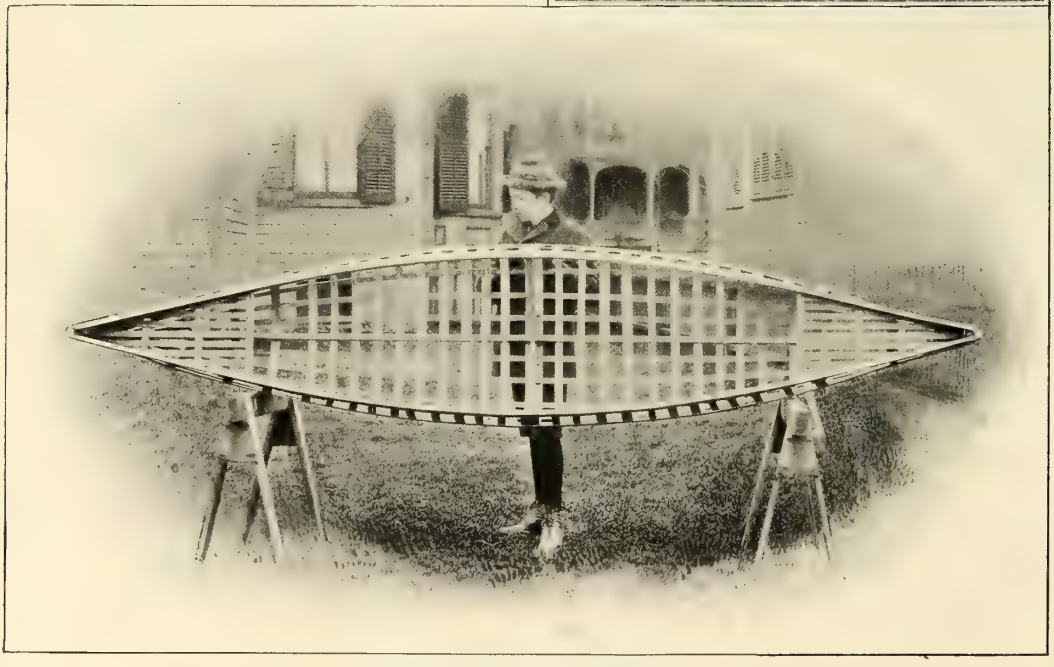
CONSTRUCTION DIAGRAMS OF THE *BLACK HAWK*.

tacked. Both bow and stern posts are braced to the keelson as indicated in the drawings. Each end of each gunwale (they are made of 2½ by ¾ inch spruce) is planed off so as to fit nicely against the posts, and is held by screws. The same course is afterward followed with the longitudinal or lengthwise strips.

We are now ready to make the three mold-boards which govern the cross-section, and upon which depend the lines of the boat (Figs. 2 and 3). One of these (Fig. 2) is placed at the center, while the other two (Fig. 3) are placed one at 28 inches "forward" and one 28 inches "aft" of this center mold-board. The two end mold-boards are of the same size. All of these are made with notches to receive the gunwales and keelson, which are only lightly nailed in place, as the boards are, of course, to be removed finally. A permanent cross-rib and braces are shown in Fig. 4. This is to be inserted after the temporary mold-board (Fig. 2) is removed. The frame is now in shape, with the keelson, gunwales, and posts in position, and is ready to receive the longitudinal strips.

These strips can be made of spruce. The longest are 12 feet. They should be 1¼ inches wide by $\frac{3}{16}$ inch thick. The best and cheapest





SKELETON PLANS OF THE *BLACK HAWK*

way to get them is to pick out a plank free from knots and of the required thickness, and have this sawed into strips at the mill. Better get twenty of these. The ends of these are beveled and nailed permanently to the posts. Be careful not to nail these strips to the mold-boards, which, as has been said, are later to be removed. One strip is placed along the keel and six on each side. Since these ribs govern the outside appearance of the boat after the canvas has been put on, it is of the greatest importance to have both sides of exactly the same curvature. By turning the frame upside down and standing at one end, any irregularity can be seen and remedied. First-class cross-ribs, to be found everywhere, can be made of sugar-barrel hoops. This wood is strong and tough, easily worked and easily bent. These hoops should be dressed down to ¾ or 1 inch wide by ¼ inch thick. They are now to be bent to the cross-section of the boat, in order to fit within the lengthwise strips already in the frame. The longer ones are selected for the center, the shorter ones being used near the ends. They are soaked in a bath-tub full of hot water, after which they can be bent to the desired shape.

In placing the ribs it is best to work from the center, one rib at a time, alternately toward the stem and stern. The ribs are first nailed to the keelson, and are then tacked to each of the long strips. This should be done with copper tacks, from the inside, long enough to pass through both pieces and be clenched on the outside. The only reason for nailing from the inside is that it makes a better appearance to have the heads inside, rather than the clenched ends. The ends of the ribs must be firmly secured to the gunwales, as these ribs form their only support, and are under great strain when the sail is full, and the captain is sitting on one gunwale, with his toes under the other, and "hiking" out to keep the canoe on a level keel. In the *Black Hawk* a strip of soft, thin brass was carried along the gunwale over



A DRY SAIL.

the ends of the ribs. It was nailed at each side of each end of each rib, these nails going through the gunwale and clenching upon the inside.

To form the upward curve at each end, four pieces of ½-inch pine plank are cut to the proper curve (*a*, in Figs. 1 and 5). These are nailed to the posts, and are held to the gunwales by vertical cleats nailed over the joints. A brace is placed between the gunwales, 28 inches from each end. This not only strengthens the frame, but also forms the support for the mast, as shown in Fig. 6. This, in addition, receives the deck strips, which are afterward covered with canvas.

The mainmast step is made of a piece of brass tubing 2 inches in diameter by 4 inches high (Fig. 7). This is cut quartering for 2 inches, and these parts are bent outward at right angles to form a spider. This is screwed to the keelson by four brass screws. The same course is followed with the mizzenmast, which need be only 1½ inches in diameter at the bottom.

We are now ready for the canvas. This should be No. 10 duck, 52 inches wide and 12 feet long. It is tacked along the keelson for about 5 feet; then, beginning at the center, it is hauled over the gunwale upon each side and tacked about half-way down the inside face of the gunwale. This work must go along evenly upon each side. At about 2½ or 3 feet each side of the center it becomes necessary to split the canvas along the keel and take out a gore piece, in order that the cloth may be taken around the ends without wrinkling. If this work is carefully done the surface should be perfectly smooth. Where the duck is split the edge of one piece is tacked to the frame, then the joint is covered with white lead, and the other edge pulled over and tacked on top. There is no danger of a joint made in this way ever leaking, for the tacking presses the outer layer of canvas in the closest contact with the white lead, which, in a measure, acts as a waterproof cement.

A keel of 1 by 1½ inch spruce is then screwed on the bottom, extending from the end of the curve at the bow to the stern post;



THE *BLACK HAWK* UNDER FULL SAIL.

the forward end of the keel is beveled to meet the bevel of the curved bow. The keel is then screwed on. This is then covered with a brass strip, which is extended around the cutwater. This protects the bottom when dragging the canoe over the ground.

In sailing it will be found necessary to be provided with a deep detachable keel. A sketch of this with its dimensions is shown in Fig. 8. Four springs, made of a bed-spring and shaped as shown, are secured to each side of the keel-board by copper staples. At each side of the permanent keel are four brass screws so placed that the springs pass over them and hold the board in place, and yet, by pulling the keel toward the bow, it can easily be removed when necessary.

The first coat of paint on the canvas which now completely covers the outside of the canoe, with the exception of the keel, should be a first-class mixed white lead. The duck is first thoroughly wetted and the paint then laid on, on the outside only. Not so much paint will be needed if the canvas is wet, and by using white paint for a first coat the boat will not be disfigured upon the inside by any paint that may strike through, for the paint is almost sure to do this. After this has thoroughly dried, it is rubbed down with coarse sandpaper and the final coat of yacht black put on.

Fig. 9 gives the dimensions and shape of the sails, which are of the ordinary lateen pattern. A good quality of heavy muslin with double seams will answer the purpose.

The rudder-blade (Fig. 10) is made of a ⅜-inch spruce board, let into a 1¼-inch square stick. In the rudder are inserted two brass screw-eyes, 10 inches apart. Two similar screw-eyes the same distance apart are put in the stern post. A brass rod (fastened to the boat with a short chain in order to prevent its being lost) is passed through all the eyes.

The tiller-rope extends through screw-eyes on the inside of the gunwales to a pulley-block at the bow, so that the rudder can be handled no matter at what place in the canoe the boy may be. Three jam cleats for fastening the sheets are conveniently placed along the gunwales on both sides.

Do not use any iron in any part of the boat; use brass screws and screw-eyes and copper tacks and nails. To do this costs a little more, but there is no danger of an important joint giving way through rust, for water is bound to get in the boat, either from the rain or from shipping it over the sides.

The descriptions and the diagrams given in this article have avoided, as far as possible, going into minute details, for the reason that such details often confuse any but a trained mechanic. It is expected that the photographs of the finished boat will furnish to the boy canoe-builder the information intentionally omitted in the descriptions. The main purpose of this article is to start the boy right in the essential part of the work, and then let him exercise his own ingenuity in the matter of finish.

The expense account should not exceed the following:

Wood	$ 2.75
Copper tacks and nails	.60
Brass screws and screw-eyes	.60
Gromets for sails	.15
Fittings, galvanized	2.00
Sail-sticks, spruce	.75
Canvas	2.20
Muslin for sails	1.30
Paint	1.75
Rope	.70
	$12.80



BED-TIME.

By Katharine Pyle.

GOOD NIGHT IN THE NURSERY.

Now all the little toys are going to sleep,
The dolls and Noah's Ark and old tin sheep,

The music-box, the marbles, and the kite:
The curtains have been drawn, and it is night.

They do not wish to play; they talk no more:
Put them away and close the cupboard door.

TOMMY TOYMAN.

When the little children
Are all asleep in bed,
Comes old Tommy Toyman,
With his noiseless tread.

No one sees him coming,
Creeping up the stairs,
In the tasseled nightcap
That he always wears.

A pair of great round spectacles
He has upon his nose,
And straight up to the nursery
And to the toys he goes.

When old Tommy Toyman
Finds the little toys
Torn and scratched and broken
By careless girls and boys,

He sends each one bad dreams,
To dance above their heads;
So all night they see them,
Whirling round their beds.

But when Tommy Toyman
Finds that, after play,
The toys are all in order,
And neatly put away,

Then puff! he blows the good dreams,
Like bubbles, shining bright,
To float above the children's heads
And round their beds all night:

That 's what Tommy Toyman
Does, I 've heard it said,
When the little children
Are all asleep in bed.



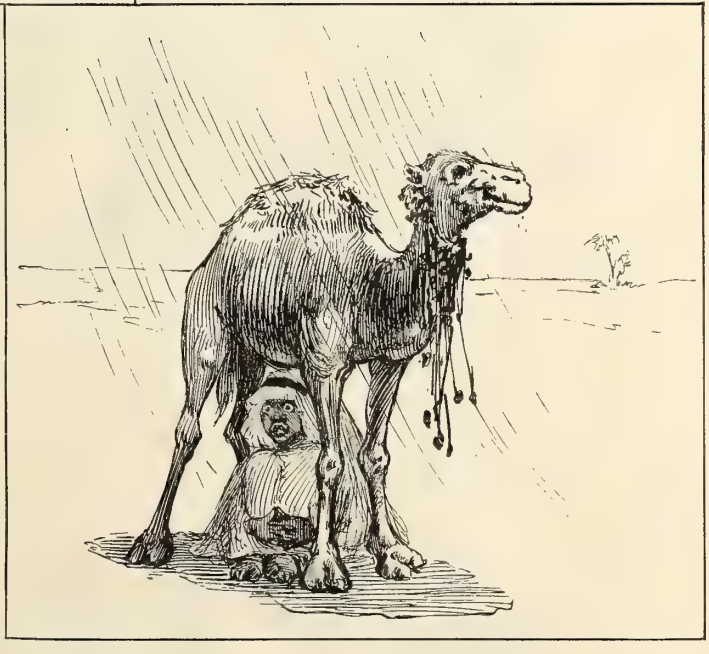


NOVEL EXPERIENCES.

By Carolyn Wells.

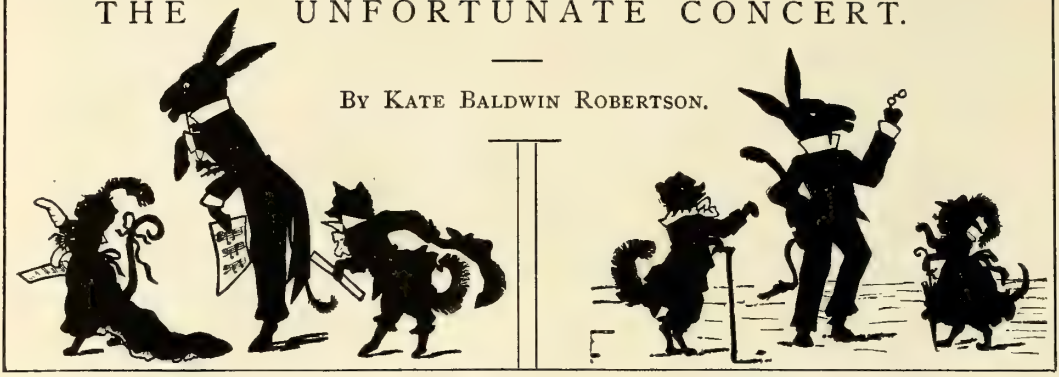
Just once, in far-off Labrador, the sun gave warming rays,
And this excited Eskimo exclaimed in great amaze:
"Though all my life I've known the cold, and ice, and freezing storm,
I *never* knew the sun could shine enough to make one *warm!*"

Another day, on desert sands, the rain came pouring down,
And this affrighted African cried, with a fearful frown:
"All my life long I've known the heat and burning sun, but yet
I never knew the rain could fall enough to make one *wet!*"



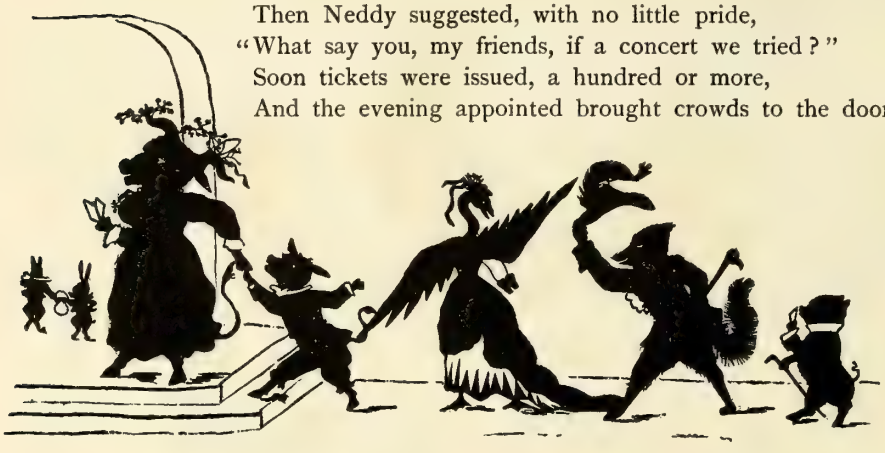
THE UNFORTUNATE CONCERT.

By Kate Baldwin Robertson.

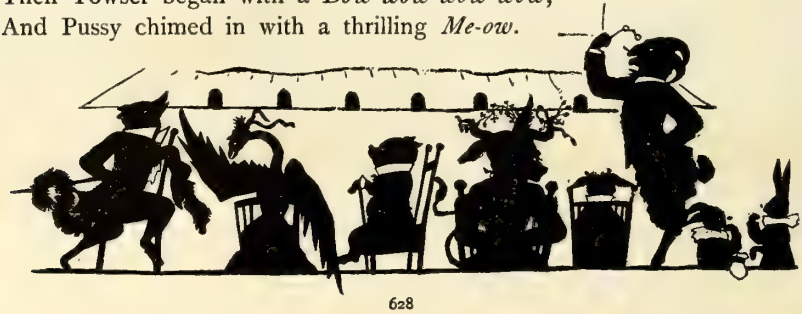


Miss Pussy and Towser and Neddy, all three,
Were sure that their singing was sweet as could be.
"What a pity," they said, "that the world cannot hear
The sound of our voices so sweet and so clear!"

Then Neddy suggested, with no little pride,
"What say you, my friends, if a concert we tried?"
Soon tickets were issued, a hundred or more,
And the evening appointed brought crowds to the door.



Miss Pussy appeared in a dress of bright green,
Quite pleased with herself — that was plain to be seen.
Then Towser began with a *Bow-wow-wow-wow*,
And Pussy chimed in with a thrilling *Me-ow*.



The audience looked troubled, and cried, "This won't do!
This concert is scarcely worth listening to."
Just then Mr. Neddy gave forth his best bray;
It startled the audience, and they all ran away.

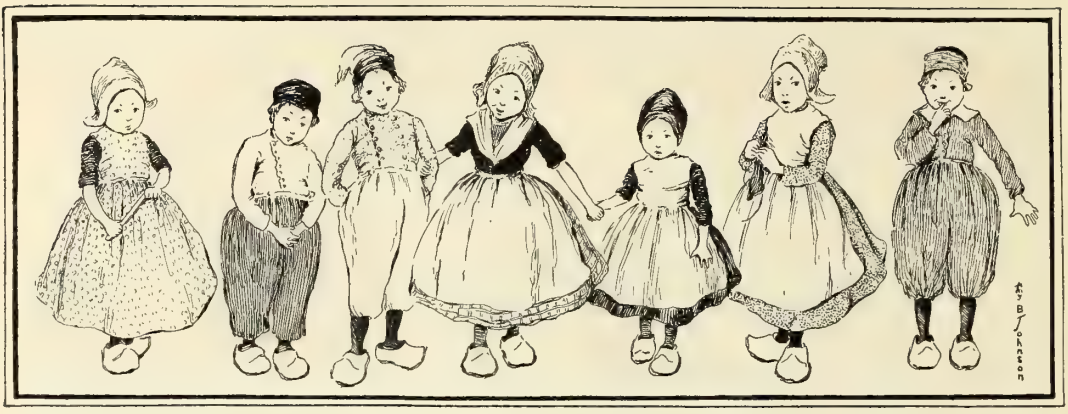


Our trio to blows I 'm afraid almost came;
Puss stoutly maintained Ned was chiefly to blame;
She scolded the poor chap, and Towser did, too,
And then off the stage all three of them flew.



Straight back to their home Puss and Towser did run,
While Ned soon found thistles than singing more fun;
I fancy they 'll now be content to remain
In their own humble sphere, nor try concerts again.





A DUTCH TREAT.

By Amy B. Johnson.



"'VE been crying again, father."

"Have you, sweetheart? I 'm sorry."

"Father."

"Yes, darling."

"I don't like Holland at all. I wish we had stayed in New York. And I would much rather stay in Amsterdam with you to-day than to go and see those horrid little Dutch children. I 'm sure I shall hate them all."

"But how about Marie? You want to see her, don't you?"

"No. I 'm very much annoyed with Marie. I don't see why she could not have been contented in New York. After taking care of me ever since I was a baby, she must like me better than those nieces and nephews she never saw till yesterday."

"I am sure Marie loves you very dearly, Katharine, but you are getting to be such a big girl now that you no longer need a nurse, and Marie was homesick. She wished to come back to Holland years ago, but I persuaded her to stay till you were old enough to do without her, and until Aunt Katharine was ready to come to New York and live with us, promising her that when that time came you and I would come over with her, just as we have done, on our way to Paris. We must not be selfish and grudge Marie to her sisters, who have not seen her for twelve years."

"I am homesick now, too, father. I was so happy in New York with my dolls — and you — and Marie — and —"

"So you shall be again, darling; in a few months we will go back, taking dear Aunt Katharine with us from Paris, and you will soon love her better than you do Marie."

Katharine and her father, Colonel Easton, were floating along a canal just out of Amsterdam, in a *trekschuit*, or small passenger-boat, on their way to the home of one of Marie's sisters, two of whom were married and settled near one of the dikes of Holland. Katharine was to spend the day there with her nurse, and make the acquaintance of all the nieces and nephews about whom Marie had told her so much, while her father was to return to Amsterdam, where he had business to transact with a friend. They had arrived in Holland only the day before, when Marie had immediately left them, being anxious to get home as soon as possible, after exacting a

promise from the colonel that Katharine should visit her the next day.

Katharine felt very sure she would never like Holland, as she gazed rather scornfully at the curious objects they passed: the queer gay-colored boats, the windmills which met the eye at every turn, with their great arms waving in the air, the busy-looking people, men and women, some of the latter knitting as they walked, carrying heavy baskets on their backs, and all looking so contented and placid.

"Try and think of the nice day you are going to have with Marie and the children," said the colonel; "then this evening I will come for you, and we will go together to Paris, and when you see Aunt Katharine you will be perfectly happy. See, we are nearly at the landing, and look at that row of little girls and boys. I do believe they are looking for you."

"Yes; they must be Marie's sister's children; I know them from the description Marie has read me from her letters. Are n't they horrid little things, father? Just look at their great clumps of shoes — "

"Yes — *klompen;* that is what they are called, Katharine."

"And their baggy clothes and short waists! One of them knitting, too! Well, I would never make such a fright of myself, even if I did live in Holland, which I 'm glad I don't."

By this time they had made the landing. Then Katharine and Marie fell into each other's arms and cried, gazed at in half-frightened curiosity by seven small, shy Hollanders, and in pitying patience by a very large colonel.



"THE WINDMILLS WHICH MET THE EYE AT EVERY TURN, WITH THEIR GREAT ARMS WAVING IN THE AIR."

"Au revoir. I will call for Katharine this afternoon," called Colonel Easton, when the time came for him to go on board again.

Katharine waved her handkerchief to her father as long as his boat was in sight.

"See, Miss Katharine," said Marie, — in Dutch now, for Katharine understood that language very well, Marie having spoken it to her from her infancy, — "here is Gretel, and this is her little sister Katrine and her brother Jan. The

others are their cousins. Come here, Lotten; don't be shy. Ludolf, Mayken, Freitje, shake hands with my little American girl; they were all eager to come and meet you, dear, so I had to bring them."

Katharine shook hands very soberly with the little group, and then walked off beside Marie, hearing nothing but the clatter-clatter of fourteen wooden shoes behind her.

Soon they arrived at the cottage, and in a moment seven pairs of klompen were ranged in a neat row outside a small cottage, while their owners all talked at once to two sweet-faced women standing in the doorway. These were Marie's sisters, whose husbands were out on the sea fishing, and who lived close beside each other in two tiny cottages exactly alike.

"Oh," exclaimed Katharine, as, panting and breathless, she finally joined the group, "do you always take off your shoes before you go into the house?"

"Why, of course," said the children.

"How funny!" said Katharine.

Then Marie, who had been left far behind, came up and introduced the little stranger to Juffrouw Van Dyne and Juffrouw Boekman, who took her into the house, followed by the three children who belonged there and the four cousins who belonged next door. They took off her coat and hat and gave her an arm-chair to sit in as she nibbled a tiny piece of gingerbread, while large pieces from the same loaf disappeared as if by magic among the other children. Then Gretel showed to her her doll; Jan shyly put into her hand a very pretty small model of the boat she had come in on that morning; Lotten offered her a piece of Edam cheese, which she took, while politely declining Mayken's offer to teach her to knit; little Katrine deposited a beautiful white kitten on her lap; Ludolf showed her a fine pair of klompen on which his father was teaching him to carve some very pretty figures; Freitje brought all his new fishing-tackle and invited her to go fishing with him at the back of the house. It was not long before Katharine forgot that she was homesick, and grew really interested in her surroundings; and later the dinner, consisting chiefly of fish and rye bread, tasted very good to the now hungry Katharine.

It was after dinner that the tragedy happened. The children had all started out for a walk. Before they had gone more than a mile from the house the fog settled all around them — so dense, so thick, blotting out everything, that they could not see more than a step ahead. They were not frightened, however, as all they had to do was to turn round and go straight ahead toward home. The children took one another's hands at Gretel's direction, stretching themselves across the road, Katharine, who held Gretel's hand, being at one end of the line. They walked on slowly along the dike for a short time, talking busily, though not able to see where they were going, when suddenly Katharine felt her feet slipping. In trying to steady herself she let go of Gretel, gave a wild clutch at the air, and then rolled, rolled, right down a steep bank, and, splash! into a pool of water at the bottom. For a moment she lay half stunned, not knowing what had happened to her; then, as her sense came, "Oh," thought she, "I must be killed, or drowned, or something!" She tried to call "Gretel," but her voice sounded weak and far off, and she could see nothing. Slowly she crawled out of the pool, only to plunge, splash! into another. She felt, oh, so cold, wet, and bruised! "I must have rolled right down the dike," she thought. "If I could find it, I might climb up again." She got up and tried to walk, but sank to her ankles in water at every step.

She was a little lame from her fall, and soaked from head to foot. Her clothes hung around her most uncomfortably when she tried to walk. But, if she had to crawl on hands and knees, she must find the house; so, plunging, tumbling, rising again, she crawled in and out of ditches, every minute getting more cold and miserable.

But on she went, shivering and sore, every moment wandering farther from her friends, who were out searching all along the bottom of the dike.

After what seemed to her a long time, she came bump up against something hard. She did not know what it was, but she could have jumped for joy, if her clothes had not been so heavy, to hear a voice suddenly call out in



LITTLE MAYKEN.



GRETEL AND KATRINE.

Dutch: "What 's that? Who has hit against my door? Ach! where in the world have you come from?" Then in a considerably milder tone: "Ach! the little one! and she is English. How did you get here, dear heart?"

"I — I — fell down the dike. I have — lost — everybody. Oh, how shall I ever get back to father?" answered Katharine in her very poor Dutch.

"But tell me, little one, where you came from — ach! so cold and wet!"

"I was spending the day with Marie and Gretel — and — Jan — and we were walking on the dike when the fog came on; then I fell, and could not find my way —"

"Gretel and Jan — could they be Juffrouw Van Dyne's children?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly; "that is where I was. Oh, *can* you take me back, dear, dear juffrouw?"

"Yes, when the fog clears away, my child. I could not find the house now; it is more than two miles from here. Besides, you must put off these wet clothes; you will get your death of cold — poor lambkin."

At this Katharine's sobs broke forth afresh. It must be late in the evening now, she thought; her father would come to Marie's and would not be able to find her —

"No, dear child; it is only four o'clock in the afternoon. The fog may clear away very soon, and then I will take you back."

Quickly the wet garments were taken off and hung about the stove. Katharine presently found herself wrapped up in blankets in a great arm-chair in front of the fire, a cushion at her back and another under her feet, drinking some nice hot broth, and feeling so warm and comfortable that she fell fast asleep, and awoke two hours later to find the room quite light, the fog almost gone, the juffrouw sitting beside her knitting, and a comfortable-looking cat purring noisily at her feet.

"I think I have been asleep," she said.

"I think you have," said Dame Donk.

Just then a loud knock was heard at the door, a head was poked in, then another, and still another. The cottage was fast filling up. There stood, first of all, poor, pale, frightened Marie, holding a large bundle in her arms, Jan with another smaller one, Gretel carrying a pair of shoes, and one of the sisters, completely filling up the doorway with her ample proportions, last of all.

It appears that as soon as the fog had begun to clear, the good Dame Donk had despatched a boy from a neighboring cottage to let them know where Katharine was, and that her wardrobe would need replenishing.

The excitement on finding the child safe and sound may be better imagined than described. How she was kissed, cried, and laughed over, what questions were asked and not answered, as she was taken into an adjoining room and arrayed in a complete suit of Gretel's clothes, even to the klompen, for, alas! her French shoes were now in no condition to be worn, the pretty blue frock torn and stained and hopelessly wet, the hat with its dainty plume crushed and useless; indeed, every article she had worn looked only fit for the rag-bag.

Gretel was so much smaller than Katharine that the clothes were a very tight fit, the skirt which hung round Gretel's ankles reaching just below Katharine's knees, and it was a funny little figure that stepped back into the room — no longer a fashionably dressed New York maiden, but a golden-haired child of Holland, even to the blue eyes, sparkling now with fun and merriment.

"But did n't you bring a cap for me, Marie?" she asked in a grieved tone.

"Ah, no, deary; I never thought of a cap."

"Well, you must put one on me the minute we get back."

"Oh, what will father say?" she cried delightedly, as she surveyed herself in the little mirror.

This sobered Marie at once. What would "father" say, indeed? Would he not have a right to be very angry with her, that she had allowed the child to get into such danger?

"Where is Katharine?" asked the colonel, as he stood, tall and commanding, on the threshold, later that evening, surveying eight small Hollanders, looking so much alike, except for the difference in their sizes, that they might have passed for eight Dutch dolls propped up in a row against the wall.

A sudden shriek of laughter, and one of the

dolls was in his arms, smothering him with kisses. Then every one began to talk at once, as usual, and it was not until late the next evening, when he and Katharine were steaming out of Amsterdam, that the colonel was told the whole story and for the first time fully understood all that had happened to his little girl on that eventful day.

Meanwhile the new light in his daughter's eyes and the laughter on her lips kept him from any desire to inquire too deeply into the reason for a certain embarrassed frightened look on the faces of the women.

Before leaving Amsterdam the colonel was obliged to purchase a complete suit of Dutch garments for Katharine as a memento of this visit, and "because they are so pretty, father," she said, and "Oh, father, I just love Holland! As for those Dutch children, I think they are simply the dearest, sweetest things I ever saw, and I have promised to write to Gretel as soon as ever I get to Paris."

THE CHILDREN OF HOLLAND.

By Clara F. Berry.



THE children of Holland, that queerest of places,
Are healthy and happy, with bright little faces.

You 'll hear them go clattering down on the street
With queer-looking, quaint wooden shoes on their feet.

These children are kept just
as neat as a pin,
For *dirt* is considered in
Holland a sin.

They play hide-and-seek, fly kites in the air —
No happier children you 'll find anywhere.



UP and down, by the dikes, they
will skate like the wind;
In games and amusements
they 're never behind.

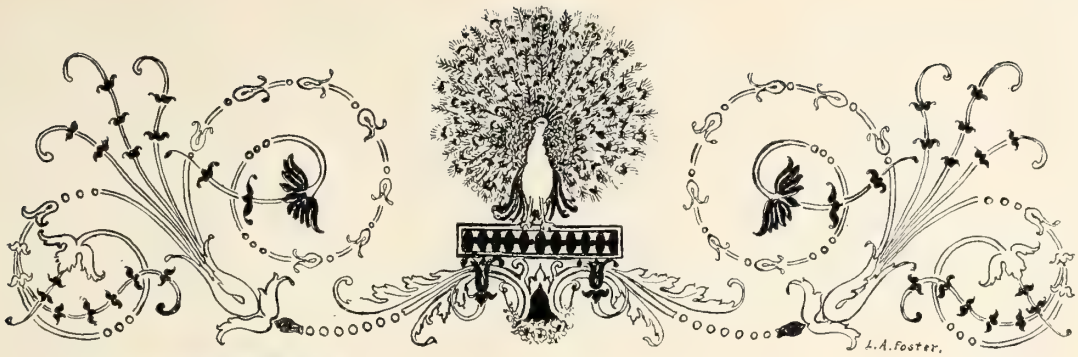
They 've dolls, tops, and marbles, and all sorts of toys,
And the girls are as sturdy and gay as the boys.

They keep at their tasks till the work is all done;
Then they sport and they frolic in jolliest fun.

What matter Dutch costumes or Yankee togs, pray,
When young lads and lassies are ready for play?



HIDE-AND-SEEK.





A BLOOMING BIRD.

By Mary Evelyn Thomas.

They were walking on the terrace,
Mama and little Fred;
There they met a stately peacock,
His gorgeous tail outspread.

As they stepped out of the pathway,
To give His Highness room,
"Oh, look!" cried Fred, astonished,
"The peacock is in bloom!"



MAY-MOVING IN THE WOODS: "AH, THIS IS THE PLACE FOR US!"



TITO'S HOME-MADE PICTURE-BOOK.

By George Frederick Welsford.



"Will you draw me something, papa?"
"Yes, my boy. What shall it be?"
"I want an owl and a piggy —
The owl up in a tree.

"And then I want a donkey,
And then —" "Well, that will do;
We must have the rest to-morrow"—
That is how this story grew.







To the little pig that cried *wee! wee!*
Strange things befell, as we shall see;
For Piggy was lost, when he met an owl
And asked his way of that wise old fowl.

Now this owl was a mischievous bird, you know,
With a heart as black as the blackest crow.
He winked his eye, and he snapped his bill,
As he thought how to serve poor Piggy ill.

He first sent Piggy, when he asked his way,
To a silly old donkey — to lead him astray.
The donkey, when found, was having his tea,
Which he shared with our Piggy, as here you will see.

But as to the way that Piggy should go,
That stupid old donkey did not know.
So, after tea, they got in a boat,
And toward Mother Goose Land were soon afloat.

The first one they met, as they came to land,
Was Humpty Dumpty, with smile so bland.
They asked him the way, but, sad to tell,
Before he could answer, down he fell.

They fetched the king's horses, they fetched the king's men —
With the pig and the donkey the number was ten.
But when they arrived at the base of the wall,
They could not find Humpty Dumpty at all.



PIGGY TAKES TEA WITH THE DONKEY.

Now the owl had played them a trick, you see;
For the donkey went home to finish his tea,
And Piggy much feared he would never get home,
But his whole life long round the country would roam.

Then he turned, and he saw dear Mrs. Gray Goose,
Who said she would willingly be of some use,
Though where Piggy's home was she did not just know,
But the highroad to Pig-land she gladly would show.

The road to it ran through the Gobil-lillies' wood,
A mischievous sprite-folk that do little good.

As soon as they saw the cart drawing near,
They tipped it quite over, with many a jeer.

Mrs. Goose was so nimble she rose safe and sound,
But out fell poor Piggy upon the hard ground;
And, thoroughly fright-ened, Mrs. Goose ran for aid,
For that Piggy was dead she was sorely afraid.

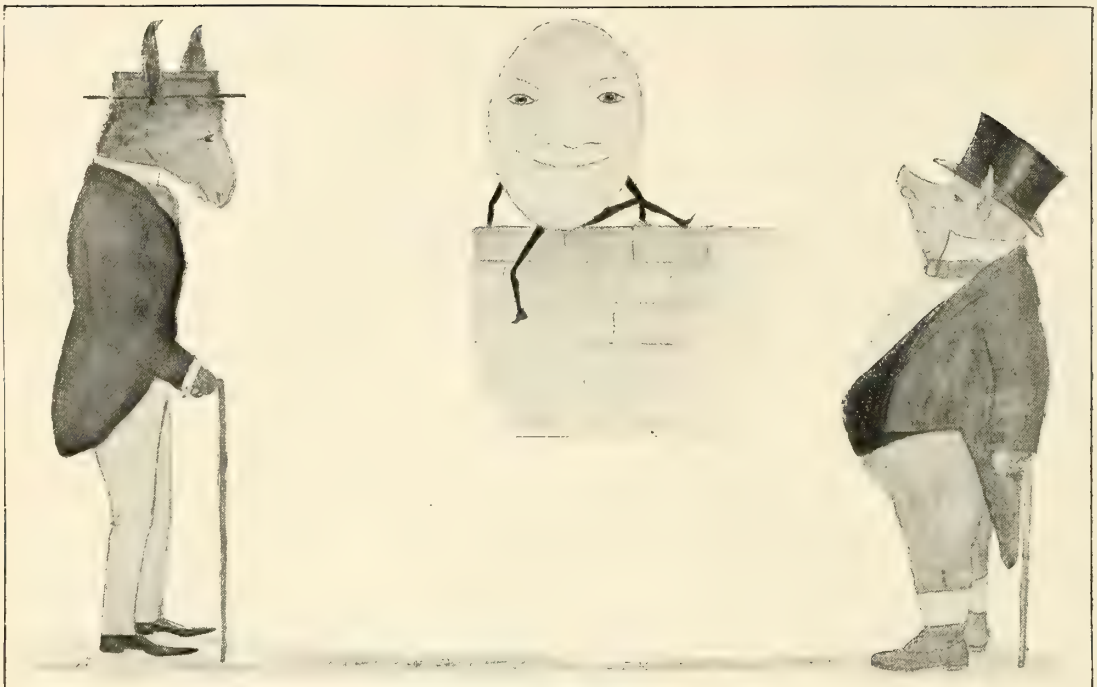
Piggy slowly came back to his senses at last;
But the wee Gobillillies were holding him fast.
They soon tied together his feet and his hands
With long heavy chains and strong iron bands.

He then in a dark prison dungeon was thrust,
His fare was but water and hard moldy crust,
With nothing to cheer the mysterious gloom,
And to live there forever he feared was his doom.

But in at the window a light glimmered soon,
And in through the bars hopped the Man-in-the-Moon.
He threw Piggy's chains on the floor with a clang,
And out through the window a free Piggy sprang.



PIGGY GOES TO MOTHER GOOSE LAND.



PIGGY CALLS ON HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Piggy could not run fast,—he was not very thin,—
And closer and closer came a terrible din.
He heard just behind him the Gobillilly crew,
And hoots of the owl; now what could he do?
Little dreamed the poor Piggy that help was at hand,
Or that he was near to the Piccaninny Land—
The dear Piccaninnies, so brave and so good,
Who lived in the orchard beyond the next wood.



"ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN."

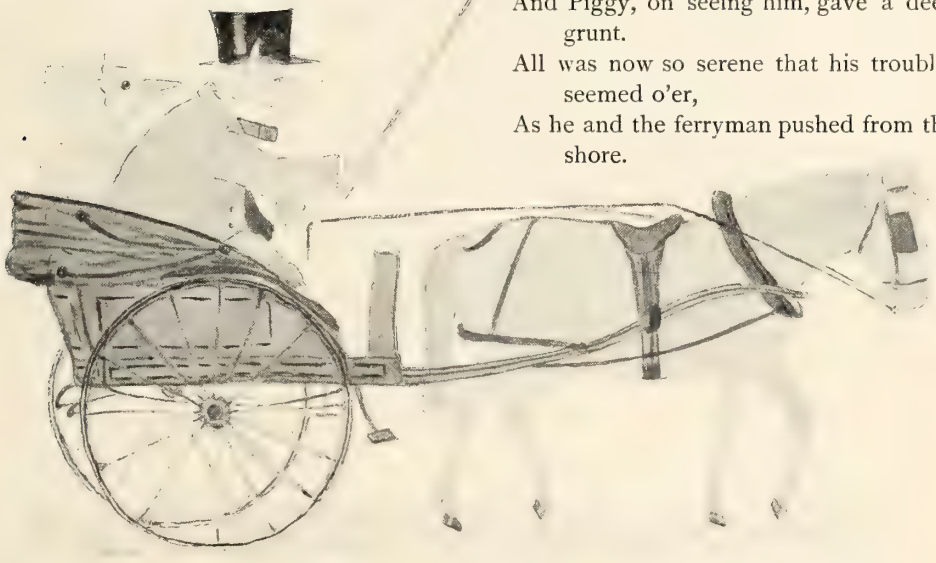


PIGGY MEETS MRS. GRAY GOOSE.

Before them the base Gobillillies soon fled;
Of the bold Piccaninnies they had a great dread.
Straight back to their shadowy woodland they ran,
While Piggy gave thanks to that other kind clan.

When Piggy had rested, he started again
To seek his lost home, throughout meadow and fen.
He very soon came to a cool river wide;
His home, he thought, lay on the opposite side.

Young Ferryman Frog was there with his punt,
And Piggy, on seeing him, gave a deep grunt.
All was now so serene that his troubles seemed o'er,
As he and the ferryman pushed from the shore.



PIGGY STARTS FOR PIGLAND.



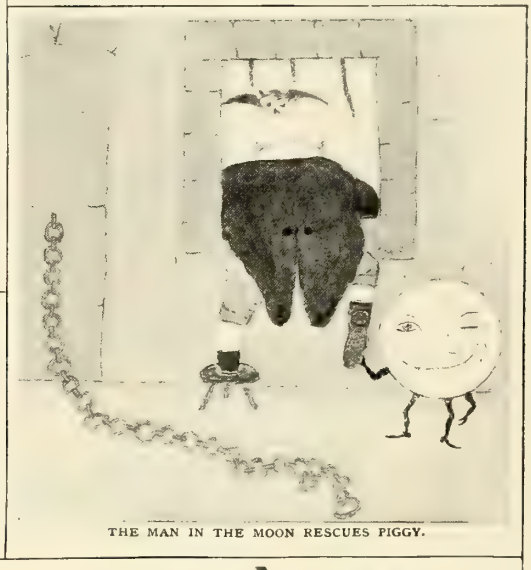
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GOBILLILLIES AND THE PICCANINNIES.



PIGGY IS CAST INTO PRISON BY THE GOBILLILLIES.

And exclaimed to poor Piggy, as he wished
him "good day,"
"I fear you have met with ill luck on
your way.

"You are wet to the skin, and as cold as can
be.
I pray you, good sir, won't you come
home with me?
'T is only a step, for our house is close by,
And there we will soon make you 'comfy'
and dry."



THE MAN IN THE MOON RESCUES PIGGY.

But when the old owl saw him, happy
and bright,
And nothing the worse for his terrible fright,
He took a great stone and, flying in front,
He dropped it right through the thin floor
of the punt.

And so the boat sank,
and they both had
to swim,
And, hastening off, the
frog hallooed to
him,
"Strike out for the bank.
I wish you good
luck!
But I must beware of
that greedy white
duck."



THE FROG FERRIES PIGGY ACROSS THE RIVER.

Then Piggy struck out,
and he soon
came to land,
And a kind little lamb
reached out for his
hand,

To this Piggy gratefully gave his assent,
And shivered as off to the lamb's house he went,
In through the garden where the cockle-shells grow,
And was welcomed by Ba-Ba (the "black sheep," you know).

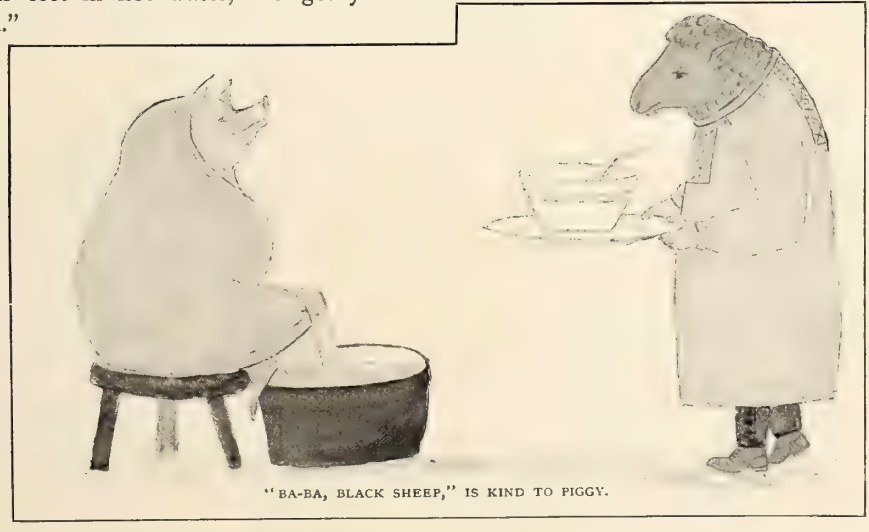


MARY'S LITTLE LAMB WELCOMES PIGGY.

THE OWL WITH A STONE SINKS THE PUNT.

"We will dry your wet clothes," friendly Ba-Ba then said,
"Put your feet in hot water, and get you to bed."

"In this curious world," said Piggy, "I find
That a black sheep is often exceedingly kind."



"BA-BA, BLACK SHEEP," IS KIND TO PIGGY.

Next day, well refreshed, Piggy tried once again
To find his lost home, and the way seemed
quite plain;



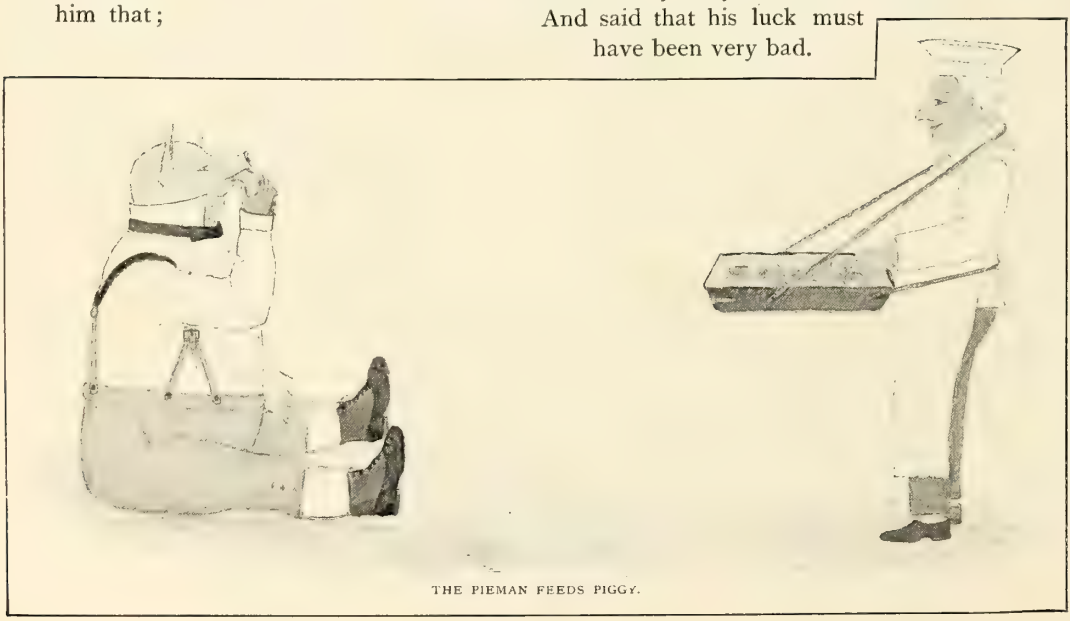
OLD WOLF GRAY ROBS PIGGY.

But scarce had he started when, right in the
way,
He saw, to his horror, the fierce old Wolf Gray.

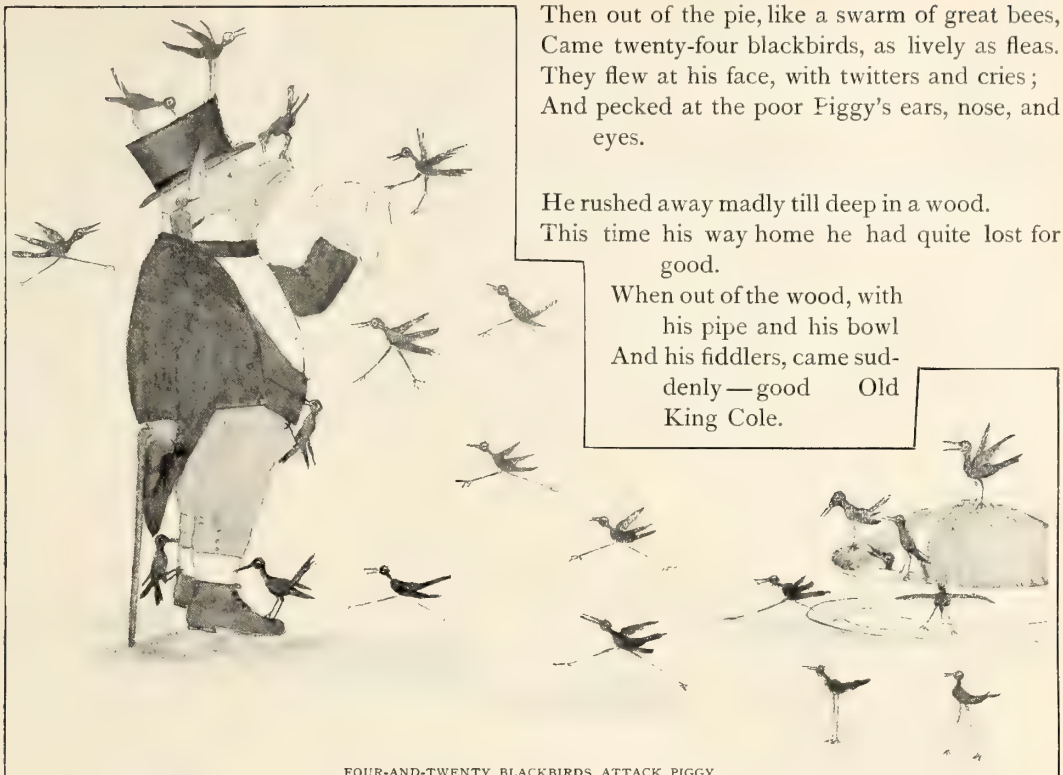
The wolf then robbed Piggy of coat and of
hat.
Piggy begged for his life, and the wolf spared
him that;

But, as he went off, he remarked, with a grin,
"You must thank the witch-owl for the plight
you are in."

A pieman was passing just then, with his pies,
And seeing poor Piggy with tears in his eyes,
He felt very sorry to find him so sad,
And said that his luck must
have been very bad.



THE PIEMAN FEEDS PIGGY.



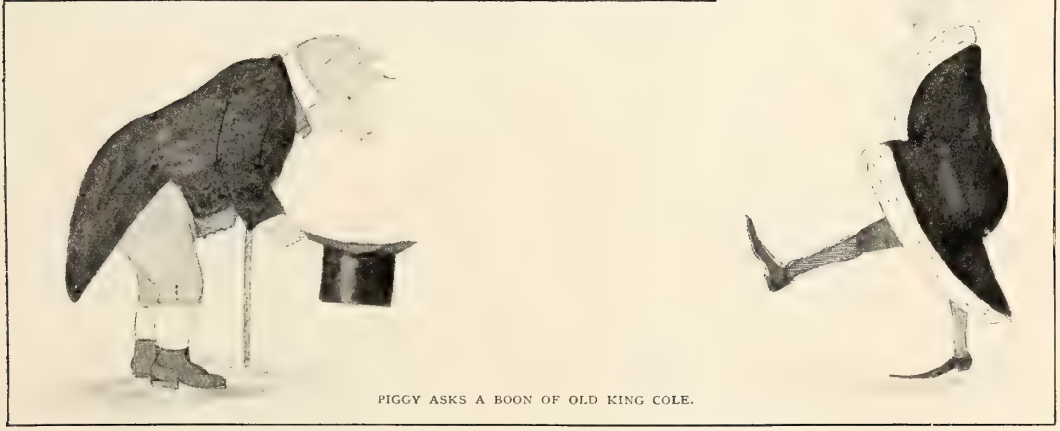
Then out of the pie, like a swarm of great bees,
Came twenty-four blackbirds, as lively as fleas.
They flew at his face, with twitters and cries;
And pecked at the poor Piggy's ears, nose, and eyes.

He rushed away madly till deep in a wood.
This time his way home he had quite lost for good.
When out of the wood, with his pipe and his bowl
And his fiddlers, came suddenly — good Old King Cole.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS ATTACK PIGGY.

"Cheer up," said the pieman, "and eat a nice tart.
We 'll catch that old wolf, and we 'll soon make him smart.
We 'll get back your clothes when we come to the fair,
With the help of my dog, who is sure to be there."

Piggy soon got his clothes when they reached the big fair,
And at once started out to see all that was there.
First he saw a great pie — one fit for a king!
And as Piggy drew near he could hear the birds sing.



PIGGY ASKS A BOON OF OLD KING COLE.

Piggy bowed humbly then to the kindly old king.
"A boon! Sire, a boon! won't you grant me this thing?"
"It is granted, O Pig, and you have but to ask it."
"Then let the old woman take me home in her basket."



THE OLD WOMAN TAKES PIGGY HOME IN HER BASKET.

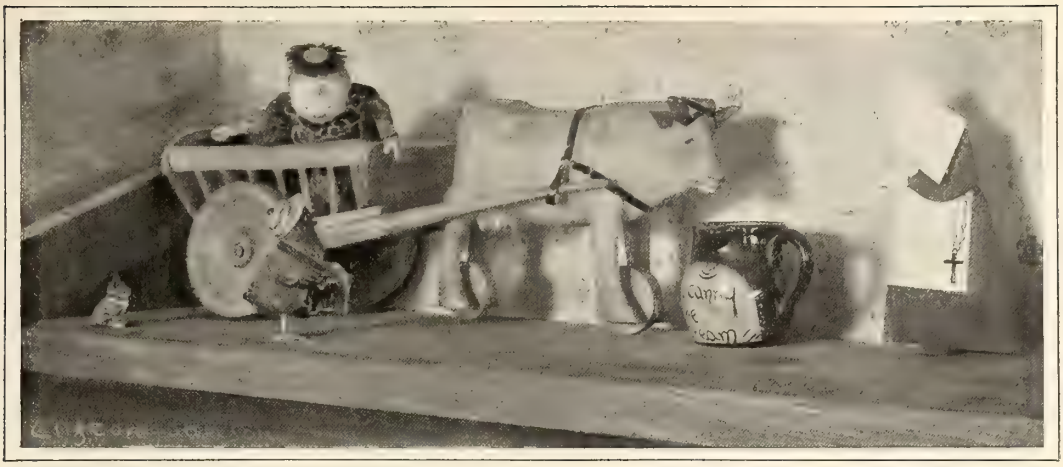
Snug and deep in the basket here Piggy now lies
As they mount up and up — right up to the skies;
Then down, down they come. Piggy fears for his life,
But the old woman brings him safe back to his wife.



PIGGY GETS HOME.

Good-by, dear old Piggy; your troubles are over.
With your wife and your children you 'll now live in clover;
With your wife and three children all safe in your home,
Be content there henceforth and no more try to roam!





LIFE ON THE MANTEL-SHELF.

By Clifton Johnson.

The Japanese doll got up very early one morning, and harnessed his wooden cow to the cart, that he might go to town.

He traveled and traveled along the mantel-shelf a great way. The wooden cow did not go very fast, so the Japanese doll saw all the sights along the way.

Suddenly he heard some one calling, "Jappy, Jappy, Jappy, stop!"

And the Japanese doll said, "So, Bossy! so, Bossy!" to the cow, and the cow stopped.

Then the doll saw who it was that had called to him: it was a paper nun. She was standing now in front of the wooden cow, with a great earthern jar in her arms as big as a tub.

"Your cow looked so hot and thirsty," said the paper nun, "that I thought I would bring her something to drink."

"You are very kind," said the doll, as the nun set the jar down in the roadway.

The cow sniffed it and then drank it all up, for it was full of milk instead of water.

A little Maltese kitten had followed the nun, and while the cow was busy drinking the milk, the kitten crept from behind the nun's skirts to lap up some spatters of milk around the bottom of the jar.

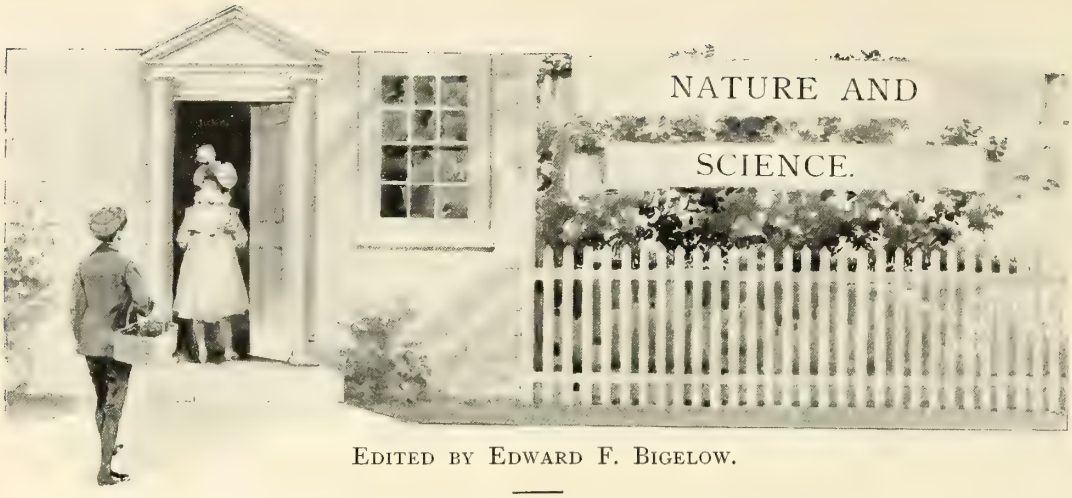
Just then a loud and very peculiar noise from away down the road—I mean the mantel-shelf—made the kitten scamper off for safety.

The nun and the Japanese doll looked down the road in the direction from which the sound came. Even the wooden cow turned her head and the kitten peeped around from the shelter of the nun's black skirt.

What they saw was a yellow china chicken coming with a hand-organ. When it came up to them the chicken stopped, and it played such a merry tune that the kitten came out in the road where it could hear better.

The nun clapped her hands, for she was good-natured and liked a bit of music now and then; while the Japanese doll leaned over the rail of his cart and said to the chicken, "That is a very pretty tune, sir."

The doll had just finished speaking when the sun rose. Its bright rays shone in at the window and clear across the room. That made the mantel-shelf folk all stop just where they were; they never move about by daylight. And when little girl Margaret came downstairs, there she saw the Japanese doll and the wooden cow and the paper nun and the kitten and the chicken with the hand-organ exactly as you see them in the picture.



EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

THE MOSQUITO.

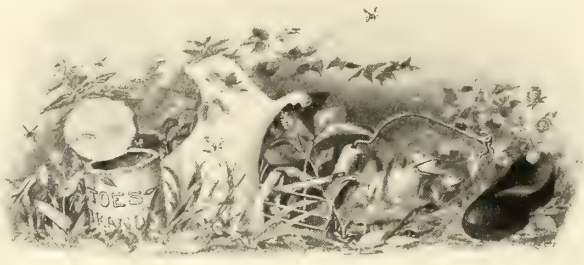
"BUZ-Z-ZIP-PAH! Hateful screen-n-n-now I 'm through-oo-oo. D-d-dinner-r-r! Ah-here!"

WHACK!

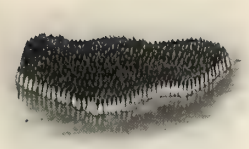
"Buz-z-z — narrow-s-s-scape-that! — z-z-z — here 's-another-place-to-z-z-zettle. — Ah!"

Everybody knows the song that the mosquito sings, varied, of course, to suit occasions; but listen a bit, keeping in mind the surroundings, and you can translate it easily enough. It may be the bad boy's tough cheek that is the burden of the refrain, or the little girl's tender cheek; it may be mama's white forehead, or papa's ear, or baby's dimpled hand. That song always presages evil, and the worst of it is that it is not always a solo, but often a chorus. There are some things that make us exceedingly angry, and yet the next moment seem funny or ridiculous. The mosquito is one of these things. Over the exasperating bloodthirsty, disease-spreading pest we can get justly wrathful until we long for something to descend on each and every winged nuisance and put them all out of existence. But the lively little wriggler larvæ, the water-babies of this insect, with their funny antics, are only amusing until we call to mind that in a short time they will become mosquitos; and then perhaps the oil-can promptly pours its contents upon the surfaces of their habitations. There is nothing that gives a better opportunity to practise consistency than one's opinions of the mosquito. Generally ignorance or carelessness interferes. We hate the pests; often they cannot be tolerated; we do what we can for the moment to get away from them — retreat within the house and quickly close the screen door after us, and the tiny little foes shortly squeeze through the screen and get at us in spite of our wire guards.

And all this fuss when, with very little trouble, we might go calmly about and be altogether rid of the pests. Just interest the neighbors in the same idea! Let everybody see that no stagnant water exists near by, fill up or drain the natural little pools, overturn the tomato-cans, broken pitchers, bottles, old rubber shoes, and anything else that can catch rain-water; or if swampy ground, rain-barrels, tanks, watering-troughs, or surface cisterns cannot be avoided, either pour some



OTHER HOMES OF MOSQUITOS.
Almost anything that will hold water is acceptable.



MOSQUITO EGG "BOAT," OR "NEST." (MAGNIFIED.)

The eggs are placed on end and packed closely together on the surface of water, or on wet earth where puddles occur. Sometimes as many as 400 eggs are in one mass.

kerosene on their surfaces, say three or four times during the summer, to spread over as a film; or if the water is to be utilized from above, just put in a few little fish of any kind—minnows, sunnies, or baby perch. Then watch for results. If this plan is carried out consistently in any mosquito-ridden neighborhood, there will be no more mosquitos in that section for some time, although each year these preventive measures should be resumed.



MOSQUITO EGGS, AND LARVÆ HATCHING FROM THEM. (MAGNIFIED.)

Mosquitos are numbered among the many insects that live an aquatic life during their imperfect stages as larvæ and pupæ. The female lays her eggs, from a hundred to several hundred, in a boat-shaped mass on the surface of water. In twenty-four hours, if the weather is warm, the eggs hatch, the tiny wrigglers wriggling out of the lower ends of the upright eggs into the water below. They feed upon minute algæ, diatoms, and animalcules, and every now and then wriggle to the surface, head down, to breathe air through their air-tubes. They grow very rapidly. Three times, finding their skins will not stretch as fast as they grow, they discard them for new ones, after the manner of many other kinds of larvæ, such as caterpillars. In about a week or ten days they go through a remarkable change, from the larva to the pupa form, casting their wriggler stems off altogether and turning back up instead of tail up. With little round, fat bodies and heads all in one, and curved tails with paddles, they go to kicking and jumping instead of wriggling. They do not now feed at all, but require more air than before, and get it through two little air-tubes that look like ears sticking out of their backs, and they spend much time at the surface for the purpose. If frightened, they give a vigorous kick which sends them down to the bottom, though they float to the surface again at once unless they keep on kicking.



MOSQUITO LARVÆ WRIGGLERS AND PUPÆ JUMPERS ALONG THE EDGE OF A POND.

In such places they are generally protected by the dense grass. A "wolf" in the fold, in the shape of a little chub-minnow, which might seem to the mosquitos a veritable monster, forces its way into the retreat, and gobbling up the wrigglers wholesale, soon rids the place of them. Thus is the little fish one of man's best friends.

In two or three days they again become almost inert, and their backs, projecting a little out of water, crack open, and out of each one comes a regular full-fledged mosquito. Putting legs out first and standing on the water or on the pupa skin, it draws its body up and out into the free air. At first it seems limp and soft and its wings are small and milky white. In a few moments it becomes darker in color and more active, and, its wings expanding and stiffening, it rises in the air and flies away—ready for its prey, an active enemy of the human race.



MOSQUITO LARVÆ WRIGGLERS. (MAGNIFIED.)

Those at the surface are breathing air through their air-tubes.

There are many erroneous ideas concerning the mosquito. It is commonly said that mosquitos "bite." The impression



A FAVORITE "NESTING"-PLACE OF THE MOSQUITO.

The eggs are laid on the surface, and the young mosquitos swim in the water.

is also common that grass, weeds, and shrubbery are alone responsible for their existence. As a matter of fact, the male mosquitos are not bloodthirsty; their appetites, if they have any, are more gentle and peacefully inclined.

Only the females "bite," and they do not really bite. They have no teeth and blood-sucking for biting. It is a piercing act they perform, quite as bad, no doubt, as biting, but not accurately described by that word in a scientific account.



MOSQUITO PUPÆ. (MAGNIFIED.)

The one at the surface on the left is breathing air through its air-tubes. The one on the right has completed its transformation, and the adult mosquito is coming out of the pupa skin through a slit in the back. Its wings will soon expand and dry, and it will fly away to seek food.

gers our lives by carrying diseases,—for it appears to be the sole cause of malaria and in tropical countries of yellow fever,—we must call upon the agents that are destined to exterminate the pests in time. Of these methods the principal are, kerosene on the water, filling up the stagnant pools with earth, discarding rain-barrels, and putting fish in the small ponds to eat the larvæ. The dragon-fly and many other water insects feed upon the mosquito larvæ and thus aid us in keeping down the numbers of mosquitos.

It is to be hoped that some day the national and the state governments will appropriate large sums of money to combat and destroy the mosquito. This has been done in certain sections, as in New Jersey, South Carolina, Havana, Cuba, etc. But it must be done everywhere at once to be successful, else the insects will be carried from infested to "exterminated" regions by means of boats, trains, etc.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.



A MOSQUITO EXPERIENCE.

She approaches, expectant, on bloody business bent, "singing" a high-pitched, joyful song. She alights upon the investigator's sleeve, and the song ceases. She likes not the sampling thereof, and removes, the song continued, to the willing victim's finger-tip. She proceeds to business, and fills herself with blood and the finger with itching, whereat, rejoicing exceedingly, she harkens away, singing again, and lays numerous eggs in the rain-filled tomato-can.

While they find shelter in the low herbage, mosquitos depend absolutely on water or very moist earth for existence, though winds will sometimes blow them quite a distance away from water and in great numbers. This explains the fact, often noted, that a town or village near the sea is sometimes visited for days by hordes of these insects, and again is suddenly freed from them when the wind shifts to the opposite points of the compass.

Mosquitos have many enemies: bats and birds, and, more than these, dragon-flies catch countless numbers of them. But these are not to be controlled, though they should be protected.

If we wish to wage relentless war on the mosquito, that not only annoys us but endan-



MALE MOSQUITOS.

These plumed "dandies," though hard to see and find, are common about the matted grasses, rank weeds, and bushes in low meadows and damp woods, never far from water. They subsist mostly on vegetable matter and sweets.

WARRIOR MOUND-BUILDERS.

We Nature and Science readers have heard of the mound-builders as an extinct race, probably the ancestors of our North American Indians, whose only traces now left are the rude mounds or tunnels found in various parts of the country.

But the mound-builders with whom we are now concerned are warriors as keen and alert on the war-path to-day as any extinct ones whose name they may bear. Surely they may not be so swift of foot, though they have four pairs of legs and can move backward as well as forward. And keen of eye these fellows are too, for their eyes are mounted on movable stalks and can be turned in any direction.

The crawfish is a member of the lobster family, and just at this time of the year not in the best of spirits, being hungry and in poor condition from the winter's confinement.

He does not hibernate in the strict sense of the word, that is, pass into a state of torpor, but withdraws into a round dwelling of his own construction during winter's cold.



CRAWFISH IN THEIR MOUNDS.

If we wade out into the water and lift up some of those rocks, we shall surely find one or more of the animals. So numerous are they that here under this first stone is a good-sized, ferocious-looking one, fully four inches long. The average length of the crawfish is from three to four inches. On close inspection, he exactly resembles a little lobster of a dull greenish or brownish color.

He is a good fighter, this crawfish warrior; but as an enemy it would be almost impossible to meet him in a fair open fight, for he is sadly lacking in the true warrior's sense of honor.

Indeed, the term "crawfish" has come to mean a withdrawal, a backing down from one's position; and just watch this fellow in order to understand the significance of the term. He is moving slowly away from us, crawling along the bottom of the stream by means of his four pairs of legs. We bend down cautiously to seize him, but before we can realize it the rascal has eluded us. With sudden jerks he is rapidly swimming backward, propelled by the strokes of the broad fan-shaped tail which terminates the hinder end of his body.

A shield covers the front part of our warrior's body, and two purple pincer claws are his chief weapons of offense and defense. Behind his two mounted eyes follow two pairs of feelers, one ending in two short-jointed filaments, like a whip-lash, which is more than half the length of the animal's body.

If we can keep track of him and follow him to the bank, he will surely retreat into his fortress. Here at our feet are many of these little fortifications, which look like mud mounds or chimneys, from four to twelve inches in height and with an opening about two inches in diameter.

The warriors have constructed these fortifications by burrowing a hole into the ground, which reaches muddy water at bottom, where they may wet their gills. The earth thrown up in the burrowing process forms the mud chimney, a rough pyramidal mound, usually

the only opening being the entrance to the burrow.

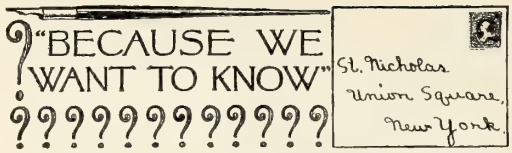
In front of many of these mounds, guarding the entrance with outstretched claws, may be seen others of these queer fellows — eyes alert, feelers protruding like the mustachios of a fierce bucaneer, ready to seize and devour water-snail, tadpole, or frog; in fact, few things in the way of food are now amiss, for throughout the winter the most alert have been able to find little. Sometimes they make foraging expeditions inland in search of vegetable food, and I am sorry to say these unprincipled fellows are often guilty of cannibalism.

Crawfish vary quite a little in their habits, according to the locality in which they live. In some places they build their chimneys at a considerable distance from any permanent body of water, and we find whole acres of prairie-land completely covered with their curious mounds.

EVA E. FURLONG.



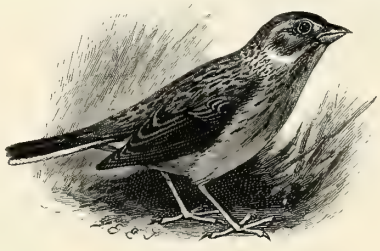
A CRAWFISH ON THE BANK OF A STREAM.



A SPARROW WITH CONSPICUOUS WHITE FEATHERS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for many years, but I like better than anything in your volumes (that we have saved up) the talks in Nature and Science. I have noticed in our yard a sparrow with white in its wings, and with outer tail-feathers of pure white. I wish to know if there are many sparrows like this. I hope you will answer me, for I am sure this is the first one I have seen.



THE VESPER-SPARROW.

Your loving reader,

CANDLER COBB (age 13).

This is the vesper-sparrow, that is a permanent resident in Washington and southward, but is seen by our Northern observers only from April to October or November.

The song has been described as "pensive but not sad; its long-drawn silvery notes continue in quavers that float off unended like a trail of mist." This sparrow does not usually sing while gathering food, but seeks some elevated position, where he devotes himself entirely to song. The evening, as his name implies, is his favorite time for singing, but he is not altogether silent in the morning and midday.

BIRDS NEAR THE HOUSES.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the winter, as I was walking along with a young friend of mine, he called my attention to a robin in a tree near the street. It was the first one that I ever saw in winter, though I had once read that they stayed in sheltered places in the winter. What I wish to know is: Do they go south in the winter, and, if so, how it happened that this one is still here?

Your loving reader,

ALFRED REDFIELD.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had an unusually cold winter and more snow than we have had for years. The birds do not seem to go South, but stay right around all the time. There are robins and bluebirds, sapsuckers, and many other birds. Will you please tell me why this is, and if it means we will have an early spring? We cannot understand this at all.

Your devoted friend, HILDA C. WILKIE.

It is not at all unusual for robins to be seen singly or two or three together in winter near Philadelphia, and our field observers have reported them every winter for some years in the neighboring country districts.

They are more or less local, of course, which accounts for their being seen in one spot and not noticed at another. The comparative inactivity of ornithologists in winter has a good deal to do with their apparent absence, however. Bluebirds are still more regularly resident, now that they are regaining their former abundance.

As to Delaware, the same remarks apply, except that I have every reason to expect that both birds are far more abundant there than in this neighborhood in winter.

In southern New Jersey there are large flocks of robins every winter. — WHITMER STONE, *Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"I remember one long winter spent in the country, when it seemed that spring would never come. At last one day the call of a robin rang out, and on one of the few bare spots made by the melting snow there stood the first redbreasts! It was a sight I can never forget."

FLORENCE MERRIMAN BAILEY.

ELECTRICITY IN ONE'S HAIR.

ESSEX, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a question to ask you. I have thought and thought, but I cannot think of the answer to it. How, when, why, and where did electricity get into our hair? I don't know that anybody knows, but if anybody does it is you. Mama, my friend Carrie, and my teacher, and I all thought it over, but we cannot find the answer.

Your faithful reader, FREDA R. STAFFORD.

All bodies are surrounded by the electric fluid, and the electric current is supposed by some to consist of ring-like whirlings in this fluid, which move onward much like those smoke-rings sometimes made by a locomotive, or by a smoking man. Any dry body, when rubbed, will become charged with electricity. Rub a piece of sealing-wax with a woolen cloth, and it will pick up bits of papers. Shuffle the feet on the carpet when the weather is cold, and sparks may be taken from the body. So an india-rubber comb becomes electrified when



ELECTRICITY IN THE HAIR.

The friction of a comb supplies a small amount — enough to make tiny sparks. This young lady took a large charge from an electrical machine. You will note that some of the hair, though over two feet in length, is extending upward. She is seated on a chair on a platform supported by blocks of glass, so that the electricity cannot easily run off.

passed through dry hair, which is itself a poor conductor and prevents the electricity from passing off rapidly. If the hair is wet, the electricity will pass into the earth through the body, and not be noticed. When thinking of these matters we must remember that vast "ocean" of electric fluid which surrounds the whole earth, and that any manifestation of electricity is only a disturbance in this great "sea." We have done something to set those rings to whirling. The comb has the power to cause this disturbance. The hair has neither gained nor lost anything. The movement of the comb on the hair has simply caused a commotion in this universal sea of electricity. You

can disturb the Atlantic Ocean by dipping your hand into it. You can make a change in this electrical ocean by passing a comb through your hair, or by rubbing the fur on the cat's back. Kitty may not be pleased, for you must rub her fur the wrong way; but the experiment is interesting on a cold day, especially when made in the dark, for then the fire will flash, and sometimes the electricity will make your fingers tingle. The rubbing has caused a commotion in the sea of electricity that surrounds all things, and those whirling rings have run off from the points of the hairs, and the result has made itself seen or felt, or perhaps both.

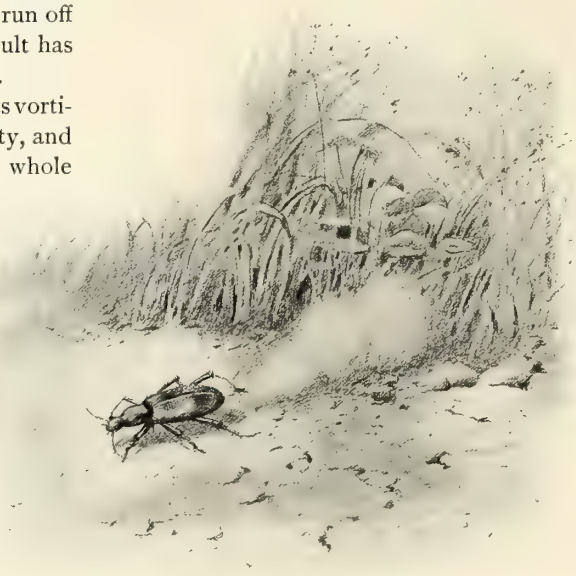
The usual scientific explanation, with its vortices, and its negative and positive electricity, and how the electrical fluid spreads over the whole surface of a sphere, and neutralization, and strain, and the action of pointed bodies, and all the rest of it, is difficult for anybody to understand, and I trust that this less technical answer will be found a simpler and clearer explanation of the phenomenon.

BOMBARDIER-BEETLES.

THE following is a communication from a young lover of nature showing rather unusual diligence in observation.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two friends and myself took a walk across the field to the "Knoll" to hunt for wild flowers. As I wished to get some insects, I left the others to fill their baskets with flowers, while I went back of the hill to hunt under a pile of stones. Imagine my astonishment when, upon turning over one of the stones, I was greeted with a dozen small reports like the shooting of tiny revolvers. What had made these? Well, what I saw was half a dozen little blue beetles under the stone, running about, trying to get away, and each one was shooting at me!—shooting something which I could not see, but which burnt my fingers when it hit them, and which not only made the report that had surprised me, but was accompanied with a little puff of blue smoke. I had read about these beetles, and now I was so pleased and excited over actually finding some that I quickly gathered them into my cyanide-jar, and went rushing over the hill-crest, wildly shouting to the others, "I have seen the bombardiers! I have seen the bombardiers!" At first this considerably alarmed them, till I showed them the beetles. I have since learned that the bombardier-beetles belong to the genus *Brachymus*, which contains twenty-six species widely distributed over the United States, varying in size but almost alike in color, wing-covers blue, the rest reddish brown. The genus *Galerita* contains beetles of the same shape and color, but much larger (three fourths of an inch or more in length, whereas bombardier-beetles are never much over one half-inch), and they are much more common here in Pennsylvania. Beetles of the genus *Lebia* resemble bombardier-beetles, but have more shiny wing-covers. These three genera



THE BOMBARDIER-BEETLE.

may thus be roughly distinguished, and there are no other beetles in the United States which closely resemble bombardier-beetles. It is almost impossible, even for an experienced entomologist, to tell the species of bombardier-beetles, so minute are the differences. So we young collectors have to be content with labeling the specimens "*Brachymus* sp. ?," if we want to use the Latin name at all. They belong to the family *Carabidæ*.

The shooting of the bombardier-beetles is done for defense, and is probably very effective against small enemies. It is said that they will shoot as much as a dozen times in succession, but I have never been able to make them shoot more than two or three times. It is also said that when the reservoir which contains the liquid is opened by dissection, it effervesces and evaporates instantaneously.

The beetles are not uncommon in the United States, and I wonder how many times in succession they can be made to shoot.

J. CHESTER BRADLEY.



THE TRUE WATER-SPIDER.
Not found in this country. It carries bubbles of air into its under-the-water home.

A "BACK-SWIMMER" NOT A WATER-SPIDER.

WORCESTER, MASS.

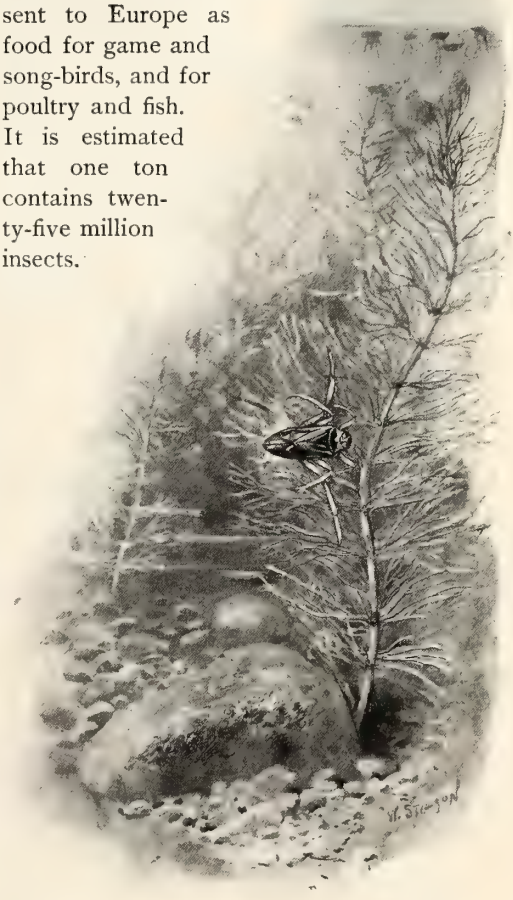
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday I discovered what I suppose to be a water-spider, and found it so interesting I thought your readers would like to know about it. The insect is about three fourths of an inch long and one fourth of an inch wide. It has six legs and uses but two when swimming. It swims on its back. When the insect finds an air bubble it puts a small tube, which is on the end of the body, into it, takes the air, and disappears. It is very shy and soon there was not one to be seen. Your interested reader,

HELEN B. GREEN (age 12).

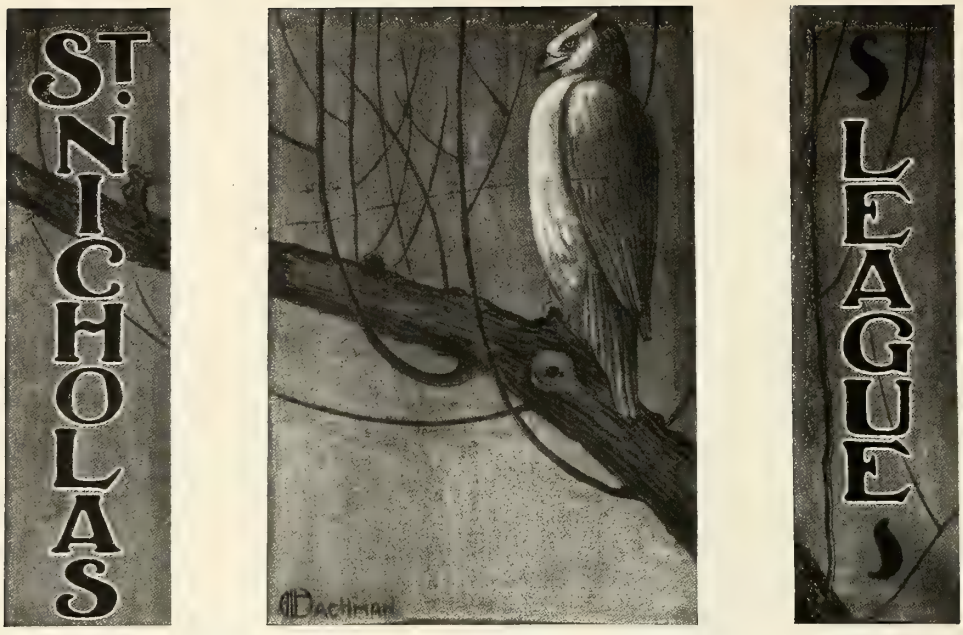
The water insect you saw is the "back-swimmer" (*Notonecta*).

In Europe there is really a water-spider that makes a nest on plants under water and lives there a large part of the time, but, as far as anybody knows, there is no water-spider in this country, though there are many kinds that live near the water and can run over its surface without sinking or getting wet. The back-swimmer is allied to the squash-bug, chinch-bug, and insects of that kind. It swims usually back downward, and carries air attached in a bubble to the hinder end and sometimes over the whole under surface. In swimming, it folds up the first and second legs, and uses the long hind pair as your letter describes. From these two long legs extending like the oars from a boat, the insect is sometimes called "water-boatman." This common name more strictly belongs to another insect (the *Corixa*) that somewhat resembles the back-swimmer in appearance and habits. The *Corixa*, however, swims with back upward.

The eggs of one Mexican species are used for food by Indians and half-breeds, and large quantities of the insects are sent to Europe as food for game and song-birds, and for poultry and fish. It is estimated that one ton contains twenty-five million insects.



THE "BACK-SWIMMER."
This is an insect, not a spider, but this and the "water-boatman" are sometimes miscalled "water-spiders."



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY HARRY B. LACHMAN, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

An April shower is falling fast upon the grasses green,
And in the meadow by the brook the wild flowers may be seen;
While sitting in the window-seat, my story-books among,
I see a nest that in a tree the orioles have swung.

It has a story I will tell to every listening ear;
How long it seems since first 't was built—and yet 't is but a year!
So skilfully the nest was made, each thread was placed with care,
And soon a dainty cradle soft was swaying in the air.

'T was first the patient mother bird that sat upon the nest;
She safely kept secure and warm the eggs beneath her breast.
But soon four tiny, fluffy birds sat waiting to be fed—
The sunbeams shone through branches green and lit each downy head.

And thus the summer passed away, the days grew short and chill,
The air that once was full of song but for the wind was still;
The birds had to the southward flown, for cheerless grew the air,
And in the maple-tree a nest clung to the branches bare.

* * * * * * *

The mountains melt in rosy mist, the flowers with beauty glow,
And fretting 'gainst its mossy banks I hear the river flow;
But though the spring has come again, with nature's beauties free,
I sigh to see an empty nest still swaying on a tree.

The League editor has written much about the object and purpose of our organization, and of the spirit of unselfish endeavor in which the competitions should be entered and the work performed. But nothing the editor might say could so well express just what is meant as a letter from one of the League's oldest and most persevering members, who now, in the hour of her "graduation," sends this farewell word:

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so proud and happy I scarcely know how to thank you for my prize! When my name was on the roll of honor for the first time, I never thought that when I should "graduate" I could have attained this height.

I never shall forget the day, now more than three years ago,—although I can hardly believe it,—when I first saw my name in print. It was one Christmas morning that I opened my ST. NICHOLAS and saw that I had advanced a step with the New Year number. I felt that it was the best of all my Christmas presents, for I had been working almost a year in the League and it was the first time my work had been noted. And then, later on, when I received the silver badge, I think I was the happiest child in the city.

Last August, when my gold badge came, as I look back now, I can see there was a difference in my pleasure.

At first it was the delight of winning, but last summer it was the delight in the work itself. Last of all comes this five-dollar prize,—the first money I ever earned,—for which I find it harder to express my thanks than ever before. Not that I do not value it as much, but because it means so much to me.

Now that I am about to leave it (the May competition will be my last), I see more clearly than ever what the League has been to its members, and I feel with deeper realization the strong spirit of fellowship and kindness that has enabled us to go thus far on our way, with no thought of envy, only sincere good will toward

the fortunate ones whose work brought them first to the front to receive their just reward; and then they passed on, leaving their places to the next to come.

And now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, since my time has come to say good-by, let me thank you for this, the last prize the League can give me, and then earnestly say that while I may leave the ranks of my fellows to take my place in the world, it is with heartfelt regret that I may no longer actively engage in its work and feel myself actually one with the many that love it.

But, wherever I may go, whatever my work may be, I shall always hold the thought of my "League days" as one of the most precious memories of my life. And while not a member, I may try to follow out the motto of the League, and perhaps in living to learn I may in time learn how to live.

Thanking you once more, I am, as always,

Sincerely yours,

ELLEN DUNWOODY.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 53.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Philip Stark** (age 14), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa.

Gold badges, **Anne Atwood** (age 13), Stonington, Conn., and **Gerald Pyle** (age 10), Carrcroft, Del.

Silver badges, **Gladys Nelson** (age 13), Sycamore Springs, Butler Co., Kan., and **Ray Randall** (age 13), 2000 Durant Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Prose. Gold badges, **Florence Elwell** (age 15), Amherst, Mass., and **Mary Elsie Newton** (age 13), Oxford, Mass.

Silver badges, **Clara Shanafelt** (age 12), 816 N. Market St., Canton, Ohio, **Fred S. Hopkins** (age 10), 110 Mill St., Springfield, Mass., and **Gladys Carroll** (age 13), Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Harry B. Lachman** (age 17), 802 Oakland Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Gold badge, **Muriel C. Evans** (age 16), 226 Jarvis St., Toronto, Can.

Silver badges, **Doris Shaw** (age 13), Tor Vina, Tavistock, Devon, England, and **Dorothy Sturgis** (age 12), 7 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.

Photography. Gold badges, **Harold S. Schoff** (age 17), 3418 Baring St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Robert Edward Fithian** (age 13), 140 W. Commerce St., Bridgeton, Conn.

Silver badges, **H. W. H. Powel, Jr.** (age 16), 22 Kay St., Newport, R. I., **Elizabeth Howland Webster** (age 14), 5405 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Robert B. Platt** (age 12), 414 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "'Possum," by **Thurston Brown** (age 15), Middleburg, Va. Second prize, "Wild Ducks," by **Hervey Hubel** (age 13), 112 Alexandrine Ave., Detroit, Mich. Third prize, "Chickadee," by **Samuel Dowse Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **John Dunton Keyes** (age 15), Ridley Park, Pa., and **Henry Morgan Brooks** (age 14), 1012 West Oregon St., Urbana, Ill.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth B. Berry** (age 12), 823 Federal St., Camden, N. J., and **Alice Knowles** (age 8), 248 Morris Ave., Providence, R. I.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Mary Beale Brainerd** (age 16), 1114 Fifth Ave., Seattle, Wash., and **Ruth Bartlett** (age 10), Hampton Falls, N. H.

Silver badges, **John P. Phillips** (age 16), St. Davids, Pa., and **Samuel B. Fairbanks** (age 16), 9 Dane St., Beverly, Mass.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

BOB-WHITE NEST SONG.

BY GERALD PYLE (AGE 10).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AMONG the hills
And by the brooks,
By ruined mills
And shady nooks,
Now listen well,
And you 'll not miss
A woodland trill.
It sounds like this:
"Bob-white!"

But now it 's gone;
'T is heard no more
In shady nooks
Where heard before;
In well-known haunts
We greatly miss
The woodland trill
That sounds like this:
"Bob-white!"

MY FAVORITE STORY IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY FLORENCE ELWELL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ONE day Cupid was sitting on a mossy bank, mending his bow and arrows, when Apollo chanced to come that way. Apollo noticed what Cupid was doing and said to him, "Those weapons you have belong by right to me; for have I not slain that dreadful monster, the Python, with them? Why will you meddle with what you are not worthy of? A little fellow like you should have no use for warlike weapons."

At this Cupid was very much offended and determined to take vengeance on Apollo with those very weapons which he claimed for himself. So, after inspecting

his quiver, he drew out two arrows, one of gold and very sharp, the other a blunt one of lead. The golden one was to excite love and the other to repel it. The first he sent straight through the heart of Apollo; with the second he struck a very beautiful girl named Daphne.

Immediately their spell began to work. Apollo was seized with an ardent love for Daphne, while she feared him equally. He tried to approach her and spoke pleasant words to her, but she only feared him the more and ran away like a frightened deer.

"O beautiful maiden, do not flee from me. I do not wish to harm you. Only stay and let me tell you how beautiful you are." So he tried by tender words to induce her to stay, but she only ran the faster, and he followed.

But Apollo was swifter than she, and soon the maiden saw that he would surely overtake her, so she looked about her in search of some way of escape. Sinking to the earth, she prayed to her father, the river-god, to help her. Scarcely had she said this than she found herself rooted in the earth and her body covered with bark. Her arms became branches and her head a tree-top, while her long hair formed leaves.

Apollo, following just behind, stopped astonished at her sudden transformation. "Although I may not wed you," he said, "I will take you for my tree. The victors of the games held in my honor shall be crowned with wreaths of your leaves." Thus, the story tells us, Apollo came to choose the laurel for his emblem.



"BITTER COLD OUTSIDE." BY ROBERT EDWARD FITHIAN, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"BITTER COLD." BY HAROLD S. SCHOFF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE MINSTREL'S NESTING SONG.

BY ANNE ATWOOD (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I LEAVE thee, smitten with the wander-need,
And dally down the roadway through the spring.
I love thee, but the summer calls me forth
To rouse her minions with my chanty's ring.

When golden-chaliced daffies bend and sway
And swallows give the deep, rich, mating-call,
I 'll carol through the budding forest ways
To make thee mistress of my forest hall.

Where deep the streamlet runs through primrosed banks,
Where cold winds never blow nor gray clouds frown,
We 'll nest together in the golden spring,
And carol daily as life's sun goes down.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MARY ELSIE NEWTON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

My favorite episode in mythology is the story of Prometheus.

A long, long time ago there lived two brothers, Prometheus and Epimetheus. Prometheus, not caring to live among the clouds on the mountain-top, went down into the world to see what he could do toward making it wiser and better.

He found all mankind in a very miserable condition.

They were living in caves, shivering with cold (for fire was an unknown thing to them) and dying with starvation.

Immediately Prometheus went boldly to Jupiter and asked him for fire. However, Jupiter refused the request, and Prometheus turned sorrowfully away.

As he was walking by the shore he noticed a reed. He saw that the hollow center was filled with a dry



"BITTER COLD." BY H. W. H. POWEL, JR., AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Ye made my walls of maple twigs
—they seem by nature twined.
This nest with downy feathers for
the baby birds ye lined.
How black the sky above us now—
how white the drifting snow!
I long for joyous summer and the
gentle zephyrs low;
But now 't is just the moaning of the
winter winds I hear;
Oh, when will summer come to end
this winter bleak and drear?
Oh, how my heart is yearning for
the birds which springtime
brings!
How oft they 'd come, ere they
were strong, to rest their tired
wings;
But ye are gone, and I am but a
wild bird's empty nest,
Swaying in the maple's arms like a
babe on mother's breast.
The moaning winds of winter sing a
mournful lullaby:
"Sleep, sleep, thou lonely bird's nest,
till the springtime draweth
nigh."

pith, which would burn slowly and keep on fire a long time.

He took the stalk to the dwelling of the Sun in the far east, where he obtained a spark of fire.

Then, hastening home, he showed the shivering men how to build a fire and warm themselves by it. Soon every home in the land had a fire, and the men, women, and children were warm and happy.

Besides giving them fire, Prometheus showed them how to build houses, how to cook their food, and how to defend themselves from the wild beasts.

One day Jupiter chanced to look down upon the earth. The sight of the smiling land and the prosperous people angered him. He demanded the name of the man who had brought about this change, and finding out that it was Prometheus, he had him punished.

Prometheus was taken to the Caucasus Mountains, and there he was chained to a rock, so that he could move neither hands nor feet. The winds whistled about him and the fierce birds tore his body with their claws. Yet he bore all his suffering without a groan.

Year after year he hung there. Ages passed, and at last a hero, whose name was Hercules, came to the land of the Caucasus. He climbed the high mountain, he slew the fierce birds, and with one blow smote the chains of Prometheus and set him free.

I like this story because of the noble qualities of Prometheus.

He was always ready to help others, never thinking of the consequences, and he never murmured against his lot.

THE BIRD'S NEST IN WINTER.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Oh, ye little architects, ye birds by summer
known,
Ye fashioned me with greater skill than man
has ever shown.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY CLARA SHANAFELT (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I THINK that my favorite episode in mythology is the story of Phaëton and the chariot of the sun. How natural it was that he should become angry when his schoolfellows laughed at the idea of his being the son of the great Phœbus Apollo, and how eagerly he started out to find his father! When he did find him, how he begged and entreated him to let him ride in the sun-chariot, as the son of any mortal would. I remember I once went to hear Theodore Thomas's orchestra



"BITTER COLD." BY ELIZABETH HOWLAND WEBSTER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A WINTER STUDY." BY DORIS SHAW, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

She sings of her little home
Under the eaves.

When she thinks she has made it just so every year,
There is never a sigh nor a frown.
She never is sad because she still wears
Her last year's old-fashioned gray gown.

She sings of the sunshine,
She sings of her nest,
She sings of the little eggs
Under her breast.

and heard that story in music, and how very real it seemed. At first the horses went smoothly and quickly, but they soon perceived that their load was lighter than usual, and they dashed forward as if the chariot were empty. They left the traveled road and dashed along past the Great Bear and Little Bear, and past the Scorpion with his poisonous breath. Phaëton became weak with fear and dropped the reins. The horses, feeling them loose on their backs, dashed headlong into the unknown regions of the sky, now up among the stars, now down scorching the earth. The moon was surprised to see her brother's chariot far below her own. The mountains took fire, the highest with their crowns of snow. The rivers smoked and all the harvest burned, and Phaëton, blinded with smoke, dashed forward he knew not whither. Then Earth prayed to Jupiter that, if she must perish, that he strike her with his thunderbolts, or, if he wished to save her, to send down rain. But the clouds were all burnt. Jupiter threw a thunderbolt, and Phaëton was hurled headlong into the river Eridanus. And the naiads reared a tomb for him and inscribed these words on it:

"Driver of Phœbus' chariot, Phaëton,
Struck by Jove's thunder, rests beneath this stone.
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet it was much so nobly to aspire."

That, you might say, is the moral: "so nobly to aspire." It may have been a foolish thing to do, but it was at least a noble aspiration.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY FRED S. HOPKINS (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite episode in mythology is the story of Baucis and Philemon. I like it because they were so kind to strangers.

One day Jupiter called to his swift-footed messenger, Mercury, and asked him if he would go to the earth with him. He said he had heard that there was a village where the people were very unkind and that he wished to see if this was true. He told Mercury to leave his cap and shoes and put on some old clothes.

They got very tired with their journey to the earth, and so they stopped at the first house they came to and asked for some food and water. A woman answered the door and told them to go to the next house. They called at house after house and asked for the same thing, but no one would give them anything.

The children threw mud and sticks at them.



"BITTER COLD." BY ROBERT B. PLATT, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LITTLE gray sparrow is building her nest
In exactly the same sort of way—
With a bit of straw here, and a bit of string there—
As the first sparrow did the first day.

She sings of the morning,
She sings of the leaves,



"'POSSUM." BY THURSTON BROWN, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Finally they saw a house on a hill and thought they would try that. Baucis saw them coming, and told her husband to go and meet them while she got supper.

All they had for supper was a loaf of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a pitcher of milk; but they were glad to share it. There was only enough milk to go around, but when the strangers passed their cup for more there was always enough to serve them. They had only one bed, but they gave that to the strangers.

The next morning they all went out to see the sun rise, and in the place of the village was a beautiful lake, and in place of their house was a palace, and Jupiter told them that was to be their home. He told them he would give them anything they wanted. Baucis said: "By and by Philemon and I will die: let us go together."

One day some one came to look for them, but they could not be found, and in their place were a linden and an oak tree. Tired people rested at their feet, and the linden said: "I am Baucis"; and the oak said: "I am Philemon."

They welcomed people in their old house, they welcomed people in their new house, and they welcomed people still.



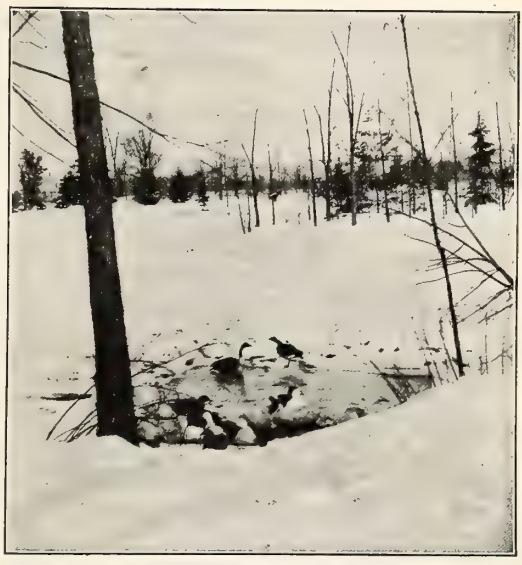
"CHICKADEE." BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

ONE little nest in the maple-tree,
Daintiest, tiniest of them all;
One little bird near the nest so wee,
Fluttering swiftly his wings so small:

Guarding his mate, who, with patient care,
Sits on the eggs and keeps them warm;
Never she stirs from her home in the air,
Through tempest and thunder and summer storm.



"WILD DUCKS." BY HERVEY HUBEL, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY GLADYS CARROLL (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY favorite episode in mythology is the spinning contest which was held between Athena, queen of the air, and a maiden named Arachne.

Arachne spun beautifully. Whether she spun silk, thread, or even the coarsest flax, it was always beautiful. People came from all over the world to see her work. She was very proud of it, too, and knew she spun well. When people asked her who taught her she would say, "Nobody taught me." Most people thought, however, that Athena taught her.

One day as she was spinning, with some people watching her, she boasted of her work, and said that there was no one in the world that could spin so well as she. While she was boasting she happened to look up, and she saw Athena standing in the doorway. "Arachne," said the queen, "I have heard your boasting; do you mean to say that I did not teach you how to spin?" "Nobody taught me," said Arachne, boldly.

They went on talking for a few minutes, and as Arachne kept on saying that no one could spin so well as she, a contest was arranged to see which was the best spinner. They decided to have the great Juno as their judge.

When the day arrived, thousands of people came to see the contest. Juno sat in the clouds and watched the spinners.

Arachne fixed her spinning-wheel on the earth and began. She picked out some very fine floss and wove a beautiful network of silk.

Athena fixed her wheel in the air, and when she began the people held their breath.

She used the red of the sunset, the blue of the sky, and many other colors of nature.

As soon as Arachne saw it she began to weep. It had been agreed that the one who lost should never spin again; and it made Arachne so sad that Athena, taking pity on her, changed her into a spider, so she could spin as long as she lived.



"BITTER COLD." BY EDWIN SHOEMAKER, AGE 16.



"BITTER COLD." BY KATHARINE A. MARVIN, AGE 14.

MY NEST.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

WHEN in the west the sun is low,
And earth is filled with shadows deep,
I nestle down in mama's arms,
And there she rocks me off to sleep.

I hear the soft wind stir the leaves,
As all the world lies strange and still.
A robin twitters to his mate,
And faint I hear a whippoorwill.

I hear a croaking frog, and then
I hear the wood-thrush softly call;
And as the sunlight fades away,
The twilight curtains gently fall.

Upon the hill I see the trees
Stand dark against the evening skies,
And then I nestle deeper still,
And close my drowsy, sleepy eyes.

Then, while the night birds whisper low,
The pale stars peep out, one by one.
A firefly glimmers through the dusk,
His nightly travels just begun.

And when the silver moon comes up,
When mother earth has gone to rest,
When all the world is clothed in gray,
In mama's arms I make my nest.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY CLARA P. POND (AGE 12).

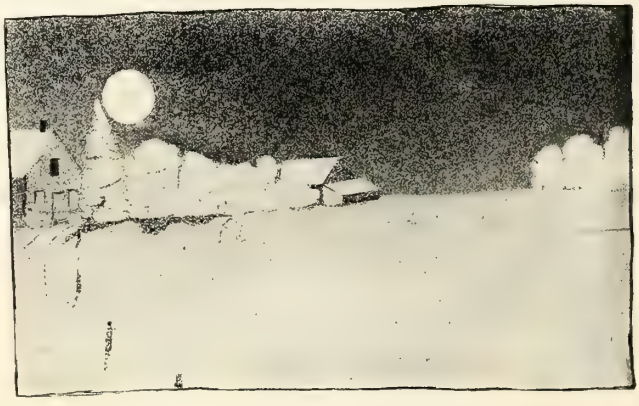
KING MIDAS is my favorite character in mythology. He was very greedy, and never could get enough gold to suit him. The story of Midas runs this way.

Bacchus, another mythological person, one time found that his teacher and foster-father was missing.

The old teacher's name was Silenus, and he had wandered off unconsciously.

After a while he was found by some peasants, who carried him to their king, Midas.

Midas recognized old Silenus, and kept him, treating him well and having great sport with him.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY SAMUEL DAVIS OTIS, AGE 14.

Later Midas restored him to Bacchus, who was overwhelmed with gratitude, and offered Midas a reward, whereupon Midas, greedy king that he was, asked that everything he touched should turn to gold.

Bacchus consented and went off with Silenus.

Midas was delighted. Everything he touched turned to gold.

At meal-time he sat down to the table, but found, much to his dismay, that his food all turned to solid



"BITTER COLD." BY ELSA VAN NES, AGE 13.

gold as soon as touched, either with hand or teeth, and when he drank wine it flowed slowly and heavily down his throat, like slightly melted gold.

Midas then saw his mistake, but tried to console himself by turning other things to gold, but to no use. The hungrier he grew the more he detested the sight of gold.

Finally he begged Bacchus to take back his gift, now so hateful to him (ungrateful thing!). Bacchus mercifully consented, answering, "Go to the river Pactolus, trace the stream to its fountain-head, plunge in, and wash away your sin."

Midas obeyed and lost the golden touch, after which he dwelt in the country and became a worshiper of Pan.

The story goes on this way: On a certain occasion Pan was bold enough to say that he could play on the lyre as well as Apollo, and Apollo accepted the challenge.

Of course Apollo won, and everybody knew it, but Midas said that Pan did.

Apollo, enraged, punished Midas by giving him the ears of an ass.

Swift says:

"The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapped asses' ears upon the judge,
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide."

THE BOY AND THE BIRD'S EGGS.

BY ELEANOR R. JOHNSON (AGE 9).

I ONCE heard of a naughty boy,
And robbing birds' nests to him was joy.

He found a nest, one bright spring day,
And the eggs that were in it he took away.

When the mother bird came, he heard her cries,
And the thought of her grief brought tears to his eyes.

He put the eggs back into the nest,
And he felt in his heart that that was best.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

WHO does not love a handsome and spirited horse? Of all horses in song and story, the most glorious is Pegasus. Flying through the air, his silver wings touched by the sunlight, he looked like a radiant cloud flashing aloft in the blue. Who does not admire a beautiful young hero such as Bellerophon, who by patient waiting mastered the wonderful steed, and by his courage and daring slew the horrible Chimæra? Patiently, day by day, Bellerophon wandered and watched on the outskirts of Corinth, hoping to capture Pegasus, but in vain. So he visited Palyidos, and the seer told him to sleep beside the altar of Athene. In his sleep he dreamed that Athene appeared to him and gave him a golden bridle, bidding him show it to Poseidon and sacrifice an ox to him. Waking, Bellerophon found, to his joy, the golden bridle beside him. He caught it up and hastened to the altar of Poseidon to do as Athene had bidden him. Not forgetting his gratitude toward Athene, he built an altar to her. Then, with the enchanted bridle, Bellerophon hastened to the Fountain of Pierian, to hide and wait for the coveted prize. Suddenly, down from the sky flashed Pegasus, to quench his thirst in the waters of the fountain. Bellerophon, knowing now that the gods intended Pegasus to be his, coolly slipped the bridle over his head. Pegasus submitted gracefully, Bellerophon sprang upon his back, and up, up they flew into the azure sky. Such rides as



"BITTER COLD." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 11.

they had, skimming over mountain and plain, river and sea! But such delight could not continue forever. There was work to be done. The kingdom of Lycia was being ravaged by a horrible monster, the Chimæra, with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a serpent, and a fiery breath which destroyed all that came within its reach. To slay this monster, Bellerophon set forth upon Pegasus. Bellerophon soon dis-



"HEADING FOR MAY." BY DOROTHY STURGIS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

covered the Chimæra by the smoke of its fiery breath, and guided Pegasus directly over its head. Pegasus paused, circled in the air like an eagle preparing to swoop down upon its prey, then darted suddenly downward and past the hideous creature. With a quick movement, Bellerophon drove his spear into the monster, and the Chimæra fell dead. And up, up flew Bellerophon upon Pegasus into the azure sky.

THE SEAWEED NEST.

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN (AGE 17).

THE little mer-babies who live in the sea
Are just as happy as happy can be;
For they laugh and frolic in childish glee,
And when they are tired away they swim
To a coral tree, and there on a limb
The sleepy babies can peacefully rest
In a dear little, pink little seaweed nest.

The little sea-babies can play with the snails,
Or ride on the backs of the largest whales;
They can hunt for fishes with shining scales,
Or gently float on the silvery waves,
Or dive for crabs in the deep-sea caves;
But the cozy nook that the babes like best
Is a dear little, pink little seaweed nest.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY GEORGE KEARNEY (AGE 8).

IT was a rainy day in March, and Harry and Nina were feeling very sad because of the bad weather, and pouted and cried and said they wanted to go out.

"Why should you go?" said their mother. "Why don't you read your nice new story-book?"

"Oh, yes," said Nina. They opened the book on the first page. The title was "Apollo's Cows."

Looking down, they read this: Mercury was the son of Jupiter. His mother's name was Maia.

She was a goddess so beautiful that flowers sprang up wherever she stepped.

She walked through the meadow and called up the flowers from their winter sleep.

She made the earth beautiful with violets and buttercups.

She touched the apple-trees, and the sweet-smelling blossoms came out.

In the lovely month of May Maia takes her walk.

Mercury was a very wise baby, and when he was only a few hours old he understood everything that was said to him.

On the very first day he climbed out of the cradle and ran down to the seashore.

There he found a tortoise-shell.

He made holes in it and strung across it some bits of seaweed. Then he put it to his lips and blew upon it.

It made such wonderful music that the trees danced for joy. The birds stopped singing to listen. After a while, being tired, he lay on his back on the shore, looking around for new mischief.

As he lay there he saw a great blue meadow with white cows feeding in it.

They belonged to his brother Apollo.

Quick as thought he ran after them into a cave, where he fastened them in.

Apollo was very angry when he found what Mercury had done, and complained to his father, Jupiter. But his brother was such a little baby that Apollo felt ashamed.

Then Mercury picked up his shell. He breathed upon it and made music with it. Apollo listened and soon forgot his anger. He thought only of the beautiful music. Then the big brother and little brother became friends. Mercury gave Apollo his lyre.

Apollo gave Mercury charge over his cows. You can often see him driving them over the blue meadow of the sky.

"Well, that is the finest story I have ever heard," said Nina. And they ran off to tell their mother.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY DOROTHY HOLT, AGE 10.

THE NEST.

BY MABEL FLETCHER (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

LODGED in a crotch of our tall tree,
It hung the summer through,
And there the old birds sang and chirped,
And there the young ones grew.

Above the clouds of drifting bloom
It heard the great boughs sigh;
The warm wind shook it lovingly
As it passed gently by.

From out its swaying flower-gemmed home
It saw the green things grow;
The blue sky smiled at it above,
The blossoms from below.

And such a burst of melody
Through all the garden rang,
It seemed that every living thing
Raised up its voice and sang.



"HEADING FOR MAY." BY KATHARINE ELIZABETH BUTLER, AGE 13.

And all the earth rang too, in joy,
As far and wide it crept,
And once a little baby laughed,
And once a strong man wept.

And up and up, and ever up,
Like smoke, the sweet song curled,
And singing in a little nest
Made singing for the world.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY MADELINE P. TAYLOR (AGE 13).

ORPHEUS was the son of Apollo and Calliope, and inherited from them their wonderful genius for music and poetry. When he played on his lute the trees and mountains bowed before him and the wild beasts became tame.

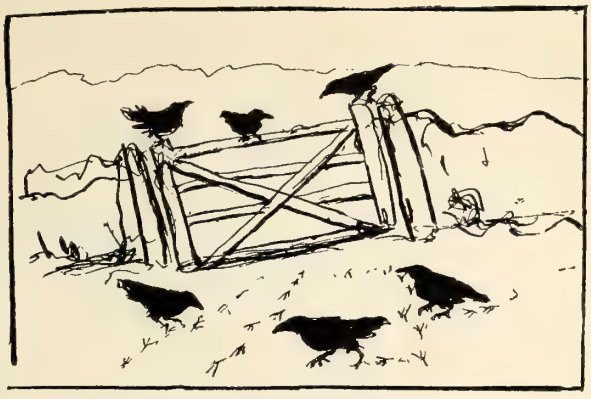
He fell in love with a beautiful maiden named Eurydice. They were married and lived happily for a short time. One day as Eurydice was walking in the woods, she met a youth whose admiration proved so distasteful to her that she turned and ran away. As she was running she stepped upon a venomous snake that bit her in the foot. She died shortly afterward in fearful agony.

Orpheus was heartbroken. He sought Jupiter and so moved him with his entreaties that he gave him permission to go into his dark kingdom and try to persuade Pluto to return Eurydice to life, warning the musician at the same time that it was a dangerous journey.



"A WINTER STUDY." BY HERBERT MARTINI, AGE .

Orpheus crossed the Styx and entered the lower world. At the entrance he met Cerebus, the three-headed dog, who commenced to bark and snap. Orpheus calmed him with his music, and the magic sounds penetrated into the depths of Hades, making the condemned pause in their weary rounds of toil. Orpheus then went before Pluto and so moved him by his music that he consented to restore Eurydice to life on the condition that Orpheus, in going out, should not look back. He joyfully consented to this and Eurydice was given back. But he was so incredulous at the fact that he could not refrain from glancing back to see if she was following,



"A WINTER STUDY." BY ALAN ADAMS, AGE 11.

only to see her fade slowly and sorrowfully back into the shadows.

After this, Orpheus being unable to get back his wife, never, on account of his grief, played the happy strains he was accustomed to.

One day a band of Pan's playmates seized him and forced him to accompany their dance with his music. But the sadness of his strains so enraged them that they murdered him and threw him into the river. As he floated down the stream his lips murmured:

"Eurydice, Eurydice," for even in death he could not forget her.

The trees and woods took up the words: "Eurydice, Eurydice."

The gods took his lute and placed it in the heavens, and it became the constellation Lyra.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

BY MADELEINE FULLER MCDOWELL (AGE 10).

Up in a gnarled old apple-tree
I found a little nest;
And here a robin sang to me
A song of hope and rest.

And in the nest, on a morn in May,
I found three birdlets sweet,
And these I watched from day to day,
And brought them crumbs to eat.

Many things may pass away,
And many things may change,
But in my mind will *always* stay
The robin's nest at the grange.

THE OSTRICH'S EGG.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

TEDDY was a funny child;
He lived upon the desert wild.
He found a nest, not in a tree,
Where all true nests should always be,
But right out in the sand and sun,
And in it was an egg—just one.
It was so large, and big, and round,
He scarce could lift it from the ground.
He took it from the ostrich tall,
And made an omelet for them all.



"HEADING FOR MAY." BY STANISLAUS F. McNEILL, AGE 13.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Anita M. Bradford
Melicent Eno Humason
Dorothy Walker
Helen Van Dyck
Dorothy Chapman
Margaret Stevens
Mary Blossom Bloss
Camilla Prentice
Mary Atwater
Florence Knight
Kathleen Gaffney
Mabel Guernsey
Katherine B. Carter
Ramona Janney
Susan Warren Wilbur
Dorothea Bechtel
Mabel Robinson
Margaret M. Sherwood
Eleanor G. McGrath
Dorothy Stabler
Marie Wennerberg
H. Mabel Sawyer
Elsie F. Weil
Harvey Deschere
Blanche H. Leeming
Louisa F. Spear
Jacob Z. Schmucker
Maud Dudley Shackleford
Jeannie R. Sampson
Marguerite Eugenie Stephens
Ethelinda Schafer
Marguerite Stuart
Helen Spear

VERSE 2.

Eleanor Myers
Marie Louise Mohr
Lucia Warden
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Noeline Haskins
Samuel A. Hartwell
Gwindelene Le Massena
Lois Gilbert Sutherland
Elizabeth P. Bigelow
Sadie Gellman
Gertrude Madge
George Warren Brett
F. G. Nichols
Viola Cushman
Marjorie Martin Blatchford
Marie Armstrong
Kathryn Macy
Walter S. Marvin
Kathryn Sprague De Wolf
Edward Ridgely Simpson
Marjorie Macy
Mildred S. Martin
Lucy B. Scott
Marguerite Helen Uhler
Alice Bartholomew
Mary Patton
Jane M. Graw
Katherine S. Farrington
Irwin H. Freeman
Jack Howard
Marguerite M. Jacque
Rebecca Faddis
Jessie Freeman Foster
Elizabeth Lee
Bernice Frye
Sybil Kent Stone
John Sherman
Edith Louise Smith
Dorothy P. M. Salyers
Gertrude I. Folts
Emily Rose Burt
Gladys Knight

PROSE 1.

Margaret Douglass Gordon
Florence Best
Lina Houser
Jessie E. Wilcox
Mary F. Morton
John Gatch
Olive H. Lovett
Elizabeth R. Eastman
John Fry
Daisy Deutsch
Gettine Vroom
David A. Sterling
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Mary C. Tucker
Anna Gardiner
Frances Lubbe Ross
Mabel V. Reed
Marion C. Stuart
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Marjorie Stewart
Irene Bowen
Anna C. Heffern
Frances C. Minor
Margaret M. Albert
Edith Maccallum
Morris G. White, Jr.
Mary Parker
Joseph N. Du Barry
Dorothy C. Harris
Constance Moss Van Brunt
Genevieve Morse
Edward J. Sawyer
Fred Baruch
Elsa Clark
William Nelson
Harriette Kyler Pease
Katherine Kurz
Eleanor Espy Wright
Zenobia Camprubi Aymar
Mildred Newman
Alma Wiesner
Rosalie Aylett Sampson
Ona Ringwood
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Helen C Wilcox
Jean N. Craigmile
Ivy Varian Walshe
Helen J. Simpson
Lola Hall
Kenneth E. Day
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Eva L. Pitts
Frances Reenshaw
Gladys Burgess
Ada Bell
Louise Miller
Elizabeth Moos
Katharine J. Bailey
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Elizabeth Toof
Helen Mabry
Boucher Ballard

PROSE 2.

Rita Wanninger
Jessie Lee Rial
James Brewster
Louise Edgar
Jean Forgeus
Alice Braunlich
Alma Rothholz
Annie Eales
Oscar D. Stevenson
James Pryor
Marion E. Baxter
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Lelia S. Goode
Twila A. McDowell
Eugénie Ward Root
William G. Maupin
Jessie Vida Gaffga
Robert Gillett
Donald K. Belt
Laura Brown
Beatrice Frye
Allen Frank Brewer
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Dorothy Le Duc
Emma D. Miller
S. F. Moodie
Anne Kress
Elizabeth Campbell Field
Marion L. Decker
Edith Pine
Roth Clansing
Dorothy Ferrier
Mary Pemberton Nourse
May Henrietta Nichols
Alfred H. Sturtevant, Jr.
Edna Wells
Margaret Jacques
Caroline Ballard Talbot
Ruth Ashmore Donnan
Lenora Branch
Mary Washington Ball
Kathleen A. Burgess
Hilda M. Ryan
Margaret Grant
Rose Marie Wise
Jean Russell
George Huntington Williams, Jr.
Ruth S. Goddard
Nellie Foster Comegys
Katharine Monser
Madelaine Bunze
Robert W. Wood
Robert Hammerslough
Lydia B. Ely
Phillippa E. Ridgely
Clara B. Fuller
Simon Cohen
William Laird Brown
Henry Goldstein
Marcia Frances Gundlach

DRAWINGS 1.

Helena B. Pfeifer
Marjorie Rigby
Mary T. Atwater
Beatrix Buel
Byron B. Boyd
Newton Rigby
Margery Bradshaw
J. S. Lovejoy
Dorothy Sherman
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Bennie Hasselman
Katherine Gibson
Helen O. Chandler
William C. Kennard
Olive Mudie Cooke
Beatrice Darling
Margaret Wood
Thomas Nast Crawford
Eleanor Keeler
Theodore L. Fitzsimons
Bessie T. Griffith
Florence Marion Halkett
Phœbe Hunter
H. de Veer
William C. Engle
Melville C. Levey
Josephine L. Bonney
Mary Cooper
Helen M. Brown
Raymond S. Frost
Margaret A. Dobson
Franklin Ford
Elizabeth C. Freedley
Henry C. Hutchings
Mary Weston Woodman
Helen A. Fleck
Florence Murdoch
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Mildred Curran Smith
Jessie C. Shaw
Marguerite Wood

DRAWINGS 2.

Charlotte Brate
Willard F. Stanley
Cornelius Savage
Grace Wardwell
Bensen Hagerman
Emily C. Stetson
Mary Klauder
Phyllis Lyster
Elsa Vandermeylen
Louise Megilvra
Charlotte Nourse
Gladys Blackman
Florinda Kiester
Richmond Reith
Edward L. Duer
Almyr Ballentine
John Paulding Brown
Helen E. Walker
Muriel Nast Crawford
Thomas Nast Porter
John William Roy Crawford
David R. Winans
Lewis S. Combes
Herbert W. Warden
Henry Dupaul
Doris Batchelor
Genevieve Allen
Eric Ferguson
Glenn Stanley
Ruth Adams
Bruce K. Steele
Winifred Hutchings
Irene Ross Loughborough
Lawrence H. Phelps
Louise Paine
James Allison
Ernest Whipple
Linda Scarritt
Margaret Richardson
J. Dunhana Townsend
Prudence Ross
Ethel Osgood
Gladys Bigelow
Frances Morrissey
Eleanor S. Wilson
Madeleine H. Webster
Elizabeth McKim
Eleanor Gardener
Carl Sherman
Leland H. Lyon
C. O. Brown
Bessie B. Styron
Raymond Foley
Winifred D. Bogehold
John Sinclair
Marcia Gardner
William Schufer
Frances Russell
Mildred Willard
Aline J. Dreyfus
Isabel Howell
Bernard H. Feldstein
Hettie Margetson
Florence Gardiner
Guinevere Hamilton Norwood
Queenabelle Smith
W. Hoffman
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Margaret McKeon
Sara Ayres
Ethel Messervy
Ruth E. Hutchins
Emily W. Brown
Nancy E. Lathrop
Florence Sherk
Marvin Earle Adams
Elizabeth Osborne
Dorothea M. Dexter
Cordner H. Smith
Elizabeth A. Gest
Adelaide Durst
Elizabeth Otis
W. Clinton Brown
Meade Bolton
James Frank Dolin
Walter E. Huntley
Anna Constance Nourse
William G. Whitford
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Julius E. Daniels
Walter V. Johnson
B. S. Mackiernan
Joseph B. Mazzanno
John A. Hellwig
Gladys L'E. Moore
Frances R. Newcomb
Lee McQuade
Anna Zucker
Rita Wood
Phœbe Wilkinson
Bessie Stockton
Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Thomas H. Foley
Rachel Rude

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Mildred R. Betts
Paul W. Haasis
Grace Archer
Bessie P. Frick
Samuel Stocker
Nora Saltonstall
H. Clayton Beaman, Jr.
H. Ernest Bell
Jean Muriel Batchelor
John Emlen Bullock
George H. Pound
Mary Margaret Groff
Amy Peabody
Winifred F. Jones
Julia H. Shepley
Charles Spence
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Eugene W. Scarborough
Lucie Freeland
Lewis Wallace
Suzette Ryerson
Zelie M. Eberstadt
Cameron Squires
Henrietta T. Scott
Robert V. Morse
Alice Garland
William George Curran
Kenneth Howie

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

H. J. Simons
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Rutherford Platt
Freda Messervy
Isabella Lee Carey
Alice T. Betts
Ethel Mason
Cornelia L. Carey
Donald C. Armour
W. Caldwell Webb
Morrison N. Stiles
Ellen Day
Marjorie Betts

PUZZLES 1.	PUZZLES 2.	
Burt H. Smith	Benjamin Berry, Jr.	Malcolm Trimble
Marguerite Hallowell	Paul D. Bailey	Kenneth L. Moore
W. N. Taft	Florence Foster	Mary Tardy
Charlotte Morrison	Elizabeth Palmer Loper	Sheila St. John
Margaret Abbott	Charles R. Van Nostrand	Irving Babcock
William Newton Coupland	Adeline Thomas	Hardenia R. Fletcher
Margaret H. Bennett	Elizabeth B. Randall	Rexford King
Elizabeth Simpson	Lucile C. Mellen	Eleanor S. Sterrett
Priscilla Lee	Bessie T. Tappan	Alice Pine
Elizabeth Keen	Albert A. Bennett, Jr.	Lawrence Garland
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.	Helen Howard	Constance Grant
Robert M. Woodbury	Bruce Hinman	Alice du Pont
Walter D. Yenawine	Margaret McKnight	Merceder Huntington
Nettie Barnwell	Archibald S. Macdonald	Marguerite K. Goode
Howell D. Sawyer		Annie MacMahon
		Bessie Ballard
		Herbert Dougherty
		George Hill

CHAPTERS.

No. 701. Louise Thacher, President; Madeleine McDowell, Secretary; nine members. Address, 304 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

No. 702. Lillian McKinnion. President; Gladys Bean, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Cor. Payne and Eden Aves., Campbell, Cal.

No. 703. "Orioles." William Larkins, President; William Schrufer, Secretary; nine members. Address, 126 W. Hamburg St., Baltimore, Md.

No. 704. "Dinkey Club." Charles Dessart, President; Ralph Earle, Secretary; six members. Address, Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J.

No. 705. Wylda Aitken, Secretary, seven members. Address, Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

No. 706. Cecilia Clack, President; Edna Crane, Secretary; five members. Address, Menlo Park, Cal.

No. 707. "Four Little Competitors." Martha Reed, President; Dorothy Fox, Secretary; four members. Address, 8 Bloomfield St., Lexington, Mass.

No. 708. "Half Moon." Morris Bishop, President; Russell Livermore, Secretary; eight members. Address, 191 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

No. 709. Dorothy Downey, President; Bonnie Bonner, Secretary; five members. Address, London, Ohio.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

NOTE. We have been obliged to discontinue "Correspondents Wanted" for the reason that it outgrew our space.

A number of League members have asked for a musical competition, but this also would require more space than our page limit will permit. Indeed, as the Roll of Honor No. 1 shows, we could fill the entire magazine each month with work worth printing, and it often happens that work omitted is quite as good as that used, though perhaps somewhat less adapted to the League audience.

WINCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl, but my mother is American, and I like to believe I am. I love you, and think you far and away the best magazine ever published. We have several bound volumes of you, and take you in regularly. There are five of us — three boys and two girls. I am the youngest but one. I love your department Books and Reading, for I am a great bookworm.

I have a "Brownie" camera, but do not take good enough photos to send to you. I hope to some day, though.

I remain, your devoted reader,
GERTRUDE MADGE (age 12).

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl staying in Stockholm for the winter. It is very interesting, and there are a lot of pretty national dances and costumes. I have one called Rättviks. The sports are mostly skating, and skeeing, which is very amusing. I visited an old Swedish castle (Örbyhus), and I saw the prison of King Erik XIV. It was built of thick stone walls, and over the old stone fireplace he had written some verses. There were three rooms which he had for himself. His brother ordered the prison-keeper to give him poison in a dish of pea-soup, and he died in the prison.

Your loving reader,
GLADYS VIRGINIA STEUART (age 12).



"TAILPIECE FOR MAY." BY MARGARET REEVE, AGE 7.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Gladys Hodson, Josephine Stiven, Theodosia D. Jessup, Marie V. Scanlan, Henry C. Hutchins, Thomas H. De Cator, Ellen M. Saxe, Edna Stevens, Margaret Colgate, Muriel M. K. E. Douglas, Karl Dodge, Arthur M. Stevens, Florence Doane, Laura Whittlesey, Lucy E. Wheelock, Carolyn L. Palmer, Frances S. Usher, Harvey Deschere, Agnes Lowe, Beth Howard, Avis Ingalls, Rose Butler, Margaret Dobson, Fayetta Crowley, Gerald Pyle, Olive A. Granger, Harold H. Davis, S. F. Moodie, E. Lawrence Palmer, Shirley Willis, and Helen Ranney Sholes.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 56.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 56 will close **May 20** (for foreign members **May 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **August.**

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: "Dreams" or "Day Dreams."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "My Camping Trip." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Happy Days."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Animal Life" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for August."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* —if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month —not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

REGARDING MISQUOTATIONS. One of the rules that even young writers and readers should bear in mind is this: "Verify your quotations." And, if possible, go to the original source rather than to rely on other authority. The reason for the rule is easy to see. Usually a quotation becomes popular because it is worth while, and to misquote is often to lose the value of the words. Thus people often say, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But that is not true. All knowledge is worth having, even a little. They mean "half-knowledge," or incorrect knowledge, which is not really knowledge at all! What Pope wrote was: "A little *learning* is a dangerous thing"; and what he meant was that a little learning makes one presumptuous, while thorough learning gives humility — an idea likewise set forth in the saying that wisdom begins with the feeling that one is ignorant.

So, verify your quotations for fear you may put into currency a counterfeit note.

At the same time it is to be remembered that some *few* quotations have been improved by changes introduced by those who have misquoted. These improvements are rare, however, and it is safest to retain the old forms where there is any doubt.

Another usual misquotation besides that mentioned is —

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven" —

which you may correct for yourself, and then may inquire whether it is likely that the popular change is an improvement, when the nature of dew is understood.

A FATHER'S ENCOURAGEMENT. From the father of a young citizen of New York comes a letter explaining his very successful method of making the reading of good books delightful to his son. He says: "I believe it is well he should read those books he has before acquiring new ones, and so we have entered into the following arrangement. For every book he reads himself from cover to cover, and of which he tells me in a little composition, I am to give him a new book of his own choosing; the right to veto the choice remaining with me, if I do not think the choice a good one." There comes with the letter one of the little "compositions," showing how this nine-year-old boy carries out his part of the agreement.

The idea seems an excellent one; but would it not be improved if the father also should write an opinion of the book, so that his son might be guided in his judgment? It might also be a good plan for the father to make suggestions as to the new book given as a reward — especially as the father writes us that his son's taste for books is inherited.

A CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS ON "FABLES." In one letter sent to this department a young girl writes that she finds "all fables dull," and cannot read any except the "Fables in Slang," a book that even the author would admit was only the merest fooling. Here, it would seem, is a taste that needs cultivating. Evidently this young reader prefers to read without much thinking. Fables are, at their best, wisdom-stories. The greatest teachers this world has ever seen have chosen fables as the means of conveying the deepest thoughts. Some of the most beautiful possessions in all literature are in this form. Indeed, the subject is so great that in writing of it one glances in bewilderment from one sort of fable to another, wondering which to choose in proof of their value. A greater part of ancient wisdom lies in fables, and in the mythology that is little more than one great series of fables — stories conveying the views of ancient people on the most important teachings about nature and life. Perhaps this young girl might learn to change her idea of fables if she should read a book like Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," an interpreting of the myth or fable of Athene, from whom the Parthenon at Athens was called the Maiden Temple. But it may be this young despiser of fables did not quite understand the meaning of the term she used. She may not like Æsop's Fables. Even then, one feels that this comes

from hasty, thoughtless reading without setting the imagination to work. Let her look for the expansion of some of these fables by the poets, and we are sure she will find how much lies in the brief and suggestive little stories. Who will tell her where to find, for example, the story of "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse," or of "Belling the Cat," told as some good poet tells it? It seems a pity for any young reader to lose the many delights to be found in Fableland and its outlying countries.

COMPANIONSHIP IN READING. ONE of the advantages in reading the best books is in their fitting themselves to any age. If you keep to the so-called "juvenile books" you will lose the pleasure of having the sympathy and companionship of your parents in the reading. The best books are for older and younger readers alike, and parents and children may enjoy them together, thus doubling the pleasure of reading. That young readers love to discuss the books they read is evident from the letters sent to this department. It is enjoyable to find whether your views of a book, its incidents and characters, are shared by others. Agreement is gratifying, and disagreement is interesting, even if discussion should fail to convince either that the other has taken the correct view.

KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES." THIS book is a good illustration that "one man's meat is another's poison." Some readers say, "I think it is babyish; I don't see anything in it." Some write, "I cannot find anything I like in it; it seems very foolish to me." Yet here is a letter from one who certainly finds more than one good quality in the same volume:

RICHMOND, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your request for opinions on "Water Babies" gives me an opportunity of speaking a word for the book I never tire of commending. Although I am eighteen, I recently read it for the third or fourth time, and enjoyed it as much as when I read it for the first, about eight years ago. Not only has the fascinating story lost none of its charm, but my enjoyment has rather increased, since I am now able to see what qualities made the book so delightful to me when I was younger. For instance, I now see how much the easy conversational style adds. Was there ever such spontaneous, irresistible humor or such vivid imagination? And see with what art Kingsley has put in details of natural history and what not until his pictures seem so real that to turn from one and behold a real Water Baby would be no surprise! Everything is so novel, so original, and yet so natural that I am at a loss to see how any one could not like the book. Where can you find any finer literature than the description of Tom's journey over the moor, or where anything more ridiculously funny than those curious lists of things, the remedies the poor doctor had to take, or all that nonsense about those remarkable back stairs? I have heard it said that "Water Babies" means nothing to younger children, but I really think that if some older person reads it aloud to them, they will enjoy it as much as they would in later years. I say "read aloud" because the long words are truly formidable but do not detract from the story when the discouraging influence they might exert on the inexperienced little reader is obviated.

Yours sincerely, GORDON H. GRAVES.

Now — what is to be done? Shall we quote the old Latin proverb, "De gustibus non disputandum est" — "There is no use in argument as to tastes"? Or shall we content ourselves with the common-sense conclusion that different books suit different minds? There seems nothing strange in the belief that even a very excellent book may bring no message to you or to me. So let us be charitable with one another's tastes in reading, as in other things; remembering, however, that we all admit the possibility of good taste and bad taste, and believe bad tastes may be refined.

THE REPORT FROM LIBRARIANS. IN the newspapers often appear lists of the books called for by the public. To one who cares what children are reading, it is very discouraging to see under the head of "Juvenile Fiction" the same old favorites repeated week in and week out. There is no reason to criticize these books; they are excellent books: but children owe it to themselves to widen their horizon a little. Librarians say that children keep calling for the same authors merely through mental laziness.

We don't believe that ST. NICHOLAS readers do this. They seem, by their letters, to be reading much more widely and more wisely than these library reports indicate. If the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are wiser, it would be kind of them to help their friends and playmates to know there are more than half a dozen writers for the young, and that some of the best books for young people may be found among those not appearing every week in the library lists. Who will do this missionary work?

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

READERS of the opening article in this number will be interested in the fact that there is in New York a church that has not only copied the beautiful Magdalen Tower of Oxford, but for a quarter of a century has borrowed its mid-air sunrise service. There is this difference, however: the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Chelsea Square, New York City, holds its service on Easter morning, while that of Magdalen College takes place on the 1st of May. It is not unlikely that other American churches may, if their architecture makes it possible, adopt some form of this beautiful service.

DIXON, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister Ione has taken you for twelve years, but she has given you to me now.

I go to school and I am in the fourth grade. Sister is in the last year of the high school. We live three and a half miles from Dixon.

I go to school in the country and have lots of fun. I go to school on horseback. I have a horse and pony. The pony is young and has just been broken. I helped to break her myself. She is a pretty little thing.

Psyche is my other horse's name. She is a bay, and I ride her too. She "nickers" when I come near the barn, and is still when I put the bridle on, for I often ride bareback. I also have a black horse. He is Dana.

I guess you think I have a lot of horses and ponies for only being nine years old; but I will be ten the 31st of December.

Fritz is my dog. He and I love each other dearly. But I love Psyche the best of all, for I have had her the longest.

Your loving reader,

KATHERINE GARNETT.

CAMP CONNELL, CALBAYOG, SAMAR, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to know about the Philippine children who live on this island of Samar.

When we first came over here there were no quarters, so we had to live in Calbayog. Every day four or five little girls would come to my window and say, "Hello! Frances, you like me? Frances, come in," meaning come out and play.

They know how to talk quite a little English, and can sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" and many other American songs.

When it rains, even when it is thundering and lightning, all the Philippine children take their baths in the mud-puddles, and look like a lot of birds splashing about.

There is a very interesting plant here called "sensitive plant," which grows in great abundance on this island. The other day a prisoner escaped and went through some of it, leaving a trail behind him made by the plant closing its leaves wherever it was touched by the man; so the guards were able to find him by following the closed leaves, which led them to deep grass in which he was hidden.

Sincerely yours,

FRANCES SLADEN BRADLEY (age 9).

THE COVE, SYDNEY, CAPE BRETON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are going to tell you about what we do in the Christmas holiday. The day after we got home we went out sailing in our little boat, the *Snow Flake*, which is something unusual at this time of the year. One thing that was great fun that we did was to put the dory on a sled and pull it along on the ice, so that if we should go in we should be safe. And then we would take the dory and run alongside to the edge of the ice, and then we would tumble in it, and then we would go splash into the water and come very nearly to upsetting. I guess we will end now, because we have to go to tea. My little brothers and sister send their love.

Always your loving friend,

KENNETH and HUGH DUGGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading you for almost a year. My mother once had a cat and it went away and stayed a year, and then came back as if nothing had happened, and walked upstairs and lay down for a good long rest. I am eight years old and can read all your stories myself.

Your affectionate reader,

KARIN BUSCH.

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five or six years, and enjoy you very much. My favorite stories have been "The Story of Betty," "Quicksilver Sue," "Josie and the Chipmunk," and then, of course, I liked all of those delightful stories complete in one number.

Oh, what a time I and my two sisters, who are both younger than I am, have in the summer-time! But when we were up at camp we had the most fun.

Our camp was a small farm-house which papa had bought in connection with a farm, but it was such a very neat, nice little house that we all thought we would like to sleep there. So we took six camp-cots, some tables, and six chairs, and the sweetest little stove, and there we slept for nearly a week — mama, our governess, my two sisters, and myself.

Such fun as we all did have, cooking, sweeping, and washing the dishes! At least, mama did the cooking and our governess washed the dishes, but still we helped them.

On the whole, however, we all hope to go back next summer.

Some other time I will tell you about my two pets, my puppy and my pony.

I remain, your affectionate reader,

SUSAN E. COLGATE.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from: Marion G. Stedman, Charles Evans, Pendleton Schenck, Adolph Wydam, John B. F. Bacon, Robert M. Driver, Valentine Newton, Theresa L. Branch, Cecelia Wulsin, Carl Grimes, Mary Blanche Alston, Bessie Evelyn Alston, Adelaide Jones, Florence Ramsdell, Walton Musson, Eric McL., Willoughby M. Babcock, Janet E. Stevenson, Leonard W. Doyle, Ruth Rosevelt, Pauline Beckwith, Margaret E. Sloan, and Katherine S. Sands, Helen Graham, Agnes Briggs, Harriette E. Cushman.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Lilac. 2. Image. 3. Label. 4. Agent. 5. Celts.

A MAGIC SQUARE. Begin at second L in lowest line: "Louisiana Purchase Exposition." Begin at J in top line: "Jefferson and Napoleon."

A	L	S	P	B	E	K	J	M
O	J	I	N	I	E	N	C	D
C	P	O	T	F	O	B	R	S
E	E	X	M	A	F	T	B	K
L	E	S	P	E	N	L	I	U
A	O	T	A	U	R	A	P	S
U	H	P	R	N	U	S	I	A
E	S	C	D	T	B	U	O	K
A	M	J	B	N	S	N	O	R
L	S	R	E	C	A	L	T	D

CHARADE. Block-head. CHARADE. Phil-an-thro-py.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Arbor Day; 3 to 4, Richmond. Cross-words: 1. Acrid. 2. Crane. 3. Bilbo. 4. Rooms. 5. Reach. 6. Edict. 7. Alibi. 8. Myrrh.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Easter. 1. Pr-eve-nt. 2. Cr-eat-or. 3. Es-sen-ce. 4. St-ate-ly. 5. El-eva-te. 6. Be-are-rs.

REBUS LETTER. My dear boy: Perhaps as you are in bed, and are not too busy, you will be glad to receive the first letter I have sent you for many moons. We, your aunt and I, heard of your illness, from time to time, and need not tell you that information of your rapid recovery delighted us greatly. You have made up your mind before this that a bed is stupid except to sleep in. We hope you will soon get around again, and be busy with bat and ball, golf, tennis and automobiling, as before. Your friend and uncle, BENJAMIN SMITH.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Christmas Carol; finals, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Civic. 2. Heath. 3. Rhoda. 4. Idler. 5. Shoal. 6. Taste. 7. Muses. 8. Asked. 9. Soldi. 10. Conic. 11. Alack. 12. Rhyme. 13. Orion. 14. Larks.

CONCEALED ZIGZAG. Confucius. 1. Cable. 2. North. 3. Dense. 4. Cleft. 5. Hindu. 6. Track. 7. Friar. 8. Tunes. 9. Salad.

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Shakspere; 3 to 4, Desdemona. Cross-words: 1. Surrender. 2. Sharpness. 3. Slaughter. 4. Sickening. 5. Impassive. 6. Decompose. 7. Deserters. 8. Designers. 9. Candidate. 10. Carpenter. 11. Blackmail. 12. Clamorous. 13. Macaroons. 14. Orchestra.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "M. McG." — Joe Carlada — Frances Hunter — Samuel B. Fairbank — Morton T. Horr — "Teddy and Muvver" — John P. Phillips — Elsie L. Funkhouser — Paul Deschere — "Chuck" — Ruth Bartlett — Marian Priestly Toulmin — Jo and I — Marian and Nathalie Swift — Frederick Greenwood — Virginia Custer Canan — "Duluth" — Grace Haren — "Johnny Bear" — Christine Graham — Louise K. Cowdrey — "Allil and Adi" — Nessie and Freddie — Mary Beale Brainerd — "Imp and Angel" — Rose Caroline Huff — Agnes Cole — George T. Colman — F. H. A. and C. C. A.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from S. L. Tillinghast, 1 — A. M. Reed, 1 — R. E. Crane, 1 — F. Bradshaw, 1 — L. F. Lacy, 1 — Harold L. Godwin, 4 — R. T. Bonsall, 1 — L. Williams, 1 — K. C. Johnson, 1 — Edward M. Armsby, 8 — R. C. Case, 1 — M. Skelding, 1 — F. Frank, 1 — V. Cooley, 1 — C. S. Hanks, 1 — Dorothea M. Dexter, 6 — M. Banks, 1 — Amy Eliot Mayo, 6 — C. Vaughan, 1 — L. W. Clarke, 1 — C. L. Maxham, 1 — Sybil Fleming, 2 — C. R. Buckhout, 1 — A. K. Brough, 1 — Walter S. Marvin, 5 — Ethel H. Sturdevant, 4 — Ruth MacNaughton, 10 — M. Harding, 1 — R. M. Baker, Jr., 1 — G. E. Durell, 1 — Howard Smith, 10 — Amy Wade, 3 — W. Lee, 1 — Miriam Daniels, 5 — A. English, 1 — Irma Gehres, 8 — Ross M. Craig, 7 — L. Case, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 11 — Margaret C. Welby, 9 — M. G. Collins, 1 — E. G. Freeman, 1 — R. Sumner, 1 — Marian Gray, 10 — J. Prime, 1 — M. B. Carroll, 1.

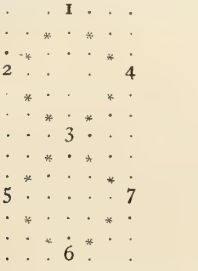
CHARADE.

AN eye, my *first;* my *last*, a bid;
Alas, what a confusing game!
Perhaps you think the meaning hid —
'T is not; for joined they make the same.

FLORENCE R. FAXON.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Theme. 2. A Swiss antelope. 3. A prickle. 4. A keeler. 5. Without value. 6. The science of life. 7. Something occasionally seen after a summer shower. 8. A fabulous monster having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon. 9. A substance made by bees. 10. Anything bought cheap. 11. A keeping or guarding. 12. A strong man. 13. A vivid color.

From 1 to 2 and 3, and from 1 to 4 and 3, each name a President; from 3 to 5 and 6, and from 3 to 7 and 6, each name a historian.

ALICE KNOWLES.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead a gentlewoman, and leave an obstruction. 2. Doubly behead to deal with, and leave to consume. 3. Doubly behead the flesh of a pig, salted and smoked, and leave to peruse. 4. Doubly behead to swim, and leave a grain. 5. Doubly behead sharp, and leave to free. 6. Doubly behead an article of furniture, and leave a tune. 7. Doubly behead an old language, and leave a metal. 8. Doubly behead a moment, and leave a summer necessity. 9. Doubly behead inflated, and leave to possess. 10. Doubly behead a tendon, and leave novel. 11. Doubly behead a portable chair, and leave a masculine nickname. 12. Doubly behead an instrument for threshing, and leave to trouble. 13. Doubly behead an inlet from a river, and leave a pronoun.

The initials of the thirteen little words will spell two familiar words.

MARGUERITE HALLOWELL (League Member).



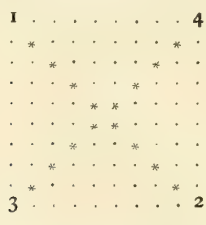
CONCEALED KITCHEN UTENSILS.

(IN this story are concealed the names of twenty-three kitchen utensils.)

How the athlete apothecary called Sam, ugly as he was, ever came to have so pretty a little daughter as is Kittie Baskett, let me tell you, it is big riddle enough! A maid of such airy grace she is! Her papa, ill though he can afford it, dresses her richly. To-day she wore a hat of chip (it cherry-colored), on its top a nodding plume, feathers in a sort of arc upon its brim, a dainty bow lying over one side, a reddish pansy, and ribbons, each like a bright ray of light. She wears the prettiest little dress I ever saw, while her mother dresses magnificently. As to velvet, it formed her dress train, ermine-bordered. A pretty handkerchief, or kerchief, crossed her bosom, fastened by a clasp I derided before I knew its real value. Little Kittie's manners are marked with a glad levity, and even when asleep, latent mischief can be detected in her face. Sometimes upon her head is her dainty bonnet, fastened under her chin, a close-tied knot of brown ribbon, under which coquettish affair her pretty head will dip pertly in a gay bow to her friends. But I must stop, otherwise I would poke rather slowly through this chronicle of her charms. MYSTICALIA.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. The system of a decimal currency. 2. Pertaining to a demon. 3. The act of declining. 4. To deprive of color. 5. Becomingly. 6. Slanderous. 7. The act of plucking off. 8. The act of diminishing. 9. Earnest and solemn entreaty. 10. The act of inviting.

From 1 to 2, the name of a day in May; from 3 to 4, an elegiac poem by Tennyson.

JOHN DUNTON KEYES.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. TRIPLY behead a swinging bed, and leave to ridicule. 2. Triply behead to tell, and leave a fixed allowance. 3. Triply behead folly, and leave meaning. 4. Triply behead clumsy, and leave a division of a hospital. 5. Triply behead to observe, and leave frozen water. 6. Triply behead shame, and leave charm. 7. Triply behead a worm, and leave obtained. 8. Triply behead a dried grape, and leave iniquity. 9. Triply behead a brave man, and leave an exclamation. 10. Triply behead to perplex, and leave discovered. 11. Triply behead a musical instrument, and leave a sailor. 12. Triply behead a curious tropical plant, and leave concealed. 13. Triply behead to go over again, and leave to consume. 14. Triply behead harmony, and leave a measure of wood. 15. Triply behead to wander in search of food, and leave epoch. 16. Triply behead tan, and leave to scorch. 17. Triply behead a city of India, and leave a small gulf. 18. Triply behead to terrify, and leave the whole quantity. 19. Triply behead the edge, and leave a machine for separating the seeds from cotton. 20. Triply behead a Swiss lake, and leave a feminine name. 21. Triply behead a bulwark, and leave a portion. 22. Triply behead a spicy seed, and leave at a distance. 23. Triply behead disguise, and leave a passage of Scripture. 24. Triply behead a fop, and leave an instrument for adjusting the hair. 25. Triply behead disgrace, and leave respect.

The initials of the twenty-five short words will spell the name of a very popular book.

ELIZABETH B. BERRY.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS.

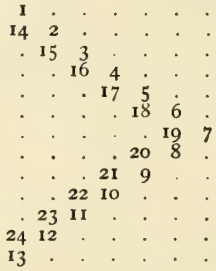
(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Syncopate, or take out, the two middle letters from a ruler, and leave a break. Answer, Re-ge-nt, rent.

1. Syncopate to disclose, and leave genuine. 2. Syncopate idea, and leave part of the day. 3. Syncopate a royal dwelling, and leave gait. 4. Syncopate form, and leave flame. 5. Syncopate evil spirits, and leave caves. 6. Syncopate help, and leave a rocky ridge. 7. Syncopate active, and leave a flower. 8. Syncopate affectionate, and leave protracted. 9. Syncopate to mix, and leave a measure of length. 10. Syncopate discharging a debt, and leave a sudden pain.

HENRY MORGAN BROOKS.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Remote. 2. Signification. 3. To dim. 4. Spirits of hartshorn. 5. Propriety. 6. Middle. 7. To display. 8. Sure. 9. A portable lock. 10. Abducts. 11. Shining. 12. New Englanders. 13. More youthful.

From 1 to 13, a holiday in May; from 14 to 24, another name for this holiday.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

85–86.



"THE SHUTTLECOCK WAS CAUGHT AND RETURNED BY ELEANOR WITH A DEFTNESS THAT COMES FROM HAVING A KEEN EYE AND A QUICK HAND."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. JUNE, 1904. NO. 8.

THE SHUTTLECOCK OF FATE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"BUT I really do think I might win with you out of it, Eleanor Fair."

"And I just know that I should carry off the prize if you would n't compete, Grace Martin."

Kate Conklin threw back over her shoulder a mass of wonderful black hair.

"And I am perfectly positive that neither of you will withdraw from the contest," she said.

It was Saturday, and these three college girls who chummed and roomed together were performing the somewhat tedious and likewise interesting duty of washing their hair. Also, they were discussing the latest prize offer to the junior literary class — a splendid *édition de luxe* of Shakspere for the best poem on the genius or life or work of that great author. Grace Martin, who was slender and thoughtful, with brown hair and deep hazel eyes, was regarded as class poet, one to be relied on when the occasion required verse of any sort — lyric or epic, grave or gay. But Eleanor Fair, more often, because of her complexion, called "fair Eleanor," was a poet, too. Indeed, there were those who thought that Eleanor's verses bore the stamp of real genius. For one thing, her work was eccentric. One could never tell what Eleanor was going to do. Her poem, when she was suddenly seized with the idea of a poem, might prove uncommonly bad. But, on the other hand, it might prove uncommonly good — so good as to be startling to her classmates and instructors. As for Kate Conklin, she was not regarded as having a part in this particular competition. Essays and short stories were her field. Her prose work commanded respect and even admiration. If she had ever written any verse the fact had been carefully concealed. The prize had been offered by a rich man of the little college town, and perhaps, like the others, she hungered for it in her soul. Eleanor Fair, standing by the open window, where the light spring breeze came in, and flinging up her masses of gold to dry, took up the thread of discussion.

"I shall write a sonnet," she said, "a Shaksperian sonnet, and call it simply 'Shakspere.' It will not be merely his life or work, or his genius. It will be something — oh, a great deal more than anything those words mean! Those words are all too little, too puny, when one thinks of what Shakspere has meant to the world. That 's what I shall put into my sonnet. Shakspere the mighty, the supreme, the — the omniscient soul of the ages! It will be Shakspere — Shakspere — just Shakspere."

As Eleanor stood with the afternoon sun pouring in on her loosened golden hair, that

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shimmered back over her uplifted arms and hands, — her eyes full of the far earnestness of her thought, — she might have been the embodiment of inspiration, one of the sacred nine, borne straight from some dim realm of song. Grace Martin dropped into her chair.

"Oh, Eleanor," she said, "if you are going to do that, and if you 're going to write as you look and talk, I may as well give up now. I was going to write about his work, the different sides of it, you know — the comedy and tragedy and human insight of it all.

> Magician by whose mystic wand
> We march to music grave or gay —
> Mere puppets we at his command,
> In tragic chant or virelay.

That was one of the stanzas, though it is n't as I want it. It does n't mean just what I wish to say, but the rhymes are all right, and it 's alliterative, and the words are pretty good."

Eleanor had sat down too, and had lost her rapt expression.

"Good! Oh, Grace, I should think they were! How in the world do you always get that perfect alliteration, and how did you ever happen to think of 'virelay'? It is a lovely word. Just what does it mean, anyway?"

"I don't know, exactly — I have n't looked it up. But it 's so pastoral, somehow. I always see shepherds blowing their pipes, and lambkins skipping, when I hear it. I hope it means some kind of merry music. If it does n't I shall have to use 'roundelay,' and I don't think that is nearly so good, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not." Eleanor had turned to the window and was looking thoughtfully down on the wonderful old trees and green slopes of the college grounds below. "Grace," she went on, presently, "don't you suppose it will be hard for the judges to decide between poems so different as ours will be, and don't you think a good many of our friends will be dissatisfied, whatever the decision is? I was just thinking that we might draw lots — long and short straws, or something like that — and one of us stay out altogether."

But Kate Conklin put in a word here.

"You young ladies are most amusing," she said, with mock gravity. "You have calmly taken charge of the prizes, and even of the welfare of the judges, before either of your poems is written. How do you know but that I may win the prize from both of you?"

"Don't joke, Kate; this is a serious matter," said Grace. "I 'll draw lots with Eleanor, if you 'll hold the straws."

"But really, girls, that seems to me child's play. Why not write your poems first and let me see them? Perhaps even *I* may save one, possibly both, of you the humiliation of defeat."

"But I never could suppress a poem after writing it," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," declared Grace.

Kate smiled in a superior manner.

"Ah, well, *mes enfants*, be happy while you may. Some day the editor will have a word to say as to that. But don't draw straws; that 's so tame. At least make it a contest — a round of golf or a game of tennis."

But the girls shook their heads. "Eleanor plays better golf than I do," said Grace.

"And Grace generally beats me at tennis," protested Eleanor.

Kate Conklin's eyes wandered about the walls where leaned or hung the paraphernalia of their various games. Over her desk there hung an engraving of Shakspere, and just above it a pair of racquets somewhat different from those of tennis or ping-pong. Tied to them were two feather-plumed corks. The girl's eyes brightened.

"Oh, Eleanor! Grace!" she said. "I have it! Just the game! Shakspere himself perhaps played it. Battledore and shuttlecock! I bought the set a long time ago, just because it seemed old and quaint. We 'll go out there under the trees, and you shall play."

"But I never played it in my life," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," said Grace.

"All the better. You start even. I will look up the rules in my book of games, and be umpire. You will decide this momentous question in a way that Shakspere might have approved. Sweet ladies, it is shuttlecock we shall play at now."

Kate had already taken a worn book from her shelves and was turning the pages.

"Here it is," she announced. "'The play-

ers knock the shuttlecock back and forth, each in the direction of the other. Whoever fails to strike it gives to the other a bean.' Very simple, you see. No complicated counting — just beans. We'll get them of the cook as we go down. Start with ten each, and whoever runs out first is out of the game and competition simultaneously. We will disport ourselves under the greenwood trees. Meantime our hair will be drying."

They descended to the spacious and secluded college grounds, stopping a moment at the pantry.

"I'm sure Grace will beat me," moaned Eleanor. "It's something like tennis, and she has such long arms."

"About as much like tennis as croquet is like golf," said Kate, "and that means not at all. I play beautiful croquet and, I suppose, the poorest golf in the world. No, my dears; I should say that you will play with about equal badness."

The umpire dragged a ratan chair from the veranda, and seated herself comfortably.

"Places, ladies," she called. "Miss Martin will serve the first stroke. Ready, play!"

The shuttlecock, gently struck by Grace's racquet, lightly flew in the air, and was caught and returned by Eleanor with a deftness that comes from having a keen eye and a quick hand. Then back and forth it flew—the girls' skill at tennis serving them in good turn, in spite of what their umpire had said about the difference in the games. It was true that Grace had the longer arms, but Eleanor was supple and quick and seemed fully her opponent's equal. Back and forth — piff, paff, piff, paff — flew the feathered missile, while the sweet breath of May came across blossoming meadows, and the afternoon sun mottled the greensward where they played.

Piff, paff, piff, paff — there! a light puff of wind catches the shuttlecock and lifts it so that even Grace's long arms do not quite reach.

"Judgment!" she calls, with uplifted racquet.

"Fairly missed, Grace," answers the umpire. "Eleanor is not to blame for the wind. Surrender the precious bean!"

So the bean is delivered, and this time Eleanor serves the first stroke. And back and forth — piff, paff — goes the little shuttlecock, until suddenly a branch borne down by the breeze lifts it lightly, just away from Eleanor's racquet, and drops it on the grass at their feet, while all the leaves flutter in applause.

Then "Judgment!" calls Eleanor, and once more the umpire answers, "Fair!"

"Grace struck the shuttlecock toward you. She could not know that the tree would take a hand in the game. Return the lost bean, Eleanor, and proceed."

It was nearly an hour later when the two players dropped upon the green, cool turf to rest. They had played continuously since they began and were thoroughly exhausted. Yet their game was no nearer the end than it had been at the start. One bean, sometimes two, and once even three, had changed hands, but each time the lost beans had changed back; until now, when the light under the trees was growing dim, each had the original ten and the question of withdrawing from the class contest was as far as ever from a decision.

"Which means that you are both to compete," said the umpire. "Fortune evidently does not approve of any prearranged surrender or distribution of her gifts. No more do I. Perhaps in the strictest sense it is n't even honest. Our talents are given us to use and to strive with. Write your poems, both of them, and accept the judges' decision, whatever you or your friends may think of it. It 's likely that neither of you will win. Little Hattie Parker is to be reckoned with, I fancy, in this contest, and even I may be seized with an inspiration and beat you both."

Eleanor laughed lazily.

"Oh, you silly old Kate," she said. "Of course Hattie Parker is clever, and her poems are awfully funny, but her style is n't for this sort of thing. And as for you, I don't believe you ever tried to write a poem in your life."

"And I 'm too old to begin; is that it? Well, you know, genius is a slow growth with some, and, besides, we are likely to discover new powers and possibilities in ourselves almost any time. Sudden and severe pressure has been known to — "

"Oh, Kate, don't! We 're too tired to listen

to a class lecture, are n't we, Gracie? We 'll be good, and write our poems and compete, and forgive the result,— whatever it may be,— though, of course, I suppose we 'll never be quite the same to each other again, whichever wins. Now let 's take the beans back to the cook, so she can have them in time for dinner."

Eleanor scrambled up and dragged Grace to her feet. A moment later the three, with their arms about one another, were entering the old college building that had echoed to the light footstep and laughter and merry voices of so many generations of happy girls.

As commencement day approached, the big room where the three chums dwelt and toiled together became the scene of much alternate joy and sorrow. Eleanor's sonnet was not executed as easily as it had been conceived. Many of the lines were wrought in anguish and tribulation of spirit. As for Grace, her poem was accomplished with more ease, but there were moments when it seemed to her utterly bad, just as there were other times when it seemed a genuine inspiration. The girls did not read their poems to each other. Kate, who was unusually deferred to, had forbidden that. Neither had she permitted the poems to be read to her.

"I should be certain to offer advice," she said, "which might be either a good or a bad thing for the poem, and neither would be fair. No; I will share your joy or mingle my tears with you, but keep your poems concealed. Besides, as I have remarked before, I may conclude to write one myself."

"You 'd better be at it, then, instead of poring all day and half the night over those old exams," admonished Eleanor. "You 'll find it is n't so easy to write poetry."

Perhaps Kate did not find it easy to write — anything. She had many thoughts — so many that her pen did not find their expression a light task, even when the problem was one of periods, and not of measures and rhymes. But sometimes, when the others were vexing themselves with these matters, she would wander out alone under the ancient trees, and, lying on the grass, would let the winds whisper, and the birds sing, and the leaves gossip to her, just as long centuries ago they had whispered and sung and gossiped, on the banks of the Avon, to a boy who, listening to these voices of the air, had perhaps first dreamed of the forests of Arden. Sometimes she had slipped forth in the moonlight, to be for a little under the trees alone, to see the moon-rays make fairy jewels of the dew, and to picture to herself the Stratford boy thus watching for *Puck* and *Oberon* and all the crew that were one day to assemble in a midsummer night's dream. It was always the *boy* Shakspere who came to her. True, it was the man who had written and moved the world; but it was the boy who had linked himself as one with nature to woo the mystery of the night and the wind and the trees — softly to lay his ear to the very breathing of the universe. She had always meant some day to say these things. What if she should say them in verse? Could she do it simply, without straining after rhymes and phrases — without lameness or affectation? Could she do it in a way that would have pleased that boy himself? How real he became to her! Sometimes, as fleeting bits and lines strayed through her thought, she was ready to ask him if thus it was he had dreamed in that long-ago time, and if it was in such measure he would wish her to tell of it now.

And so the days passed and the afternoon of commencement came. On the crowded programme the "Shakspere Poem" competition by the junior literary class had been set down, but not the names of those who were to compete. It was a feature that came after the reading of the various graduation papers of the seniors, and really closed the exercises of the day. Among the class-members the general feeling was that the reward would go to Grace Martin unless Eleanor Fair should come forward, as she was likely to do, with one of her startling things that came nobody could tell how or when, and from a source of inspiration equally mysterious. Of course others would have poems — little Hattie Parker, for one; but they would be offered more as a feature of the entertainment than as a part of the competition.

Oh, it was a wonderful afternoon, the great assembly-hall crowded with students and their visitors, among which were many parents — proud, hopeful, or anxious, as they believed in,

or feared for, their loved ones. And among those older ones there were many who ten or twenty or thirty years before, perhaps, had entered that same hall, their hearts beating high with youth, to say and do and promise what this new generation would say and do and promise to-day. To some of them came that old commencement couplet,

> "Standing with expectant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,"

which, old and trite though it was, did not seem so now, as they watched the "expectant feet" march by and realized how soon they would be mingling with the great human tide of the outside world.

And above and about and everywhere were flowers. All the walls and the ceiling were draped and festooned with them, and the elevated stage at the end was banked and piled with bloom. Then, one after another, the sweet, white-clad maidens read their papers or gave their recitations, and amid the swelling applause were welcomed by their own. And the years of yesterday seemed to fall away from those older ones, who forgot that they were no



"ELEANOR'S SONNET WAS NOT EXECUTED EASILY."

longer young, and renewed their old plans and hopes and dreams in mingling them with those of their children.

But now at last came the Shakspere competition. The news of it had been spread among the visiting audience, and a quiet interest had become general, though most of the girls whispered to their parents the information that the only real contest was between two, Grace Martin and Eleanor Fair.

They grew still now, for a name had been called, and a bright-faced girl stepped to the platform and read a graceful poem entitled "When Shakspere Lived." The verses were not without promise, and the reader blushed with pleasure at the applause that followed her effort. Then another name was called — that of Hattie Parker; and presently the audience was happy and laughing with her in listening to her poem of *Gobbo* and *Touchstone*, and their like, entitled "Shakspere's Merry Men."

"That girl will be heard from some day," said a distinguished editor to a gray-haired man in front of him, an author whose name is familiar to every reader of books.

Little Hattie Parker had finished and was passing them just then. She saw the great editor lean over to the great author, and in the sudden silence that had followed the applause his words came to her ear. Oh, more than any applause or prize this meant to her, for in her heart was waking the one and mighty ambition that the world should hear and know.

But now there was a flutter through the audience, for another name had been called, and Eleanor Fair had gone to the platform. It took but a moment or two, the reading of her fourteen lines. There was a curious expression on the editor's face as he listened.



"THREE COLLEGE GIRLS WHO CHUMMED AND ROOMED TOGETHER."

"A big thought," he muttered; "too big for a girl like that. Some fine lines, too, but, on the whole, hardly a success." And though the audience applauded and waved, as they always did when fair Eleanor read, there was the feeling that this was not one of her startlingly good performances, and that it was more than likely Grace Martin would win. Grace had already appeared in response to her name, and the audience had grown very still. She was a tall, sweet-faced girl, and she read in an even, gentle voice that won her hearers. Her verses, too, were as smooth as flowing water.

"The best piece of literary workmanship so far," whispered the great editor to his friend in

the seat ahead. "Not great work, but always sure of an audience."

The author nodded and the room was echoing with applause. It was thought that Grace was to be the last reader, and it was believed that she had won. Grace herself had slipped into a seat by Eleanor, who put her arm about her as she whispered:

"Oh, Grace, I 'm sure it 's yours. My old sonnet was just horrid. I did n't know how awful it was until I heard your 'Shakspere the Magician.' Oh, I don't believe I shall ever —"

But at that moment the master of ceremonies was making an announcement, and there was something in it that brought Eleanor's sentence to a sudden close.

"There is one more poem," he was saying; "it is entitled 'My Lad, Shakspere,' by Miss Kate Conklin."

"Eleanor, oh, Eleanor," breathed Grace, "she did it, and never told us!" And then both were silent, for Kate — Kate, who had never written anything before but essays and bits of fiction, Kate with her jet-black hair and her olive oval face — had appeared on the platform and begun to read.

Then there fell upon the audience a hush such as it had not known before. Nobody rustled, nobody whispered, nobody coughed — hardly did they breathe.

And what a simple little poem it was — with no attempt at a difficult form, unusual rhyme, or high-sounding words. Yet through the measure of those simple syllables the brook trickled its music, the wind set all the leaves to murmuring, the birds whistled and sang in the tree-tops, while amid it all — his face on the cool moss — the lad lay and listened, and dreamed the long, long dreams. The sun slipped down in the west, the moon rose, and the stars came out. Every leaf and stem glittered, and the fairy folk crept from among the shadows to where lay the listening boy — hearing, feeling, knowing all the mystery and secret of the universal heart, learning the chorus that the planets sing.

There was no applause at first when Kate ceased reading. Nobody wanted to applaud; they only wanted to sit still — so still that they might not break the spell she had cast upon them. Kate herself, a little dazed perhaps at the silence, hesitated a moment, then turned to descend the steps. But as she did so somebody arose in the audience and came to meet her. And then everybody saw that it was Eleanor Fair, and close behind her Grace Martin, and that these two hurried up the aisle to her, and threw their arms about her, and kissed her, and bore her to their seat.

But lo! the spell was broken now. Like breaking billows came the surge of applause — wave after wave. People stood upon the seats to look over to where she sat, and those about her seized her hand. Then some one was pushing his way through, and Kate, turning, suddenly found herself face to face with the editor, — whom she had sometimes wondered if she would ever meet, if she worked very hard and long, — and he was holding out his hand.

She took it, her own hand trembling. And now he was holding out his other hand.

"The poem," he was saying: "we want it for the magazine."

In the big upper room where the three chums had lived and toiled a reception was held in Kate's honor. And the distinguished editor was there, and the distinguished author, and others of the literary class, with the rich man who had offered the prize, and the judges, and all the parents, and a few more. And they asked Kate for a little speech, but Kate could not make it, so Eleanor, fair Eleanor, made it for her, and in open confession told how she and Grace had played battledore and shuttlecock for the prize that Kate, the umpire, — dear, sly old Kate, — had made up her mind to win all along; and how she had insisted on them both competing, so that the honor of winning might be all the greater; and how they never intended to forgive her, no, never, but just love her and try to shine in her glory, now that she was a great authoress with the world already at her feet.

And then Kate really did rise to protest, only they would n't let her, but drowned everything she said in "Three cheers for Kate Conklin, the great new poet! Three cheers for vacation! Three cheers for everybody and everything connected with the grand old school!"



MARY'S MEADOWING.

By Eva L. Ogden.

There is in England a custom, called "Mary's Meadowing," of planting foreign wild flowers and garden favorites in the woods, in the hope that some of these may become naturalized there, and thus increase the beauty of the forest.

"Mary, Lady Mary,
Fair of cheek and brow,
Daughter of a hundred earls,
Whither goest thou
In the May morning?"

Oh, I go a-meadowing,
As my mother went before,
Through the budding woodland
And by the calling shore.

I go to set the bloodroot
Where pale Lent lilies grow,
To teach the blue-fringed gentian
By an English brook to blow.

Peonies and goldenrod
To plant in woodland dells,
Where they shall see with wonder
The nodding foxglove bells.

"O cruel Lady Mary,
Your tender plants will die,
Missing the safe garden
And your loving ministry
In the lonely woodland."

Nay; God's sun will shine on them
And his sweet rain will fall
As well in the wild woodland
As by my garden wall.

"*Ah, thoughtless Lady Mary,*
If but one plant-heart break
In its lone woodland exile,
What answer will you make
To the great Gardener?"

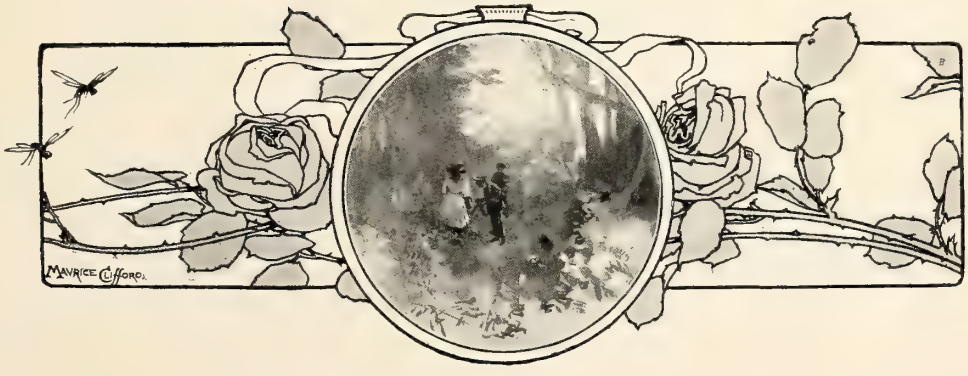
Nay; bees and birds and children
Will give them welcome sweet,
And the tall oaks smile down on them
A-blooming at their feet.

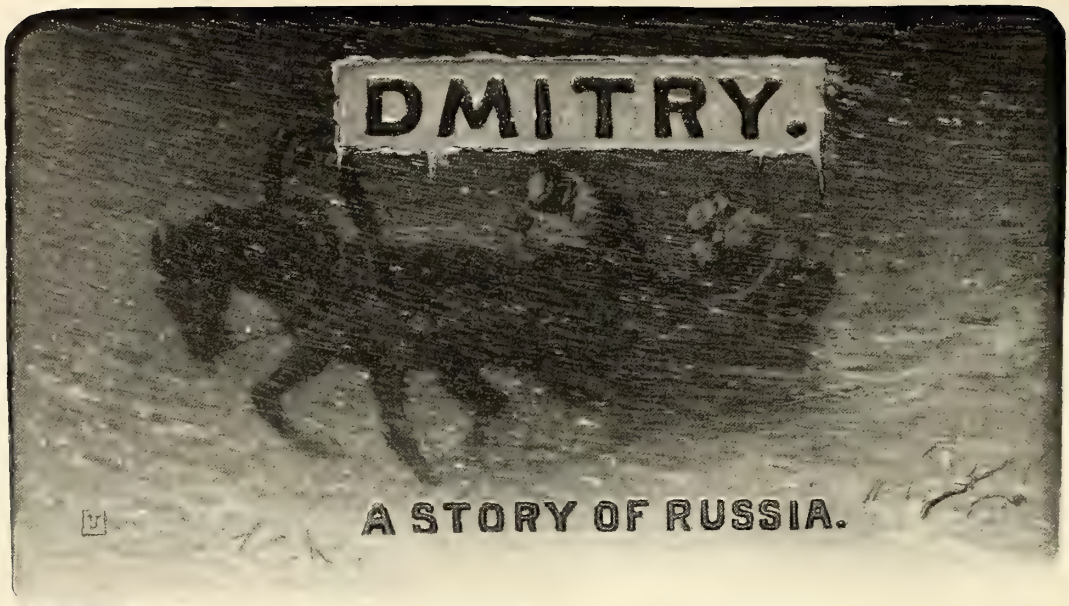
And it may be some exiled soul
Whom God hath set to roam
Out in the world's wide woodland
From a safe garden home

May meet some exiled flower
Within the forest wild,
And let it lead him home again,
Once more a little child.

But if no such angel ministry
As this be theirs to win,
Still the great Gardener, heeding all,
Will count it not a sin

That flowers again are neighbors
That have not met before
Since our Lady Eve did tend them
Upon Euphrates' shore!





WE were on our way to Moscow, Arthur Crabtree and I. We had met in Belgium, and as it was tedious traveling alone, I accepted his proffered company; besides, of course, if he chose to run the risk of having his nose frozen off, he had a perfect right to do so. So behold us, well enveloped in cloaks and furs, giving our fingers and toes a final warming at the little station of Z—— while we waited for our sledge and post-driver to make their appearance.

By and by the master of the station put his head in at the door. "Ivan is waiting, most worthy and excellent sir." Not knowing my name or rank, and determined to give me *some* title, these good people called me "worthy," "excellent," and "respectable" so continually that I began to entertain quite a high idea of my own character.

"Come, Crabtree," I said cheerfully, and we hastened out into the little courtyard, where our black, coffin-like sledge was standing, with a strong little horse harnessed to it.

There was a busy hurrying to and fro, and a jingle and clang of sharp-toned bells. Our little horse had a half-hoop over its neck, and the bells, which were large and loud, hung in this, and swung and sounded their sharp notes with every toss of his shaggy mane.

The driver finally came, pulling his fur cap down over his head, and just as we came out he tucked a pair of pistols into his belt and off we started.

"What are those pistols for, Ivan?"

"For the wolves, most respectable sir," he said, with a grave smile.

"Wolves!" ejaculated Crabtree, with a start.

"Yes, wolves, little gentleman," said Ivan. "But perhaps we shall see none. That is as the good saints will. Still, it is best to be ready."

Sometimes we met another sledge, and Ivan would speak a word or two to the driver.

"There have been no wolves seen this far, worthy sir. Those traders have come through from Moscow."

Presently a handsome sledge, drawn by two fine horses, dashed past us. Ivan drew his little horse humbly out of the way. The gentleman all wrapped up in furs in the back seat bowed courteously as he was whisked by.

"That is Prince D——ch," said Ivan. "He owns all the land here. He is very good. There was something he did once that you might like to hear.

"There was once a post-driver who, with his wife and son, lived in a small house near the station we have just passed. In summer he drove a droshky and in winter a sledge between his village and the station some twelve versts (about eight miles) farther on. Well, he

was fond of talking, and as he could talk very well, and was quite amusing to listen to, his friends and neighbors were always getting him to deliver speeches about this thing and that thing, and because he must sometimes have something new, he — poor man — often said a great many things which he did not mean. So one day he said something about the Czar, and a government official was there and heard it, and the next day Dmitry was arrested and taken off to Moscow, with a guard on each side of him.

"His wife cried bitterly as she watched them past the turn of the road, but her son, Dmitry the younger, said cheerily: 'Do not cry, mother; father will soon be back, and in the meantime we have Feodor, the pony, and I can drive the droshky as well as my father—yes, and a sledge, too.'

"So the mother dried her eyes, and the next day Dmitry took his father's place at the post station. 'Dmitry!' travelers would sometimes say. 'Why, Dmitry was a big man with a long beard'; and then the boy would say, 'That was my father, good sirs, and I am here for a time in his place.' And every one who rode with him praised his careful driving and the strength and spirit of Feodor, the little pony. However tired Dmitry was, he always found time to attend well to Feodor, and whenever he could he brought him a treat of salt fish."

"Salt fish!" cried my friend Crabtree, incredulously.

"Russian horses are very fond of salt fish, little — "

I hurried to interrupt Ivan before he could finish the obnoxious term.

"What a strange taste! But go on, Ivan."

"It was all very well for Dmitry in the summer, when the roads were good. 'But when winter comes,' said the old post-drivers, 'we will see what happens.'

"But with the first snow out came Dmitry's sledge. The robes were all shaken out and the bells were shining, and Feodor was pawing the snow and snorting, as if saying, 'Here we are, you see, all ready for winter, just as soon as any of you.'

"Every morning Dmitry presented himself in good time, and each night when Feodor was led back to his stable every one said the boy had well earned his day's wages.

"Well, one night a traveler came to the post station who said he was the secretary of Prince D——ch and had despatches for him which he must carry through that night.

"The master of the station shook his head. The snow had been falling all afternoon, and the tracks were filled up. It was so dark, too, no one could find the road if it was once lost, which it would be in the first half-hour, the master said.

"'But it must be done!' said the secretary. 'Call up the men and tell them that the one who takes me to the residence of the prince to-night shall have anything he asks me for.'

"But the men shook their heads. No, it was impossible. They would lose the road and then the wolves would get them.

"The secretary was so angry he stamped his feet and cried out: 'Cowards! Is there no one here with a man's soul in his body?' Then Dmitry stepped out into the light.

"'I will take you, Sir Secretary.'

"But the master pulled the boy back.

"'No, no, Dmitry! Think of your mother, who has no one now but you — think!'

"The boy shook himself free. 'I *am* thinking, Stepanof, and we can do it well enough. Feodor has only gone five versts to-day and is as fresh as ever.'

"The secretary turned to the master: 'Can the child drive?'

"'As well as any one, but —'

"'That is enough.' Then, turning to Dmitry:

"'Be ready in a quarter of an hour. I will leave my man here, so your horse will have a light weight. It is eight versts to the next station, and five more to the residence of the prince. Can you do it?'

"'We can, Sir Secretary'; and Dmitry hurried off to get Feodor ready.

"Two of the men followed him, and one offered him a cloak and the other gave him a knife. 'You may need it, Dmitry,' he said gloomily. But the boy only laughed.

"'It is too cold for the wolves to-night, is n't it, Feodor?' and the little horse whinnied softly in reply.

"The secretary was standing in the door,

wrapped in his long cloak. He jumped into the sledge without a word, and in a moment they were off. Dmitry waved his hand to old Stepanof, who stood shaking his head after them.

"Oh, how cold it was, and how the snow drifted in their faces! The secretary pulled up the collar of his cloak and loosened the pistols in his belt.

"'Boy, are you sure you know the way?'

"'No, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, modestly; 'I cannot be *sure* in this storm: but I know *Feodor* knows the way.'

"The secretary shrugged his shoulders. 'I was mad to attempt it,' he muttered.

"Colder and darker grew the night. The secretary dozed sometimes. Feodor's bells jingled slowly; it was heavy work, drawing the sledge through the unbroken snow. But whenever the secretary waked, there was Dmitry, slapping himself to keep from freezing, or talking cheeringly to the pony. He always seemed alert and wide awake, so by and by the secretary forgot that he was not in his own comfortable bed, and he fell fast asleep.

"He was waked by the stopping of the sledge. Lights were moving about, and Dmitry was saying: 'We are at the station, Sir Secretary. Do you wish for anything?'

"The secretary jumped out, yawning and stretching himself.

"'Have you been awake all the time, child?'

"'All the time, sir.'

"'How have you managed it?'

"Dmitry smiled, and drew the knife one of the men had given him out of his belt. 'Sometimes I was forgetting; then see'—shoving up his sleeve and showing small pricks in his arm.

"'We will stay here half an hour!' shouted the secretary, 'if all the despatches in the dominion wait. Some of you fellows rub down this horse. Shall he have something to eat?' he asked Dmitry.

"'Some salt fish, please, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, thinking of Feodor's pleasure.

"'Come, now,' and the secretary half carried the boy into the room. He called the host, and soon some bread and sausage, and a steaming kettle of tea, were placed on the table.

"'Here, drink and eat,' said the secretary, pushing the things toward Dmitry.

"He drank a glass of the scalding tea thirstily, and by and by began to eat.

"The secretary, walking up and down the room, watched him kindly, but anxiously. 'What a sturdy, faithful spirit!' he said to himself. 'The prince ought to have him.'

"Presently, when he saw the boy had finished, he said briskly:

"'Well, Dmitry, shall we go on again?'

"Dmitry rose quickly. 'I am ready.'

"'That's right—"deeds, not words,"' said the secretary, laughing, and in a few minutes they were off again.

"On, on into the stormy night. Feodor shook the snow out of his eyes and plodded steadily forward.

"They were nearing the residence of the prince. The secretary was wide awake now. Sometimes Feodor would stop and snort, as if to say, 'Where now?' Then Dmitry would turn to the secretary, and after a few words Feodor would trot on again.

"At last the great gates were reached. The secretary sprang out and rang a bell which they heard clattering and clanging a long way off. Lights moved to and fro, voices talking, and presently the gates opened, and the secretary walked into the courtyard, followed by poor, tired little Feodor, with steaming sides and drooping head, his half-frozen little master still holding the reins.

"A splendid personage in velvet and gold lace hurried out to meet them.

"'His Highness has been expecting you anxiously, Sir Secretary,' he said, bowing low, 'but had given up all hope, the night being so stormy.'

"'I would never have reached here had it not been for this child,' said the secretary, lifting Dmitry to the ground. 'Take him and treat him well.'

"'But Feodor—' murmured Dmitry, half asleep.

"'His Highness's own groom shall see to Feodor,' said the secretary, beckoning to one of the men. 'Feodor is the best little horse I ever saw.' And Dmitry went off well pleased.

"Next morning the secretary sent for the boy.

"'Well, my young friend, now what reward shall I give you for last night's work?'

"The boy's face flushed. 'Only to see the prince, Sir Secretary,' he said huskily.

"'Only to see the prince! That is easily done, for he has requested me to bring you to they came to one where the prince, in a fur-lined dressing-gown, sat at breakfast.

"'There is the prince,' said the secretary. 'Now, if you have anything to say, say it.'



"THEN DMITRY STEPPED OUT INTO THE LIGHT. 'I WILL TAKE YOU, SIR SECRETARY.'"

him,' said the secretary; 'but come, now, what will you have for yourself?'

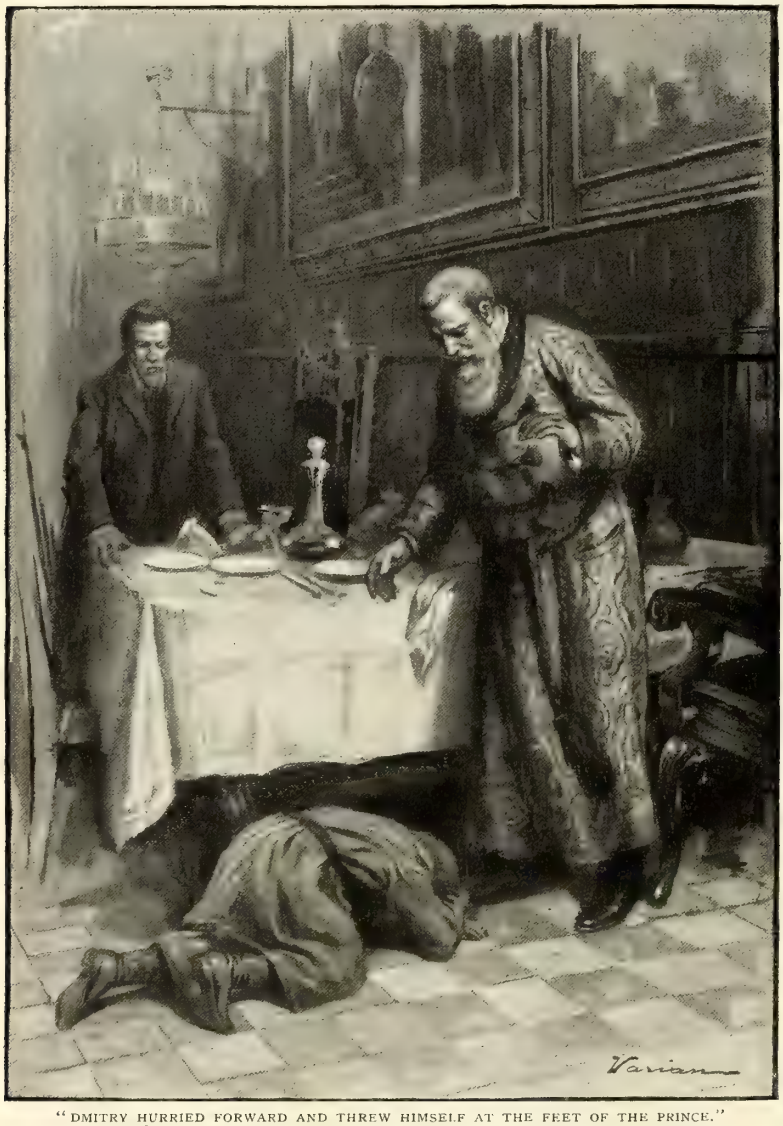
"'Only to see the prince,' said Dmitry, softly.

"'Well, come, then, you odd child'; and the secretary led him through room after room, till

"Dmitry hurried forward and threw himself at the feet of the prince, who was smilingly regarding him. 'My father—' he gasped, then burst into loud sobs. The prince kindly raised him, and then he told how long he had

hoped for a chance to plead for his father, who had been now two years in prison — 'for saying what he did not mean,' sobbed Dmitry. He told of his mother's prayers and tears, of the lonely home, of the hope, that had sustained him all the previous night, that if he could only see the prince all would yet be well.

"The prince and his secretary exchanged looks of sympathy; and then, raising the child, who had again thrown himself at his feet, the prince promised that if his influence could do it his father should be free.



"DMITRY HURRIED FORWARD AND THREW HIMSELF AT THE FEET OF THE PRINCE."

"And now," said Ivan, "Dmitry the elder is master of the post station yonder, and the young man you saw driving the prince's sledge just now is the boy who risked his life to win his father's pardon. Now, worthy and most excellent sirs, here is the station. This is as far as I go; you will get another driver here."

Ivan bade us good-by with many smiles and bows, and we stumbled into the warm little room at the station as fast as our half-frozen feet would let us.

In came the host with his kettle of tea, and Crabtree immediately scalded his mouth with it — he had done that regularly at every station at which we had stopped.

"How long will you remain here, most worshipful gentlemen?" asked the host, with a twinkle in his eyes as he saw poor Crabtree's disturbed face. "It will soon snow," and he gave a careless glance at the sky.

"Can you give us a good room?"

"Excellent, worthy gentleman, and to-morrow you will have the best horse between this place and Moscow."

"Well, Crabtree, what do you say? It does look like snow, and —"

"And I smell something awfully good out there," said Crabtree, whose burned mouth permitted him to speak again. "Let us stay, by all means. We don't care to play Dmitry and the secretary to-night, at all events."

A. L. F.

MISTRESS FLYNN AND THE POT OF GOLD.

By Fred D. Storey.



HE shtory I tould ye yisterdy respictin' me uncle Lanty O'Hoolahan's quare advinture wid the Little People reminds me that I disremimber if I tould ye how the fairies showed ould Kitty Flynn the very identical shpot where the trisure wor buried.

"Is it shpot?" siz you.

Sure there wor shpots enough for a bad case av the measles, an' plinty lift to make an illigant dhress-coat for a leopard. It 's thrue for ye, the trisure wor n't in *all* thim shpots; but thin ye could n't be so onr'asonable as to expict a man to find pots av gould scatthered around as thick as butthercups, especially as it wor a woman as wor a-searchin' for it, an' ould Mistress Flynn at that, who iverybody knows wor as short-sighted as me uncle whin he used to mate me on the sthreet afther the fairies med his fortin. An' if ye 'll be sayin' that she wor, besides, as deaf as a post an' as wake as wather, it 's not mesilf as 'll be onpolite enough to conthradict ye.

"But," siz you, "Phalim," siz you, "y 'are wandherin' from the p'int."

Right y' are, honeys, siz I, an' that 's precoisely what ould Kitty did afore she found the pot av gould. An', be the same token, she niver did find that gould at all.

Ah, but it 's the mane ould miser she wor — as rich as a money-linder!

How ould she wor nobody knew; an' even they dare n't revale the sacret for fear av losin' their carackther for truth an' veracity in the community.

"Uncle," siz I, "Kitty Flynn 's an ixcadingly ould woman," siz I.

"Ould!" siz he. "She wor an ould woman whin yer grandfaither, rest his sowl, wor a boy, an' she 's an infant in arrums now to what she wor thin. She 's a dale oulder nor what she appears to be," siz he.

"Bedad," siz I, "she luks it."

Have yez iver taken notice, childher, that the less toime an ould man has lift to spind the money, the more grady he is to be graspin' av it? Av coorse ye have n't; but it 's thrue for all that, an' quare enough for a conundhrum. If it wor mesilf, now, I 'd be for skamin' the half av me life to lay hould av the cash, an' the l'ave av it for shcrapin' the time togither to spind it aisily an' plisintly. Now the reverse av the conthrairy av that wor the way wid ould Kitty. Niver at rest but whin she wor toilin' an' moilin' afther money an' lands an' tinimints.

Well, as I wor on the ave av informin' ye, ould Kitty wor trampin' home from Bengoil wan blazin' hot day in July, hungry as a bear, wid rheumatism in her j'ints an' a big market-basket in her arrums — an' all beca'se she wor too mane to pay ould Malone the carrier a contimptible thrippenny bit for a ride, an' he owin' her a matther o' tin shillin' for praties, wid no more chance av gettin' out av debt than he had av gettin' into Parliament. It was tremindous hot, so Kitty tuk the short cut through Drumdarra wood to avoid the hate. She wor a bit narvous too, for she had come be a bit av her property sitooated close be the outskyarts av Bengoil, intindin' to see how Tirrince Fahay wor gettin' along wid a job o' ditch-diggin' she had set him at. Ould man Murphy, havin' nothin' else to do, accompanied her, an' — w'u'd ye belave it? — there in the middle o' the field, right forninst Tirrince, an' he not a-noticin' it, wor a rale fairy ring. Now Kitty had not seen a fairy ring since she wor a little gal, an' the sight o' this wan made her a bit narvous — which wor not onr'asonable, ye must admit.

But Kitty found it wor no betther in the shade nor in the sun, for the trees kep' out ivery breath av air, an' made it as close an' sulthry as a Dutch oven.

Siz she to hersilf, as she put down the basket an' s'ated hersilf on a log to rest awhile, siz she, "Quoth the Cook to the Duck, 'Which w'u'd

ye prefer: to be roasted afore the fire, or stewed in a saucepan?' Siz the Duck to the Cook, siz he, 'If it 's all the same to yersilf, I 'd sooner be biled in a shtrame av cold wather.'

"An' if I had the full av a cup av that same cold wather at the prisint moment," siz she, "I 'd be more thankful an' less thirsty. Me heart 's broke," siz she, "wid the load an' the fatigue an' the hate."

Purty soon she began to get drowsy, an' wor in the act av composin' hersilf for a nap, whin she sat up suddin-like an' siz:

"Whisht!" siz she. "What 's that beyant?"

An' well she might; for right undher the shade av a big fern, almost within rache av her arrum, wid his head restin' on the top av a convanient toadstool an' his legs comfortably crossed over a leaf av the bracken, lay wan av the Little People, fast asleep.

"'T is the fairy postman," mutthered she. "There 's the little leather mail-bag, an' the blue jacket wid brass buttons, an' the shtovepipe hat wid the gould band. Ah, but it 's the lucky woman I am this day," siz she. "The Little Man knows ivery crock av gould an' trisure that 's buried in the County Roscommon."

An', houldin' her breath for fear av wakin' him, she crep' up shly, an' clutched him wid both hands. The Little Man kicked an' struggled, but it wor no good; for Kitty had him so tight that his heart leapt intil his mouth an' his ribs curled round his backbone.

"An' what may ye be a-wantin' wid me, good woman?" siz he, whin he wor fairly awake.

"Good woman yersilf," siz she, in a huff.



MISTRESS FLYNN DISCOVERS A FAIRY RING.

"Misthress Flynn, madam, at yer sarvice, thin," siz he.

"I want ye to lind the help av yer assistance to a lone widdy," siz Kitty.

"I know nothin' respictin' the trisure," siz he.

"Who axed ye?" siz she.

"I see it in yer eye," siz he.

"Troth, ye 'll see it in me pocket afore we part company," siz she.

"I don't know where it is," siz he.

"Ye do," siz she.

"'T is a long way off," siz he.

"We 'll tramp it," siz she.

"But I 'm late," siz he, "an' the king expicts me."

"Av ye don't show me the shpot," siz she, "ye 'll not on'y be late, but late laminted." (Which, as yersilf can see, wor a joke.)

"L'ave me go," siz he, "an' I 'll tell it to ye."

"I 'll l'ave ye go," siz she, "whin ye *show* it to me."

"Thin come along," siz he.

"I will that," siz she.

An' off they started, she carryin' him, her two hands clasped round his waist wid a grip av iron, an' wid a bag slung over her back to hould the gould in.

"Which way do I go?" siz she.

"Shtraight be yer nose," siz he.

"D' ye mock me?" siz she. For, sure, her nose p'inted shtraight upwards in a line wid the north star.

"Niver a bit," siz he. "'T is right before ye as ye go."

An' she forgot the hate an' the hunger, an' the provisions in the market-basket, an' hobbled along like a paydistrian at a walkin' match.

They had been thravelin' for some time, whin who should happen along but Mike Lanigan, the hedge schoolmaster.

Whin Kitty see him, she siz to the Little Man: "Here 's that interfarin' blatherskite, Mike Lanigan, a-comin'. For fear he 'll be obsarvin' ye, I 'll jist drop ye intil the bag," siz she. An' widout aven a "by yer l'ave" or an "axin' yer pardon," she dropped him in, keepin' all the time a sharp holt on the mouth av the sack.

"Good mornin', Misthress Flynn," siz Mike, wid an illigant flourish.

"Mornin'," siz she, shortly, for she ached to get rid av him.

"*Pax taycum*," siz he, purlitely, for he wor a very edicated gintleman, an' so l'arned that he aven used to dhrame in the dead languages.

"What packs o' tay come?" siz she. "I niver ordhered anny, an' whoiver siz I did 's an imposthor, an' I won't take 'em!"

"Ye miscomprehind me, ma'am," siz he, wid a wave av his hand. "'T is a cotation from the anncient Latin, an' it manes, P'ace be wid ye," siz he.

"Troth, I 'd a dale rather that pace 'd be wid me," siz she, "than Mike Lanigan or anny sich jabberin' haveril," siz she.

"Ye 're complimenthary, ma'am," siz he, for he wor n't aisy to offind. "An' what have ye in yer sack, if I may make so bould?" siz he.

"A lig av pork," siz she.

"'T is a lively lig," siz he, for he see the Little Man a-squirmin' in the sack, "an' would make the fortin av a race-horse av he could match it."

"I mint a suckin' pig," siz she.

"Is it dhressed?" siz he.

"'T is alive," siz she.

"Where may ye be takin' it?" siz he.

"Home," siz she.

"Thin ye mane to sarcumtransmigrate the worruld, ma'am," siz he, "seein' as it 's on'y yer back as is facin' for home."

"Niver ye throuble yer head nayther about me face or me back," siz she. "They 'll moind theirsilves," siz she.

"Can I carry it for ye?" siz he.

"Ye cannot," siz she. "Ye can carry yersilf off, an' I 'll be thankful, an' good luck to ye."

"Joy go wid ye, thin," siz he. An' he wint away wondherin' at her lack av appreciation av his improvin' an' intertainin' conversation.

As soon 's his back wor turned, Kitty grabbed hould av the collar av the fairy's jacket an' tuk him out av the sack ag'in.

"Is it much farther?" siz she.

"It is," siz he. "Ye go along the road over an' beyant Benauchlan, an' whin ye rache the t' other side av the hill, ye turn down the lane forninst Larry Barry's houldin', an' whin ye come to the Widdy Green's turfshtack, wid the little clamps av turf round it, ye cross the shtile, an' folly the pad road for a mile or so, through the church meadows, an' past Drummoch-a-Vanaghan bog, ontil ye come till a large tin-acre field wid a fairy fort in the cinter av the middle av it," siz he.

An', be the same token, I may as well be explainin' to yez that a fairy fort is in the nayture av a mound wid an ilivated deprission in it, undhernathe which the Little People hould their coort.

"An' in that field," siz the Little Man, "in a shpot I 'll direct ye to, ye 'll find the gould."

"Sure," siz Kitty, "'t is me own field ye 're afther describin'." For Kitty minded the fairy ring she had seen early that mornin'.

"Thin," siz he, "yer title to the trisure 'll be the cl'arer."

"Shmall thanks to ye," siz she, "for givin' me what 's me own a'ready."

Well, afther a long an' tajus walk, they kem to the field; an' whin the Little Man p'inted out the place, she shcraped up a little hape av earth, and set the turf indways on the top av it.

"I 'll be sure to ray*cog*nize it ag'in," siz she.

"Ye will," siz he; "an' now me conthract 's complate, I 'll be l'avin' ye, av ye pl'ase."

"Don't be onaisy!" siz she.

"I 'm not," siz he, "but ristless. "I 'm expicted at the king's coort."

"Tell 'em ye wor subpanied as a spictatin' witness in another coort," siz she.

"But I 've letthers to deliver," siz he.

"An' I 've letthers to recave," siz she; "an' they 're printed round the rim av a gould piece, an' whin I rade thim ye can go," siz she.

"What 'll ye be doin' wid me?" siz he.

"Takin' care av ye for the night," siz she, "an' seein' ye don't overshlape yersilf as ye did the day."

An' away they wint, an' in coorse av time they rached Kitty's house, whin, siz she to the Little Man, "Av ye 'll give me yer word not to l'ave the room, but to deliver yersilf up to me in the mornin', I 'll let ye loose for the night," siz she; "but av ye don't I 'll tie ye, hand an' fut, to the bidpost."

The Little Man gave his word, an' afther a bit they sat down quoiet an' paceable over a big bowl av stirabout an' butthermilk.

As Kitty wor cl'arin' off the dishes afterwards she chanced to pape out av the windy, whin, turnin' to the Little Man, she siz:

"Concale yersilf! There 's that mischavous ould gossip Bridget O'Hara a-comin'. Sure av she 'd stayed till she wor wanted she 'd wait ontil all the sands in Ould Father Time's hour-glass wor scatthered over Bundoren Beach," siz she.

"Good avenin'," siz Bridget O'Hara, as she lifted the latch and opined the door, "an' good avenin' till ye, Misthress Flynn."

"Good avenin'," siz Kitty.

"An' how d' ye find yersilf the day?" siz she.

"Tired wid a hard day's worruk," siz Kitty, "and longin' for shlape!"

"It 's mesilf as won't be hinderin' ye," siz Biddy, "but I heard a foolish shtory from Mike Lanigan the day, an' I thought it me duty to be tellin' ye av it."

"What w'u'd ye expict from a donkey but a hee-haw?" siz Kitty.

"He siz that ye 've bin poachin' in Drumdarra wood, an' he mit ye wid a sackful av hares an' rabbits an' wid a brace av phisants undher yer arrum," siz she.

This put Kitty in a quandāry; for she see Biddy wor jist aten up wid curiosity, an' she did n't know how to be explainin' the bag, whin the Little Man helped her out av the schrape by upsettin' the shtool on which Biddy wor s'ated, and topplin' her over on the flure.

"Sure yer house is bewitched," siz she, as she picked hersilf up and flew out av the room in a rage.

II.



E nixt mornin' Kitty wor up, an' sthirrin' afore Benauchlan top wor a blushin' at the first wink av sunrise. She tuk the Little Man, who delivered himsilf up accordin' to agramint, an' put him undher a milkpan on the flure, wid a big sthone on the top for a solid foundation. Thin she shouldhered a shpade an' med shtraight for the trisure field.

But, *begorra!* she c'u'd scarce belave her eyes at the sight that mit her whin she got there. The field wor covered from ind to ind, an' from cinter to diamether, wid little hapes av earth, each wid a turf on top exactly like the wan she med the night afore.

"Millia murther!" she screamed. "Ch'atin'! roguery! rascality! villainy!" siz she. "Thim thaves the Little People have bin here the night an' ch'ated me out av me hard-airned gould. I 'll niver find it undher all thim hapes, av I dig for a cintury," siz she.

An' she ran about the field like wan possessed, shtumblin' over the hapes an' flingin' the turves around, thryin' to find the identical shpot she marked the pravious afthernoon. But it stands to sinse she c'u'd n't. The Little People wor too cunnin' for that. Ivery hape wor as much like his brother as two pays, an' av coorse

it wor onpossible to indicate a turf, wid thousands av 'em shtuck all over the field like plums in a puddin'.

"At all evints," siz she, "I 'll take it out av that decavin' little vilyun at home." siz she. "I 'll tache him to chate me out av me trisure," siz she. "I 'll mark a shpot on him that he won't be apt to mistake."

An' she totthered to'rds home ag'in, wid her limbs thrimblin' undher her, br'athin' dipridation an' vingince on him.

'T is no good me tellin' ye, honeys, for ye won't belave me! But whin she got home, an' lifted the pan, there wor n't enough lift undher it to fill a crack in the eye av a needle. The Little Man wor gone!

She s'ated hersilf on the flure, an' wailed an' laminted like a keener at a wake. An' all over the house — undher the bidstead, an' in the corners, an' among the crockery, an' up the chimleys — she c'u'd hear the Little People dancin' and patterin', and l'apin' about and mockin' her wid lafture an' mirriment at the cliver way they 'd turned the tables on ould Misthress Flynn!

"At anny rate," siz she, whin her aggravation had gone down a bit, "av I can't find the gould, the little ribels have lift me good turf enough for next winther's fuel widout me disthurbin' me own," siz she.

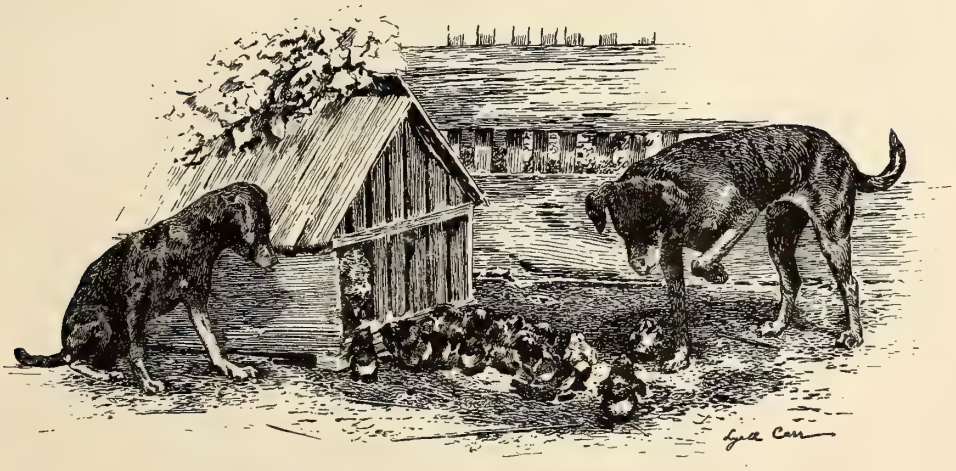
"He, he! Have they, though!" siz an invisible v'ice be her elbow. "Luk at yer turfshtack!"

Kitty flew to the door, gave one luk, an' sunk all av a hape be the threshold.

"'T is the last shtroke av an evil fortin on a poor lone widdy," siz she. "The blaggards hev scatthered me own turf all over the trisure field, an' 't will cost me eighteenpince a load to get 'em home ag'in. Ochone! Ochone! I 'm desthroyed an' ruined intirely."

What 's that ye 're sayin', *acushla?* Did she iver find the gould? Faith, me darlints, that 's a quary I 'm onable to answer yez! All I know is that she died amazin' rich, an' an ould rusty iron pot wor diskivered in the barn which iverybody said wor the wan she found the trisure in.

So yez see that, afther all, the matther remains what the gintleman av the legal profission w'u'd call an *opin question!*



FIDO (FROM BEHIND THE COOP): "LOOK OUT, TOWSER. THEY 'LL BITE YOU!"



HOW TO KEEP A BASE-BALL SCORE.

By Allan P. Ames.

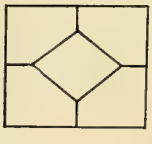
AT the grounds where the professional clubs play baseball, you may have noticed a small box-like structure perched on the roof of the grand stand. Its position directly back of home plate and on a line with the pitcher is the best possible for a view of the game, and if you are lucky enough to be invited up by some of those who have a right there, you will be surprised to find how much better you can watch what is going on than from a seat nearer the ground.

This little house with the wire netting over the front to guard against foul flies is called the press or scorers' box. The young men who sit there have need of every facility for observing the game, because afterward they must present an absolutely accurate record of it. If the contesting nines belong to an important league and play in a large city there will be an official scorer for each club, besides reporters from each of the daily newspapers. The scorers have to record every move of the game and, when it is over, present to the managers of their clubs a complete set of figures, from which anybody who understands the sport can tell exactly what each player has done—how well or how poorly he has played.

Watch a scorer at work. Before him is an open book with the names of one club written down the left-hand side of one page and those of the opposing team inscribed on the page opposite. After each name is a line of checker-board squares, curiously marked off, and at the end of these on the right of each page are several perpendicular columns headed A B, R, 1 B, S B, S H, P O, A, and E, for the summary. These stand for, respectively, times at bat, runs, the times a player has reached first base, stolen bases, sacrifice hits, put-outs, assists, and errors.

The symbols used by professional scorers are comparatively few and easy to remember, and any one familiar with the game ought to be able to use them after half an hour's study followed by a little practice. The system I am about to describe is the one most generally employed, and probably the simplest. Scorers vary it to suit their individual uses, and in the course of a long experience often invent signs of their own; but this is the foundation, and after it has been mastered the beginner is in a position to make what experiments he pleases.

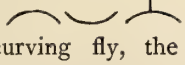
In the first place, for the sake of brevity each member of a baseball team is numbered, according to the position he plays. The pitcher is No. 1; the catcher, 2; the first baseman, 3; second baseman, 4; third baseman, 5; short stop, 6; left fielder, 7; center fielder, 8, and right fielder, 9. The positions, you will observe, are taken in their regular order. Now, on the score-book, opposite each player's name, is a horizontal line of squares, each divided off by a central diamond and lines connecting its points with the four sides of the square, as shown in the sample scores on page 696. Some books have a circle inside the square instead of the diamond; but a diamond seems more suitable, because it bears a direct relation to the diamond on which the game is played. In the first pentagon at the lower right-hand corner of the square is recorded how the player reaches first base,



or was put out before getting there. In the same way the other three pentagons are used to set

down what happens at second and third base and the home plate, taking them in their order right around the square, counting upward and to the left. Inside the diamond is placed a zero when the player goes out, and the straight mark when he scores a run, and a cross when he is left on base.

Now, when the batter is put out, all it is necessary to set down is the numbers of the opposing players who handle the ball. For instance, 6 — 3 in the first corner would mean that the batted ball went to the short stop, No. 6, who threw it to the first baseman, No. 3. The former gets an "assist" and the latter a "put-out." If the batsman is caught out on a fly the scorer places a zero in the central diamond and F, followed by the number of the opposing player who caught the fly. F, of course, stands for "fly." For the sake of brevity, however, many scorers omit the letter, simply using the number of the player making the catch. If the batter goes out on a foul fly the abbreviation is F F, or in case the scorer omits the sign for "fly," a single F will answer for "foul."

When the batsman reaches his base there are various symbols to represent what happened. In the first place, if he makes a base hit — that is, sends the ball fair, and where no fielder can catch it or field it in soon enough to prevent him from reaching his base | — the mark is like an inverted T, thus: ⊥. Two such straight lines represent a two-base hit, three, a three-baser, and four, a home run. If the scorer wishes, he can show the direction of the hit by the slant of the lines. Thus, \ represents a two-bagger to left field. There / are still finer distinctions of recording the style of the hit, but they are by no means necessary to the keeping of a satisfactory score. Here are some of them:  . The first of these means an ordinary curving fly, the second, a bounding grounder, the third, a pop fly high in the air, the fourth, a ball hit almost straight down to the ground, and the last, a driving line hit.

Unless he makes a hit, the only other way a player can reach first is through some mistake, or misplay, by the opposing side. If he gets to first through a base on balls, B B is set down in the first base corner, and the "pass," as the vernacular calls it, is recorded against the pitcher. E stands for "error," the number of the guilty player being put with it. P B equals "hit by pitched ball."



WARMING UP BEFORE THE GAME.

As for the ways in which a runner may advance from first — W means a "wild pitch," the letter being placed in the corner representing the base reached through the pitcher's mistake. P is for "passed ball." S B stands for "stolen base." If the batter strikes out, a big S is placed in the center of the diamond in the middle of his square, and a put-out given the catcher. When the batter hits the ball in such a way that he reaches first base himself, but forces a player already there to get out trying to reach second, the letters F H, meaning "forced hit," are set in the batsman's square. Double or triple plays are noted thus: 5 — 6 — 3, meaning that the third baseman received the ball and threw it to the short stop, who put out the runner at second, and then threw to the first baseman in time to retire the batter. The squares of the players thus put out are connected by a line. For any other plays that arise, such as out on an infield fly, the scorer can find initial letters or abbreviations to suit himself.

At the right of the page is the form in which scores are made up for publication. It is in deciding what constitutes some of these features that the fine knowledge of the game comes into play. All necessary information, however, is contained in the national rules, which every scorer is supposed to have in his head or his pocket. An important rule to remember is that a time at bat is not counted if the batsman goes to first on being hit by a pitched ball, gets his base on balls, or makes a sacrifice hit. Where inexperienced scorers are inclined to make the most mistakes is in allowing players too few hits and too many errors. A careful study of the rules on

this point will prove valuable. A good plan to follow when in doubt is to favor the batter; that is, save the fielders an error and give the man at bat a hit whenever you can. Bear in mind that the catcher earns a put-out when he catches the third strike, but if he drops the ball and is obliged to throw the batter out at first he receives an assist. Assists should be credited to a player every time he handles the ball in such a manner that the play would result in retiring the batter if all his colleagues worked without an error.

Besides the tabulated summary of times at bat, runs, etc., a properly compiled score tells the number of stolen bases and sacrifice hits and who made them. According to the national rules, the remainder of the summary must contain the score made in each inning of the game: the two- and three-base hits and home runs made by each player; the double and triple plays made by each side, with the players participating in each; the number of times a pitcher strikes out an opposing batsman; the number of bases on balls he allows; the number of times he hits a batter; the number of wild pitches; and, where two pitchers are used in one game, the number of innings that each works, and how many hits are made off the delivery of each; also the number of passed balls charged against each catcher; the time of the game's duration; and the name of the umpire — or, if there are two umpires, their names and positions.

The best idea of what all this means can be gained from studying an actual score. Below is an exact copy of two pages of a score-book used during a game in the New York State League. Of the opposing clubs one represented Albany and the other the three towns of Amsterdam, Johnstown, and Gloversville, jointly.

To get the swing of the system follow these scores through a few innings: The A. J. G. Club went first to bat. Barry, the center fielder (No. 8), struck out; Malay, the second baseman, went out on a fly to the Albany left fielder; Williams, the first baseman, retired on a fly to the center fielder. For Albany, Cargo, the short stop, knocked a grounder to the pitcher, who threw him out at first; Doherty went out on a fly to the right fielder; and McGamwell on a similar effort to the first baseman. Griffin, who was the first man at bat for the A. J. G. Club in the second inning, got his base on balls. This is to be marked up against

Clubs, A. J. G. vs. ..... at ..... Date, ...

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	I.B.	S.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barry	8	S		0-6 BB		0 9		H BB		H 1			3	0	1			2	1	0
Malay	4	0 7		0-6 FH		S 2-3		0 8		0 IF			5	0	0			4	5	0
Williams	3	0 8		0 6-3				H BB		4-6 BB			2	0	0			8	1	1
Griffin	9	H BB			0 1-3			0 7		1 2-2			3	2	1			3	0	1
Uniac	5	H 1			0 3			0 8		0 4			4	0	1			1	0	0
Clancy	7	0 E-2			4-6 0 1			0 8		SB H 1			4	0	2	1		1	0	0
G. Stroh	6	H 1			H FH			0 5-3		0 4-3			4	0	1			3	1	2
W. Stroh	2	0 8				H 1		H 1		6-4 0 1			4	0	3			1	1	1
James	1	S				0 3		0 4		5-6 0 FH			4	0	0			1	2	0
Total		0 0	1 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	0 1	1 2	0 2			33	2	9	1		24	11	5

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Bases on Balls 4 ..... Two-Base Hits ..... Three-Base Hits ..... Home Runs ..... Double Plays .....

Hit by Pitched Ball 2 ..... Struck Out 1 ..... Passed Balls ..... Wild Pitches 1 ..... Time of Game .....

Umpired by ..... Scorer .....

Mock, the Albany pitcher. Uniac hit safely to left field and reached first; Clancy went out on a pop foul to the catcher; G. Stroh hit to left field for one base, and Griffin came home; W. Stroh went out on a fly to center field; and James ended the first half of the inning by striking out.

Thus it went through the game, which, as the figures show, was won by Albany by a score of 9 — 2.

The totals beneath each inning column represent the runs for that particular inning and the total score including that inning — the former being in the upper left-hand triangle and the latter in the lower right-hand one.

In the ninth inning notice a line running from Malay's square to an asterisk on the margin. This is the scorer's memorandum of some unusual feature; in the present instance an infield fly with men on bases, which caused the batter to be declared out without earning a put-out or an assist for anybody. This explains the apparent error that Albany's total put-outs foot up to one less than the customary number for nine innings.

The crosses in the diamonds show the men left on bases.

The scorer may make up his summary by going over each inning after the game; but a better plan is to record each hit, put-out, home run, etc., as fast as they are made, by setting a little dash or dot in the proper place in the final tabulation. Then, when the game is over, all that is necessary is to add up these dots or dashes and write the results, adding, of course, any minor features that the scorer can recall or of which he has made special memoranda.

The novice should not forget that the put-outs, assists, and errors on any sheet are those made by the fielders of the opposing club, whose names appear on the opposite page. With practice, all this becomes a mechanical operation. The great advantage of the system is that it leaves the scorer almost as free to watch the game as the ordinary, unoccupied spectator.

To the uninitiated an old score-book is a sealed volume; but I have seen old players reading these shorthand reports with the heightening color and unconscious muttering that showed how vividly the record recalled the scenes and events of past contests. For a true lover of the national game the system is worth knowing, if only for the glorious memories it has power to arouse.

Clubs, Albany vs. ..... at ..... Date, ...

	Pos.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R.	I. B.	SB	SH	P.O.	A.	E.
Cargo	6	0 1-3		0 SH 1-3	W E9 1	0 3		FH					4	1	1		1	5	2	0
Doherty	4	0 9		FH	1	0 9		0 6-4 PB					4	0	2			8	3	0
McGamwell	3	0 3		0 4	0 6		0 8-4 1	0 8					5	0	1			7	0	0
Eagan	7		0 7	0 1		1	1	FH					5	2	2			2	0	0
Jones	8		1 E2 E6		1 E6	1	FH		0 2-4 1				5	3	3			5	0	0
Smith	9		FH BB		1	FH	0 4-6 BB		0 8				3	1	2			1	0	0
Lovell	5		0 9		1	0 3-6 BB	FH		FH PB				3	1	1			0	2	0
Evers	2		0 4-3		0 4-3	FH	0 4-3		0 5				5	0	0			3	1	1
Mock	1			1	0 4-3	FH BB		S					3	1	1			0	3	0
Total		0 0	1 1	1 2	4 6	2 8	1 9	0 9	0 9				37	9	13			26 *	11	1

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Bases on Balls IIII 5 ..... Two-Base Hits 5, 9, 6, ... Three-Base Hits 4 ..... Home Runs ..... Double Plays 1-6-3 | 4-6

Hit by Pitched Ball ..... Struck Out III 3 ..... Passed Balls ..... Wild Pitches ..... Time of Game 1:40

Umpired by J. Fogarty ..... Scorer .....

CARADOC

By Margaret Johnson.



CARADOC.

BEFORE the British lion had met the unicorn,
When all England was a forest wild and grim,
When the herdsman led his flock
Where the bells of London rock,
There lived a little British boy whose name was Caradoc,
In a clearing by a grassy river's brim.

He had n't any stockings and he had n't any shoes;
He had never seen a hansom or a hat;
He had never played at cricket,
Never heard of bat or wicket;
He had never seen a football with a burning wish to kick it:
Yet, believe me, he was every inch a Briton, for all that!

He went, of course, to school, in the forest dark and cool,
Where he studied without pencil, book, or chart.
He was never taught to read —
What 's the use of that, indeed?
But he learned the name of star and stone, of blossom and of weed,
And could say a lot of pieces all by heart.

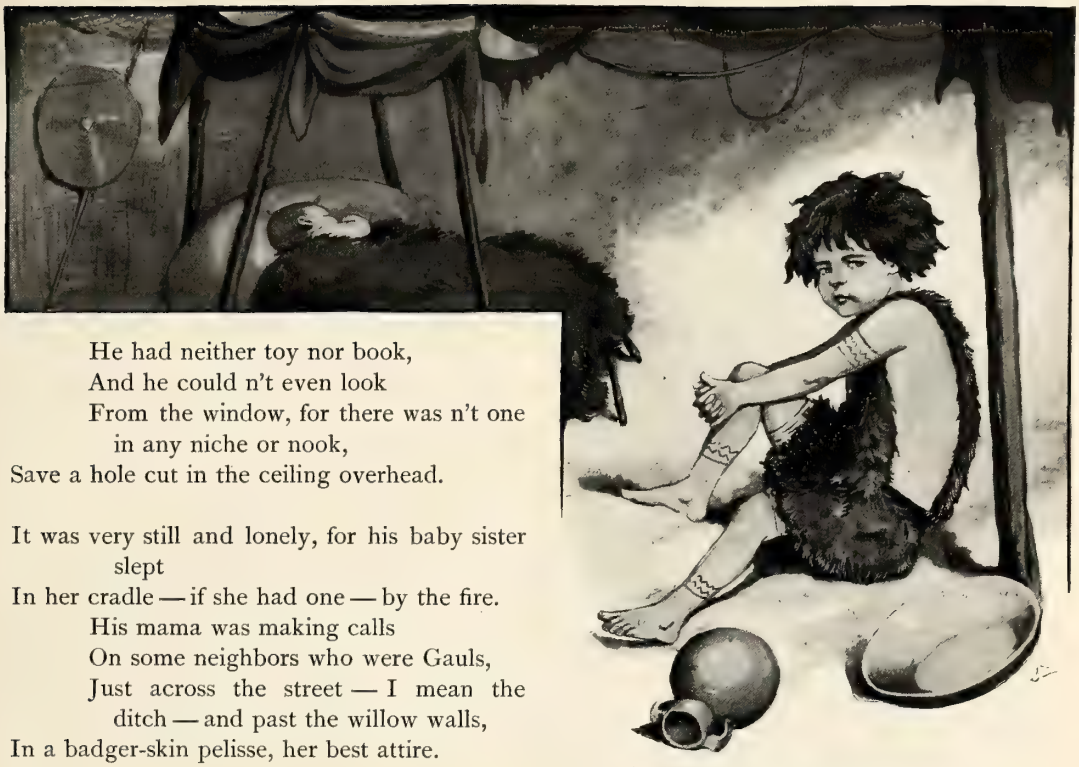
He had heard from bard and Druid, as they fed the flaming fluid
On the great stone altar deep within the wood,
Many a tale of deeds sublime,
Which they told in stirring rhyme,
While the congregation followed in a kind of pantomime,
And he thrilled, as any little Briton would.

Oh, he had an education, though it was n't just like yours;
And his treasures — he 'd a cunning coat of skin,
With some amber beads for Sunday —
Well, perhaps he wore them Monday,
For in fact I don't suppose they knew from t' other day the one day!
And he had — his pride and his delight — a little sword of tin.

His ambitions they were simple — you must really not forget
That he lived about two thousand years ago:
Just to paint his body blue,
Like the warriors that he knew,
To have a little knife of flint and arrow-heads a few,
And to follow when they cut the mistletoe.

But, alas for little Carry, he was very, very young!
And at New Year's, when the people met to roam
Through the forest, high and low,
Where the sacred branches grow,
(For they made the greatest fuss about a piece of mistletoe!)
He was left to mind the baby girl at home.

Now this sturdy little Briton had no sofa soft to sit on;
He 'd a lumpy, humpy bearskin for a bed;



"IT WAS VERY STILL AND LONELY, FOR HIS BABY SISTER SLEPT."

He had neither toy nor book,
And he could n't even look
From the window, for there was n't one in any niche or nook,
Save a hole cut in the ceiling overhead.

It was very still and lonely, for his baby sister slept
In her cradle — if she had one — by the fire.
His mama was making calls
On some neighbors who were Gauls,
Just across the street — I mean the ditch — and past the willow walls,
In a badger-skin pelisse, her best attire.

His papa and all his brothers, they were marching with the others;
Then he sternly knit his little British brow;
Though the boys of old were trumps,
For they never cried for bumps,
(And I don't believe they ever had the measles or the mumps,)
Yet they liked a picnic just as you do now.

And his pride he had to swallow when he thought how they would follow
In the splendid great procession up the glade,
With the Druids, all bedight
In their gleaming robes of white,
Chanting hymns and saying verses while they marched, with all their might,
Till they stood beneath the oak-tree's spreading shade.

Swish! would go the golden sickle where the bough was seen to prickle
Through the green, with milk-white berries all aglow;
And each Briton, small or big,
Who would hunt or fight or dig,
And be lucky all the New Year through, must carry home a twig
Of the fortune-bringing, magic mistletoe.

Every boy would have a berry save our little Caradoc!
Then the feasting and the frolic in the wood!
All day long — he felt a choking;
It was certainly provoking:
But — he started; some one softly through the willow hedge was poking,
And he sprang within the doorway where he stood.

From a hostile tribe — a stranger — such a *looking* stranger, too!
You 'd have shaken in your very shoes for fear!
He 'd a terrible mustache,
And a snakeskin for a sash,
And his face was daubed with purple in a manner truly rash,
And he had a very long and horrid spear.



"HIS MAMA WAS MAKING CALLS
ON SOME NEIGHBORS WHO WERE GAULS."

Now a tramp, though Early English, still is
not a welcome guest,
And 't was plain his plans were sinister and
deep.
Thought our little Carry, "But!—
If he *should* come in the hut,
With the cakes a-baking on the hearth,
the pantry door not shut,
And the baby in her cradle, fast asleep!"

On he came without delay in his Early English
way,
With a war-whoop and a most ferocious
grin;
And was little Carry frightened?
Fiery bold his blue eyes lightened,
And around his little British waist his
little belt he tightened,
And he proudly drew his little sword of tin.

Who can say what might have happened!
But in just the nick of time
Came a good old Druid gravely trotting by.
He was hurrying home to see
How his favorite goose might be,—
She 'd had something for her breakfast
that had seemed to disagree,—
And he spied them in the twinkling of an eye.

Now "Tut, tut!" he cried. "What 's this?
There is something much amiss!"
And although his look was really not
unkind,
Down they fell upon their knees;
For a Druid, if you please,
Was as dreadful as an emperor, and
when he made decrees,
Why, the people, they just simply *had* to
mind!

"Rise! But tell me why you 're here on the first
day of the year,"
He observed, "when other boys are fain to
roam?"
Then, as steady as a rock,
"Sir," said little Caradoc,
"Will you please not wake the baby!
my mama is round the block,
And I 'm staying, to protect the house, at
home!"

Bright the Druid's eyes they twinkled in his face so round and wrinkled.
"You protect—" said he (of course he spoke in rhyme),
And his tone was kind, not scoffing,
"You protect—" his oak-wreath doffing,
He began, but could not finish for a dreadful fit of coughing;
Could it be that he was laughing all the time?

"Nay; put up the sword of strife now, and spare your victim's life!"
And he patted little Carry on the head;
"As for you," an eye of danger bent he on the trembling stranger,
"Go — your conqueror shows you mercy!" he began,
When again there seemed to seize him
Such a cough to tear and tease him
That the tramp, politely murmuring he 'd do anything to please him,
Like a deer into the forest turned and ran.

Up his sleeve the Druid fumbled. "Faith," said he, "your foe is humbled!
Now I fancy I 've an extra twig or so



"WITH A WAR-WHOOP AND A MOST FEROCIOUS GRIN."

"Sooth, my son, but you have lit on
Such a truth as bards have writ on;
For to guard his home 's the highest, dearest duty of a Briton,
As it shall be hence forevermore!" he said.
From the oak-tree in the wood;
And a noble warrior should
Have a guerdon for his prowess — take it, sonny, and be good!"
And he gave the lad a spray of mistletoe!



"A GOOD OLD DRUID GRAVELY TROTTING BY."

On the hearth the firelight glowed; safe the baby waked and crowed,
As she sweetly sucked her little British thumb;
When the household, home returning
While the sunset red was burning,
Heard the tale which little Caradoc to tell them all was yearning.
And for joy and admiration they were dumb.

His mama she hugged and kissed him in her Early English way;
It was rough, perhaps, but loving, so who cares?
And his brothers looked askance
As they praised his happy chance;
For although he tried not to be proud,
't was obvious at a glance
That his mistletoe was twice as big as theirs!



"'TAKE IT, SONNY, AND BE GOOD!'"

His papa — well, he pretended that he did n't
care a straw;
As a Briton, that was right, of course, for him.
But a proud papa was he:
And they all sat down to tea
Just as happy and contented as a family
could be —
When all England was a forest wild and grim.

Though they ate their supper sitting in a circle
on the floor,
With the chickens feeding near them, and the
cow,
None were gayer, west or east;
For if Love be at the feast,
Such a trifle as a table does n't matter
in the least —
Home was home, two thousand years ago, as
now!

And in days or new or old beats the same a
heart that 's bold
'Neath a jacket or a furry coat of skin;
'Mid the busy crowds that flock
Where the bells of London rock,
Could you find a braver Briton than our
little Caradoc,
With his true and trusty little sword of tin?



"HIS MAMA SHE HUGGED AND KISSED HIM IN HER EARLY ENGLISH WAY."

BLUE-EYED GRASS.

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow
And yarrow-blooms on the hill,
Cattails that rustle and whisper,
And winds that are never still;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
A linnet's nest near by,
Blackbirds caroling clearly
Somewhere between earth and sky;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
And the laden bee's low hum,
Milkweeds all by the roadside,
To tell us summer is come.

Mary Austin.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXII.

A PAIR OF ARCH-CONSPIRATORS.

EVIDENTLY Lorimer Grimweed was puzzled and perplexed. The state of affairs in Marybud Lodge was mysterious — very mysterious. He looked at Mme. Tussaud, and she smiled knowingly at him. Smiles are cheap. He smiled back at her. He could n't lose anything by that. He heard voices outside shouting and laughing; one voice in particular almost drowning the rest, a jovial voice, at that moment exclaiming, "Go to, thou saucy baggage!" and then fresh peals of laughter.

As Lorimer Grimweed walked with Mme. Tussaud to the playground, he said to himself: "Keep cool, keep cool. Don't let anything stagger you. Whatever it is that 's going on, you may make something out of it."

The celebrities were indeed having what Tom Thumb called "a high old time." He and Queen Elizabeth were watching a game of ping-pong which Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles II were playing on a table that had been brought out for the purpose; Cromwell was shooting arrows into a target; Richard III was playing with a monkey on a stick; and Houqua the tea merchant was making a prodigiously long tail for a kite decorated with dragons cut in yellow paper, which he intended to fly for the amusement of the ladies; and all were eating chocolate creams, with which Lucy, going smilingly from one to another, kept them liberally supplied. Presently the principal interest became centered in an Aunt Sally which Harry Bower had fixed in the ground, and in which rollicking pastime he was giving instruction. Henry VIII was particularly eager about it.

"A tourney — a tourney!" he cried. "We challenge the boldest knight to a tilt of sticks 'gainst the nose of Mme. ma tante Sallie."

"That knight am I," exclaimed Richard III, before any one else could speak, "unless thou art afeard."

"Afeard!" cried Henry. "The pale ghost Fear was ne'er yet seen on Henry's brow! Harry of the Bower, count out the sticks, and see that the pipe is firmly fixed 'twixt Mme. Sallie's lips. Afeard! Wert thou our vassal, Richard, the lowest dungeon in our castle would be thy bed; but as it is, thy challenge is accepted. Heralds, proclaim; let the trumpets sound."



"MME. TUSSAUD SMILED KNOWINGLY AT HIM."

By this time Harry Bower had completed the arrangements for the match. The pipe was fixed in Aunt Sally's mouth; in her funny frilled cap she seemed to be grinning at the company

and to be saying, "Come on, my bucks; I 'm ready for you."

Nettled as he was at the presence of his rival, Lorimer Grimweed took no notice of Harry. He offered his flabby hand to Lydia.

"How do you do, Miss Lyddy?"

"How do you do, Mr. Grimweed?" said Lydia, politely, but without much cordiality.

"Remember, Harry," said Mary Queen of Scots to Henry VIII, "bright eyes behold thy deeds."

"By St. Jude!" he said, poising a stick in his hand, "we will make dust of Mme. ma tante Sallie's pipe."

Vain boast! He threw three sticks, and Aunt Sally still grinned at him, her pipe unbroken in her mouth. Richard III missed with his first and second sticks, but with his third smashed the pipe.

"Ha, ha, Henry!" he cried, with a boastful laugh. "We will show thee!"

"One to his Majesty Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud.

Henry VIII threw three more sticks, and, roaring with laughter, sent the pipe flying with his third; but Richard III smashed two pipes to his one, and was proclaimed the victor.

"Any more, Hal?" asked Richard III, triumphantly.

"No more, cousin. Mme. ma tante Sallie plays us false. We have had enough of the jade."

He struck her a vigorous whack across the face with a stick, and her frilled cap fell on one side of her head. She looked a very battered and dilapidated old woman.

Lorimer Grimweed cast his eyes around, and they met those of Mme. Tussaud. The few words he had had with her had not impressed him unfavorably. He had spoken to her rudely, and she had answered him amiably. Perhaps he could bamboozle the old lady. Anyhow, it would do him no harm to try to make a friend of her.

"Look here," he said, beckoning her aside. "What is all this about? I 'd like to know, you know."

"What do you want to know, 'you know'?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Whether all this is real — genuine, you know."

"Oh, it 's real enough," said Mme. Tussaud. "Does not Shakspere say that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?"

"Yes, he does; and he knew a lot, did n't he? I tell you, Shakspere was a wise old chap, now was n't he?"

"Indeed he was. There never was a poet so



"'A TOURNEY — A TOURNEY!' HE CRIED."

wise and far-seeing. He foresaw the future; he foretold what would take place centuries after he wrote his wonderful plays. When that tricksy imp Puck said that he would put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, there was no electric telegraph, no telephone, no Atlantic cable; and the girdle *has* been put round the earth, and under the sea, and we can speak to our friends in America, and they to their friends in England, just as though we and they were all living in one house — not to mention speaking across the water without any wires at all. If that is true, Mr. Grimweed, — which it is, — why should not this be true?"

"Of course, of course," he said eagerly. "And seeing 's believing, is n't it? (I wonder if Shakspere said that!) But, my dear woman, I am not asleep — I am awake. Oh, you 've no idea how wide awake I am! I say — what a magnificent dress Queen Elizabeth has on — a magnificent dress!"

"I shall not try. You 're fond of curious things?"

"Rather!"

"Would you like to see something very, *very* curious?"

"Is there anything to pay?"

"No, not a penny; it is quite free."



"RICHARD III MISSED WITH HIS FIRST AND SECOND STICKS, BUT WITH HIS THIRD SMASHED THE PIPE."

"I should think she has," said Mme. Tussaud. "It cost enough."

"She must have paid no end of money for it." Mme. Tussaud smiled. "And, grimes! look at her jewels! Why, that sixteenth-century fan she is waving is worth a little fortune. Should n't I like to get hold of it! Wonder what she wants for it? D' you think she 'd sell it? I 'm a judge of those things, I am. You can't take *me* in, so you 'd better not try."

"I 'm your man, then. Trust me for never missing a chance. If I can get something for nothing, I get it."

"You *are* a clever one," said Mme. Tussaud.

"I rather flatter myself that I am," said Lorimer Grimweed, with a knowing look.

"Come along, then," said Mme. Tussaud, leading the way to the school-room. "Which of all those grand people do you like best?"

"Oh, I like that Richard III," he replied, with enthusiasm. "There 's something so kingly and noble about him."

"You have found that out, have you?"

"Could n't help finding it out. It is n't much that escapes *me*, you must know. I say — Miss Lyddy is a fine girl, is n't she?"

"She is a beautiful girl."

"Thank you, oh, thank you! We shall make a splendid couple. It 's no use her trying to wriggle out of it. I 've got old Scarlett under my thumb — under my thumb."

He sniggered and chuckled and rubbed his hands, and did not notice the look of strong aversion which Mme. Tussaud cast at him. By this time they had arrived at the school-room in which the gentlemen celebrities had slept. Mme. Tussaud handed Lorimer Grimweed a key.

"It is the key of that closet," she said. "Please unlock it."

Burning with curiosity, he put the key in the lock. What did the closet contain? Jewels, treasures, perhaps, which she wished him to buy? If so, he would drive a sharp bargain. The idea that he would not be able to outwit this little old woman in a poke-bonnet made him laugh.

He turned the key slowly. Something was pushing against the door, something heavy. In his impatience, Lorimer Grimweed pulled the door wide open — and the next moment he was rolling on the floor, with the inanimate form of the Headsman on top of him.

"Here, I say!" he screamed, "what are you up to, don'tcherknow? Oh, grimes! I 'm being smothered. Take him off — take him off!"

Choking with laughter, Mme. Tussaud touched the Headsman with her magic cane, and he rose majestically to his feet and picked up his ax.

Lorimer Grimweed raised himself into a sitting posture, and with wild eyes stared at the effigy. The gruesome appearance of the masked man struck terror to his soul.

"It is only a person I locked up in the cupboard for misbehavior," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Why does he — why does he — carry an ax?" asked Lorimer Grimweed, in a trembling voice. "He—he looks like an executioner."

"He *is* an executioner. I bring him with me to keep people in order."

"Oh, do you!" said Lorimer Grimweed, scrambling hastily to his feet. "Perhaps I am in the way, and I would n't wish to be that, you know. If you 'll excuse me, I 'll join the ladies and gentlemen on the lawn."

So saying, he hurried away. Never in his life had he run so fast.

While this scene was being enacted, every one else in the house and grounds was playing or working most zealously. Lucy and Lydia and Harry Bower and Tom Thumb cut oceans of flowers, which were carried into the house, and tastefully arranged by the maids and Miss Pennyback. All the best china and glass had been brought out, all the best table-cloths and serviettes, all the best cutlery, and all the silver. It would have done your heart good to see the kitchen, where the Marchioness of Barnet and Polly and Maria were bristling with enthusiasm. Belinda took things more calmly; nothing surprised her. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd were the busiest of the busy, ordered about here, there, and everywhere by everybody, and obeying with cheerful alacrity. Mr. Scarlett got out his best wine, and bustled up and down in great good humor; and Lucy and Lydia were in a perfect glow of anticipation. But once, for a moment only, Lydia's spirits drooped, it must be confessed, and she said confidentially to Lucy:

"I seem to be happy, Lucy dear, and so do you; but I don't know if we ought to be — for, oh, Lucy! how is it all going to end?"

"In wedding bells, you darling," answered Lucy, throwing her arms round Lydia's neck, "in wedding bells! Listen! Don't you hear them? Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"You dear, you darling!" said Lydia.

Chapter XXIII.

what london thought of it.

While Marybud Lodge was in a ferment at these extraordinary proceedings, all London was in a ferment of another kind. No sooner were the gates of the exhibition opened than

the newspapers came out with great head-lines in the very boldest type:

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY

IN

MME. TUSSAUD'S

WORLD-RENOWNED EXHIBITION!!

THE MOST THRILLING AND AMAZING MYSTERY ON RECORD!!!

MME. TUSSAUD VANISHED!

HER CELEBRITIES GONE!!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM?

HUMAN BEINGS IN THE PLACE OF WAX!!!

ARE THEY ALIVE, OR NOT?

Throughout the whole of the day newsboys were tearing about the streets like mad, screaming at the top of their voices:

"Speshul! Speshul! The great Baker Street mystery! Disappearance of 'Enery the Heighth! 'Orrible discoveries! Queen Elizabeth missing! Latest edition, with all the hastounding news! Mysterious escape of Mary Queen of Scots! The great Baker Street mystery! Speshul! Speshul!"

Every newspaper in London issued a fresh edition every half-hour or so, and the papers could not be printed fast enough, so delirious was the demand for them. North, south, east, and west, nothing else was spoken or thought of but the amazing, the astounding, the bewildering Baker Street mystery. Business on the Stock Exchange was suspended; nobody went to the races; a holiday was given to all the school-children; tradesmen might as well have shut up their shops; servants neglected their household work, and their mistresses could not remain in the house. Everybody asked everybody else, What has become of the missing celebrities? Where are they? How did they get out? How did the others get in? What will be the ultimate fate of the human beings now occupying the places of the missing wax effigies in Mme. Tussaud's famous exhibition? And no one who asked the questions had the slightest expectation of receiving a satisfactory reply. It was, indeed, like a Lord Mayor's day in London. From every nook and corner in the metropolis people were wending their way to Baker Street station, and so great was the crush between the Marble Arch and Regent's Park that large squads of police were appointed to regulate the traffic and preserve order.

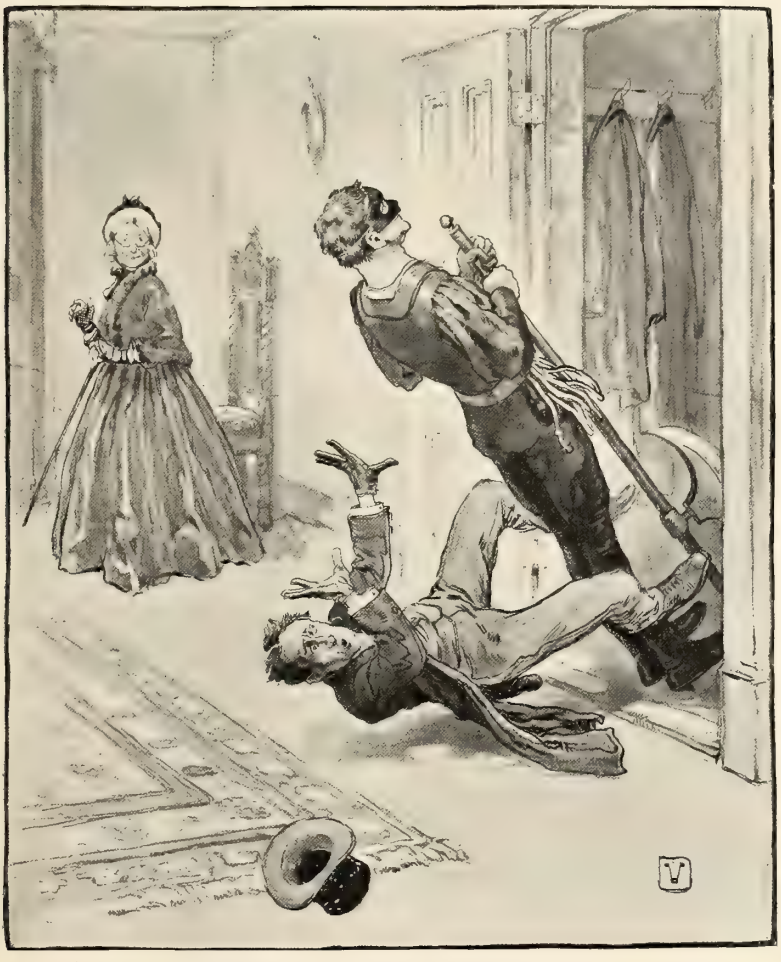
As for the exhibition itself, it was literally besieged, and, as Mme. Tussaud had predicted, all the previous records of attendances were thrown completely in the shade. Every person connected with the great show was interviewed again and again, those most in request being the night-watchmen and the firemen. They positively declared that not a soul except themselves had been in the place from the moment of its closing at night to the moment of its opening in the morning; that nothing had been removed from the building, and nothing conveyed into it, during those hours; that they had not slept a wink the whole of the night, and had not for a single moment relaxed their vigilance. To these statements they unflinchingly adhered, and, despite the facts that stared them in the face, no arguments could shake them. They were respectable, steady men, and were as much confounded by what had taken place as all London was.

But if they could throw no light upon it, who could? People were literally stupefied. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that the astounding Baker Street mystery was without parallel in the annals of journalism, and the public hung with breathless interest upon the smallest detail that had the remotest connection with it. The ordinary detective gazed open-mouthed at the spectacle; the scientific mind was bewildered.

The excitement spread into the most exclusive quarters, and the thoroughfares leading to Mme. Tussaud's were wedged with fashionable carriages. In the course of the afternoon way was made for the Lord Mayor, who, in his state carriage and robes, and followed by the sheriffs and aldermen in *their* state carriages

and robes, paid a visit to the exhibition; and an hour later it was with the greatest difficulty that the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family could reach the doors.

Perhaps the strangest feature in the mystery was the condition of the human beings who had been petrified, so to speak, by Mme. Tussaud's magic cane, and who now stood, stiff and motionless and bereft of sense, for all the world to gaze upon.



"IN HIS IMPATIENCE, LORIMER GRIMWEED PULLED THE DOOR WIDE OPEN — AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS ROLLING ON THE FLOOR."

The question to be decided was, Were they alive or dead? If they were dead there had been fourteen ruthless murders committed. Here was work for the criminal lawyers and the learned judges. Here was work for Scotland Yard. Here was fresh sensation for the newspapers.

The most eminent medical men were called in and were allowed to make their tests. Then they held a consultation. Then they made more tests. Then they held another consultation. Then they issued a bulletin, which was thus editorially commented upon in one of the daily papers:

> It will be a satisfaction to the relatives of the human beings now standing transfixed in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition to learn that a council of the most eminent physicians and scientists in the country has come to the conclusion that those persons are *not defunct*. So far as can be ascertained at present, it is stated to be a case of suspended animation, distinguished by features so peculiar that it is regarded as the strangest case in the records of medical science. Further consultations will be held and further bulletins issued from time to time.

Later editions of the papers stated that the electric current had been applied to the rigid figures, but that the results obtained could only be described as ludicrous.

The next supremely interesting question was, How long would these human beings remain in their helpless state? If they were incapable of partaking of food,— as was declared to be the case,— what period of time would elapse before life departed from their bodies? To this they replied, Time will show, but it could not be expected that any one would be satisfied with such an answer.

Other complications followed. The relatives of the unfortunate persons demanded that the

figures should be given up to them. The proprietors of the exhibition refused, and the eminent medical men declared it would not be safe to move the figures. They shook their heads and said they would not answer for the consequences. And when the relatives said, "But what business is it of yours?" they continued to shake their heads, and replied, "Oh, but you should n't talk like that!"

The relatives were furious. Off they rushed to the lawyers, who took down hundreds of law-books, and for days they hunted through them for precedents. Then they wrote hundreds of tiresome lawyers' letters, at six shillings and eightpence each, commencing, "We are instructed by our clients, So-and-so and So-and-so, to demand," etc.

Then armies of bill-posters went all through London and posted on the walls immense bills offering rewards for the return of the missing celebrities. And everybody who read these bills rushed off to the exhibition and paid shillings at the doors. And at all the railway stations and all the ports, regiments of detectives were on the watch, so that the celebrities should not escape from the kingdom either by land or by water.

The amounts of the rewards offered varied considerably: £100 each for Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Richard I, Richard III, Charles II, and Mary Queen of Scots; £60 each for Cromwell and Loushkin; £50 each for Guy Fawkes, Tom Thumb, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe; £25 for Houqua, the Chinaman; £15 for the Executioner; and £250 for Mme. Tussaud.



"ARMIES OF BILL-POSTERS WENT ALL THROUGH LONDON AND POSTED ON THE WALLS IMMENSE BILLS OFFERING REWARDS FOR THE RETURN OF THE MISSING CELEBRITIES."

"Aha!" said Mme. Tussaud to herself, when she ran her eye over this scale of rewards. "The great British public knows my value. It pays me proper respect."

In these bills, which were printed in red, yellow, and black, with the royal coat of arms at the top, special announcement was made that

the rewards were only for the *bodies* of the missing celebrities, their clothing, accoutrements, decorations, and jewels being far too valuable for appraisement; and it was declared that any person or persons found in possession of any of these adornments would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

The offer of the rewards was printed in later editions of the newspapers, which Harry Bower went out from time to time to obtain, and much of what was printed was imparted by Mme. Tussaud to her celebrities. It occasioned a good deal of jealousy. Mme. Sainte Amaranthe said she did n't care a bit that she was rated lower than Mary Queen of Scots—but it was evident she did; and Cromwell wanted to know why he was valued at £40 less than the tyrant kings.

The full particulars of the unprecedented excitement created by the mystery, not only in England, but in all parts of the world, may be found in a special account of the affair written by an eminent literary gentleman, and illustrated by a celebrated artist. An *édition de luxe*, published at a guinea (net), and limited to 150,000 copies, was sold out on the day of publication, and now commands high prices. If any of the readers of this story should succeed in obtaining a copy of this book they may indeed consider themselves very lucky.

(To be continued.)

AT GRANDPA'S FARM.



"COUSIN NELLY'S SCHOOL CLOSED YESTERDAY, AND SHE WILL BE HERE THIS AFTERNOON."





"BHALU"—THE INDIAN JUNGLE BEAR.

By J. M. Gleeson.

For the wolf-boy Mowgli no more appropriate animal could have been adopted as playmate, guardian, and instructor than old Baloo, or Bhalu, the big black, hairy sloth-bear of India. Kaa, the python, making of his sinuous folds a jeweled hammock for his boyish playmate, is a fascinating companion; Bagheera, the black panther, satisfies completely our desire for something strong, beautiful, and terrible. But old Baloo, humming his sing-song sayings of the jungle-law like some old lama murmuring his prayers, gives to the picture the final touch of completeness.

And we feel, too, that he would foster the "naked cub," for his nature among his own people is one of affection; and because of his habits as an eater of fruits, roots, flowers, and honey he would find it very easy to give the boy a diet suitable for him.

Furthermore, owing to his size, and the custom among the "bear people" of carrying their young on their backs, he could not only assist his little comrade on the long marches, but would naturally do so, and that service is one that Bagheera would never have thought of, even were he able to render it.

Kipling always speaks of Baloo as a *brown* bear, but the sloth-bear is really black; on his breast is a crescent-shaped line of white, and the long, powerful claws are like old ivory. His eyes are small even for a bear, dull and with a near-sighted expression; as a matter of fact he neither sees nor hears well, depending mainly on his sense of smell, which is wonderfully acute, enabling him to locate the nests of ants deep in the ground, or honey in the boles of dead trees. His power of suction is wonderful, and he depends largely upon it to extract the white ants, or termites, from their underground galleries.

I was once much amused while studying a splendid specimen of the sloth-bear owned by Mr. Frank Bostock. A keeper was passing his cage with an armful of bread, and just to tease the bear, who was fond of it, he held a loaf up for him to look at, keeping it about six inches from the bars of the cage. In vain old Baloo strained to reach the coveted

morsel with his long, curved claws; but he had another resource. Suddenly there was a mighty whiff, and the bread flew up against the bars, through which it was instantly dragged and at once devoured.

And that is the way he catches the ants. Discovering a colony, he scrapes away the earth with his feet until the entrances to the galleries are exposed; then, with a *whoof!* that can be heard a long way off, he blows away the dust, and with his marvelous powers of suction he draws out the ants from their deepest retreats, and they flow, a living stream, down his throat.

The sloth-bear does not hibernate, but hunts all the year round, lying down during the day in caves or crannies among the rocks. He travels over great stretches of country, sometimes alone, but just as often with two or three of his tribe. His pace is a quick shambling walk, with the head held low down; occasionally he breaks into a clumsy gallop which carries him rapidly over the ground. To secure fruits or flowers he sometimes climbs trees; but he is not a skilful climber.

This species of bear has two and sometimes three cubs, which the female carries on her back until they are so large that there is no longer place there for them. They are most affectionate, playing and romping continually, and if one is injured the others run to him, uttering sympathetic cries. Sometimes this queer, good-natured animal will, for no apparent reason, lie in wait for man and attack him savagely, clawing and biting him, as if bent upon devouring him.

When captured young he is easily tamed and makes an amusing pet, rolling about and turning somersaults like a trained acrobat. He is a silent beast, save only for the humming, droning sounds indulged in by all bears at times.

His scientific name is *Melursus ursinus*, and by the natives of India he is called Bhalu.



TWO IS COMPANY,



BUT THREE IS A CROWD.



THE OWL AND THE LARK.

By Carolyn Wells.

Oh, the Owl and the Lark
Went a-sailing after dark,
And they boated and they floated down the river to the sea;
On their mandolins they played,
And such merry music made
That the donkey in the distance fairly laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,
And the boat went drifting past;
The donkey gave a whistle as he munched a thistle-bloom,
And he said, "It 's my belief,
They will surely come to grief,
And the motion of the ocean will precipitate their doom."



The boat it sped along,
And so merry was their song
That the moon very soon wondered what the noise could be;
Peeping over the horizon,
She exclaimed, "Well, that 's surprisin' t
Do those strangers know the dangers of this shiny, briny sea?"



Then the boat gave a lurch,
The Lark wabbled on her perch;
She was handlin' her mandolin, when overboard it went.
But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,
I will get it, never fear!"
And with an oar he dashed and splashed to reach the instrument.

But, alas! the boat upset
In the watery waves so wet,
And both the quaking, shaking birds were dumped into the deep;
The Owl was washed aground,
But the little Lark was drowned,
Which caused the Owl to yowl and howl, and moved the moon to weep.



HOW TEDDY HELPED.

By F. Lockley, Jr.

Teddy's papa owns a large cattle-ranch. One summer there was a drought. The springs dried up, and the streams became trickling rills or disappeared altogether. The cattle wandered restlessly over the range in search of water. Teddy's father sent to the nearest town and had men come with steam-drills and iron pipes to bore an artesian well, so that there would always be plenty of water for the cattle. They bored down several hundred feet in hopes of finding an underground stream, but they could not do so, and had to give up the quest. They went away, taking their tools with them, but leaving — what greatly interested Teddy — a deep hole lined with iron pipe. He would take the board off the pipe and peer down, and then drop in a rock and see how many he could count before it struck the bottom.

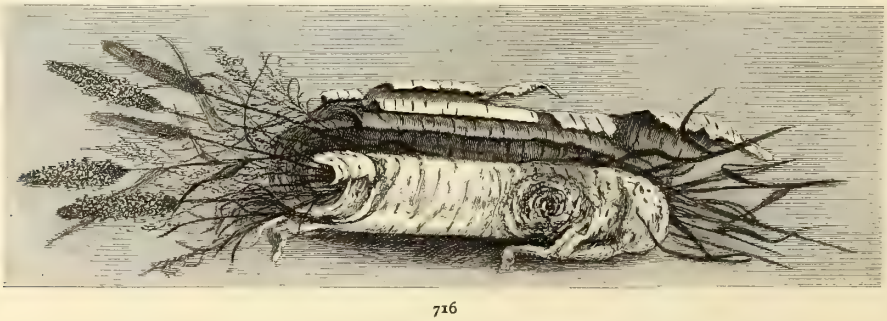
One night after he had gone to bed he heard his papa talking to his mama. He said: "Last winter's blizzard killed scores of the cattle, and now this drought comes. They are suffering for water and better pasture. It is all outgo and no income. I don't know how long we can keep it up. In a few years Teddy will be old enough to help me, but I can't put a ten-year-old boy on the round-up, nor keep him all day in the saddle, looking after the cattle."

Teddy did lots of serious thinking during the next few days. How he wished he could help his papa in some way! And the opportunity came in a way Teddy least expected. One day he walked over to where the men had bored for the artesian well. He peered into it, but it was as black as night. He gathered a handful of long, dry prairie-grass, rolled it in a small piece of birch bark in which he had placed a piece of rock, lighted it, and dropped it down the well. Then he put his face close to the edge and watched it blaze as it fell down and down.

Suddenly a long red column of flame leaped upward with a rushing noise. Before Teddy had time to pull his head away, the force of the explosion sent him rolling over and over away from the mouth of the well. The flame shot high up and blazed fiercely for a moment or two. Teddy was terribly frightened. His eyes smarted, and he could see a bright red flame dancing before him in whichever direction he looked. With scorched hat and singed hair, he ran home as fast as he could. He told his papa what had happened. His papa went to the well, and when he came back he said, "Teddy, my boy, I think your accident is going to make our fortune. Our well has tapped a small vein of natural gas, and I think if we go deeper we shall strike oil."

So the well-diggers came out again and resumed drilling. Before long they came down to the oil. The oil came rushing out faster than they could save it. Teddy's papa sold the oil-well to an oil company for a good price, and with the money he bought a ranch in another State where there was plenty of pasture and water, and shipped his cattle to the new ranch.

Teddy is learning all he can about managing a cattle-ranch, because when he is old enough his father is going to take him in as a partner.



A Rhyming Riddle



The Mighty Explorers

By John Ernest McCann

Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see t'other side of the moon.

* * * * *

Not a word! not a sound! it was very late-
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its rune,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

* * * * *

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten,
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!



LITTLE MOLLY'S DREAM; OR, AN IDEAL PARK.

By Emilie Poulsson.

"I DREAMED," said little Molly,
With face alight
And voice awe-filled yet joyous,
"I dreamed last night

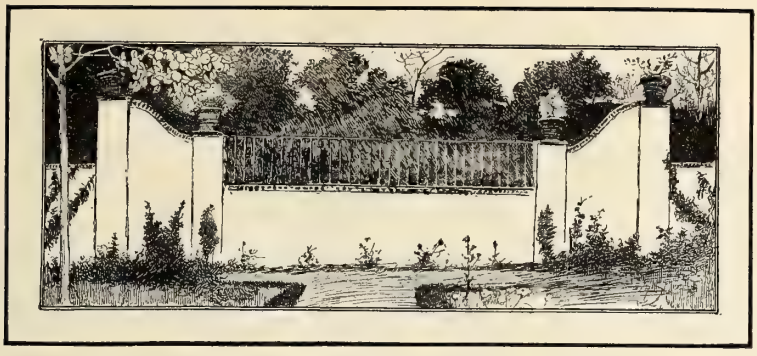
"That I went 'way off somewhere,
And there I found
Green grass and trees and flowers
All growing round.

"And all the signs, wherever
We had to pass,
Said: 'Please' (yes, really truly)
'Keep *on* the grass'!

"And in the beds of flowers
Along the walks,
Among the pinks or pansies
Or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers
You wish to,' child;
And I dreamed that the policeman
Looked down and smiled!"





A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

In the early part of the last century there were fewer factories in this country than now, and many things were made by hand which to-day are the work of machinery. This was especially true of the braid for straw hats. Rye straw was commonly used, although wheat was also in demand. But the rye straw had longer stems and was more easily handled.

In driving along country roads, in Massachusetts particularly, late in the summer one would see great bundles of the straw hanging on the fences to dry. When the sun and wind had done their share of the work, it was placed in casks where sulphur was burning until it was bleached to a pale yellow. Then it was split into narrow widths suitable for braiding.

The daughters of farmers did not have many pennies of their own in those days, and all were eager to earn money by braiding straw. Every little while men would pass through the villages, calling from house to house and buying the straw braid. They paid two cents a yard for it.

"District school" was in session only six months of the year — the rest of the time the children helped their mothers with the housework. When that was done they took up their braids for amusement and occupation. So much a day every girl expected to do as her daily "stint." She would carry it down by the brook or up in the apple-tree when the summer days were long; or during the stormy hours of winter she would go with it to the old attic where the swing hung from the cobwebbed rafters. But all the time her fingers must work busily, lest the men should call for the braids and find them unfinished.

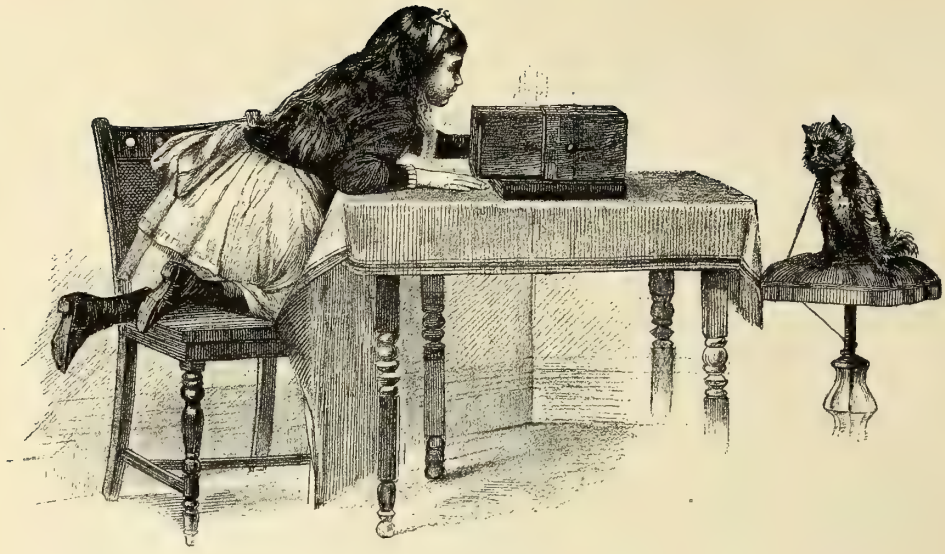
The factories where the straw was sewed were in the large towns. The simplest hats were of the braids alone. More elaborate ones had a fancy cord, also of plaited straw, sewed on the edge of the braid. This cord was made by the old ladies. Grandmothers and great-aunts whose eyes were too dim to sew would take their balls of straw with them on neighborhood calls. While they chatted together, their hands would be weaving the yellow strands in and out, fashioning the dainty cord.

The price paid for the cord was only half a cent a yard, but this was better than nothing to those dames of a by-gone generation.

A poor country girl would begin to think of her hat from the time of seed-sowing. All summer she would watch the billowy grain. When it was gathered and only the empty stalks were left, she would tie them into bundles and hang them in some sheltered nook to dry. Bleaching, splitting, and braiding — these she did all herself.

When the braids were finished and sent to the factory, how impatiently she waited! Perhaps grandma contributed some of the cord she had made last winter that the new hat might be more beautiful. At last the hat came home, and then what tryings on there were before the old gilt-framed mirror in the parlor! How lovingly its owner handled it as she placed it this way or that on her curly head. Oh, a new straw hat was indeed a thing well worth having in those days of the long ago.

Adele H. Baldwin.



"YES, RAFFLES, I 'VE HAD TO TIE YOU, BUT IT 'S ONLY FOR A MINUTE. SO PLEASE SIT STILL AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

FUN AMONG THE RED BOYS.

By Julian Ralph.



VARIOUS as are the customs of the Indians, it is their savage, warlike natures that we are most apt to remember. Few of us, in fact, ever think of Indian children at all, except at the sight of a picture of them. Little has been told or written about the boy and girl red folk, and it would puzzle most of my readers to say what they suppose these children of nature look like, or do to amuse themselves, or how they are brought up. It will astonish most city people to hear that red children are very like white children, just as a lady who was out on the plains a few years ago was astonished to find that they had skins as smooth and soft as any lady's—no, smoother and softer than that: as delicate and lovely as any dear little baby's here in New York. This lady was visiting the Blackfeet in my company, and she was so surprised, when she happened to touch one little red boy's bare arm, that she went about pinching a dozen chubby-faced boys and girls to make herself sure that all their skins were like the coats of ripe peaches to the touch.

Whether the Indians really love their children, or know what genuine love or affection is, I cannot say; but they are so proud and careful of their little ones that it amounts to the same thing so far as the youngsters are concerned. Boy babies are always most highly prized, because they will grow up into warriors.

The little that is taught to Indian boys must seem to them much more like fun than instruction. They must hear the fairy stories and

the gabble of the medicine-men or conjurors, and the tales of bloody fights and brave and cunning deeds which make the histories of their tribes. They learn not to take what does not belong to them unless it belongs to an enemy.



ONONDAGA INDIAN BOYS PLAYING AT "SNOW-SNAKES."

They learn not to be impudent to any one stronger and bigger than themselves; they learn how to track animals and men, how to go without food when there is not any, how to eat up all there is *at once* when any food is to be had, how to ride and shoot and run and paddle, and smoke very mild tobacco. As for the rest, they "just grow," like Topsy, and are as emotional and fanciful and wilful as any very little white child ever was. They never get over being so. The older they grow to be, the older children they become, for they are all very much like spoiled children as long as they live.

The first Indians I ever saw, outside of a show, were boys at play. They were Onondagas, on their reservation near Syracuse, New York. They were big boys of from sixteen to twenty years old, and the game they were playing was "snow-snakes." The earth was covered with snow, and by dragging a stout log through this covering they had made a narrow gutter or trough about 500 or 700 feet long. Each youth had his snow-snake, which is a stick about eight feet long, and shaped something like a spear. All the snow-snakes were alike, less than an inch wide, half an inch thick, flat on the under side, rounded on top, and with a very slight turn upward at the point to suggest a serpent's head. The "snakes" were all smoothed and of heavy hard wood. The game was to see who could send his the farthest along the gutter in the snow. The young men grasped their snakes at the very end, ran a few steps, and shot the sticks along the trough. As one after another sped along the snow, the serpent-like heads kept bobbing up and down over the rough surface of the gutter precisely like so

many snakes. I bought a snow-snake, but, though I have tried again and again, I cannot get the knack of throwing it.

But I have since seen Indian boys of many tribes at play, and one time I saw more than a hundred and fifty "let loose," as our own children are in a country school-yard at recess. To be sure, theirs is a perpetual recess, and they were at home among the tents of their people, the Canada Blackfeet, on the plains, within sight of the Rocky Mountains. The smoke-browned tepees, crowned with projecting pole-ends, and painted with figures of animals and with gaudy patterns, were set around in a great circle, and the children were playing in the open, grassy space in the center. Their fathers and mothers were as wild as any Indians, except one or two tribes, on the continent, but nothing of their savage natures showed in these merry, lively, laughing, bright-faced little ragamuffins. At their play they laughed and screamed and hallooed. Some were running foot races, some were wrestling, some were on the backs of scampering ponies; for they are sometimes put on horseback when they are no more than three years old. Such were their sports, for Indian boys play games to make them sure of aim, certain of foot, quick in motion, and supple in body, so that they can shoot and fight and ride and hunt and run well. To be able to run fast is a necessary accomplishment for an Indian. What they call "runners" are important men in every tribe. They are the messenger men, and many a one among them has run a hundred miles in a day. They cultivate running by means of foot races. In war they agree with the poet who sang:



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STAMPEDE THAT FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL, 'GO!'"

> "For he who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day";

and afterward, if they were taken prisoners, they had a chance for life, in the old days, if they

could run fast enough to escape their captors and the spears and bullets of their pursuers.

A very popular game that attracted most of the Blackfeet boys was the throwing of darts, or little white hand-arrows, along the grass. The game was to see who could throw his arrow farthest in a straight line. At times the air was full of the white missiles where the boys were playing, and they fell like rain upon the grass.

In another part of the field were some larger boys with rude bows with which to shoot these same darts. These boys were playing a favorite Blackfeet game. Each one had a disk or solid wheel of sheet-iron or lead, and the game was to see who could roll his disk the farthest, while all the others shot at it to tip it over and bring it to a stop. The boys made splendid shots at the swift-moving little wheels, and from greater distances than you would imagine.

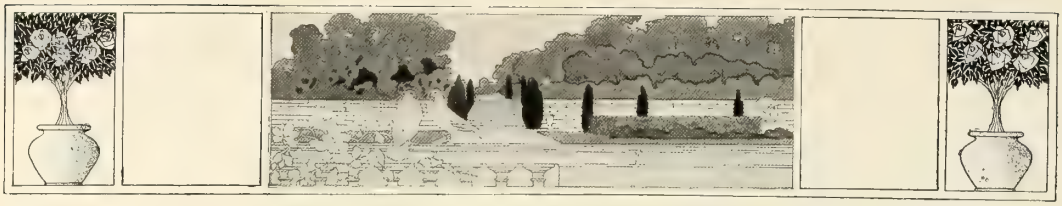
They play with arrows so frequently that it is no wonder they are good marksmen; yet you would be surprised to see how frequently they bring down the birds, rabbits, and gophers which abound on the plains. The houses of these plump little drab-colored creatures are holes in the turf, and as you ride along the plains you will see them everywhere around, sitting up on their haunches with their tiny fore paws held idle and limp before them, and their bead-like, bright eyes looking at you most trustingly — until you come just so near, when pop! suddenly down goes little Mr. Gopher in his hole. You may be sure the Indian boys find great sport in shooting at these comical little creatures. But the boys take a mean advantage of the fact that the restless gophers cannot stay still in one place any great length of time. When one pops into a hole it is only for a minute, and during that minute the Indian boy softly and deftly arranges a snare around the hole, so that when the gopher pops up again the snare can be jerked and the animal captured.

We gave the boys in the Blackfeet camp great sport by standing at a distance of a hundred yards from all of them and offering a silver quarter to whichever boy got to us first. You should have seen the stampede that followed the signal, "Go!" Blankets were dropped, moccasins fell off, boys stumbled and others fell atop of them, their black locks flew in the breeze, and the air was noisy with yelling and laughter.

These boys spin tops, but their "top-time" is the winter, when snow is on the ground and is crusted hard. Their tops are made of lead or some other metal, and are mere little circular plates which they cover with red flannel and ornament with tiny knots or wisps of cord all around the edges. These are spun with whips and look very pretty on the icy white playgrounds. Nearly all Indian boys play ball, but not as we do, for their only idea of the game is the girlish one of pitching and catching. All their games are the simplest, and lack the rules which we lay down to make our sports difficult and exciting.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the Southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if they played it, until it became very lively indeed. These Indian boys make dumb-bells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use. To play the game they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumb-bells over to the goal of the enemy. The dumb-bells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a rod is a pretty good throw for one. The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.

These are games that will not wear out while there are Indian boys to play them. On the oldest reservations, where even the grandfathers of the Indians now alive were shut up and fed by their government, the boys still play the old games. But wherever one travels to-day, even among the wildest tribes, a new era is seen to have begun as the result of the Indian schools, and Indian boys are being taught things more useful than any they ever knew before. The brightest boys in the various tribes are selected to be sent to these schools, and it is hoped that what they learn will make all the others anxious to imitate white men's ways.



THE LITTLE DUKE OF DORSET.

By Margaret Jackson.

On the same day (June 8, 1567) on which the Duke of Norfolk knighted Queen Elizabeth's kinsman, Thomas Sackville, she caused him to be raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, in Sussex. A year before this time she had given him the Manor of Knole in Kent, with its old house, which was built in part some three hundred years before. He did not, however, obtain full possession of his property until many years later (1603), and in the same year he ceased to be simply Baron Buckhurst, for James I then created him Earl of Dorset. He at once set to work to rebuild part of the house, and, by employing two hundred workmen for two years, completed the task. It is this house which stands to-day in its beautiful park, one of the most famous of the manor-houses of England. It covers four acres of ground, and with its many wonders — its fifty-two staircases (one for each week of the year), its three hundred and sixty-five rooms (one for each day), its five hundred and forty windows, its recently discovered priest's cell — many of the readers of St. Nicholas are familiar, for Vita Sackville-West has aroused a new interest in her home by her letter, printed in the League in the issue of November, 1902. Her father, Lord Sackville, who was British minister to the United States, 1881–1888, is the present owner of Knole Park.

There is no Duke of Dorset now, for the last time that the title descended from father to son was more than a hundred years ago, in 1799, when George John Frederick Sackville found himself (by the death of his father), *at the age of five*, fourth Duke of Dorset, being also Earl of Dorset, Earl of Middlesex, Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, and Baron Cranfield of Cranfield. Rather a heavy load for one small boy to carry! For he *was* a boy like other boys, even if he came to a dukedom and ranked next to a prince before ever he had come to a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

He grew up in the beautiful county of Kent, known as the "Garden of England," and we can imagine him playing with his little sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, among the stately beeches of Knole Park — perhaps, too, playing at hide-and-seek in those three hundred and sixty-five rooms, which all belonged to him. Later he went to school at Harrow, and to college at Oxford. He must have been clever, for his university gave him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law before he was twenty years old, and very few people (and most of those gray-haired) can write "D.C.L. Oxon." after their names nowadays. He must also have been popular, for he was a lieutenant-colonel and the commandant of the militia of Sevenoaks (the nearest town to Knole) at the same age.

There has been very little recorded of his short early life, and there was, alas! no later life to chronicle. At the age of twenty-one he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, when on a visit to his mother in Ireland. The title went to his cousin, who was the fifth and last Duke of Dorset.

Thus George John Frederick never lived to gain the fame of his great ancestor, the poet and statesman, the first Earl of Dorset.

As far as we are concerned, all knowledge of him might have lain buried in the old leather-bound books of the peerage in an alcove of some remote library, had it not been for John Hoppner, formerly a German chorister boy at the Chapel Royal, whom George III encouraged to learn to paint, and who became, through the



GEORGE JOHN FREDERICK SACKVILLE, FOURTH DUKE OF DORSET.

From the painting by Hoppner. Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the owner of the original painting.

patronage of the Prince of Wales, portrait-painter to many of the noble families of England. Hoppner painted the portrait which is reproduced in the above picture. It found its way from Knole into the galleries of Buckhurst, in Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Delawarr and formerly the home of Elizabeth, Baroness Buckhurst, the younger sister of the little duke. Mr. Andrew Carnegie spent some time at Buckhurst recently, saw the picture, and purchased it. By his permission it has been reproduced for ST. NICHOLAS.



A SPARROW'S NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

By George W. Picknell.

Not all of the delights of spring are for the country boy. We who live in the city have a host of them, and can see many a strange and pleasing sight if we keep our eyes open. A few days ago, while riding my bicycle down Madison Avenue, I heard the twittering of sparrows, and, looking up, saw in the mouth of the stone lion on the corner of the building of one of the city's prominent clubs, the remains of a last year's nest, and two sparrows getting ready to build a new one for this year. It was such a novel place for a bird to choose for housekeeping that I stopped and made a sketch of it. While standing on the opposite corner sketching, the policeman of that "beat" came over to talk with me. He seemed pleased that I should have noticed the birds. He said that the sparrows had been keeping house there for several years. He had often stopped to watch them build their nests, and later feeding their little ones. These birds would play around the lion's head, sitting on his nose or eyebrows as saucily as could be, as much as to say: "You may *look* very fierce, but—who 's afraid?"



A PIGMY PASSENGER TRAIN.

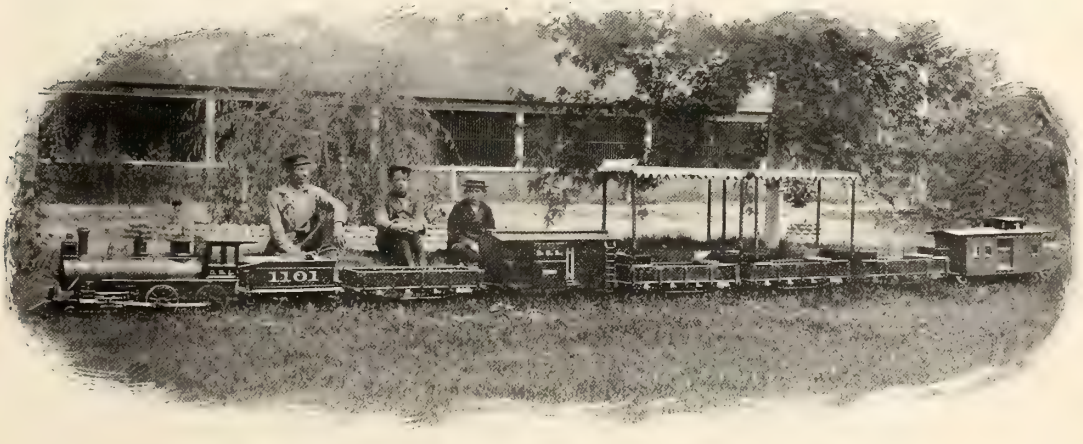
By Gerald Winsted.

Visitors to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha in 1898, and to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, will recall seeing a miniature engine and train that, in spite of its small size, was in daily service in carrying passengers around the circuit of its diminutive railroad track. It was John W. Shriver, a young man partially crippled, who conceived the idea of building this small engine, and he did all the work of construction himself.

The engine weighed four hundred and fifty pounds; its length, with tender, was but six feet seven and a half inches, and the driving-wheels were but eight inches in diameter. And yet it hauled six observation-cars, in each of which two children could be comfortably seated. The entire train, consisting of engine, tender, four observation-cars, one box-car, and a caboose, was but an even twenty feet in length.

The engine carried six gallons of water in the tender-tank and five in the boiler, which furnished steam to propel it for two hours. Coal was shoveled from the tender in the same manner as on the larger engines. In fact, the little engine was complete in miniature in every detail.

Contrary to what one would think from its small size, Mr. Shriver said that this engine would haul a load of two thousand pounds (or one ton) on a level straight track at a running rate of twelve miles an hour.





THE LAUNCHING OF THE *WATER KELPIE.*

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Chapter IV.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

The library windows stood open, and the soft little June winds played "peep" with the lace curtains, swaying them in and out, and letting the rose-laden air slip into the room. Outside the setting sun cast long slanting rays upon the lawn and foliage before it slipped away behind the hills to carry the promise of a new day to other lands. Within the library all was wonderfully peaceful and quiet. It was a very attractive room, pervaded with the home atmosphere that only a much-used, well-loved room can possess.

As the clock announced the hour of five, a stately pad, pad came stalking across the piazza, and a second later Sailor's great head pushed aside the curtains and he looked into the room. That no one was visible did not seem to concern him in the least, for, walking over to the fur rug which lay upon the floor beside the couch, he stretched himself at full length upon it, and lay there with his head raised in a listening attitude. Pat, pat, pat, came the sound of small hurrying feet through the hall, and in ran

Beauty Buttons with a *yap, yap*, by way of salutation. He, too, evidently expected others to follow, for after settling himself comfortably between Sailor's great front paws, he listened with ears erect.

Then a warbly little *r-r-r-r-rwow*, accompanied by a deeper roll, told that Hero and Leander wished to say "good evening."

Apparently the stage was now properly set for the "stars," and a moment later Mrs. Lombard came into the room and sat down in the big chair.

Just then a cheery voice at the foot of the piazza steps called out: "Good-by! Come over early in the morning and we 'll get ready to launch it," and the next moment Denise's merry face peered through the curtains.

"Oh, there you all are! Waiting for me, as usual. Oh, dear me, the days are n't half long enough, are they, moddie? But, moddie," she added, as she slipped into the big chair, alongside her mother, "I am so glad you got it all so nicely settled about Hart going home at five o'clock. Of course I could n't say a word, but I did so miss our 'cozy hour.' Somehow the day does n't seem finished without it, for every day is sure to get at least *one* little 'kink' in it somewhere, and I don't know how to get it out. But when we have our talk at the end of it, the kink disappears, and — it 's just my precious moddie who unravels it!" And Denise flung both arms about her mother to hug her as hard as she could.

"I have a favor to ask of you to-day," said Mrs. Lombard. "Will you be good enough to drive me over to Mary Murphy's to-morrow morning?"

"Why, I promised Hart —" began Denise, and then stopped short and colored slightly.

"What did you promise him, dear?" asked Mrs. Lombard, gently.

"Why, you see," said Denise, somewhat embarrassed, "his new rowboat will be sent out this evening, and he wants me to christen it when it is launched, and I told him I would. Of course I did not know that you wanted me to drive you up to the village, or I would not have promised."

"Certainly you could not have known it. And I particularly wish to have you go with me to-morrow. But now — as to Hart. It is only a step over there, I know, but I think it would be more courteous if you were to sit down and write a note to him explaining the situation. This may seem a trifle formal to you both when you are such jolly chums, but it is one of those little acts which, even though they seem uncalled for, serve to help you both. It will show Hart that though you are both youngsters, you do not wish to be found lacking in politeness to each other, and he will respect you all the more for this, and you will respect yourself more, too. John may take your note to him."

Denise did not reply for a moment or two, nor did Mrs. Lombard break the silence. Away down in Denise's heart lingered a strong desire to go with Hart in the morning. But eleven and a half years of the firmest, gentlest training, led by this wise mother to do the right thing simply because it was right, and not because she had been ordered to do so by those who possessed the right and power to direct her, had not been in vain; and so Denise had grown to regard the right way as the only one, and the wrong way as a reflection upon herself. Presently she asked:

"When may I tell him that I will christen it?"

"The following morning, dear, if agreeable to him," replied Mrs. Lombard, without further comment, for she well knew that a struggle was going on within her little daughter's heart, not only to do what her mother wished, but to do it cheerfully and without regret — the true beauty of the doing.

"I 'll write it this minute," cried Denise, springing so suddenly from the chair that Hero, who was seated on the chair-back, lost her balance and tumbled upon the floor. "Oh, dear! Is n't that just exactly like me? I 've upset Hero, and scared her nearly out of her wits besides. Poor pussy!" she said as she picked the cat up and comforted her.

Mrs. Lombard did not say just then that she was much troubled at the thought of Denise going upon the river with Hart. It was not the moment for showing her anxiety. She had decided that she could not let her little daughter venture out upon the water until she had learned more of Hart's seamanship by testing it herself. But that would all adjust itself later.

The letter was barely finished when the whistle of the incoming train told that Mr. Lombard would be with them presently, and by the time mother and daughter had reached the entrance to the grounds, with two dogs and two cats as body-guard, Sunshine and Flash came spinning along the road, and neighed aloud as Denise called out: "Oh, papa! papa! here we are!" Mr. Lombard stepped from the carriage at the gate, and, slipping an arm about his wife and sunny little daughter, walked with them toward the house, the dogs and cats crowding about him and claiming the notice which they never claimed in vain. The peace of all the world lay upon that home.

CHAPTER V.

"OH, WE 'LL SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE!"

"GOOD-BY, Hinky-Dinky; we 'll come back before long!" Denise called out to Hart, who had just crawled through the opening in the hedge.

"The old boat did n't come anyway, Snipenfrizzle," shouted Hart, as the carriage rolled out of the grounds. "It won't be out till to-night, papa says. There was something missing for the rudder. Good-by!" And he waved his hat.

After purchasing a generous supply of good things for Mary, Mrs. Lombard and Denise drove to the little cottage in which she lived, and made the poor woman happy for the whole morning. Twelve o'clock had struck upon the town clock, indeed, before the call was completed, and Denise was as happy as Mary herself in seeing the joy that Mrs. Lombard brought to her.

Upon the way home Denise spied some circus posters, and was at once filled with a desire to see the circus, for anything in which horses were introduced was bliss unalloyed for her.

"They will be here on the 7th!" she cried, "the very day that *Pokey* will come! Oh, moddie, how splendid! We can go, can't we? Papa will surely take us."

"We 'll see—we 'll see," answered Mrs. Lombard, with the expression which Denise knew to mean "yes."

For the next few days Denise could hardly think of anything else, and no suspicion of the startling events which would take place ere that circus passed out of her life ever entered her head.

Hart was waiting for them at the turn of the road, and Pinto and Ned exchanged greetings with joyous neighs, and cantered along beside each other.

That evening the new boat was delivered at Mr. Murray's house. It was a fairy-like little craft, built of cedar and shining with its fresh varnish.

Without letting the children know it, Mrs. Lombard had made a fine silk flag and embroidered on it a white star. Then, to make the launching like a "really truly one," she bought a tiny bottle of ginger-ale, warranted to smash and sizzle in the most approved style.

Just after breakfast the next morning, Hart's face peeped in at the window, for boyish patience was stretched to the snapping-point.

"What is the boat to be named?" Mrs. Lombard asked on the way down to the river.

"I think we 'll call her the *Water Kelpie*," said Hart.

"How will this answer for the christening?" asked Mrs. Lombard, as she drew from the little bag she was carrying a bottle of ginger-ale, gaily decked with blue ribbons.

"Oh, I say! Are n't you just a trump!" cried Hart, surprised into genuine boyish praise. "That 's a regular jim dandy, and Denise can smash it to smithereens. Quick, let 's get her launched!"

The boat lay upon the beach at the water's edge. They let the bow rest upon land until the ceremony of christening it was ended. It took but a few seconds, and grasping the little bottle by its beribboned neck, Denise bent over the bow, saying: "I christen thee the *Water Kelpie!*" At the last word, SMASH! went the bottle, and a vigorous push from Hart sent the boat into the water, he singing at the top of his lungs, "Oh, we 'll sail the ocean blue!" and Mrs. Lombard joined in, adding:

"And may I have the honor of presenting to the captain of this beautiful craft the private signal which I hope will add to its attractions and wave to his glory as long as the vessel rides the waves?"

The shrieks of delight which greeted the

pretty flag when she unrolled it from its wrappings left her no doubt of its reception. It was mounted upon a slender cedar staff which fitted exactly the little socket in the stern.

Of course the captain was in duty bound to invite the donor of this splendid flag to accompany him upon his trial trip; and, taking her seat in the stern, with Beauty Buttons beside her, Denise up in the bow, and the captain "amidships," off they glided upon the calm river.

More than an hour was spent upon the water, and when they came ashore Mrs. Lombard felt entirely reassured, for Hart handled his oars like an "old salt," having rowed a great deal while at school.

Chapter VI.

POKEY AND A CIRCUS.

As she had waited just one year before, gaily decked in blue ribbons in honor of the occasion, Denise was now waiting again for her girl chum Pokey to arrive for her usual yearly visit.

She was somewhat taller, and that made her seem even more slender, but it was the same Pokey that stepped from the train into Denise's outstretched arms, and Ned Toodles greeted her with a cordial neigh.

"And what do you think!" cried Denise, when they were spinning along home, Ned occasionally joining in their conversation with a social whinny. "A circus is here, and papa is going to take us all to see it to-night. It is going to parade through the town at eleven, and as soon as we have seen mama and grandma, we 'll drive up to the village and see it. It won't, of course, come down this way. Won't it be great fun!"

"You don't suppose Ned will try to do any of *his* tricks when he sees the other ponies, do you?" asked Pokey, for a year's or more acquaintance with Ned had not served to overcome her misgivings of that animal's wild pranks.

"Of course not! Why should he? Besides, he could n't while in harness," replied Denise, blissfully ignorant even yet of that little scamp's resources and determination to carry his point, once he set about doing so. Ned was never ugly or vicious, but well Denise knew that a good bit of firmness was required upon her part when she wished to get him past the little store where chocolate creams were sold, and that it was always far wiser to choose another road if time pressed. But she was too loyal to her pet to betray his little weaknesses.

"My dear little girl, how delighted we are to have you with us again!" said Mrs. Lombard, as she gathered Pokey into her arms.

"Take her right out to the dining-room, deary, and have Mary fetch her a glass of cool milk and some little biscuits," said grandma.

On their way to the village to see the circus parade they were overtaken by Hart, mounted upon Pinto. Knowing that Pokey was about to arrive, he had kept at a safe distance till he could "size her up," as he put it; for his intercourse with girls had been decidedly limited, and he had no notion of plunging into an intimacy with one whom he had never seen before.

"She is n't much like Denise," was his mental comment; "but if Denise likes her so much she must be all right."

So now he rode up to the phaëton and was duly presented to Pokey by Denise, who said: "Pokey, this is my friend Hart Murray, and this is Elizabeth Delano, Hart, only we don't call her by her name once in a blue moon. She is our very own Pokey, and *he 's* Hinky-Dinky," giving a laughing nod toward Hart.

"Yes, and *she 's* Snipenfrizzle!" was the prompt retort.

"Well, we all know each other now," laughed Denise, and before another word could be spoken the sound of a band playing in the village just beyond caused all to exclaim, "Oh, they 've started! they 've started!" and to hurry forward as though that were the chief interest of the day. But upon Ned the effect of that band was certainly odd. It was playing "Marching through Georgia," and one might have supposed it to be his favorite air, for he began to prance and dance in perfect time to it.

"Do look at him! Do look at him!" cried Denise, clapping her hands with delight. "I believe he knows that march."

"Oh, let 's get out," begged timid Pokey. "He acts as though he were crazy."

"Nonsense! he won't do anything but mark time," answered Denise, laughing. "I always

said he knew just everything, but I never supposed that he was a musician."

They were now just at the edge of the village, and at that moment the circus parade turned in from a side street which led out to the grounds where the tents were pitched. The streets were crowded as though the entire town had turned out to see the show, which doubtless it had, for Springdale in those days was a small place and circuses did not often tarry there.

It was, indeed, a gorgeous pageant which burst upon the children's sight, for in a splendid golden car blared and tooted a brass band, the musicians resplendent in red uniforms, and blowing as though their very lives depended upon it, and six handsome white horses pranced and curveted before it. Then came a pale-blue-and-gold chariot drawn by six of the dearest "calico" ponies one ever saw, and with whom Ned instantly claimed kinship with a regular rowdy "hello-yourself" neigh. Now you have all doubtless seen circus parades, and know all about the knights and fairies, beautiful horses with their gay riders, elephants, camels, wild animals and tame ones. But it is of one particular pony that we are to tell. All the time the parade was passing Ned kept up an incessant fidgeting, tugging at the reins, pawing the ground, shaking his head up and down, and only restrained from plunging headlong into the midst of it all by Denise's firm hand. Pinto stood beside the phaëton, but, save for a start of surprise when an exceptionally loud toot was blown, he behaved like a gentleman. The children were as close to the line of march as they well could be without the ponies' noses brushing the elephants' sides, and about half of the procession had passed when a magnificent black horse bearing upon his back the Grand High Mogul of the show came prancing along. This was the manager, so the posters announced, mounted upon "his splendid Sindbad the Great, the most wonderful performing horse in the world."

Just then the parade was obliged to halt for a moment or two, and the handsome horse and his rider stopped directly in front of the children. With a "hello — how-are-you — glad-to-make-your-acquaintance" air, Ned poked out his muzzle and greeted Sindbad the Great. Sindbad, not to be outdone in politeness, put down his nose to meet little perky Ned's, and they held a second's whispered conversation — a conversation fraught with fatal results for Ned, as will be seen.

Now Sindbad's rider had a pair of eyes which just nothing escaped, and one sweeping glance took in every detail of pony, phaëton, and children.

Nodding pleasantly to them, he addressed Denise with:

"Fine little horse you 've got there. Had him long? He does n't look very old."

"I 've had him nearly two years. Indeed he *is* fine! There is n't another like him in all the world. He is not nine years old yet."

"Want to sell him?" asked the man.

"Well, I just guess *not!*" was the indignant reply.

"Live here?" was the next question; but Denise began to think that this bravely decked individual was decidedly curious, and hesitated before answering. Before she had made up her mind to do so, the parade moved on, and a few moments later the last donkey had passed. Then Ned took matters into his own hands, or rather his teeth, and did that which he had never done before since Denise had owned him. He positively refused to turn around and go home, and neither coaxing, threats, nor whip had the least effect upon him. Shake his head, back, paw, and act like a regular little scamp was all he would do, and at last, growing tired of trying to make her understand what he *did* want, he resolved to show her, and off he went, pelting ahead till he had overtaken the vanishing circus, wheeling aside to avoid those at the end, tearing along until he had overtaken the part of the parade in which Sindbad was still delighting all beholders, and then, neck-or-nothing, forcing his way, carriage, occupants, and all, right in behind that wily beast whose whisper had surely been: "Come on behind me and we 'll cut a dash — see if we don't!"— or something to that effect.

Having achieved his object, Master Ned was triumphant, and no French dancing-master ever pirouetted and "showed off" for the admiration of all beholders as did this vain

little scrap of a beast as he danced along in perfect time to the band.

Pokey was very nearly reduced to a state of collapse, for Sindbad the Great was making the path before them rather lively, while just behind stalked a huge elephant, who now and again, by way of welcome to the ranks, gracefully flourished a wriggling trunk over the phaëton.

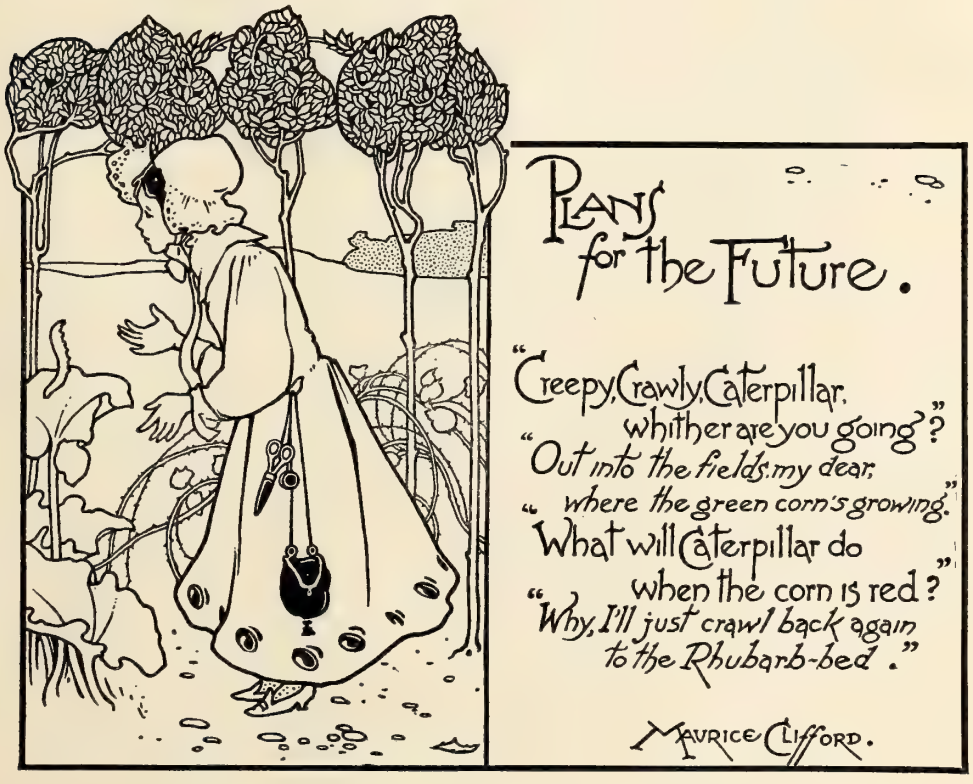
Denise's face was a study. Never before had she met with open rebellion upon Ned's part, and this first exhibition of it was certainly a very triumph. Although thoroughly frightened, she sat holding her reins for dear life, with no thought of deserting her post, while Pokey begged her piteously to "please drive home."

"Home! Don't you suppose I want to go there every bit as much as you do? But how *can* I when this little villain is acting so like time? I can't get out and leave him, can I?"

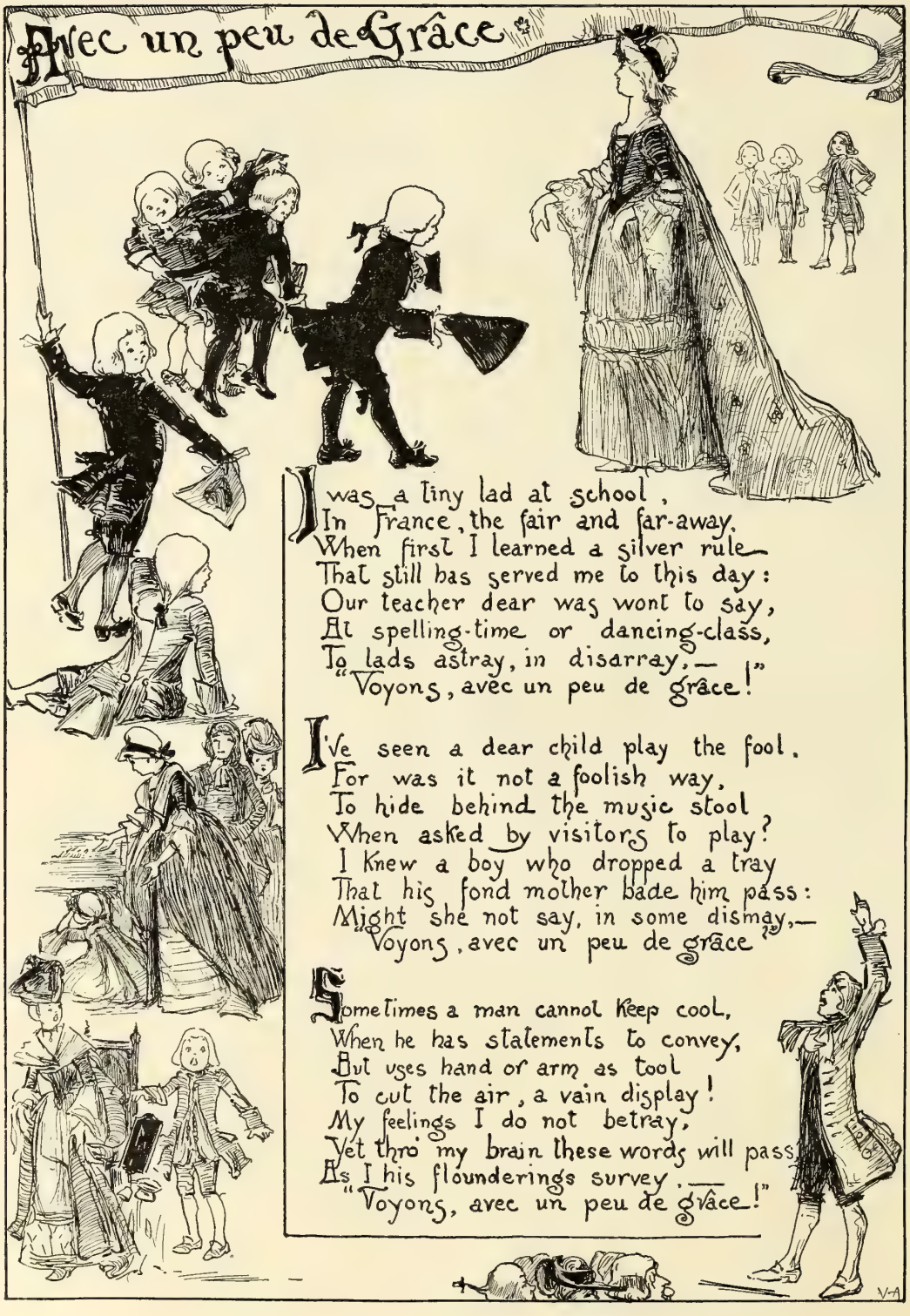
Then Hart came tearing alongside, shouting: "Hello, Snipenfrizzle! I 'm off for home to tell your mother that you 've joined a circus, and the next time she sees you, you will be riding bareback! Good-by!" And with a wild whoop he pelted off down the road, Ned whinnying out after Pinto, "Oh, I 'm having the time of my life!"

Then the funny side of the whole affair appealed to Denise and saved her from tears, and she began to laugh till she cried. Never say that animals do not know the different tones of the human voice! If others do not, Ned *did*, and that familiar laugh was the one thing wanting to complete his festive mood, and if he had cut shines before he simply outdid himself now, and not till he had followed that circus parade over the entire town did he decide that he had had enough excitement, and consent to go home. At half-past one he walked sedately up the driveway, and as John led him to his stable, he heaved a sigh which seemed to say, "Well, I 've kicked over the traces for once in my life."

(*To be continued.*)



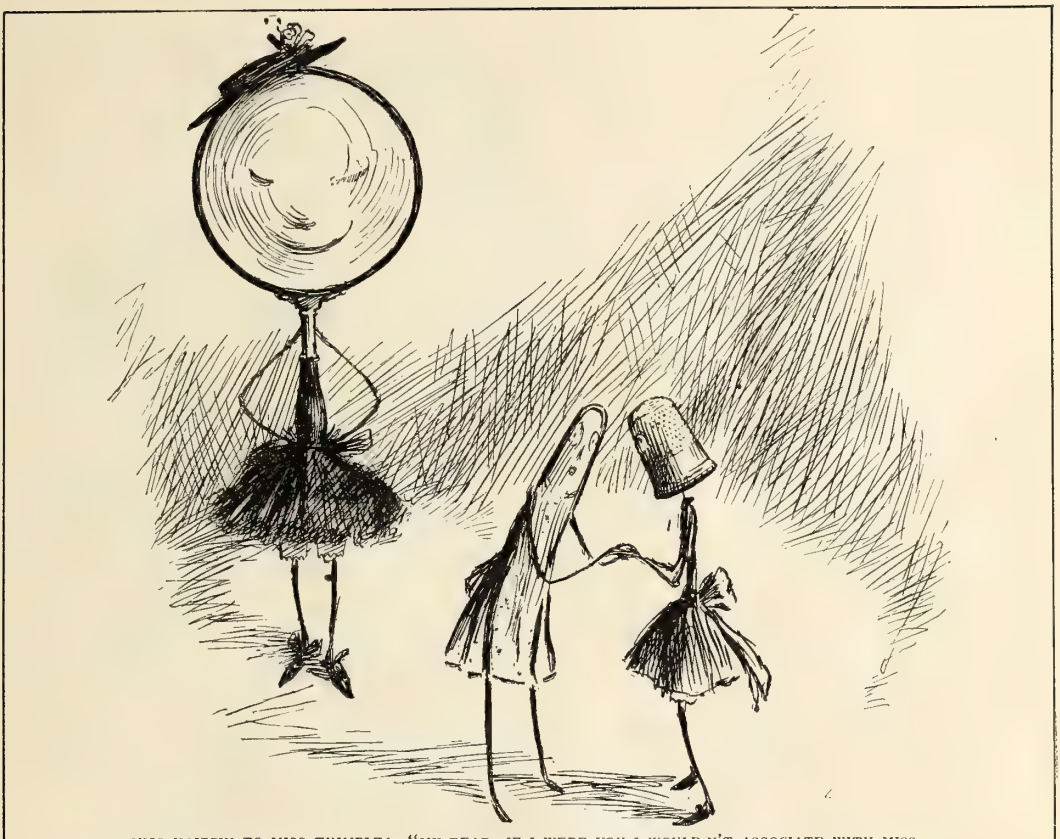
Avec un peu de Grâce



I was a tiny lad at school,
In France, the fair and far-away,
When first I learned a silver rule—
That still has served me to this day:
Our teacher dear was wont to say,
At spelling-time or dancing-class,
To lads astray, in disarray,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"

I've seen a dear child play the fool,
For was it not a foolish way,
To hide behind the music stool
When asked by visitors to play?
I knew a boy who dropped a tray
That his fond mother bade him pass:
Might she not say, in some dismay,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce?"

Sometimes a man cannot keep cool,
When he has statements to convey,
But uses hand or arm as tool
To cut the air, a vain display!
My feelings I do not betray,
Yet thro' my brain these words will pass
As I his flounderings survey,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"



MISS HAIRPIN TO MISS THIMBLE: "MY DEAR, IF I WERE YOU I WOULD N'T ASSOCIATE WITH MISS MAGNIFYING-GLASS. YOU 'VE NO IDEA OF THE WAY SHE EXAGGERATES EVERYTHING!"

REARING A WREN FAMILY.

By William Lovell Finley.

Illustrated with photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman.

"Why *should n't* a little wren have an enormous appetite?" I mused as I lay hidden in the tall grass watching the father as he fed the eldest of the family of five, that had flown for the first time from the nest in the hollow stump to the alder branches below. "Of course we must admit that the diminutive bobtailed youngster must possess the most rapid double-action digestive apparatus when we remember that he grows to maturity within two weeks from the day he was hatched. Therefore the chief object of his life must be to eat and sleep."

Wrens are interesting little chaps anyhow — droll, fidgety little individuals, each with great self-esteem. My interest in a certain brown family had increased with every visit for a whole month. One picks up many acquaintances rambling about the hills, but, like people, some are more interesting than others, and acquaintanceship often warms into friendship as the days pass by.

While out birding in the latter part of June, I was trudging along up one of the shaded paths of the fir-covered Oregon hillsides, when a little bird whizzed headlong down in its tippling flight, barely dodging my head. Both

were rather flustered at this sudden and unexpected meeting. The moment's pause on an overhanging branch was sufficient for me to recognize the hurrying stranger as a Vigors's wren. But I hardly had time to see just what the small white parcel was she carried in her mouth. It might have been a white miller, which I imagined would soon be thrust unceremoniously down a gaping throat. For all my strategy this little brown bird was too shrewd to show me her home.

The next day, however, I stole a march, and was well hidden in the bushes near to where I thought the nest must be, when the wren appeared. I hardly expected to escape that sharp round eye, and was prepared for the scolding that followed; in fact, I submitted rather joyously to it, without a word in reply. Perhaps I had no business there on the wren's busiest day. Regardless of all the harsh epithets hurled at me from the alder limb, I was too absorbed in gazing through my field-glass at an ugly piece of snake-skin the wren held in her mouth. Rather an uncanny mouthful, to be sure. The idea of a nestful of gaping mouths vanished from my vision as the brown body fidgeted about, with her tail over her back, and then whirled away to a large upturned root covered with vines. Here she hopped about in the tangle of brier and fern, apparently forgetful of my presence; but those sharp brown eyes, behind which are generations of care and cunning gained in contact with nature, are never heedless. Her action would have deceived any other creature, but I knew her too well; at the likeliest moment and in an eye's twinkling, she suddenly popped up into the dead body of an alder-tree and disappeared into a tiny round hole.

Wrens have traditions, and, like some people, are perhaps slightly superstitious. I was not sure that a Vigors's wren considered a bit of snake-skin the keystone to the arch of its snugly built home, but I do not remember ever examining the nest of its cousin, the Parkman's wren, and not finding this traditional bit of treasure. Maybe it is a matter of protection, for it is said a snake will not venture where the vestige of its own skin is found. Generations ago the ancestral wrens must have fought for protection among the tribes of reptiles, until now the descendants never think of starting upon household duties without searching up the hillsides, through the meadows, or back in the deep woods until the cast-off scaly coat of some snake is found and borne home in triumph as a hearthstone deity.

Almost every feathered creature has some interesting trait of protection. I have always found that the red-breasted nuthatch, after he has excavated his wooden home in some dead stump, never fails to collect a good supply of soft pitch, and plaster it religiously about the circled doorway of the log house.

Ever since I first discovered the wren building its home in the alder stub my interest had grown, and I was anxious to win its friendship, principally because most birds had finished nesting for the season. Why had the nest not been placed nearer the ground instead of at a distance of twelve feet, and why did they select such a dark, narrow home that I could hardly get a glimpse of the interior?

Experience had taught me not to try to win the affections of a bird too rapidly, especially at that season when household affairs were so engrossing. When I thought I could safely do so, I approached the nest rather cautiously and timidly and sat down in the tall ferns. It surprised me somewhat that neither parent scolded at my approach. After watching and waiting for almost half an hour and seeing neither wren, I became impatient and knocked gently on the tree-trunk to pay my respects to the brown head that might be thrust from the round door above. Again I knocked, and then a little harder. It 's queer a wren cannot feel such an earthquake against the pillar of her home. I shook the tree vigorously. Could it be possible the home was deserted? Visions of all sorts of bird accidents flashed through my mind as I swung up into the branches and rapped at the round door. All was dark within; not even the white eggs could be seen. This was bad luck indeed, I thought. Then, with the aid of a little mirror that is always handy to examine dark crevices, I reflected a ray of light through the door to the innermost depths. There sat the mother, her brown back almost indistinguishable from the dry sides of the house, but those round



"CATCHING IN THE BRANCHES BELOW WHERE THE FATHER PERCHED."

dark eyes gleamed out from the gloom. Nor did she have any idea of deserting her post for all the shaking and knocking without.

When I visited the little wooden home the first week in July there was a decided turn in the tide of wren affairs. The news was heralded from the tree-tops. The energy that was used in keeping the secret of the little home a week previous was doubled in the eagerness to spread it among feathered neighbors far and wide. For two long weeks the mother and father had covered and caressed their five eggs of speckled white, until they suddenly teemed with inward life and five tiny bodies burst forth from the prison walls.

The father wren — it is often the case — was rather timid while we were around. He had a particular fear and dislike for the great three-legged, one-eyed creature — my camera — that was hidden dragon-like so near his home. Birds have many enemies, and a nest is seldom left without its guard. We soon discovered that this was the father's duty. His harsh, scolding note, sounded from the surrounding boughs, always reminded us that we were trespassing.

It was the mother's duty to forage. Returning from the hunt with food, she whisked about with a "what-are-you-doing-here" look of inquiry. Although flustered somewhat at first by our presence, she soon came to regard us with an air of indifference. A moment's pause on her threshold, and into the round opening she would pop; then, as if amazed at the increasing appetites she had to appease, she would dart out and away for a new supply.

About the hillside and down along the little stream the mother searched continually the entire day for grubs. Each time returning, she would pause on the top of one of the trees near by and pipe her merry little trill. This note of home-coming the father never failed to hear, and it was he that always gave the response of "all 's well." I was amused to hear how readily the wrenlets learned to recognize the voice of their mother. Her song of arrival soon came to be answered by such a chorus of tiny cries from the round door that she could



"HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED UP IN ANGER AND AN ASTONISHED *PEEP* OF DISGUST ESCAPED HIS THROAT."



"IN A FLASH BOTH WRENLETS WERE WIDE AWAKE AND ON THE TIPTOE OF EXPECTANCY."

not resist hurrying headlong to the nest. Several times, from my "rabbit's hole" in the bushes, I saw a song-sparrow stop on swaying limb and sing a song somewhat resembling that of the wren, but the children in the wooden home knew not the song, and, true to their parents' teachings, remained quiet while the doughty father darted out and drove the intruder from the premises.

On July 23 I wrote in my note-book: "This morning I was surprised to see two little brown heads as I gazed through my field-glass at the round nest-hole." But how could I ever get pictures of the wren nestlings if they were to remain continually within those protected wooden walls?

For some reason the father stormed and scolded more than usual on my next visit. He seemed out of sorts about everything. The rating I got was not very much more severe than the little wretch gave his wife when she returned each time with morsels of food. Something was radically wrong. It could not be that his mate did not search hard enough for food or bring enough back. With all his fault-finding he never once offered to relieve his faithful wife.

Hidden in the grass, I tried to solve the secret of the father's petulant actions. Each time the patient mother returned he grew more restless and violent in his language. Soon I saw his wife whirl joyously by with an unusually large white grub — surely a prize for any bird. But alas! for all her prowess, her spouse darted at her as if in madness, while she, trembling in terror, retreated down the limb and through the bushes. For a few moments it seemed as if the wren household was to be wrecked. I was tempted to take the mother's part against such cruel treatment as she quivered through the fern on fluttering wing toward me, but at that moment, as if thoroughly subdued, she

yielded up the bug to the father. This was the bone of contention. A domestic battle had been fought and he had won. The scolding ceased. Both seemed satisfied. Mounting to the tree-top, the little mother poured forth such a flood of sweet song as rarely strikes human ear. From that moment she seemed a different wren, released from all care and worry. Her entire time was spent in search for bugs. Each return was heralded by the high-sounding trill from the tree-top, and her husband whirled out of the tangled vines to take the morsel she carried.

But what of his actions? He had either gone crazy or he was a most selfish little tyrant, for he flew about the alder stump, calling now in a softer tone to his children within, and finally swallowed the grub himself. Two or three times he did this, until I was so disgusted I could hardly endure him. If he were hungry, why could he not skirmish for his own bugs?

While I was chiding him for his infamous action, the mother appeared with a large moth, which he readily took. Among the alder limbs the father flew, and finally up to the nest-hole, out of which was issuing such a series of hungry screams as no parent with the least bit of devotion could resist. Hardly could I believe my eyes, for the little knave just went to the door, where each hungry nestling could get a good view of the morsel, then, as if scolding the little ones for being so noisy and hungry, he hopped back down the tree into the bushes.



"MERCY! SUCH A REACHING AND STRETCHING!"

This was indeed cause for a family revolt. The brown nestling nearest the door grew so bold with hunger that he forgot his fear and plunged headlong down, catching in the branches below where the father perched. And

the precocious youngster got the large moth as a reward for his bravery.

Not till then did it dawn upon me that there was a reason for the father's queer actions. The wrenlets were old enough to leave the nest. Outside in the warm sunshine they could be fed more easily and would grow more rapidly, and they could be taught the ways of woodcraft. In half an hour, one after another, the little wrens had been persuaded, even compelled, to leave the narrow confines of the nest and launch out into the big world.

What a task the father had brought upon himself! Surely the old woman in the shoe never had a more trying time. The fretful father darted away to punish one of the wrenlets for not remaining quiet; he scurried here to scold another for wandering too far, or whirled away to whip a third for not keeping low in the underbrush, away from the hawk's watchful eyes.

My attention was directed in particular to one little feathered subject who, each time the brown father came back, insisted vociferously that his turn was next. Once in particular, when the camera did not fail to record, papa wren was approaching with a large grub. The wrenlet was all in ecstasy. He was calling, "Papa, papa, the bug is mine! The bug is mine!" fluttering his wings in such delight as he hopped to the next limb near the hesitating parent. But the youngster's emphatic appeal failed to persuade the father, for the next instant he deposited the morsel in the mouth of the less boisterous child. What a change in my enthusiastic little friend, who at one moment fairly tasted the dainty delicacy and the next saw it disappear down the throat of a less noisy brother. He stood looking in amazement, as his feathers ruffled up in anger and an astonished *peep* of disgust escaped his throat.

Another day in the warm sunshine and the wrenlets began to act more like their parents and to gain rapidly in worldly knowledge. The third morning all was quiet and I thought the family had departed for other hunting-grounds. Soon, however, the father appeared, and then the mother, scolding as usual. I crawled down under the tall ferns to wait. The parents had taught their children the act of keeping quiet very well, for not a peep was heard. But those ever-growing appetites soon mastered caution, and, regardless of the continual warnings, there was a soft little *wink! wink!* in the direction of the vine-covered stump. 'T was hardly an exclamation of delight, but just a gentle reminder lest the busy parents forget. Gradually these little notes of admonition increased in number and volume till the full chorus of five impatient voices arose from among the tangle of vines and ferns.

My continued visits had made fast friends of the little fellows. Two of them took their position on the top of a little stub where the father was accustomed to light. Here they sat in sleepy attitude, each awaiting his turn to be fed. Not the least accommodating were they, from the photographer's point of view, for generally when the camera was focused for the picture, they would nod lower and lower, as children do at bedtime, till both were sound asleep in the warm sunshine. It was remarkable, however, to witness the effect of the mother's trill as she heralded the approach of something edible. In a flash both wrenlets on the wooden watch-tower were wide awake and on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Often do I remember trying to play foster-parent to young birds, and yet, with all my care and patience, I seldom succeeded. A week before, when I held a large spider temptingly near the nestlings, they had crouched back in terror; but by this time they had certainly gained in worldly wisdom. I, indeed, had not been watching the wrens for the past two weeks without learning. I had seen the mother hop up and down an old stump, like a dog after a squirrel, till she would soon haul out a big grub.

Digging into this bird-storehouse with my knife, in a trice I collected half a dozen fine fat worms — a stock of provisions that would take the mother two hours to gather. Why are young birds so particular, anyhow? What difference does it make whether their dinner comes from the mother's mouth or from some kindly disposed neighbor?

"I 'll just test the little wrens once more," I said to myself, as I impaled two of the choicest grubs on a sharpened stick. It was impossible for me to announce the approach of this delicious dinner with the soft little

wink! wink! of the mother, but I patted both the sleepy birdies on the back and, rather hesitatingly, held up my offering. There was hardly room to doubt its acceptance. Mercy! such a reaching and stretching! I could not divide up fast enough. Nor was one grub apiece sufficient. Quiet was not restored till each wrenlet had stored away two of the largest and fattest.

For the first time the parent wrens seemed to realize that I was actually of some use. The trying task of satisfying five growing appetites was lessened to some degree, and the busy parents took household affairs somewhat more easily the rest of the day.

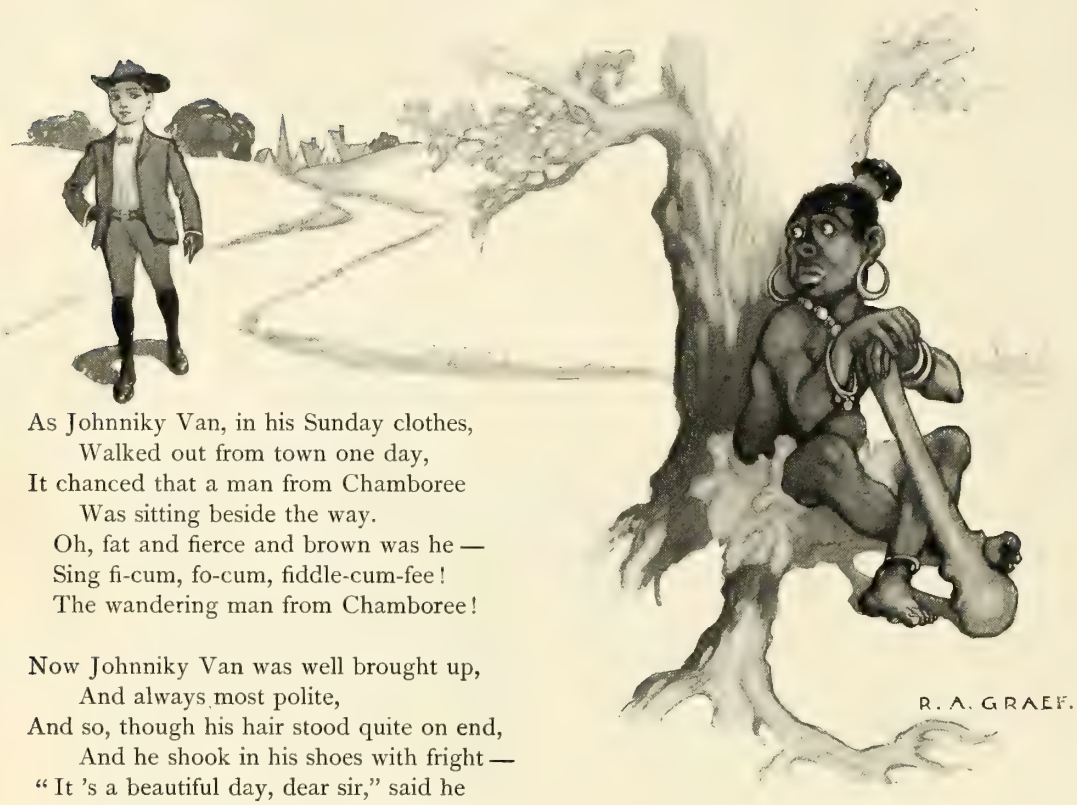
The next time I saw the wren family, all the young were scampering about in the bushes, following their parents hither and thither, earning their own livelihood and rapidly learning for themselves the arts of woodcraft.



BUTTERFLY DAYS.

JOHNNIKY VAN AND THE CANNIBAL MAN.

By Ellen Manly.



As Johnniky Van, in his Sunday clothes,
Walked out from town one day,
It chanced that a man from Chamboree
Was sitting beside the way.
Oh, fat and fierce and brown was he —
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!
The wandering man from Chamboree!

Now Johnniky Van was well brought up,
And always most polite,
And so, though his hair stood quite on end,
And he shook in his shoes with fright —
"It 's a beautiful day, dear sir," said he
To the terrible man from Chamboree.
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

"It 's no such a thing!" the stranger growled;
"For the clouds are quite too green,
And the sky-blue grass and the purple trees
Are the ugliest things I 've seen;
And the rain is wet, it appears to me —
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"
Said the singular man from Chamboree.

Cried Johnniky Van: "Excuse me, sir,
But I really must explain
That the sky is blue, and the grass is green,
And there is n't a drop of rain."
"Goo-roo! you 'd better not differ with me!
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"
Said the quarrelsome man from Chamboree.

Then Johnniky Van politely bowed,
But he said: "My statement 's true;
You may eat me up if you please, dear sir,
But I 'll never agree with you!"
"Oh, ho, my friend, I 'll try it and see!"
Said the cannibal man from Chamboree!
"Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!"

Then Johnniky Van he plainly saw
There was not much time to waste.
So he said: "I am pleased to have met you, sir,
But I find I must leave in haste."
And down the road like a shot went he,
Away from the man from Chamboree!
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

"This is dreadfully hard," the cannibal cried,
"On a man with nothing to eat!
A nice little boy in his Sunday suit
Would have been such a charming treat;
And *now*, pray what shall I have for tea?"
Said the cannibal man from Chamboree.
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

When a cannibal man 's in sight, my boy,
Don't stop to say, "Good day";
Though it 's well to be polite, my boy,
It is *better* to run away.
And, whatever you do, don't disagree
With a cannibal man from Chamboree!
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!



THE RAIN RAINS EVERY DAY.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Said the robin to his mate
In the dripping orchard tree:
"Our dear nest will have to wait
Till the blue sky we can see.
Birds can neither work nor play,
For the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

Said the violet to the leaf:
"I can scarcely ope my eye;
So, for fear I 'll come to grief,
Close along the earth I lie.
All we flowers for sunshine pray,
But the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

And the children, far and wide,
They, too, wished away the rain;
All their sports were spoiled outside
By the "black glove" at the pane—
Very dull indoors to stay
While "the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

Up and down the murmurs run,
Shared by child and bird and flower.
Suddenly the golden sun
Dazzled through a clearing shower.
Then they all forgot to say
That "the rain rains every day,
And the rain rains all the day!"

NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



April, with her lap filled with violets; May, with her garland of fruit-tree blossoms; June, decked with the gorgeous roses.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

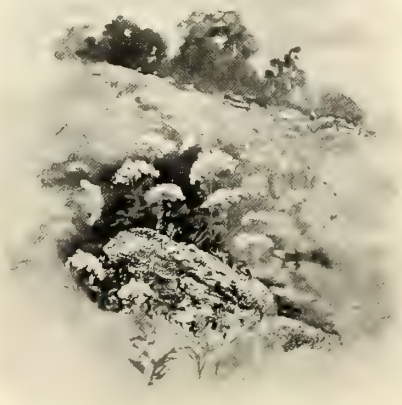
FOX-FIRE.

I RECALL very distinctly two farmer-boy experiences with fox-fire. One evening I went with a candle into the cellar to fill a pan with apples. As I passed the dark recesses of the potato-bin, I saw two great balls of light, like two eyes staring at me. I stepped forward pretty quickly, as a boy sometimes has a way of doing in such places. The movement had the same effect upon the lighted candle that a sudden draft would have had. I did n't stop to investigate details. I wanted a match—or something else—and I went upstairs without the slightest hesitation. But in that time, brief as it was, those two glaring balls grew into "a big animal in the corner of the potato-bin with two staring eyes and"— I was impelled to add—"a savage mouth and a long tail." Fierce claws and another smaller specimen not far from it were dawning on my excited imagination, when one of the workmen laughed and said, "That 's no tiger—that 's fox-fire on the rotten 'taters.'"

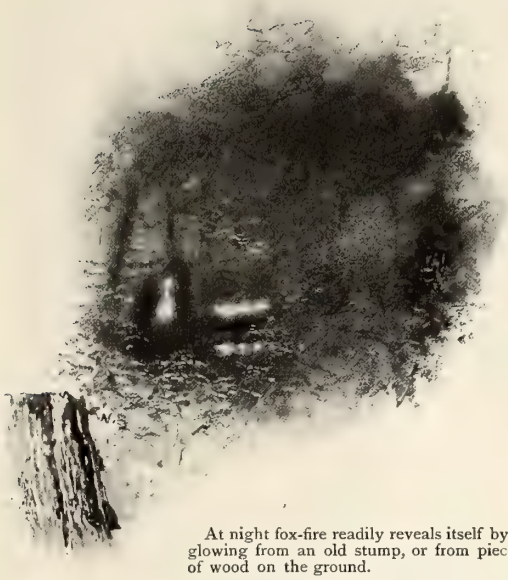
Thus I lost the chance to become the hero of a terrible encounter, but I gained my first knowledge of the fact that certain decaying vegetable materials can glow with a weird light —known to every dweller in the country as fox-fire.

A few months later I had the lesson to learn all over again and from a different point of view. Late in a dark evening I went to the shed for an armful of wood. The wood-chopper had that day cut up a load that had, as he expressed it, "gone a little by"—that is, it had lain for more than two years in a pile in the wood lot, till the sticks near the ground had become somewhat decayed so that they were regarded as not good enough to sell, but could be made to "do" for home use if well dried. Some of these damp sticks had been split or broken in pieces and scattered about in the shed, on the pile, and in the yard so as to dry thoroughly.

As I entered the shed I took just one look and started for the house with a cry of "Fire! The woodshed 's on fire!" that brought out the whole family with the water-pails. And



When you find, in the daytime, a decaying piece of damp wood or log on the ground among the growing plants, you may suspect that it is the home of fox-fire. Go in the evening and ascertain whether your suspicions were correct.



At night fox-fire readily reveals itself by a glowing from an old stump, or from pieces of wood on the ground.

again I was laughed at, and learned my second lesson in "fox-fire." But I well remember how we young folks afterward played with that "fire," and how we danced and ran and hurled the glowing lumps through the air, pretending to be Indians at a fire dance, hobgoblins, magicians, imps, and fiends.

Last summer I was guiding a party of about one hundred and fifty persons of all ages through a swamp at midnight, trying to answer Thoreau's query, "Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us?" Gibson also states: "For even the best informed student of daylight natural history may visit his accustomed haunts in the darkness as a pilgrim in a strange land." We found a large quantity of the fox-fire, put out our lanterns, and had a fantastic parade of midnight explorers with fox-fire torches. Of course the fire was not bright enough to be of aid in traveling, but the many sticks and balls of the pale light, as we waved and tossed them, produced an effect that was novel and beautiful.

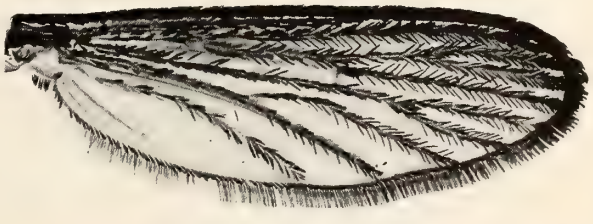
You will recall that Hawthorne, in "Mosses from an Old Manse," tells of a remarkable encounter with this weird fox-fire. He was on a journey by canal-boat which had stopped *en route* at midnight. He went to examine the phosphoric light of an old tree a little within the forest. He says: "The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly converted into a mass of diseased splendor which threw a ghastliness around."

You will be interested in the chapter on "Fox-Fire" in William Hamilton Gibson's "Eye Spy." This author relates several remarkable experiences with fox-fire. Very correctly he states that "one's first experience with fox-fire, especially if he chances upon a specimen of some size, is apt to be a memorable incident."

TINY WINGS BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED.

Mosquitos belong to the fly family, but differ from common flies in many respects. One of the most interesting differences is the fringe of hair-like scales on the edge of the wing and on the wing-veins. These scales are exceedingly transparent and dainty in appearance, and the accomplished microscopist looks at them with great interest, because, once upon a time, the English-speaking microscopists of the whole world were fighting a wordy war about the true structure of these feathery objects. Microscope lenses of those days were poor in comparison with the lenses of the present, and few observers agreed in the interpretation of what they saw. We know about these scales now, but they will always be attractive, because thirty or forty years ago they stirred up quite a scientific contest.

The wing of the mosquito is a beautiful object even under a low magnifying power of the compound microscope, as shown below in the photograph of the magnified wing. Its form and the position of the scales are clearly indicated, but to see the full beauty with the delicate coloring the bright condensed light of the microscope is not at all necessary.



FRINGE OF HAIR-LIKE SCALES ON THE EDGE AND ON THE VEINS OF THE WING OF A MOSQUITO.

RADIUM.

THE new metal, radium, which has been so much talked and written about during the last few months, turns out to be a sort of natural Roman candle, since, in addition to giving light, it also shoots off bodies of two different sizes. The light itself from this mysterious substance is not like ordinary light. Even a small fragment sealed up in a glass tube shines with a weird glow like a firefly, but bright enough to read by. Moreover, if these rays fall on certain other substances, as, for example, diamonds, it causes them also to glow with a similar unearthly radiance; and like the "X rays," which enable one to see his own bones, they will go through a plank or a dictionary. We never use metallic radium, because it has never been entirely separated from other material. We have n't it to use. We are therefore compelled to be content with some salt (a mixture) of the metal. One experimenter consequently placed the least pinch of radium bromide in a glass tube, and screwed it tightly inside of a rubber thermometer-case. This he put in an iron box, with a silver soup-tureen and four sheets of copper above it, yet in some way the rays got out. After all, I don't know that it is any more difficult to understand why this light goes through iron than why the light of a candle goes through glass.



PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY THE RAYS FROM THE PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE PICTURED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PRECEDING COLUMN.

But a piece of radium, in addition to giving off these peculiar rays, sends out such a shower of little particles that it is like a sort of exploding battery of tiny rapid-fire guns. These, as I said at the beginning, are of two sizes. The smallest are the smallest particles known to science. Indeed, as they travel some two hundred thousand times faster than a bullet from a rifle, they must needs be pretty small not to wipe out everything within range. The others are much larger, perhaps by a thousand times, and they do not travel so fast. But even these are so small that, after millions upon millions of them have been shot off, the most careful weighing with a balance for which a hair is a heavy weight cannot detect any loss. Now these smaller bodies are the mysterious "electrons" which, as they stream against the walls of a Crookes tube, produce the X rays. So they seem quite like old friends. The larger ones come still nearer home. They are like the minute particles of vapor which are always being sent off by any substance, such as water, or alcohol, or camphor, or ice, which is drying up or wasting away. But the remarkable thing about radium is that, while the gas which goes off into the air from these familiar substances is still water or alcohol or what not, the gas from radium is not radium at all, but helium. Now helium and radium are totally different things. Radium



A PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE, THE MINERAL FROM WHICH RADIUM IS OBTAINED.

is one of the heaviest of all known substances, while helium is one of the lightest, and until within a few months no one so much as dreamed that the one could be changed into the other any more than that wood can be changed into gold. But if such a transformation as this is possible, what may we not expect in the future? However, this splitting up of radium into helium and other things is, after all, just the least little bit like the behavior of dynamite and gunpowder. Most explosives are solids which on occasion shake apart suddenly with a flash of light into gases many thousand times less heavy than themselves. Radium does something not so very different, except that the explosion, instead of being all over in a few hundredths of a second, probably lasts for several thousand years.

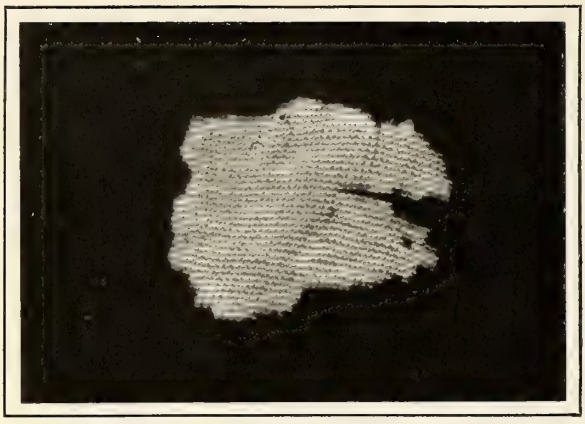
Like gunpowder and the rest, radium, as it slowly explodes, gives off considerable heat. A pound of it would boil a quart of coffee in about two hours. This, to be sure, does not seem so remarkable, since a kitchen range will do the same thing in as few minutes. But the range must be fed with coal several times each day, while the radium, sealed tightly in a bottle and untouched, will continue to give off heat for nobody knows how long.

However, in spite of the convenience of continuous heat without fire, it will be a long time before radium will supplant fuel. At five thousand dollars the grain, which was lately the price of pure radium salts, a piece the size of a hen's egg would cost from three to five million dollars. Fortunately, for most purposes the substance need not be absolutely pure, so that radium good enough to enable one to see most of these strange things for himself can be had for less than one dollar the grain.

There is also another reason besides the cost why radium is not likely to become a household convenience: it would very likely be extremely dangerous to stay in a room with a few pounds of it. Between the scorching light and the fusillade of tiny bullets, a piece the size of a dried pea will kill a small animal such as a mouse



M. PIERRE CURIE AND MME. SKLODOWSKA CURIE (THE DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM), WITH THEIR DAUGHTER IRENE, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOME NEAR PARIS.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIECE OF WELSBACH MANTLE TAKEN BY ITS OWN INVISIBLE RAYS.

or a guinea-pig; and two or three men who were rash enough to carry a little tube containing radium in their waistcoat pockets developed dangerous sores where the skin was pelted most vigorously. Still, like a great many other dangerous things, radium may be put to good use. Many very dreadful diseases, such as cancer, malaria, and, worst of all, consumption, are caused by minute living things which grow in the body. Perhaps it will be possible to bombard these with radium until they are killed and the patient is cured. Already this has been tried successfully with cancer, but it has to be done cautiously—just enough to destroy the disease germs, but not so much as to injure the healthy tissues of the patient.

Nevertheless, in spite of all its various characteristics, this strange metal is not altogether unique. There are two others, actinium and polonium, concerning which we know even less than of radium, and two much more common ones, uranium and thorium, all very heavy, and all with the same wonderful properties in different measure. Uranium has long been used to color glass and has some remarkable qualities of its own. Thorium, as thorium oxid, forms the mantle of Welsbach burners. All these act like radium, and doubtless there are others also; but radium is many thousand times more powerful than the two commoner metals. Still, a Welsbach mantle, even when cold and dark, gives off enough X rays to take its own photograph after two days' exposure, and, as everybody knows, when heated in the gas-flame, gives much more ordinary light than other hot substances. It is quite possible, too, that all metals are slightly "radioactive," just as they are all slightly magnetic, though only iron, and to a less degree nickel and cobalt, are strikingly so. At any rate, the more these strange powers are investigated the more universal they are found to be. Evidently we are now only just at the beginning of a series of startling discoveries, so that no one can so much as guess what marvels may appear in the next few years.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

THE FIGHTING-BEETLES.

THERE are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as *Telephoridæ*) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter.

These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as game-cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.

Some of our American ground-beetles also are often called soldiers, because they capture other insects for food by chasing or springing upon them.

W. H. WALMSLEY.



THE SOLDIER-BEETLE.

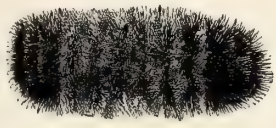
"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

CATERPILLARS IN EARLY SPRING.

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask you a question. Will you tell me, please, why caterpillars are



A SPRING CATERPILLAR.

sometimes seen moving around on the ground in the early springtime? Why are they not in cocoons?

FLORENCE C. CLARK.

Some caterpillars hibernate; that is, the insect spends the winter in the larval state, not changing to the cocoon form until spring. "Hurrying along like a caterpillar in the fall," is a common expression among the country people in certain parts of New England referring to a person who is walking rapidly. Probably this saying originated from seeing the caterpillar of the Isabella tiger-moth. Its evident haste to get somewhere in the autumn is almost painful to witness. A nervous anxiety is apparent in every movement of its body, and frequently its shining black head is raised high in the air, and moved from side to side, while taking its bearings. Sometimes it seems to have made a mistake, and turns sharply and hastens in another direction.

In the spring it resumes its activity, feeds for a time, then makes a blackish brown cocoon composed largely of its hair. It was doubtless this caterpillar, or one of the same habit of hibernating till the spring, that induced the question from our young observer. Some caterpillars hibernate immediately after emerging from the egg; others have one or more molts, that is, "changing their overcoats," as some young people call molting. Some insects exist in the caterpillar state for ten months, others for only one or two months. Some pass the winter in the egg state, others in the larval, others in cocoon or chrysalis, and a few in the winged form.

EARTHWORMS ON THE SIDEWALK.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like very much to know why there are so many worms on the sidewalks after the rain, and what they are called.

Your interested reader,

MARJORIE PARKS.

Earthworms cannot live without moisture; their food is also dependent upon it. During droughts they burrow down to moisture often three or four feet, and it is only after rains, during humid weather, or in damp earth that they may be dug up just under the surface or are seen reaching far out of their holes or even traveling on the surface to new localities, generally at night. Vegetable mold often grows upon pavements, and worms frequent such places. Often they crawl upon the hard sidewalks and cannot burrow down again. They are found in greatest numbers wherever there is decaying vegetation. Worms are friends of man and serve an important economic purpose. —S. F. A.

EARTHWORMS ON THE LAWN.

MANITOWOC, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This spring I noticed many holes on the lawn which were about the size of those that a worm makes. But large blades of grass had been pulled into them, the tops of which stood up in crowded tufts. I noticed now and then a few red ants about them, but the holes were much larger than those of an ant, and I did not see them carry any grains of sand. Do you know if this was the hole of red or black ant or a worm?

LITTA VOELCHERT.



AN EARTHWORM REACHING OUT OF ITS HOLE TO FEED.

Shown by cutting away the earth to expose the burrow. Blades of grass, minute pebbles, and such things are drawn into the hole to induce the growth of mold on which the worm feeds.

Holes on the lawn are made by earthworms, the common *Lumbricus terrestris*, also called

angleworms, fishworms, and redworms. They draw into their holes not only blades of grass, but small pebbles, twigs, leaves, moss, etc., anything that may induce the growth of organic substances such as mold, minute mosses, and lichens, upon which the worms feed. They also swallow little stones, gravel, sand, and twigs, not taking time to clean the mold from these, depending on digestion for that.



THE WILLOW GALL.

THE WILLOW GALL.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the first time that I have gathered pussy-willows I have seen the cone (or something) inclosed on the willow. Can you tell me the name of it? Is there any germ or anything that makes it grow? And oblige, CARLTON KING.

The specimen you send is the pine-cone willow gall, one of the most curious of plant growths. Evidently it is not the seed-cone of the willow, for the seeds of the willow, as we all know, are scattered from the woolly "pussies" or catkins. If you will gather a few of these pine-cone willow galls in a glass jar you will some time later find one or more flies in the jar. These are the flies that lay their eggs in the end buds of the willow. The larvæ or worm-like stages of the insect grow inside this cone from the egg, till they transform into pupæ, then to the full-grown flies. One can study these willow galls at any season of the year and find much of interest.

Pick apart the scales of the cone and you will see how wonderfully the willow provides a nest for the intruder.

HOW A STARFISH SEES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how a starfish can see?

Your loving reader,

HELEN D. HUNTINGTON (age 10).

They have red eye-spots on the end of each arm, which enable them to see a little, though not very well.

THE RED SQUIRREL SOMETIMES ROBS BIRDS' NESTS.

CHILOWAY, DELAWARE CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Behind our house stands a little maple-tree, so close that the limbs touch the house. In this tree there is a robin's nest. I was sitting in the window one day when I heard a great noise among the robins. On looking out I saw a red squirrel sitting in the nest with an egg in his paws, eating it as he would a nut. I opened the window and frightened him away. He ran up in the leaves and hid. That afternoon I went out to see if he had left any eggs, and found the nest empty. Just then the squirrel jumped into another tree, and I told a boy who was with me to shake him out, and down he came flat on his back. I jumped down and followed him, but he was too quick for me and got away.

WESTLEY S. BURNHAM (age 12).

The red squirrel has many interesting ways, but, I am very sorry to say, he also has many petty vices.

QUICK "GROWTH" OF A SPANISH ONION.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday evening mama cut in two, across the grain, a Spanish onion. The green central parts began to sprout at once, and in five minutes projected a quarter of an inch above the cut surface. One could plainly see them rising. Mama says she has noticed this before in Spanish onions but never in the common kinds. Yours truly,

BERNARD RAYMUND.

This is evidently due to the lengthwise pressure of the growing stem within the onion,



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPANISH ONION ONE-HALF HOUR AFTER IT WAS CUT IN TWO.

and is not real sprouting or growth. Cutting the onion in two parts releases this sprouting portion, which later would have to push through the outer layer at the top of the onion. I cut open several and was much interested in the apparent quick growth you describe.

QUEER PLACES FOR NESTS.

South Coventry, Conn.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have taken St. Nicholas for about four years. It is the nicest magazine I know of. I thought I would write to tell you about some queer places for birds' nests. One Sunday last month I went to walk in the afternoon with my father, mother, uncle, and two aunts. We went up to the cemetery, and while I was walking near the old cannon I saw a bluebird fly away from it. I went around and looked into the cannon, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. Another bird near my home was known to build in a knot-hole of a clothes-line post. Still another bird built a nest in the eaves trough on my home.

Your loving reader, Edith C. Tracy (age 10).

This is the month for nest-building. Be on the lookout for a nest in an interesting and unusual place and "write to St. Nicholas about it." Also look for nests that are near a much traveled path or road. A nest in a sculptured lion's mouth is interestingly described on page 726 of this number of St. Nicholas.



"Another bird built a nest in the eaves trough on my home."



A bird's nest in an old cannon.

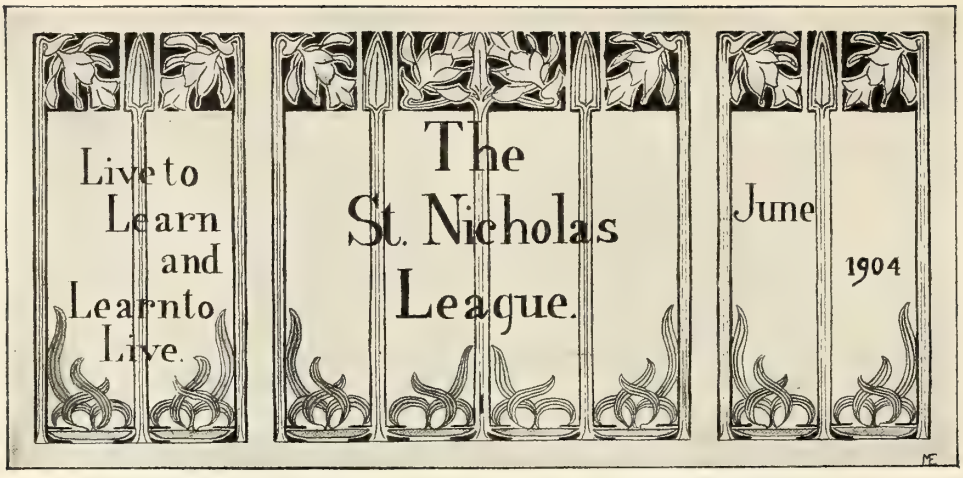
GRABBED A HUGE SNAKE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I would like to tell you of a snake I chanced to meet last summer. Not far from the place where I lived was a little pond just teeming with snakes and frogs and painted turtles. One day, as I was walking by this pond with my net, I saw some tadpoles which I wished to get. I got down on my knees and put one hand in the water, when, to my surprise, I found I had put it on a snake about two inches thick. I took my hand away, but the snake did not move. Now, when I catch a snake I generally take hold just behind its head, but in this case it was rather hard to tell which was the head, as only a few coils were visible. I selected a spot which I thought was near the head, but when I pulled it up, it turned out to be very near the tail. It was like pulling on a rope; but as I was not very anxious to meddle with a snake of that size, and had not got it very near the head, I let it go. I will try to describe it. It had a dark brown back, with dull red spots at intervals, and a pale yellow abdomen. I have caught small snakes like it. Up in the Pocono Mountains I once caught a snake which was bright green. Can you tell me what kind of snakes they were and what to feed them on? Yours truly,

Theodore M. Chambers.

The larger snake was a water-snake (*Natrix fasciata sipedon*), a species semi-aquatic in habits, and feeding upon fishes, tadpoles, frogs, and toads. The small reptile was a green snake (*Liopeltis vernalis*). It feeds upon soft-bodied insects.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 16. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD, AGE 15. (*Cash Prize.*)

How do we know when June is here?
By science, or logic, or calendar year?
Oh, no; we know by the bright blue sky,
By the white clouds lazily floating by,
By the soft, cool breeze as it nods the trees,
By the singing birds, by the hum of bees,
By the nodding rose, by the daisy white,
The primrose dainty, the cowslip bright,
The golden yellow of daffodils,
The soft haze over the sleeping hills;
By the woodland glen, by field and fen,
We know that June-time has come again;



"COMPANIONS." BY FANNY C. STORER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

By the robin's red, by the bluebird's blue,
By the waving grass and the pearls of dew,
By the first pink flush in the sky of gray,
And the lark's glad song at the peep of day,
By the murm'ring brawl, the hemlock tall,
By the cricket's chirp, and the wood-bird's call,
By the soft faint music of lowing kine,
By the wind's sweet song in the darkened pine,
By the lily buds on the rippling pool,
And the gray-green moss in the deep woods cool,
By the brook's low croon, and the thrush's gay tune,
We know, we know when the month is June.

Our chief regret this month is that we have not room for even a tenth of the *especially interesting* "Family Traditions," every one worthy of preservation. We did not imagine that so much interesting history—and not altogether family history, but history of the nation as well—existed in the form of stories told about the home fireside, handed down from one generation to another, each as precious as a gem to the owners, and likewise to the historian of some future day. The League editor would urge every one of his contributors to preserve in written and detailed form every bit of such material to be obtained. The country is comparatively new and its traditions are still closely allied with facts and the details of occurrence. Some day it will be old. The traditions, unless preserved in writing, will have become legends and myths; names will be lost or changed beyond recognition, and many of those who were a part of our history and helped to make a great nation will be forgotten and unhonored dust. To preserve the story of their deeds is to preserve the glory of those who, in days that are now no more, with Washington and Lafayette and other historic heroes, linked their lives and fortunes in the upbuilding of the foremost republic in all history.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 54.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Saidee E. Kennedy** (age 17), Merryall, Pa., and **Margaret Stevens** (age 13), 1150 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothea Bechtel** (age 10), Carpenter, Del., and **Anna C. Heffern** (age 12), 4519 Kingsessing Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jeannie Read Sampson** (age 14), Box 375, Shelbyville, Ky., **Catharine H. Straker** (age 11), Shorncliff, Corbridge, Northumberland, England, and **Sophronia Moore Cooper** (age 11), Oxford, N. C.

Silver badges, **Alice Wickenden** (age 15), Ste. Adèle, Terrebonne Co., P. Q., Canada, **Morris Bishop** (age 10), 77 Waring Place, Yonkers, N. Y., and **Helen Platt** (age 9), Prettyman Ave., Mt. Tabor, Ore.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Eileen Lawrence Smith** (age 14), 31 Portman Sq., London, Eng., **Fanny C. Storer** (age 16), 418 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind., and **Sara Homans** (age 11), 494 Bute St., Norfolk, Va.

Silver badges, **Frances Bryant Godwin** (age 11), Roslyn, N. Y., and **Robert Edmund Jones** (age 16), Milton, N. H.

Photography. Gold badges, **Mary Goldthwaite** (age 16), 411 White Ave., Marion, Ind., and **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 11), Conway, Mass.

Silver badges, **J. Stuart Jefferies** (age 15), 431 4th Ave., Braddock, Pa., **Farris B. Smith** (age 14), 200 N. Main St., Franklin, Ind., and **Corinne Bowers** (age 13), 173 E. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Skunk," by **Georgina E. McCall** (age 17), Strathmore Ranch, Eden, Concho Co., Tex. Second prize, "White-crested Nuthatch," by **Samuel Dowse Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass. Third Prize, "Wild Ducks," by **L. S. Taylor** (age 13), 17 Linden St., Somersworth, N. H.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Harry I. Tiffany** (age 16), Middleburg, Va., and **Doris Hackbusch** (age 15), 511 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kan.

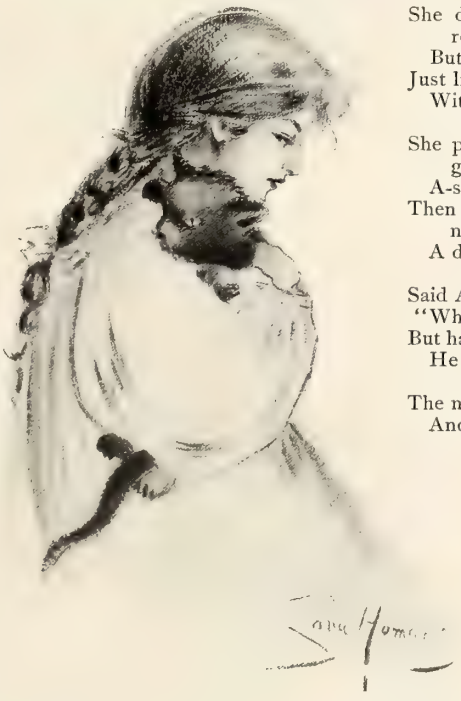
Silver badges, **Helen F. Searight** (age 13), 327 King St., Port Chester, Pa., and **Marie Warner** (age 9), 1900 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Thurston** (age 12), 50 Howard St., Melrose Hglds., Mass., and **Grace Haren** (age 12), 4575 Forest Park Boul., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **E. Boyer** (age 14), 444 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can., and **Evaline Taylor** (age 10), Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chapter Entertainment. First prize, fifty dollars' worth of books to be selected from The Century Co's. catalogue, won by Chapter 541, of West Newton, Mass. Total amount of receipts, $75.76, to be given to the Winning Farm, a branch of the Fresh Air Fund. It is a large farm near Lexington to which poor children are taken in the summer for less than a dollar a week. At its head is Dr. George L. Perin, pastor of the Every-Day Church in Boston.

We regret to say that while a number of other chapters competed, their reports have not been received, hence there will be no second and third awards.



"COMPANIONS." BY SARA HOMANS, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY SAIDEE E. KENNEDY (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Miss Arabella Geraldine
Came tripping o'er the grass,
And oh, so stiff and starched and trim
You ne'er did see a lass.

She did not shout nor run nor romp,
But hovered here and there,
Just like a big blue butterfly
With shining golden hair.

She plucked the daisies as they grew
A-smiling 'midst the green;
Then suddenly she spied, quite near,
A donkey gaunt and lean.

Said Arabella Geraldine,
"What can that creature be?
But hark! his mouth is open wide,
He 's going to sing to me!"

The music it was loud and long
And rendered with great skill.
It woke the echoes, and they rang
From every distant hill.

Miss Arabella? Well, the last
I saw of that small girl
Was just a piece of flying blue
And fast-receding curl.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JEANNIE READ SAMPSON (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In the early days of the Confederacy, as there was no arsenal in the South, my Grandfather Todd was sent as a spy to Norfolk to find out how shot, firearms, etc., were made. He had found out, when some Federals captured him. As President Lincoln had married grandfather's sister, he was not put in prison, but was taken to Lincoln's house. Mr. Lincoln wanted him to give his parole, but he replied, "No; if I get a chance I shall escape." He was allowed to go wherever he wished, but two detectives always went with him. He walked and rode out often, hoping to escape. One night he went to an entertainment, and he and the detectives stepped out of the carriage and went in the hall. Grandfather stopped before the hat-rack as if to adjust his tie. The two detectives, seeing him in the house, mixed in the crowd in the next room.



"REFLECTIONS." BY MARY GOLDTHWAITE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Grandfather, seizing the opportunity, went out quickly, and, getting in the carriage, told the coachman to drive him to the Potomac. The driver, not knowing that he was a prisoner, obeyed. Grandfather got out and said, "Take the President my compliments for the use of his carriage." Then, jumping into the Potomac, he swam across and escaped.

In the twilight I often like to hear mother tell about how he made his escape.

When there was a rising of Indians in the Northwest, and all the people had to crowd into the forts, my great-great-great-grandfather took his turn doing sentry duty outside the fort to set an example. My ancestress used to go out and walk up and down beside him, as that was the only quiet time she had to talk with him. She was afraid of the Indians, of course, but her great courage did not let her remain in for that.

Once, when there was a madman, armed with knives, on a river boat, of whom every one was afraid, her only son was made a special constable by his father to go and arrest him.

I do not know anything more about her, but this will be enough to show that my ancestress was an unusually brave woman.

A JUNE SONG IN WINTER.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I SIT in the window corner,
  Looking out into the night,
While down on the snow beneath me
  The moonbeams shine so bright.

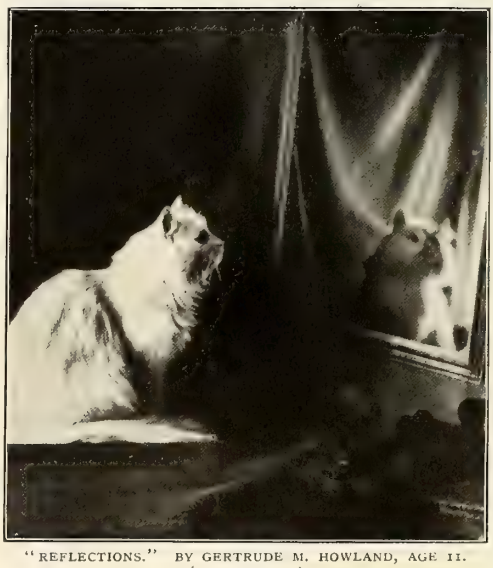
My brains are tired of rhyming,
  And my rhymes seem out of tune;
For it 's hard to write in windy March
  A song of sunny June.

A JUNE SONG.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OH, that I were an artist! I would paint June
As in my thoughts I 've often pictured her:
A maiden with cherries on her smiling lips
And sunshine in her flowing golden hair!



"REFLECTIONS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION OF COURAGE.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IT may interest the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS to know that mother possesses a document signed by George Washington in the year 1796, making an American ancestor of mine judge of the territory northwest of the river Ohio. This man had a wife named Rebecca. On the second Sunday after she was married, she had walked to church between her husband and Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State. We also have the dress she wore on that day. I have worn it once myself on my birthday, when I dined late with my parents, and my brothers were asked to meet me.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY SOPHRONIA MOORE COOPER (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

AT the close of the French War, in 1756, my great-great-grandfather, Stephen Moore, was appointed Deputy Postmaster-general in Quebec, with the Canada District under his management. General Holdiman, then in command in Canada, had occasion in midwinter to send an express to Sir Jeffery Amherst, the commander-in-chief in America, residing at New York. He applied to my forefather to look out for a person qualified for the purpose and acquainted with all the wilderness through which it was necessary to pass.

Neither the St. Lawrence nor Lakes were sufficiently hard to bear sleigh or horses, and the despatches required haste and immediate conveyance.

My ancestor, after a few hours' preparation, told the general he had found such a person, and the letters were immediately handed to him. He put a pound or two of dressed provisions in his knapsack, put on his skates, slung his blanket and snowshoes on his back,

and started from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence.

On arrival at Montreal, he hired a couple of faithful Mohawks, armed as a guard, and all of them on snowshoes (the snow very deep and no vestige of a track), proceeded through the wilderness by the shortest course known to his Indian guides, to the north end of Lake Champlain. There they took to the lake, and proceeded on it and Lake George to its south boundary, and from there to the Hudson. At Albany he discharged his Indians, took to his skates, and kept on them until he reached Colonel Philipse's seat at Yonkers, twenty miles from New York.

He fell through the ice twice before he relinquished the frozen Hudson. From Colonel Philipse's he walked to town, and delivered his despatches to Sir Jeffery Amherst on the tenth day after leaving Quebec. The general told my great-great-grandfather that his position as Deputy Postmaster-general to the King's army forbade his offering any pecuniary remuneration, but handsomely insisted upon his acceptance of a large sum as postage, presenting him with one hundred guineas.



"REFLECTIONS." BY FARRIS B. SMITH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ANNA C. HEFFERN (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

FLOW gently, ye streams!
Sing, sing, ev'ry bird!
Sun, scatter thy beams!
And let there be heard
With great acclamation
In tongue of each nation
This glad proclamation:
'T is June.

Now open, ye roses!
And, grasses, spring up!
Joy-filled, it o'erflows,
Doth, now, nature's cup;
The earth it is ringing
With jubilant singing
Of this joyous bringing
Of June.

Wind, bear the glad news
From palm unto pine!
'T is summer! And whose
This duty but thine?
With no lamentation
Let each tongue and nation
Shout this proclamation:
'T is June.



"REFLECTIONS." BY CORINNE BOWERS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

OUR FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE WICKENDEN (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ST. NICHOLAS is always very welcome, but this month especially so; for the first thing I saw, on opening it, was a story on Cécile Daubigny's bedroom; and it will give me an opportunity of telling you that which will always remain as a family tradition with us.

We have been closely connected with the surviving members of Daubigny's family for many years—that is to say, Monsieur B. Daubigny, his second son, and Madame Karl Daubigny, the widow of the eldest son. Cécile Daubigny died several years ago.

Our house was just across the road from the Villa des Vallées, and we five children have spent most of our time in the Daubigny house, and all of us have slept in that bedroom, which we know by heart, as well as the rest of the house. Not only the little bedroom has been decorated, but also the studio, hall, and dining-room. One of our favorite corners on rainy days was the big sofa in the corner of the studio, reading the "Arabian Nights," or in the large, cool, tiled hall, where we would sew or play with our dolls.

We knew every corner in the garden where nuts, strawberries, violets, and the best apples and cherries could be found, and where also grew the finest ivy leaves, which we used to put around our bouquets of violets and daisies.

There was also the *Botin*, the boat on which Daubigny spent so much of his time; it was placed at the end of the lawn, where it was slowly decaying. On the anniversaries of the death of the two Daubignys, Madame Daubigny always placed on the *Botin* bouquets, which we helped her to make.

On our birthdays we used to go over there to sleep, which we thought was great fun, though I hardly know why, as we spent most of our time there in any case, so much so that most strangers thought we were Madame Daubigny's children.

The last week we were at Auvers, Madame Daubigny kindly lent us the house, as ours was sold.

My twelfth birthday came just at that time, and Monsieur B. Daubigny and Madame Karl Daubigny gave me an old-fashioned ring which belonged to Madame C. F. Daubigny. We write to each other very often, and live in the hope of meeting each other again in dear old Auvers.

THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE BARSTON (AGE 6).

LITTLE birdies in the sky—
Don't you see them flying high,
Up above the great big clouds,
Like an arrow shooting by?

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MORRIS BISHOP (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONE of the customs of the bucaneers was to bury a man or boy, preferably a boy, with their treasure. When they had amassed enough treasure they would set out in search of a suitable boy.

Alas! my great-great-great-grandfather once happened to be that boy. He was captured and taken aboard Captain Kidd's ship—for it was Kidd himself who had captured him—till they could find a spot to bury their ill-gotten gains.

When they finally hit upon such a spot, my ancestor was rowed ashore in a boat well guarded with bucaneers. Several more boats came, one of which was laden with some mysterious-looking chests and boxes.

When they reached the shore the bucaneers' attention was fully occupied by the boxes of treasure, as my forefather rightly concluded the mysterious boxes to be. "Now is my chance," thought my forefather, and, accordingly, he "lit out." He found a hollow log, and crawled into it. This saved his life, though he did not know it at the time.

In a few minutes a spider decided that as the mouth of the log was quite a thoroughfare for flies, it would be immensely to his advantage to spin a web over that part, and, acting upon the thought, he spun one.

Meanwhile there was great excitement among the pirates when they discovered that their bird had flown.

They sent out parties as far as they dared in search of him. A party passed the hollow log, but they said:

"He can't be in here; see, a spider is spinning a web over the mouth."

In the morning my forefather escaped and found his way to a settlement.

I do not believe this story is perfectly true, for it could hardly be expected not to be exaggerated in some of the particulars, as it was never put in writing before. The main facts, however, are true.



"COMPANIONS." BY MARJORIE CONNER, AGE 15.



"COMPANIONS." BY ELSIE MOORE, AGE 13.



"REFLECTIONS." BY J. STUART JEFFERIES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ROBERT E. DUNDON (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

IN the sunrise-time, enraptured,
By its potent magic captured,
By its stilly charm enfolded,
As the poet wandered idly,
Swept his gaze a bit more widely,
Seeing shapes no mortal molded
Save in free imagination,
Saw this wonder presentation:

Riotous and helter-skelter,
In the sunny south slope's shelter,
Myriads of nature's fairest
Children growing, budding, blowing,
With a vigor overflowing.
With a beauty of the rarest,
Making June a month of pleasure,
Peace, and joy in endless measure.

Oh, how tawdry is ambition,
Vainer than vain repetition!
E'en the lowest of the lowly
Seem devoted to creation,
Seem to offer veneration,
Seem inspired by something holy,
Preach contentment, zeal for doing,
Virtue giving, life renewing.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN PLATT (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LONG time ago, in the year 1847, my great-grandfather crossed the plains to Oregon in company with some other settlers.

They traveled in wagons drawn by oxen.

One day, when they were still a long way from Oregon, some Indians drove off the oxen.

The travelers did not know what to do; they did not have provisions enough to last very long, and they would starve before they could get any more.

My great-grandfather set his teeth, took some provisions, and started out, alone and on foot, to find the oxen.

He traveled for two days. Toward evening of the second day, he saw some Indians in a ravine, and at the foot of this ravine grazed the oxen. He was unarmed; he had only a stick in his hand: nevertheless he resolved to get those oxen.

He walked down to where they were feeding, and, in full sight of the Indians, he drove the oxen away. The Indians were so astonished at his bravery and daring that they did not move.

The Indians greatly admire bravery, and perhaps they thought that such a brave man ought to keep his cattle.

My great-grandfather drove the oxen back and the settlers resumed their journey. I do not think their oxen were ever stolen again.

A JUNE AFTERNOON.

BY RUTH BIRD (AGE 15).

THE days are long and sunny,
And the robin sings his best,
And the bobolink is calling
In the grass beside his nest.

The boys are off a-fishing
In the stream down by the mill,
And mama 's rocking baby,
And everything is still.

I 'm getting very drowsy,
And I can't read any more,
And I think I 'll take a little nap
Right down here on the floor.



"SKUNK." BY GEORGINA E. McCALL, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ADELYN BELL (AGE 14).

ON a dark, foggy night in August, 1776, Washington, with his army, made his memorable retreat from Long Island. The British had a large force of well-trained soldiers, across the sound, on close watch for any signs of the colonists—or rebels, as they were called. All of these things made it dangerous for Washington to withdraw. It is true he had the darkness and the fog on his side, and his men, while "small in number, were bold in spirit"; still, unless the camp-fires had been kept burning until the army had reached New York, it is probable that the undertaking would have been a loss. My great-grandfather, with two or three others, were stationed as guards to keep up the camp-fires. They were the last to depart from the island. While the fires blazed high and bright, they quietly left and hastened to rejoin the main army. The English, seeing the fires, were deceived at first, and missed their opportunity of capturing the Americans.



"WHITE-CRESTED NUTHATCH." BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

JUNE.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 9).

OH, June she brings the roses,
So scented and so fair;
I love to smell their perfume,
That fills the summer air.

Of yellow there are n't many,
Of white there are a few;
Red and pink are plentiful,
All sparkling with the dew.

'T is June that brings the strawberries
So luscious and so sweet;
I like to sit in shade of trees
And eat and eat and eat.



"WILD DUCKS." BY L. S. TAYLOR, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

FAMILY TRADITIONS.

BY OLIVE MUDIE COOKE (AGE 14).

MOST families have a tradition, but there are few which date back as far as the early Norsemen.

The Mudies were great vikings, who were famous not only for their great and endless courage, skill, and strength, but for their mercy toward those weaker than themselves. They were never known to bring about any revenge, except once, when a member of their family was taken prisoner and the "Blood Eagle" cut upon him. For a long time they sought the man who had done this, and, when they found him, treated him even as he had treated their relative.

In later days it became the custom for the vikings who inhabited the islands round Scotland to be stood up in their armor when they died, instead of being given a burning journey to Valhalla, with their ships and slain followers. Until about fifty years ago two of our ancestors stood thus, and the nurses used to frighten the children by telling them that the Mudies would fetch them.

My grandfather, the founder of Mudie's Library, was having some pipes mended in the library, and the workmen noticed that the walls sounded as if there were another room next to the one they were in.

Upon examination a sealed door was discovered. This was opened, and a room found containing silver, etc., of the time of Charles I, some of which was very valuable, and given to the British Museum.

A JUNE SONG.

BY EVA LEVY (AGE 15).

OH, the roses all are blooming,
pink and yellow, white and red,
And the bluets shy are peeping
now from out their grassy bed,
And the bluebells all are chiming
low a merry, merry tune,
And my heart sings to their music, "It is June, oh, it is June!"

Blue and cloudless are the heavens, soft and balmy is the air,
And the breezes all are whispering, "Was there ever month so fair?"
All around the birds are caroling a happy, happy tune,
And my heart joins in with rapture, "It is June, oh, it is June!"

And the softly flowing river over which the willows nod
Sings, as ever on it ripples, of the wondrous love of God.
And the sunshine and the flowers seem to catch and
hold the tune,
And my heart joins in with gladness, "It is June, oh, it
is June!"

Every creature feels the happiness pervading all the air;
Every creature seems to sing in praise of June, that
month so rare.
Oh, the whole world seems a-ringing, and the burden
of the tune
Suits the words my heart is singing—"It is June, oh,
it is June!"

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARJORIE E. PARKS (AGE 13).

IN the olden times when hand-engines were used, my twice-great-uncle, Isaac Harris, was an active volunteer fireman, as most of the men were then. It was the custom in those days to keep in the houses two or three leather buckets, to be used in cases of emergency. When there was a fire, every one would seize their buckets, fill them with water, and rush to help put out the fire.

At the time to which I refer, the famous Old South Church in Boston was on fire. The date was December 31, 1810.

Among the first to arrive on the scene was my great-great-uncle, who immediately saw what needed to be done. So he climbed to the roof of the church, poured on the water, and then with an ax cut the burning portion from the building. For this brave act he was presented with a massive silver pitcher by the citizens of Boston.

This Isaac Harris was a mast-maker by trade, and furnished the masts for the famous United States frigate *Constitution,* popularly known as "Old Ironsides."



"COMPANIONS." BY EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET P. HASTINGS (AGE 12).

WHEN my grandmother was a little girl she used to visit at Mount Vernon, Virginia, a great deal, as she was a great favorite of Mrs. Washington, the mother of Augustin Washington, the last owner of Mount Vernon, and was also her cousin.

When she grew older, this cousin gave her a pair of gold shoulder sleeve-buttons, which were always said to have belonged to Pocahontas, who wore them to fasten her sleeves on the shoulder when she was presented at court in England.

This pair of shoulder sleeve-buttons consist of four little buttons; each two are linked together, as some cuff-buttons are, only these buttons are a great deal smaller.

One reason I like this story so much is because I have one of the buttons on a necklace.

A JUNE SONG.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

OH, a ruddy shaft of sunlight now paints
the whole world gold;
The dew is sparkling on the grass, the air
is fresh and cold,
And the countless cobwebs glimmer, all wet
and white with dew;
Robin-redbreasts sing with joy, and sunlit
skies are blue.

For June, the month of day-dreams, has
come again this year;
Birds are sailing overhead—their countless
songs we hear.
The murmur of the skylark, up in the sky
so blue,
Seems now to say, "Oh, dreamy month,
to thee my heart is true."

Come out into the sunlight, come out and
dream with me;
Come where the zephyrs gently blow, where
drowsy hums the bee.
Come out, my little dreamer, and sing a
merry tune;
For all the birds that ever sang proclaim
the month of June.

A JUNE SONG.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

(*Written on a very stormy day in March.*)

IN June the cold wind never blows;
It never rains, nor hails, nor snows;
There is no slippery ice about—
But flowers bloom day in, day out.
It would not be so drear
If June were only here.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELISABETH CLARK (AGE 13).

ONE bright day, August 16, 1782, the white men of Bryant's Station discovered some Indians skulking in the edge of the woods, as if to take the fort by surprise. The men were prepared for an attack, except they had no water. The spring was a little way outside the fort. To get the water was the work of the women, and if the men went now the Indians would know that they were discovered. The men told the women how it was, and

my twice-great-grandmother Johnson was the first to volunteer to go. Then the other women and girls said they would go. Grandmother had four children in the fort: Betsey, Sallie, James, and baby Richard M. Johnson (who afterward killed Tecumseh and was Vice-President of the United States). Betsey was old enough to go to the spring, while Sallie took care of James and Richard. The women went to the spring laughing and talking as if there were no Indians in gun-shot. They got back to the fort with the water. The Indians attacked the fort. After a hard fight some men rode up on horseback and the Indians ran away. There is now a wall around the spring and memorial tablets to the brave women of Bryant's Station.

LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

BY THEODOSIA D. JESSUP (AGE 11).

THE sky is of an azure blue,
Warm breezes softly blow,
Pink brier-roses blossom too,
The violet bloometh low.

Far away on the purple hills,
Snow melteth fast from sight;
The very clouds once dark and gray
Are now a fleecy white.

So is the springtime of our youth,
When wants and cares are few,
When life's stream is a sparkling rill,
And skies are always blue.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LOIS GERTRUDE STEVENS (AGE 6).

THE shortest tradition in our family is about the three men who captured Major André as he galloped along the Tarrytown road. My great-grandma's cousin said: "You are our prisoner; get off your horse." A monument marks the spot where they seized and searched him.



"COMPANIONS." BY FRANCES BRYANT GODWIN, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"JUNE." BY ROBERT EDMUND JONES, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY LAWRENCE HARGER DOOLITTLE (AGE 12).

IN the Norse mythology, Thor is the god of thunder. He fights the giants with his magic hammer, Mjöllnir, which returns to his hand when he throws it. The giants are always trying to get into Asgard, the home of the gods, and they know if they can get hold of the hammer they can accomplish their end.

One morning when Thor awoke he could not find the hammer. Then he thought of the giants, so he sent Loki (the god of fire) to look for it. Loki borrowed the falcon-guise of Freyja (goddess of love), and flew away to Jötunheim, the home of the frost-giants. Here he saw Thrym, their chief, sitting on a mountain, making collars for his dogs.

"Welcome, Loki," said he; "how fares it with the gods and elves, and what brings you here?"

"It fares ill with both gods and elves since you stole Thor's hammer," replied Loki, "and I have come to find it."

The giant laughed and said, "You won't find it, for I have buried it eight miles underground, and I won't give it up unless I get Freyja for a wife."

Loki flew back to Asgard and told Thor, but Freyja indignantly refused.

So Thor, dressed and veiled like a bride and with Loki disguised as a servant-maid, journeyed to Jötunheim. When Thrym saw them coming he ordered the wedding-feast prepared. The bride's appetite aroused Thrym's suspicions, but Loki explained that Freyja was so happy that she had fasted for eight days. This pleased Thrym very much, and he carefully lifted the edge of the veil, but when he saw the bride's eyes he jumped back the whole length of the room.

"Why are Freyja's eyes so sharp?" he asked.

"Oh," said Loki, "she was so anxious to come here that she has n't slept for a week."

Thrym ordered the hammer brought in, that it might be used in the marriage ceremony. No sooner had the hammer been laid in the bride's lap than she tore off her veil, and there stood Thor, hurling the hammer right and left.

Thrym was punished, and Asgard safe once more.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOSEPH W. McGURK, AGE 17.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. The membership is free. A League badge and an information leaflet will be mailed on application.

PANDORA.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL (AGE 11).

A LONG time ago there lived, in a large house, all alone, a little boy named Epimetheus. At this time there was no trouble or sickness in the world and no one grew old.

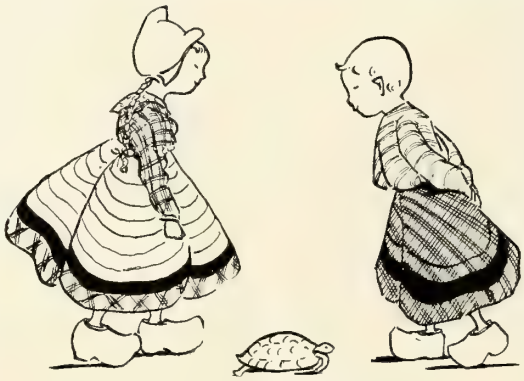
One day some one brought a little girl about Epimetheus's age to live with him. Her name was Pandora.

A little while before, a large box had been left with Epimetheus, and he had been told never to open it, or to let any one else. Almost as soon as Pandora came she asked what was in the box. Epimetheus told her that he did not know, and he had been told not to let any one open it.

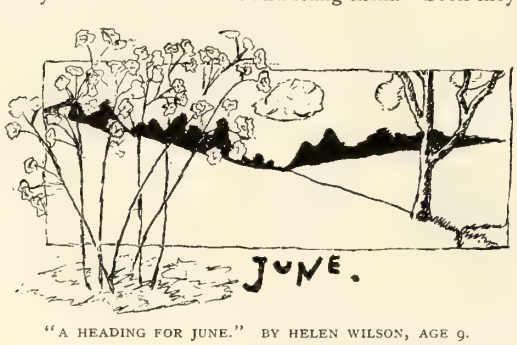
Pandora did not like it because she could not see what was in it, and she soon became cross and bothered Epimetheus. She tried very hard to make him let her open it, but he would not.

Later, when Epimetheus went out to get some food, Pandora went to the box and gazed at it. At last she started to open it. Just as she began to lift the lid, the door opened and Epimetheus came in, but Pandora did not hear him. He saw what she was doing, but did not try to stop her. When she opened the box, a great many little insects flew out and stung them. Soon they flew around and stung a great many other people. These insects were called Troubles.

A long time after this, Pandora and Epimetheus heard a sweet little voice coming from the box, and after much coaxing they opened the box again, and a beautiful little creature called Hope flew out. She helped every one, and healed the wounds made by the Troubles.



"COMPANIONS." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HELEN WILSON, AGE 9.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 710. Alfred Germann, President; Harry Hartmen, Secretary; six members. Address, 85 Jefferson Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 711. Nuhfer Moulton, Secretary; ten members. Address, Plain City, Ohio.

No. 712. "Children of Love and Truth." Elizabeth Marchant, President and Secretary; five members. Address, 537 York St., Camden, N. J.

No. 713. Edwin Sides, President; Thomas Sullivan, Secretary; five members. Address, 10 Mill St., South Groveland, Mass.

No. 714. Ina Austin, President; Edith Van Horn, Secretary; six members. Address, Wellsboro, Pa.

No. 715. "George Washington." Fred Tobin, President; Alice McGrath, Secretary; four members. Address, 68 Canal St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 716. "Electæ Sex." Mildred Cram, President; Dorothy Ridgely, Secretary; six members. Address, 1925 7th Ave., New York City.

No. 717. "Triangle." Louise Fitz, President; Rosalind Case, Secretary; three members. Address, Peconic, L. I., N. Y.

No. 718. "Little Women." Katharine Norton, President; Margaret Norton, Secretary; four members. Address, 216 Homer St., Newton Center, Mass.

No. 719. Egbert Spencer, President; Allen Schauffler, Secretary; eight members. Address, Box 437, Highland Park, Ill.

No. 720. "Bell Chapter." Marion Hays, President; Florence Mooney, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 721. "Happy Hour." Celia Middleman, President; Minnie Middleman, Secretary; six members. Address, 727 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 722. "Three Little Chickadees." Bessie Tappan, President; Lillian Aspinall, Secretary; three members. Address, Firthcliffe, N. Y.

No. 723. Eunice Barrow, President; Joyce Bovee, Secretary; eight members. Address, Pocahontas, Iowa.

No. 724. William White, President; Arthur Read, Secretary; two members. Address, 354 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

No. 725. John O'Callaghan, President; nine members. Address, 113 Smith St., Roxbury, Mass.

No. 726. Marion Peirce, President; Margaret Jaques, Secretary; nine members. Address, 608 Ferry St., Lafayette, Ind.

No. 727. "Columbine." Harry Palmer, President; Donald Jackson, Secretary; five members. Address, 2347 King St., Denver, Col.

No. 728. "Tuesday Afternoon Club." Ernestine Senter, President; eleven members. Address, 69 Miller Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 729. "Au Fait." Marguerite Mills, President; Marguerite Fietsch, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 342 Home St., Oak Park, Ill.

No. 730. "Sunshine Circle." Mary Bulloch, President; Jeannie Sampson, Secretary; six members. Address, Shelbyville, Ky.

No. 731. "Pen and Ink." Louis Pavis, President; Moses Weiss, Secretary; three members. Address, 314 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 732. Douglas Sharpe, Secretary; nine members. Address, Greensboro, N. C.

No. 733. "The Torch." Neill Wilson, Secretary; six members. Address, 1415 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal.

No. 734. "Merry Links." Gertrude O'Brien, President; Christine Schoff, Secretary; nine members. Address, Norfolk, Conn.

No. 735. Adelaide Stiles, President; Harriet Lish, Secretary; five members. Address, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away from home for some time, and I have just received the cash prize which you were so kind as to award me.

Some of the League members have written that when they received the silver badge they thought it charming, but when the gold badge came they thought that still more beautiful. So I may write that when I received the gold badge I thought it very beautiful indeed, but when I received the cash prize I thought *that* still more beautiful.

I never thought that I could write anything worthy of the Great Unattainable, as I regarded it, and I was afraid that I should reach the advanced age of eighteen without satisfying my ambition; so you can imagine my delight when I read my name among the awards.

I suppose that I am not permitted to enter the competitions any longer, but I hope that you will let me send my contributions, because I should hate to consider myself out of the League.

Thanking you for your kindness and encouragement, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

SIDONIA DEUTSCH.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOSEPHINE ARNOLD BONNEY, AGE 15.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day my brother came home with such a long face that I immediately inquired the trouble. "Because I have no poem to recite on Lincoln's birthday," he replied. "Have n't you a book with some poems relating to Lincoln?" he continued. "No," I answered, "but — oh, yes!" I exclaimed; "go up to my room, and on my bookcase you will find the February ST. NICHOLAS."

He took it to school, and in the afternoon he came home with the news that the teacher had selected a poem for him to recite from the St. Nicholas League, written by a boy eleven years old! But this was not all. She gave four more boys poems from the League, not allowing them to recite those that she had previously given them.

Now, what do you think of that, dear old ST. NICHOLAS?

Ever your devoted reader, RITA WANNINGER.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What a kind, indulgent saint you are! This gold badge is so beautiful that I can hardly think it is really mine; everybody says it is lovely, and I thank you so much for it. I think it is so friendly when other nations allow us to share their child-honors. It seems as if I must be feeling just a little bit like Lord Bobs with his Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, or some Englishman who has been decorated with the French Legion of Honor. But I am very proud of my own national emblems, though I cannot wear them for anything I have done.

Thank you again for printing my letter last October. I have now five American correspondents wanting to exchange wild flower specimens, so you will have given pleasure to six of us. Mother wants you to know that I have the Bible for Children which is advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. She says it is the only child's Bible she has seen that seems like a real Bible, outside and in, and I love to have it. If ever I should be so very fortunate as to win a cash prize, I wonder if I should be allowed to have a book instead? Dear ST. NICHOLAS, in giving me the chance to try with others, you have given me one of the best pleasures I have ever had. I read every single thing in the League pages, and often wish I could do as well; but of course I have a long time left to try in and my badge is a great encouragement. As I am quite a small member of ST. NICHOLAS, I will sign myself, Your loving little friend, ELSA CLARK.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know how to thank you enough for the lovely badge you sent me.

After trying for two years to gain such an honor, and when I was despairing of ever getting such a beautiful prize, to have it come was too good to be true. Thanking you again and again, I am

Your devoted League member, HELEN F. CARTER.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl. My father and mother and little sister have lived in an army post or on detail as long as I can remember. My father was wounded very badly at San Juan Hill, so is not fit for service. We are here waiting retirement. I thought when I came here that the barracks ought to be on three sides and the officers' quarters on the fourth. We had a little school at the last fort I was at. Most of the children are in the Philippines now. Some of the children had been in Porto Rico and could speak Spanish like natives. I must stop.

Yours lovingly, KATHERINE KIRKWOOD SCOTT (age 9).

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to the Newton Chapter of the League, of which I inclose a photograph. The dog, my French poodle, is an honorary member of our club. We made fifty-eight dollars at a fair last summer, which we sent to the "Tribune" Fresh Air Fund. Last month we had a progressive pit party and dance at a hall in town and entertained about fifty guests. We had great fun.

Wishing success and a long life to the League, I remain,

Your devoted reader,

FLORENCE R. T. SMITH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can never thank you enough for all you have done for me. Since I joined the League all my teachers have remarked how improved my literary work is, but I think I was a bit doubtful until I received that second prize for a story that *I* made up.

Ever your loving reader.

DOROTHEA THOMPSON.

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you pleased to know that your readers especially enjoy certain articles?

We think the story "Jack an' Me," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is one of the best little child-stories the ST. NICHOLAS has had — and we appreciate the use of the word "lovelly." Then, too, we admire "Happy Days," in the December number: "ribbons crack," "the end of a distant sound" — please have the author write some more verses.

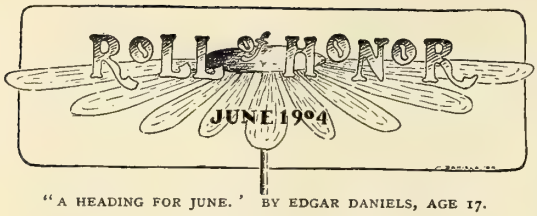
With our good wishes to these two writers especially, we are

SOCIETAS PUELLARUM.

OTHER appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Alice J. Goss, Ruth Wales, Helen Patch, Beatrice Fagon Cockle, Mary Elmira Heilner, Nannie C. Barr, Marjorie Shriver, Ada G. Kendall, Katherine Bagaley, Anna A. Flichtner, Elizabeth S. Mills, Florence R. T. Smith, Thomas J. League, Pearl Blucher, E. Adelaide Hahn, Sadie Silver, Bonnie Bonner, Emily Rose Burt, Marion Thomas, Dulcie Power, Dorothea Porterfield, Ada H. Case, Ella May Davis, Maria Arpesani, Oscar D. Stevenson, Anna Clark Buchanan, Helen J. Beshgetour, Ruth C. Stebbins, Elsa Van Nes, Grace Haren, Madge Pulsford, Madge Oakley, Sally Colston, Winifred Hutchings, Rea Schimpeler, Floyd L. Mitchell, Margaret H. Bennett, Agnes Rutherford, Gladys V. Stuart, Frank Uberroth, Eleanor Clarke, Edith Rachel Kaufman, and Helen Weidenfeld.



THE NEWTON CHAPTER. (SEE LETTER ABOVE.)



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Selected from more than twelve hundred contributors.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Katherine T. Halsey
Maud Dudley Shackelford
William Laird Brown
Mary Travis Heward
Marguerite Borden
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Marion Prince
Elsie T. Weil
Emily Rose Burt
Louisa F. Spear
Myra Bradwell Helmer
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Carl Olsen
Dorothy Walker
Ruth Grey De Pledge
Charles Irish Preston
Jessica Nelson North
Carolyn Bulley
Elizabeth C. Beale
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Pemberton H. Whitney
Henrietta Craig Dow
Elise Russell
Louise Heffern
Natalie Wurts
Aurelia Michener
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Gertrude Wilcox
Marie C. Wennerberg
Dorothea M. Dexter
Daisy E. Brettell
Anita Bradford
Mary Yeula Westcott
Helen M. Spear
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Doris Francklyn
Katharine Monica Burton
B. A. Mann
Helen Copeland Coombs
Nannie C. Barr
Rachel Bulley
Gwenllian Peirson Turner
Margaret C. Richey
Gladys Nelson
Ray Randall
Emmeline Bradshaw
Magdalene Barry
Katherine Scheffel
Mena Blumenfeld
H. Mabel Sawyer
Greta W. Kernan
Rita Pearson
Dorothy Stabler
Esther Galbraith
Julia Cooley
Elizabeth Burrage
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck
Lily Pearson
Marjorie Meeker
Elsa Clark
Virginia Coyne

VERSE 2.

Laura Gregg
May Henderson Ryan
Georgia Spears
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Catherine E. Campbell
Elsie Kimball Wells
May Margaret Bevier
Alice Braunlich
Florence L. Adams
Maude C. Douglas
Elizabeth Lee
Ruth T. Abbott
Richard Rea Montgomery
Austin O'Connor
Charles H. Price, Jr.
Florence Isabel Miller
Laura Brown
Helene Esberg
Ramon de François Folsom
Alice Moore
Rebecca Faddis
Benjamin Hitz
Mabel Robinson
Ray Murray
Elizabeth Cocke
Helen Louise Stevens
Wilbur K. Bates
Corinna Long
Margaret Benedict
Mary C. Nash
Dorothy H. Ebersole
Marie Armstrong
Harold R. Norris
Mary Patton
Marjorie Patterson
Susan Warren Wilbur
Kathleen Burgess
Freda M. Harrison
Katharine Norton
Mary C. Smith
Katharina Goetz
Gretchen Strong
Evelyn Uhler
Angeline Michel
Mildred Eareckson
Katharine Leeming
Florence Hewlett
Alice Trimble
Jean Dickerson
Marion E. Bradley
Sarah Yale Carey
George Currie Evans
Alice Perkins
Dorothy Joyce
Grace Leslie Johnston
Robert J. Martin
Medora Addison

PROSE 1.

Willia Nelson
Helen Lorenz
John N. Wilkinson, Jr.
Julia Bryant Collier
Eleanor Wyman
Marguerite Stevenson
Anna Loraine Washburn
Edmund Randolph Brown
Katharine L. Marvin
Jessie Freeman Foster
Ruth Fletcher
Mildred M. Whitney
Elizabeth S. Brengle
Marion A. Rubicam
Margaret Budd
Marion Phelps
John Paulding Browne
Sarah Hall Gaither
Melicent Eva Humason
Frances Renshaw Latzke
William A. R. Russum
Gertrude Trumplette
Katherine Palmer
Anna Gardiner
Robert Gillett
Marie Jedermann
Ida Busser
Dorothy Kuhns
Fay Memory
Myrtle Willis Morse
Gertruydt Beekman
Priscilla Alden Clarke
Marjory Fitch McQuiston
Elizabeth P. Defandorf
Nell Kerr
Mary Williamson
Louise M. Hains
William Hazlett Upson
Margaret Carpenter
Margaret Stone
Edith J. Minaker
Jeanette Dair Garside
William Ariel Talcott
Dorothy Hall
Mary Graham Lacy
Marjory Leadingham
Rowland Fowler
William Leetch
Gretchen S. James
Mary Hendrickson
Lelia E. Tupper
John Willis Love
Louise Lincoln
Florence Rosalind Spring
Carlos Young
Robert Lindley Murray
Hester Trumbull
Clarissa M. L. Howland
Marion Logan Kean
Dorothy G. Thayer
Alice Wadsworth
Ted Miller
Henry Irving Fitz
J. Foster Flagg Price

PROSE 2.

Jessie B. Coit
Mildred Newman
Marion Elizabeth Ingalls
Fern L. Patten
Mary Hatch
Natalie Pearson
Eleanor Hathorne Bailey
Helen J. Simpson
France J. Shriver
Kathryn Sprague
G. Virginia Robinson
Marguerite Eugenie Stevens
Florence Montague
Urath Brown Sutton
Laura B. Weill
Christine Graham
Constance Dorothy Collins
Dorothy Davis
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Evelyn Corse
Mary Pemberton Nourse
E. Vincent Millay
Barbara Cheney
Andrew Robinson
John McCoy
Marie Willitt
Olga Maria Kolff
Stanley F. Moodie
June Deming
Willis L. Osborn
John K. Wright
Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Richard J. Levis
Mary E. Pidgeon
Marjorie Moore
Anna Michener
Doris M. Smith
Theodore Wells
Dorothy Kavanaugh
Mercie Williamson
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Nan Ball
Mary Merrill Foster
Volney Parker
Aaron Coon
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Paul S. Arnold
Mary Washington Ball
Vera M. Stevens
Lucy S. Taylor
Stanley W. McNeill
Martha H. Ordway
Katherine MacLaren
Charles F. Fuller
Eleanor White
Louis Alexander
Sidney B. Bowne
Rita Wanninger
Charles Deane
Lillian May Chapman
Else Buchenberger
Gladys Hodson
R. F. Andrews
Katherine Olivia Leech
William G. Maupin
Juliette Gates
Blanche Leeming
Kate Cleaver Heffelfinger
Mary Graham Bonner
Mary R. Adam
Dorothy Felt
Harriette Kyler Pease
Twila Agnes McDowell
Lola Hall
Bessie Miller
Marguerite Kershner
Doris Neel
Caroline Sinkler
Frederic Olsen
Fulvia Varvaro
Sally Nelson Catlett
Florence Hanawalt
Eva L. Pitts
Helen Wilson Barnes
Gerald F. Smith
Gratia B. Camp
Joseph A. Allen
Winifred Davis
Lucy Du Bois Porter
Arla Stevens
Gertrude M. Schell
Margaret Griffith
Marguerite Clark White
Gladys M. McCain
Louise Fitz
Rex E. Daggett
Katharine Deering
Pauline M. Dakin
Winnie B. Wilson
Helen Manning McNair
Maria Tilton Wead
Mary Thornton
Henry Reginald Carey
Evelyn Adriance
Kate King Morrison
Eleanor Clarke
Allen Castleman
May A. Bacon
Mary E. Mead
Elizabeth R. Van Brunt
Arnold W. Jacobson
Katharine Oliver
Isabella Howland
Ruth A. Johnson
Annie Brownie Samsell
Marjorie Garland
Marion Cheney
Alice Keating
Tom Ross
Helen De Wolf
Bertha Moore
Marguerite Stuart
Ethel V. Brand
Frieda Rabinowitz

DRAWINGS 1.

Stephen Cochran
Florence Gardiner
Genevieve Parker
Ruth Parshall Brown
Phyllis Lyster
Gurdon Williams
H. B. Lachman
Louise Converse
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Ella E. Preston
Alice Josephine Goss
Mildred Curran Smith
Bessie T. Griffith
H. Albert Sohl
Edw. Louis Kastler
Melville C. Levey
M. C. Kinney
W. Whitford
Marjorie Gilbert Savin
Eleanor Kinsey
Helen M. Rowland
Dorothy Sturgis
Carolyn S. Fisher
Margaret S. Gamble
Nadine Bowles
Talbot F. Hamlin
Louise Robbins
Sara D. Burge
Carolyn Sherman
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Ethel Messervy
Jane Meldrin
Helen Wilson
Margaret McKeon
Katherine Gibson
Helen May Baker
Cecil D. Murray
Carolyn C. Hutchings
Eleanor R. Chapin
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
John S. Trowbridge
Stephanie Balderston
Catharine Chapin
Rosamond Ritchie
Mary McLeran
Rose T. Briggs
Dorothy Ochtman
Charles T. Blakeslee
Walter Burton Nourse
Margaret Huggins
Marie Atkinson
David B. Campbell
Fayetta Crowley
Mary E. Cromer
Helen Waterman

DRAWINGS 2.

Miles S. Gates
Philip Little
Helen L. Slack
Alice Paine
Margaret A. Dobson
Adelaide Mott
Thomas H. Foley
A. Sheldon Pennoyer
Margery Fulton
James Barrett
Minnie Gwyn
Phœbe Wilkinson
Sidney Moise
Katharine Crouse
Edith Boardman
Caroline Latzke
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Ernest J. Clare
Katharine Bigelow
Robert W. Foulke
Charles H. Fulton
Ruth Felt
Laura Janvrin
E. Beatrice Marsh
Dorothy Richardson
Frances R. Newcomb
Frances Hays
Meade Bolton
Helen G. Bower
Charles Vallee
Helen H. de Veer
Elsa Kahn
Leonie Nathan
Gretchen Rupp
Marion K. Cobb
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Louise Seymour
Loretta O'Connell
Marguerite M. Cree
Albert Mark
Marguerite W. Watson
Mildred D. Yenawine
Elizabeth Osborne
Marie Russell
Will Herrick
Ruby F. Grimwood
Winifred M. Voeclker
Elizabeth Hogan
Ruth E. Hutchins
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Newton J. Schroeder
Edna Baer
Carl Pretzel
Leona Trubel
Margaret E. Corwin
Hal Meader
Anton A. Sellner
Gladys A. Lothrop
Wilmer Hoffman
Margaret Ellen Payne
Harriette Barney Burt
Annette Brown
Henry Olen
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Eleanor Isabel Towne
Catharine Pratt
Mary A. Baker
Arthur Toth
Winifred Hamilton
Elizabeth L. Brown
Elizabeth Flynn
Dorothy Elizabeth Berry
Kenneth E. Hicks
Dorothy Berry
Grace F. Slack
Dorothy Longstreth
S Louise Hale
Florence Forristall
Marcia Hoyt
Mildred Andrus

Betty Lockett
Margaret Josenhans
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Charlotte Brate
Theodore Brill
Charlotte Ball
Mary Cooper
Mary Clarke
Helen C. Wallenstein
Alice Brabant
Eunice McGilvra
Anita Moffett
Jessie Hewitt
J. Harry Drake
Elizabeth S. Fishblate
Rena Kellner
Margaret Hazen
Eleanor Sanger
Aline J. Dreyfus
Madeleine Sweet
Marjorie L. McCurdy
Martha M. Matthews
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Katherine Godwin Parker
Jack Planten
Thomas Sullivan
Kate Fishel
Mabel E. Roosevelt
Phœbe U. Hunter
Louise Garst
Katharine T. Graves
Jeannette McAlpin
Ruth Drake
Gertrude Leadingham
Hermann Schussler
Margaret King
Mary Taussig
John Rodney Marsh

Eleanor Jackson
May W. Ball
Isobel H. Blackader
Lillian Hogan
Ellen P. Laflin
Hattie Prutsman
Ruth Horney
Alice Tweedy
Margaret Ramsay
Eva Pattison
Winifred Hutchings
Lillian Mudge
Olive Garrison
Dwight E. Benedict
Kneeland Green
Beatrice Carleton
Eleanor S. Wilson
Margaret B. McElroy
Bruce K. Steele
Marguerite Schaefer
Dorothy Flynn
Helen V. Tooker
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Lelia Y. Remnitz
Frances W. Varrell
Catherine Leland
Harry G. Martin
Alice Appleton
Raymond E. Cox
Florence Clement
Freda Kirchwey
Rachel Wyse
Alice W. Hinds
Delphina L. Hammer
Ellen Winters
Margaret B. Richardson
Dorothy P. Hutchins
Margaret Sweet
Ilse Knauth

Jamie Douglas
Ivan Lee Osborne
Merman Goebel
Charles D. Swayze
Irene Loughborough
Marie Madeleine Utard
Frances Hale Burt
Hilda Metcalf
Ethel C. Daggett
Louise A. Mullins
Charlotte St. George Nourse
Gertrude B. West
Franklin Speir
Anna K. Cook
Willie E. Crocker
Kenneth Connolly
Ruth H. Matz
Homer M. Smith
Harry Hayden

Randolph Fletcher Brown
Lucia Warden
Hattie Cheney

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Gerome Odgen
Chester S. Wilson
Carlota Glasgow
Bonner Pennybacker
Herbert Powers
Shirley Willis
Margaret Scott
Betty Millet
Dorothy Wormser
Harold K. Schoff
Gordon Fletcher
Elizabeth H. Webster
Harry Lefebre

Helen Kimball
Mary Sprague
Alec Sisson
Agnes C. Cochran
Mercedes Huntington
Elisabeth Heath Rice
Julius Bien
Margaret B. Copeland
Linda Scarritt

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Anna Clark Buchanan
Clinton H. Smith
Frank G. Pratt
Alice Clark
Edwin Shoemaker
Helen Pierce Metcalf
Elizabeth Morrison
Martha Gruening [Jr.
Richard de Charms,
Ruth Helen Brierley
Frances Goldy Budd
M. N. Stiles
Clara Williamson
Barbara Hinkley
Elsie Wormser
Harold Normand Schrender
Edith M. Hobson
Freda Messervy
Theodora Van Wagenen
Heyliger de Windt
Bessie Hedge
Adelaide Gillis
Lionel Jealous
Francis Bassett
Helen Banister
Kendall Bushnell
Gwendolen Scarritt

Godfrey Richards Thorne
J. Paulding Brown
Rutherford Platt
George F. Bliven
Mary Sanger

PUZZLES 1.

Mildred Martin
Alice Knowles
Anna M. Neuburger
E. Adelaide Hahn
Emerson G. Sutcliffe
Mary E. Dunbar
Elizabeth T. Harned
Margaret R. Merriam
Cornelia Landon
Adeline Thomas
Oscar C. Lautz
Elizabeth Berry
Douglas Todd
Louise Reynders
Elisabeth C. Hurd
Margaret McKnight
Elinor Dodsworth
Helen R. Howard
Harvey Deschere
Horace Platt
Seward C. Simons

PUZZLES 2.

Hope Adgate Conant
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Christine Graham
Robert Raymond
Claire L. Sidenberg
Margery Brown
Horace B. Forman
Marjorie Shriver
Henry H. Houston

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING." BY R. A. CHRISTENSEN, AGE 17.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 57.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 57 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Good-by" or "Farewell."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some incident connected with the "Louisiana Purchase."

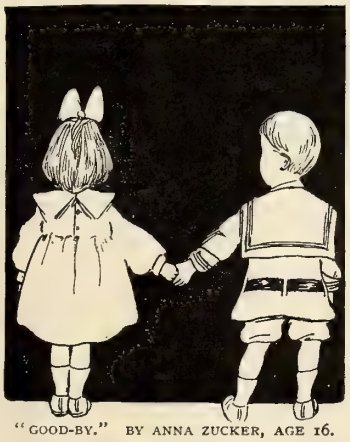
Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "What we Left Behind."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Portrait from Life" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for September."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"GOOD-BY." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE LITERATURE OF PLACES. It will not require much questioning to find out what books refer to the very part of the country where you are going to spend your vacation, and it adds greatly to the interest of your reading if you can at the same time identify the very places referred to in the book. If you know where you are going, be sure to find out whether there is not some book worth reading that relates to the town or region in which your summer is to be passed. Cooper's stories, and Irving's, to say nothing of more recent works, relate to many localities in New York State, where thousands of young people will spend the summer months, and you will best appreciate their descriptions if you are amid the very scenes described. If there is no fiction that tells about the places you will see, there is always an interesting local history.

You may find yourself on some old battlefield, or taking a country walk along some road by which an army marched in Revolutionary days, or in the neighborhood of a historic building, and in this way your reading will assume a vividness that will impress it upon your memory for all time.

PICTURE AND MAP DRAWING. The St. Nicholas League has proved that thousands of our young readers can handle their pencils with skill. Do they ever try to make their reading more clear to their own minds by drawing illustrations or maps or plans of the scenes and incidents described? There is no better way of making one's ideas definite. In drawing the main outlines of a scene, you will find it becomes necessary to have it all clearly in mind, and no doubt you will need to refer to your book more than once before fixing precisely upon your composition. To take an old book, for example, it will be found most interesting to make a map or rough plan of Robinson Crusoe's island, showing where he was wrecked, where he found his cave, the hill from which he saw the savages approaching in their canoe, where the rescue of Friday took place, and so on. In historical stories the task will be even more interesting and valuable, and in well-written books you will be repeating the work of the author in preparing himself to write the story.

If this suggestion is carried out, we should be glad to examine the work of any of our young artists or map-makers, and perhaps show an interesting example of good work to other of the young readers of St. Nicholas.

SUMMER BOOKS. Besides the real outdoor books there are others suitable for the days when all nature is inviting the children to playtime. There are books of lightness in style and subject that may be taken up and put down again without serious interruption to your enjoyment of them. Such are best suited for your general summer reading, when you are likely to be called at any moment to make one in a foursome, or in tennis-doubles, to go for a walk with a lover of flowers, or to ramble along the brookside with the seeker of specimens for an aquarium. The time spent outdoors will never make you the worse reader of good books.

All the greatest writers have loved nature, and you will appreciate them the more for knowing more intimately the beauties of nature.

He who spends all his time over books and none out of doors is but half a student.

GOING ABROAD. It has been wisely said that one sees only what the eyes are prepared to see; which means, of course, that each of us notices most carefully the things he considers interesting. A trip across the ocean and through the storied lands of the Old World has a value depending entirely upon the person who takes it. One, who has by reading made ready to understand the associations called up by old cities, towns, castles, and monuments, will experience a series of golden days; another, not so prepared, will perhaps come home with no memories save those of the little discomforts of travel.

In a way, one's whole life may be compared

to a journey through the world; and whether that journey be happy or the reverse may in the same way depend greatly upon the preparation made for it in youth. From the best writers we learn to see the romance and poetry in every-day life; and this, besides the direct pleasure they give us, is one of the best reasons for choosing these volumes for our reading in youth.

THE LOVER OF BOOKS. THERE is the greatest difference in the way of handling books. You may almost tell whether a boy or girl is a true book-lover by seeing how they treat the books they read. There is a daintiness of handling, a respect for good books, shown by all who have learned what a volume may represent, and, on the contrary, a carelessness and indifference that prove how little books mean to some others. There are exceptions, however; for no one would consider Dr. Johnson indifferent to good literature, and yet he is reported to have been a cruel user of books — utterly careless of a volume when he had once finished with it.

It is hard to understand how one can be indifferent to the fate of a good book. There is always some one to whom it would be useful, even if you have done with it. A true book-lover it was who wrote these appreciative words:

> There is nothing like books. Of all things sold, incomparably the cheapest; of all pleasures, the least palling; they take up little room, keep quiet when they are not wanted, and, when taken up, bring us face to face with the choicest men who have ever lived, at their choicest moments. — *Samuel Palmer.*

Who will tell us something about the author of the quotation given above?

FOR YOUR VACATION. THERE are certain things you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that, besides your fishing-rod, your tennis-racket, your golf-sticks, and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few, possibly the fewer the better, if the little company be well chosen. But do not leave yourself entirely dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being indoors on some rainy day in the country, with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon, whether you prefer Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing on a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite among the singers, choose a single-volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend — a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS. THERE is much advice given about reading, and many good lists of books are made up and recommended. And, so many are the classics awaiting young readers, these lists usually contain only the names of *books*, excluding the critical and explanatory volumes, the "books about books." No doubt it is most important to read the standard authors, but it may fairly be said that many of these can hardly be understood except by reading what other writers have to tell us about them. It is not necessary to tire yourself by reading criticisms and explanations, but it will be found to add greatly to your enjoyment of good literature if you follow your reading of a standard author by some study of what has been said about him and his work. Lowell, for instance, will be best appreciated when you have learned the main facts of his life, and you will see more in Tennyson's poems after you have read Henry van Dyke's study of his work. Whittier, too, and Oliver Wendell Holmes should be known to you as men besides being known as poets.

THE LETTER-BOX.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago my cousin from Boston came to visit me, and we went to see your office, believing that to be the most delightful thing we could do. I have taken you all my life, and on one occasion you proved a "saving grace" to me.

The occasion was in school, where we had to put the noun *cantos* in a sentence. I really did not know what cantos meant, but I recalled an occurrence in "Davy and the Goblin" where it was mentioned. Happy thought! I adapted the meaning, and the result was correct.

Other children made sentences such as, "The cantos are in the cellar," and "It is nicer to cantos than to gallop."

I like New York very much. It seems to me like a great big box full of nice things, from which one has only to choose. One of my favorite things is the Metropolitan Art Museum. I have been there several times, but I always want to go again.

Another of my favorites is the Natural History Museum, to which I was first introduced by Mrs. Wright in "Four-Footed Americans."

To Castle Garden Aquarium, another of my favorites, I was introduced by you.

With best wishes for a happy and successful year,

I remain, your devoted reader,

HELEN COPELAND COOMBS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days before Christmas, father said he would take us to Mexico for our vacation, and we were a delighted family. We went first to El Paso, and then across the Rio Grande to Juarez, where we had to stop and have our baggage inspected.

The children of Mexico are very interesting. We threw pennies, and it was funny to see them scramble for them. As we were in the City of Mexico Christmas week, we saw booths all along the Alameda, where the natives sold pottery, baskets, and other goods.

The Museum, Art Gallery, Thieves' Market, National Pawnshop, and the churches were very interesting. We spent a few days at Cuernavaca, about seventy-five miles south of the City of Mexico. It is situated in the mountains, and the volcano of Popocatapetl can be seen not far away. Here are some pottery works, Maximilian's ranch, and Cortez's palace.

You go to Maximilian's ranch with a guide, on donkeys or horses, along a very interesting road, passing Mexican adobe huts, seeing beautiful wild flowers and coffee berries drying in the sun.

Very sincerely yours,

HELEN E. HIGH.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you a letter about an old dog of mine. He is fourteen years old, but is as spry as if he were two. He rolls over, and shakes hands, and jumps through my hands. You can see that he is getting old, but I love him just the same. I have been sick, and cannot use my right arm, so I dictate to my mother.

I have had you for two years, and I like you very much. I hope to be able to write a story for the League sometime, as I belong to it.

Yours truly,

KATHERINE SCHEFFEL (age 11).

AIKEN, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from going around the world, and am now going to tell you about the different little babies in Japan and other Eastern countries. In Japan they carry them on their backs. Very often you see little girls of seven and eight carrying their baby brother or sister, as it may be. They think nothing of it at all, and go on playing and running about, and the little babies just sit up there and don't mind it. They have nothing on their heads, and you often see them sleeping quietly on the person's back who is carrying them. In China they carry them the same way. In Ceylon they carry the babies and little children on their hips — funny little half-naked things. It is very curious to see all the people dressed in bright-colored silks and stuffs. The palms and trees are wonderful. In Egypt they carry the babies on their shoulders. You can only see the women's eyes when they are in the streets.

Your interested reader,

SOPHIE L. MOTT (age 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years, and are very much interested in you. We are three Americans, but we live in France. We have eight fox terriers and three cats. The dogs and cats are very good friends and play with each other.

Ounce (the biggest dog) and a cat disappeared, and after a long search the dog was found in the loft lying down, with the cat between his fore legs. Once we had a monkey who used to ride on the dogs' backs.

Your faithful readers,

WALTER, HAROLD, and ARTHUR KINGSLAND.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take much pleasure in reading you. I wanted to write you, for I am interested in your riddles. We were guessing riddles one night, when my little six-year-old brother said, "I know one: A tail on its head, a body, and two feet." We could not guess, and he said, "A Chinese." We all thought that very good.

Yours truly,

ESTHER BEACH (age 8).

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

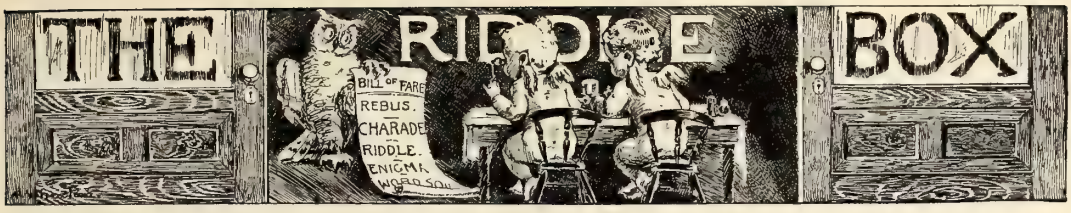
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS for the last three years and have enjoyed it very much. The first year I took it directly from the publishers, but to help a poor newsdealer I took from him, and expect to take it this year. I am very much delighted with the articles which we will expect in the following year. Yours truly,

MARGUERITE HORN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have now taken you for two years, and like you very much. I live just outside Paris now. My father brought a baby elephant back from India about two weeks ago. He is very amusing. We have a small veranda in front of our house, and once the elephant went up it, and we had a terrible time getting him down again. We have a big garden, and the elephant lives in a little stable in it.

Yours sincerely,

LEONARD RUCKBILL.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

CHARADES. I-bid.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. From 1 to 2 and 3, Jackson; 1 to 4 and 3, Johnson; 3 to 5 and 6, Niebuhr; 3 to 7 and 6, Neander. Cross-words: 1. Subject. 2. Chamois. 3. Acantha. 4. Keelman. 5. Useless. 6. Biology. 7. Rainbow. 8. Chimera. 9. Beeswax. 10. Bargain. 11. Custody. 12. Athlete. 13. Scarlet.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Decoration Day. 1. Ma-dam. 2. Tr-eat. 3. Ba-con. 4. Fl-oat. 5. Ac-rid. 6. Ch-air. 7. La-tin. 8. Tr-ice. 9. Bl-own. 10. Si-new. 11. Se-dan. 12. Fl-ail. 13. Ba-you.

CONCEALED KITCHEN UTENSILS. 1. Teapot. 2. Mug. 3. Kettle. 4. Griddle. 5. Pail. 6. Pitcher. 7. Pan. 8. Cup. 9. Bowl. 10. Dish-pan. 11. Tray. 12. Sieve. 13. Stove. 14. Strainer. 15. Fork. 16. Spider. 17. Ladle. 18. Plate. 19. Dish. 20. China-closet. 21. Dipper. 22. Pot. 23. Poker.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Decoration; 3 to 4, In Memoriam. Cross-words: 1. Decimalism. 2. Demoniacal. 3. Declension. 4. Decolorize. 5. Decorously. 6. Defamatory. 7. Decerption. 8. Diminution. 9. Invocation. 10. Invitation.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. 1. Ham-mock. 2. Nar-rate. 3. Non-sense. 4. Awk-ward. 5. Not-ice. 6. Dis-grace. 7. Mag-got. 8. Rai-sin. 9. Her-o. 10. Con-found. 11. Gui-tar. 12. Orc-hid. 13. Rep-eat. 14. Con-cord. 15. For-age. 16. Sun-burn. 17. Bom-bay. 18. App-all. 19. Mar-gin. 20. Gen-eva. 21. Ram-part. 22. Car-away. 23. Pre-text. 24. Cox-comb. 25. Dis-honor.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Re-ve-al, real. 2. No-ti-on, noon. 3. Pa-la-ce, pace. 4. Fi-gu-re, fire. 5. De-mo-ns, dens. 6. Re-li-ef, reef. 7. Li-ve-ly, lily. 8. Lo-vi-ng, long. 9. Mi-ng-le, mile. 10. Pa-yi-ng, pang.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 13, Decoration Day; 14 to 24, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. Distant. 2. Meaning. 3. Becloud. 4. Ammonia. 5. Decorum. 6. Central. 7. Exhibit. 8. Certain. 9. Padlock. 10. Kidnaps. 11. Radiant. 12. Yankees. 13. Younger.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "M. McG."—Joe Carlada—Grace Haren—Marjorie Webber—"Johnny Bear"—Edward Horr—Lucille Craig Dow—"Prew and I"—Emily P. Burton—Corinne A. Pope—Ross M. Craig—"Allil and Adi"—Agnes Cole—Annie C. Smith—Lillian Jackson—"Teddy and Muvver"—Mabel, George and Henri—Evaline Taylor—"Duluth"—E. Boyer—Virginia Custer Canan—Frederick Greenwood—Katharine, Jo B., and Angie—Elizabeth D. Lord—Jo and I—Christine Graham—"Get"—"Chuck"—Paul Deschere—Elizabeth T. Harned—Marian Priestly Toulmin—Helen O. Harris—Nessie and Freddie—Bessie Sweet Gallup—Olga Lee—Myrtle Alderson—Tyler H. Bliss—Elizabeth Thurston—Louise K. Cowdrey—Marjorie Anderson—Agnes Rutherford—Marion Thomas—Walter Byrne—Grace L. Massonneau—Janet Willoughby—St. Gabriel's Chapter—"The Masons"—Margaret D. Cummins—Jessie Pringle Palmer—Constance H. Irvine—Charlotte Waugh—May Richardson—Ruth Williamson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from C. E. Grubb, 1—D. Muller, 1—D. L. Dunbar, 1—P. Johnson, 1—Z. Merriam, 1—E. Bennett, 1—E. F. Butman, 1—Sidney K. Eastwood, 9—C. Hodges, Jr., 1—M. Skelding, 1—Lois Cooper, 1—M. Murrish, 1—G. Whittier, 1—Aileen Erb, 1—Lorette Healy, 1—Norah Robinson, 1—George Herbert Vernon, 8—Harriet Bingamon, 8—Calvert Sterquel, 1—F. E. Dunkin, 1—Ruth M. Cary, 1—W. G. Rice, Jr., 4—Amy Eliot Mayo, 9—Vernon W. Collamore, 1—Martha G. Schreyer, 9—Florence Elwell, 9—Dorothy Anderson, 1—Grovene P. Converse, 3—F. H. and C. C. Anthony, 9—Eleanor F. Butman, 1—Henry Leetch, 1—Helen Loveland Patch, 9—Cornelia N. Walker, 9—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Lawrence M. Mead, 8—Kenneth Duncan McNeill, 1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in cherry, but not in vine;
My *seconds* in oak, but not in pine;
My *thirds* are in arm, but not in hand;
My *fourths* are in sea, but not in land;
My *fifths* are in pebbles, but not in sand.
My *wholes* are two useful animals.

MARIE WARNER (age 9).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A snare. 3. At no time. 4. A number. 5. In north.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A large cavity. 3. A large stream. 4. A beverage. 5. In north.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. The fruit of certain trees and shrubs. 3. Report. 4. The highest point. 5. In north.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A small child. 3. A masculine name. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In north.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A vessel used in cooking. 3. A bird. 4. A metal. 5. In north.

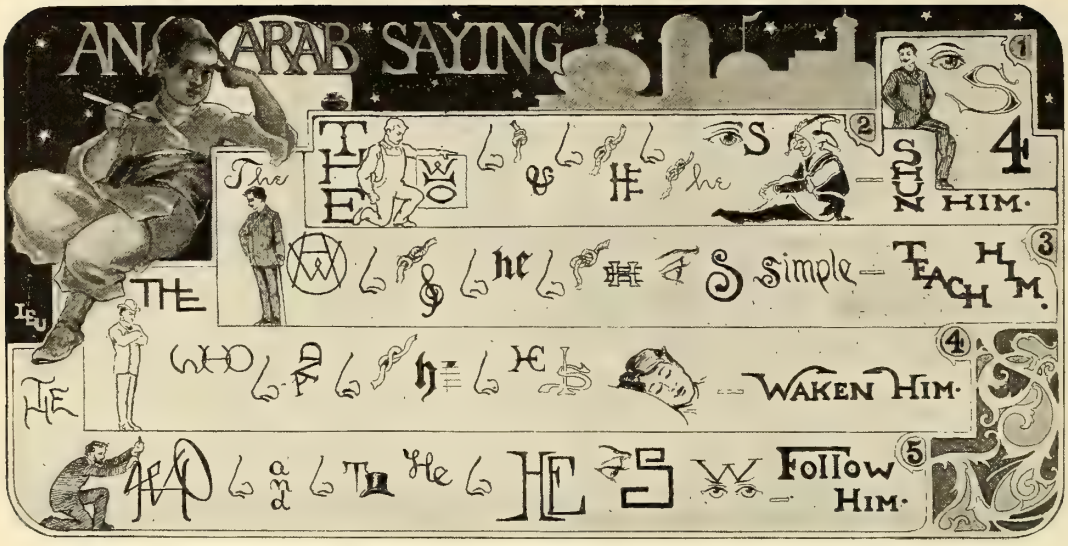
HELEN F. SEARIGHT.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a poet; the diagonal from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter will spell the title of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Moving one way and the other. 2. Calling anything to mind. 3. An old-time industry for women. 4. Associates in any business or occupation. 5. Score cards. 6. Disposed to associate only with one's clique. 7. Certain kinds of puzzles that sometimes appear in the Riddle-box. 8. A military man serving on horseback.

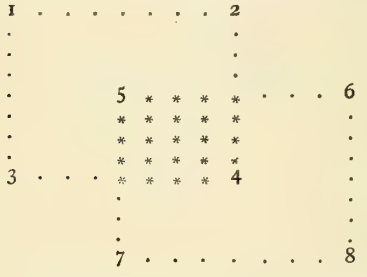
BURT H. SMITH (League Member).



HERE is an Arab saying. It begins with the little picture at the right-hand upper corner, marked 1. That reads, "Man is four." How do the four following lines read?

CUBE AND INCLOSED SOLID SQUARE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



FROM 1 to 2, a large city in the United States; from 1 to 3, a famous town in Palestine; from 2 to 4, a great Mesopotamian river; from 3 to 4, rays of light from the moon; from 5 to 6, lucidity; from 5 to 7, the name of a sea not far from the United States; from 6 to 8, shrewd; from 7 to 8, a spring flower.

CENTRAL WORDS (reading across only): 1. Unclouded. 2. A seaport on the Gulf of Guinea. 3. To send. 4. To come forth. 5. Heavy timbers.

HARRY I. TIFFANY.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail sweetened; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a scrap. Answer, su-gar-ed, rag.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail pertaining to festoons; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a black powder formed by combustion.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which repeats; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a narrow woven fabric used for strings.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a round building; rearrange the remaining letters, and make the fruit of certain trees and shrubs.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to chastise; rearrange the remaining letters, and make within.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail round; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a ringlet.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail ensiform; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to jump.

7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail one who sings alone; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to lubricate.

8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to communicate polarity; rearrange the remaining letters, and make one who tells a falsehood.

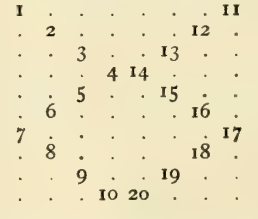
9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a kind of candy; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a limb.

10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail treachery; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a large body of water.

The initials of the ten little words will spell two familiar words.

DORIS HACKBUSCH.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gives assurance against harm. 2. Releases from slavery. 3. Sketched for a pattern or model. 4. Mechanical contrivances. 5. Foolish distortions of the countenance. 6. Brings out from concealment. 7. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 8. Foolishly. 9. The act of stopping. 10. The principal sail in a ship or other vessel.

From 1 to 10, the name of a famous man; from 11 to 20, the name of a famous saint.

W. N. TAFT (League Member).

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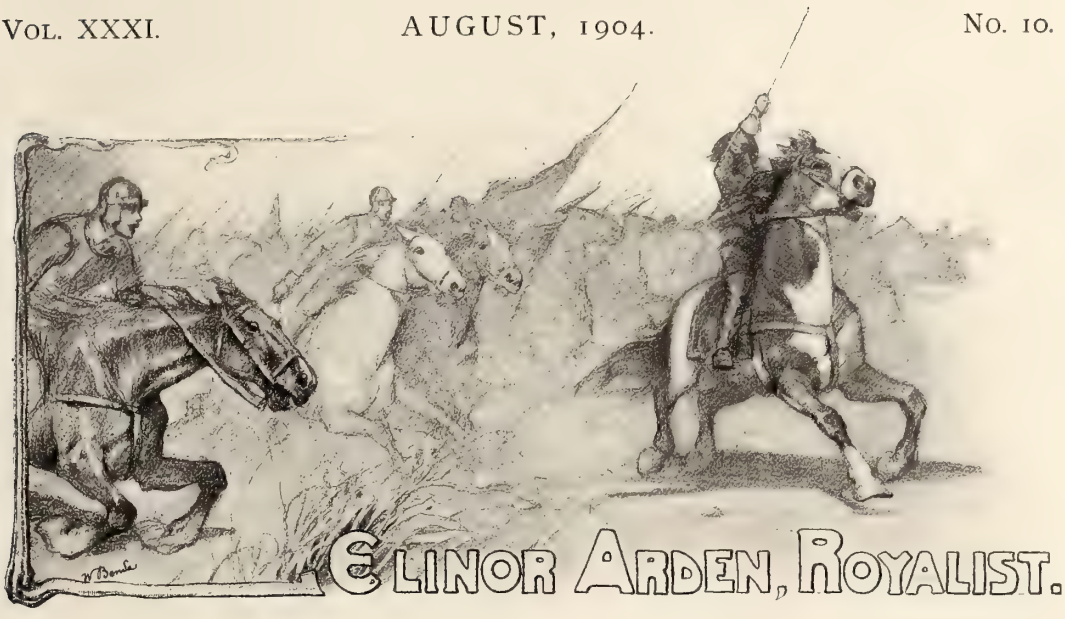


"'SEE, HERE IS A KEEPSAKE FOR THEE! HOLD IT FAST, SWEETHEART, AND WHEN THOU LOOK'ST AT IT, THINK ALWAYS HOW I LOVE THEE.'"

(*"Elinor Arden," page 868.*)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. AUGUST, 1904. NO. 10.



ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST.

By Mary Constance Du Bois.

Chapter I.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"For God! for the cause! for the church!
for the laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert
of the Rhine!"

These words echo the battle-cry of the old Cavaliers, who proved their valor on every hotly contested field through the long strife between king and Parliament.

When, in the summer of 1642, the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, nobles of the court and gallant gentlemen, the very flower of English chivalry, obeyed the call to arms. It was the time of the rebellion, and men were forced to choose between loyalty to the king and loyalty to the people. On the one hand, these brave Cavaliers, in their velvet and lace, with their plumed hats and flowing love-locks, sided with King Charles. On the other, the Puritans, or Roundheads,—so their enemies called them,—with their close-cut hair and their sober dress, stood boldly for liberty of conscience and the rights of a free nation. "Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible." Fighting nobly for the cause they loved, they won at last the victory.

In those days there lived in Kent, not many miles from Canterbury, a little girl who had found her share of trouble in the fortunes of war. Elinor Arden had come to a Puritan home, but she herself was a Royalist maiden. When she was still very young, poor Elinor was

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left motherless; and as she had neither brothers nor sisters, she was the only pet and darling of her father. In fact, she was the darling of every one, the household servants, the tenants, and the children of the village near by; all loved this tiny lady of the manor, so that she was like a little queen among her faithful subjects.

In the first month of the war, Geoffrey Arden bade farewell to his nine-year-old daughter, and rode away to join the army of the Cavaliers. As time went on, danger began to threaten that part of the country where Elinor lived. The manor-house was no longer considered a safe home, so she was put under the protection of her father's friends, Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, who gladly welcomed the child to the shelter of their castle. In after days Elinor often thought of Lyndhurst Castle as if it had been a fairy palace. There she was treated as a pet. She had but few lessons, and a great deal of time in which to amuse herself in whatever way she chose.

One day her father, at the head of a band of horsemen, came to the castle on purpose to see his little daughter. She never forgot that visit. In the evening they had a long talk together, and he told her stories of his adventures in the war. She listened, perched on his knee, all the time holding his wide-brimmed felt hat, with its long plume and shining buckle. The child loved beautiful things, and from the first this buckle had caught her fancy. It was a wreath of gold, encircling a cluster of precious stones, and she never grew weary of watching the bright gems flash and glow in the firelight.

Early the next morning Elinor came down to the castle hall to say good-by, for these few happy hours were all that the Cavalier could spare from his duty at the front.

"Poor little one!" he said, as she clung to him, "thou hast naught to remember thy father by when he is gone." Then suddenly he unclasped the buckle from his hat. "See, here is a keepsake for thee!" putting it in her hand. "Hold it fast, sweetheart, and when thou look'st at it, think always how I love thee."

He held her close in his arms, and kissed her tenderly. It was the last time. One day came the news of a great battle, and Elinor learned that her brave father would never return. Poor, lonely child! she kept the precious jewel and loved it with all her heart.

Meanwhile the war-clouds rolled nearer and nearer, until at last they broke over the castle itself. Lord Lyndhurst was with the king's army, too far away to save his home, and soon its courts were filled with soldiers of the Parliament, stern and terrible in their coats of mail. The garrison had surrendered, and Lady Lyndhurst was ordered to prepare to leave her castle. Homeless and poor as she now would be, still she promised, wherever she might go, to keep Elinor with her; and in the days that followed of preparation for the journey, when the enemy were quartered upon the castle, the little girl never once dreamed of a separation from her guardian. On the morning set for the departure, however, the rebel soldiers were joined by a troop of cavalry. Elinor wondered what fresh trouble was in store, when soon afterward Lady Lyndhurst summoned her, and, with a pale, anxious face, led her to the courtyard. Awaiting them there stood a tall officer in the dress of the Parliament army. As he stepped forward Elinor looked up at him in terror; but when he spoke his voice was kind.

"Never fear, my child," he said; "no harm shall come to thee. Listen. I am thy uncle, — thy mother was my own sister, — and now shalt thou go home with me and be one of my little maids."

Too timid to answer, Elinor only looked with tearful pleading at Lady Lyndhurst, who begged to keep the child. But Colonel Bradford was resolute, claiming his niece as his rightful ward.

Mounted on a pillion behind the colonel, Elinor rode on the big war-horse to the new home that awaited her. It was well that a broad scarf, passed round her waist, bound her fast to her protector, for when they reached Bradford Grange her curly head rested against her uncle's shoulder, and the worn-out child was fast asleep.

The next day Elinor began to lead the life of a Puritan girl. Poor little homesick Royalist — how new and strange it all seemed! Lady Lyndhurst had sadly spoiled her, and she had a woeful time of it in that sternly disciplined household, where Dame Hester Bradford ruled supreme. Seeing her in these days one would

have thought her the most demure little soul in the world. She wore a plain gray frock, with a white kerchief neatly folded across her breast; while the bright, brown curls, that used to blow about her rosy face in the breeze, and gleam with gold in the sun, were now all hidden away under her round white Puritan cap. Except for the roguish twinkle in her eyes and the merry dimples in her cheeks, one would hardly have known her for the same little girl.

Aunt Hester was a notable housewife, and her



"MOUNTED ON A PILLION BEHIND THE COLONEL, ELINOR RODE ON THE BIG WAR-HORSE TO THE NEW HOME THAT AWAITED HER."

favorite maxim was that not one minute in the day ought to be wasted. She thought that Elinor had wasted a great many minutes, and must now do her best to make up for lost time. The Bradford household had felt the hardships of the war, and Aunt Hester was never tired of lamenting over the day when Prince Rupert's Cavaliers had raided their lands and "the hosts of the ungodly" had despoiled their flocks and herds. She found it hard to have another to clothe and feed; and her niece, having come, must be made as useful as possible. From morning to night it seemed to the pleasure-loving girl that there was always some work to be done. The Bradford children were all younger than Elinor, who was expected to set them the example of a good, industrious elder sister.

Every day, when lessons were over, she would place her spinning-wheel beside that of her aunt, and help her spin the flax into thread. How her poor little foot did ache as it beat up and down upon the treadle, and how tired she grew of that whir! whir! whir! always droning in her ears. Her eyes would wander out to the sunny garden, and she would fall to humming — *very* softly — some old Cavalier song. A creak! a jerk! and the wheel would stop.

"Oh, fie, Elinor, fie!" Aunt Hester would exclaim. "See what a tangle thou hast made! Alack, what a waste of my good flax! For shame, child! Thou 'lt grow up an idle, thriftless woman if thou dost not mend thy ways."

Now, whenever Elinor failed in her lessons, or spoiled her spinning task, or was found dozing during the long sermon on a Sunday morning, there always followed a sharp scolding, with a psalm to be learned and recited perfectly before she could be forgiven.

The happiest days that she knew were the occasions when Uncle Richard came back for a visit. From the first he had taken her into his great, warm heart, and she loved him best of all those in her new home. Aunt Hester would have put the jeweled buckle under lock and key, lest her niece should be tempted to adorn her frock with it. Elinor was heartbroken at the thought of losing her treasure, but Uncle Richard took her part.

"Nay, good wife," he said; "her father's last gift ere he died! 'T is her own to cherish, her life long. Only bid her not to wear it, but let her keep it, and look on 't when she will."

Aunt Hester with some misgiving yielded, and the happy little girl still kept her jewel,

and never missed a chance of taking it out to see it sparkle in the sun.

Chapter II.

SOLDIER GUESTS.

So the time passed, each day in its round of duties varying but little from the one before it. The scene of conflict was far away, and only the rumor of distant battles disturbed the peace of the quiet Puritan home. Yet still the war raged fiercely, and again and again there was rejoicing at Bradford Grange, and only Elinor had an aching heart, as news came of a victory for the Parliament, and the messengers told how another fortress had been lost to the crown, or how the Cavaliers had once more been put to flight.



"EVERY DAY, WHEN LESSONS WERE OVER, SHE WOULD PLACE HER SPINNING-WHEEL BESIDE THAT OF HER AUNT."

In the summer of 1646 the king's cause had already become desperate. One by one the Royalist strongholds were surrendering, and King Charles himself was a prisoner in all but name. The queen had fled to France, and Elinor often thought how hard must be the lot of the young princes and princesses, left without father or mother to meet the dangers of war. She wished that she could see them, and tell them that she, too, knew what it meant to be lonely and sad and frightened in these troubled times.

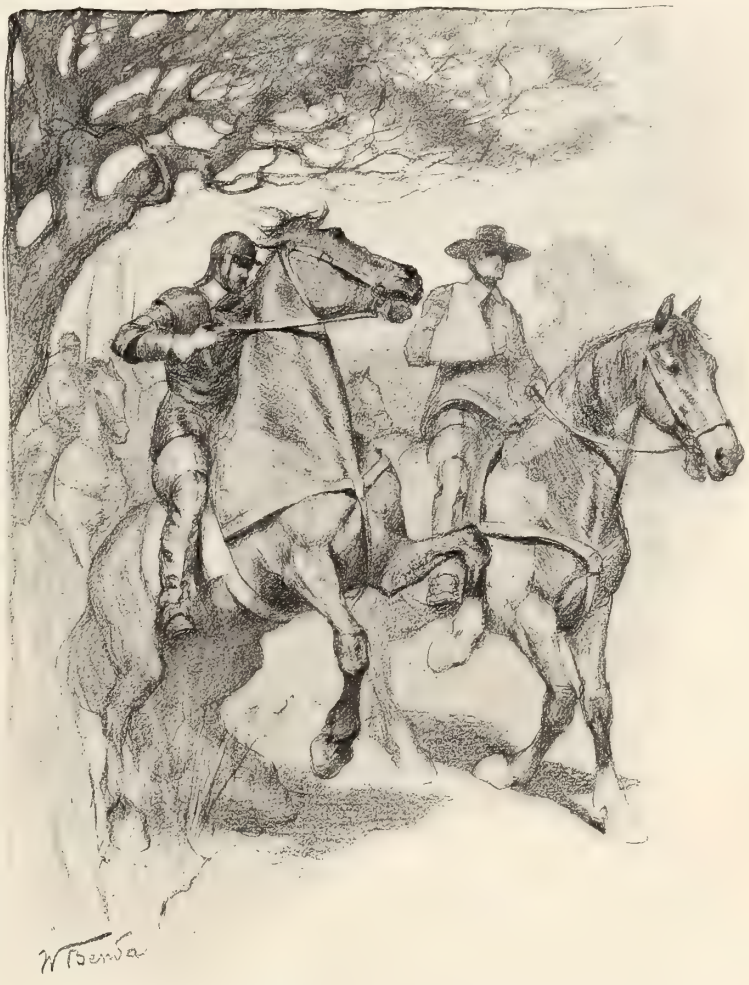
In this same summer of 1646 a day came which never faded from the memory of the Cavalier's little daughter. One morning late in July, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the flash of steel warned the household of advancing cavalry. As they gathered in excitement and alarm, a band of troopers turned at the gates of the Grange, and, riding up the broad, oak-shaded pathway, halted before the doors of the Bradford home. The fear caused by the sound of their approach was dispelled as the soldiers came into view. Familiar faces were now recognized among the horsemen, who proved to be a detachment from Colonel Bradford's own regiment.

Of the two officers who headed the troopers, the first to dismount was a strongly built, broad-shouldered man, his face deeply bronzed from long seasons of exposure. He made himself known to Dame Hester as Lieutenant Gresham. His companion, a tall young officer in a captain's uniform, roused the pity and interest of every one; for his right arm rested in a sling, and his face, handsome as it was, looked pale and worn with suffering. On learning his name Mistress Bradford gladly welcomed her guest, having heard of the brave young Captain Lawrence, who was a special favorite with her husband.

The soldiers came upon a two-fold errand. Five prisoners, Lieutenant Gresham announced,

"Papists, and most dangerous fellows," had lately escaped, and had fled southward toward Dover. A small band, under the lieutenant himself, had immediately been sent in pursuit. Three of the fugitives had been captured, and, secured in the prison of a neighboring town, awaited the return of their captors. And now the troopers must on to Dover in hot haste, lest the remaining two should escape them and embark for France.

A letter from the colonel to Mistress Bradford explained the second part of the errand. Captain Lawrence had been suffering from a low fever, in spite of which he had kept the field, until a wound in the arm made him unfit for active service. "And forasmuch as the lad hath neither mother nor sister to tend him," the letter went on to say, "I do commend him to your care, most skilled of nurses. Lieutenant Gresham and his command do even now depart for Kent; wherefore I have ordered Captain Lawrence, under their escort, to visit you, assuring him of a right hearty welcome."



"HIS RIGHT ARM RESTED IN A SLING, AND HIS FACE, HANDSOME AS IT WAS, LOOKED PALE AND WORN WITH SUFFERING."

Having delivered their message, the troopers rode away, leaving the wounded officer to be fairly overpowered by the kindness of his hostess. Elinor thought Captain Lawrence very brave, for, although faint and exhausted from his journey, he protested that he was almost well, and would do his best to give no one any trouble. When she brought him a bowl of Dame Hester's good broth, he smiled gratefully and said, "Thanks, little lady," as gallantly, she thought, as any Cavalier.

Late in the afternoon Lieutenant Gresham and his band came riding back from a vain pursuit of the runaways, and, to rest their tired horses, halted for the night at the village inn. A strict watch was to be kept, lest they had, after all, outmarched the men whom they sought, and the fugitives should still attempt to pass that way.

As Mistress Bradford wished her husband's own brave followers to enjoy her hospitality, the troopers were cordially invited by their amiable hostess to sup at the Grange.

While the soldiers were being entertained in the dining-hall, the children were sent out to eat their evening meal under the shade of an oak-tree on the lawn before the house. In the center of the group sat Elinor, crumbling bread into a big brown bowl of milk. Beside her on the bench were Rachel and Elizabeth, eating their supper with long-handled pewter spoons. Five-year-old Richard, his full-moon face peeping over her shoulder, watched his cousin eagerly, now and then snatching a crumb from the huge slice of bread to put into his own mouth.



"WHEN SHE BROUGHT HIM A BOWL OF DAME HESTER'S GOOD BROTH, HE SMILED GRATEFULLY."

"Nellie, Nellie, do huwwy! I 'm *tho* hung'y!"

"Oh, Dick, what a greedy boy you are! No, no! not that piece, too — that is Nell's bread. Would you leave poor Nell no supper? There! 't is ready at last. Come, sit down here on the grass. So! Fall to, now, and eat like a little soldier."

She spoke from experience that day, for the hungry troopers were enjoying to the full the feast laid out on Mistress Bradford's table. Cold roast beef and hot pasty were not for the party under the tree, but oh, how good they would have tasted, thought Elinor, who had been busier than ever that afternoon, helping to do honor to Aunt Hester's guests.

Rachel looked up from her bowl with a sigh. "Mother promised me some cake with berries in it, if I had not one bad stitch in my seam. She said I might have it for my supper. Think you the soldiers have *that*, too?"

"I doubt not; they have *everything*," replied the older girl.

"Miriam spilt the cream this morning," announced Elizabeth. "I saw her; and she said if I held my tongue I should have a sip of cherry wine. But I fear me she has forgot."

"I heard Aunt Hester call for the cherry wine just now. There 'll not be a drop left," said Elinor. "Never mind, Bess; I 'll tell you and Rachel a story, and that will make our supper taste better." And between bites of bread she began: "Once on a time there lived a maid, and she was as fair as could be. Her name was — let me see — it was — "

"Susan," suggested Rachel.

"Susan! Oh, Rachel! the milkmaid's name! No, indeed! it was Gloriana."

Rachel pouted a little. "I never heard such a name," she muttered.

"No, I dare say *you* did not. I had it from her ladyship. She told me it was the name of the fairy queen. Well, Gloriana lived in a little cottage hard by a wood, all alone with an old woman who was really a fearsome witch and gave her naught but a single stale crust a day. One day there came riding through the wood a prince, dressed in purple velvet trimmed with gold, and mounted on a white charger —"

"Elinor, Elinor," a voice called through the open window.

"Coming, Aunt Hester, coming," cried Elinor. "Alack!" she added, "just as I came to the prince!"

At that moment Dick was discovered tilting his bowl above his head to let the contents pour into his open mouth. The result was a bath of bread and milk all over his small person.

"Oh, you naughty boy! For shame! Oh, what a mess!" exclaimed his cousin, in dismay, mopping him with her clean white apron.

Unfortunately the accident occurred at a time when Miriam was putting Baby Philip to bed, and Elinor was left to preside over the children's supper. It was some minutes before she could obey her aunt's call.

"Nay, Lieutenant Gresham, 't is no child of mine. I trow mine own do not thus dally when I summon them. She is my husband's niece, and an orphan. Her father, Geoffrey Arden, was slain in the ranks of the wicked at Marston Moor."

"Ha, Geoffrey Arden! I remember! In all Pharaoh's host there was none hotter than



"WHILE THE SOLDIERS WERE BEING ENTERTAINED IN THE DINING-HALL, THE CHILDREN WERE SENT OUT TO EAT THEIR EVENING MEAL UNDER THE SHADE OF AN OAK-TREE."

he against the cause of righteousness. 'T is pity that iniquity should enroll such men."

That was what Elinor heard when, reaching the hall where the company were gathered, she paused in the doorway, too shy to enter. The hot blood rushed to her cheeks, and her heart beat fast with indignation.

"Elinor!" Mistress Bradford had caught sight of her niece.

For a moment the child stood quivering; then, suddenly dashing past Aunt Hester and her guests to the staircase at the farther end of the hall, she flew like a frightened bird to her own little nest above.

"Oh, they are cruel — cruel! Aunt Hester loves me not! She 's always vexed — and I do try *so* hard!" Her voice broke in a sob. "Bad, hateful man — to call my own dear father — " She would not repeat the words. "Oh, these Roundheads! I hate them, I do! Only not dear uncle. If *he* would but come home!"

Her kind, noble father in the army of King Charles a "son of iniquity" in "Pharaoh's host"! The soldier's harsh voice still echoed in her ears, and the indignant tears fell fast, as she sobbed out all her troubles, poor little lonely, loyal girl!

Even when Elinor was most unhappy there was one thing which always helped to comfort her, and to this her thoughts presently turned. Stowed away on the cupboard shelf, safe out of her cousins' reach, was her treasure-box, and now she took it from its hiding-place, carried it to the window, and opened it. There, clasped on a bow of crimson ribbon, lay the precious buckle, her father's keepsake. She held up the jewel to catch the slanting rays of sunlight, and a wonderful play of rainbow colors flashed before her. That was because her eyes were dim with tears.

There was a quick step outside, and she heard the door open. As it was too late to put back her treasure, she hastily slipped it beneath the folds of her kerchief, and then turned to meet her aunt.

"So this is thine obedience!" Aunt Hester's voice was shrill with exasperation. "Dawdle when I call thee, and then run away before them all! A fine showing for thee, truly!"

"He called my father hateful names! 'T was all a wicked lie — and I 'll not bear it!"

"Hush, Elinor!" But Aunt Hester's stern tone changed as she looked at the tear-stained face. A motherly pity came over her for this orphan girl of thirteen, and she pictured one of her own little daughters left to defend a father's name among the Cavaliers.

"Nay, child; the lieutenant has a good heart.



"'HUSH, ELINOR!' BUT AUNT HESTER'S STERN TONE CHANGED AS SHE LOOKED AT THE TEAR-STAINED FACE."

He meant not to distress thee," she said kindly, laying her hand on Elinor's shoulder. "There, — be a good girl and leave off crying. And now harken. There 's Goody Rose fallen sick again, and the comforts I promised her have in all this bustle never been taken. Poor soul, to think of her being clean forgot! Take this basket, and leave it with Martha at the door. Hasten, and linger not, for 't is growing late."

Elinor was only too glad to escape, and, promising to be back again as soon as possible, hurried away on her errand. Her spirits rose once more as a light breeze fanned her face and the scent of sweet clover and new-mown hay was borne to her from pasture and meadow. Fox, the bright-eyed, sharp-nosed terrier, roused from his nap on the door-step, followed her down the road, every now and then making playful springs and snaps at the basket as she swung it teasingly in the air.

"No, no, Fox! No races downhill with this basket, or a sad mess there 'd be of Goody Rose's physic."

Yet Elinor could not help a little skip of happiness in her freedom. Thump, thump! Something beat against her breast. The buckle! In horror at her own carelessness, she drew it out from her kerchief.

"Oh, my precious, precious keepsake! I might have lost thee," she cried. "What would I have done then?"

Stopping a moment, she untied the bow of ribbon, and, making of it a long loop, hung it round her neck. With the jewel thus secured, and hidden once more beneath her kerchief, she went on her way to the cottage. Martha Rose, the sick woman's daughter, met her at the door with eager questions about the coming of the soldiers.

"And who knows where the wicked king's men may be lurking!" she cried, glancing fearfully around her as if expecting them to appear at the cottage gate or rise up from the tiny garden. "Now an I were Mistress Bradford — begging her pardon for saying it — I 'd keep my children well indoors till the town be quit o' the wretches. Stay ye here, my pretty, till Zachary comes in from the field, and he 'll take ye safe home, never fear."

"Thanks, Martha, but I was bidden make haste, and I 'd rather meet a king's man on the way than a scolding at home," laughed Elinor, as she turned to go. "Fox will take care of me. Wilt thou not, old doggy? Come, Fox, we 'll have a frolic in the hop-field, now I 'm rid of the basket."

Away went the two playfellows, over the stile, and into the field, where the long lines of poles covered with green hop-vines rose high above Elinor's head. They chased one another down the narrow paths, and played hide-and-seek among the leafy columns. Then, crossing a bit of meadow now pink with the sleeping daisies, they passed on into the grove. Through this grove lay Elinor's favorite walk. The path wound along beside the merriest little brook that ever rippled, under the shade of the oaks and yews and chestnuts, all in the cool, sweet air of the late summer afternoon. Insects hummed drowsily, birds twittered good night to one another among the leaves, and Elinor tossed out her arms, drawing deep breaths of delight, and longed to lead a gipsy life, forever careless and free.

No one could check her now, and her voice rang out in a brave old war-song of the Cavaliers. "God save King Charles!" The last words thrilled with a triumphant note in the stillness of the wood. She had reached a spot where the path seemed lost in a tangle of underbrush. Before her, low-hanging branches interlaced. She parted the dense green curtain, and then drew back as a figure rose up from the shadows and stepped out into the light. A woman! Was she witch or gipsy?

(To be continued.)



VACATION IGNORANCE.

I. *HIS* NOTION.

By E. J. Platt.

A boy once thought he would like to go
To the land where the seals and icebergs grow;
To climb the great North Pole, you know,
Was his ambitious notion.

"I know 't will be easy to find," said he,
"For it 's just as plain as plain can be:
The Pole sticks up like a poplar-tree
From the midst of the Arctic Ocean!"

II. *HER* NOTION.

By Mary Sigsbee Ker.





The Out Curve

By Leslie W. Quirk.

The minute the game was ended, Kenton, the captain of the varsity crew, rushed out on the diamond and grasped the hand of Elton, the big pitcher.

"You pitched a perfect game, Baby," he cried, with his face flushed and his eyes bright. "Now there 's only one victory between us and the championship. We must win it!"

"We will," said Elton. He hesitated just an instant. "At least, I hope so."

The home nine was trotting off the field after winning the game.

"Oh, Kenton," called Elton, as the man was turning away, "I want to have a little talk with you. Will you be in your room to-night?"

"Office hours from seven to ten," declared Kenton, good-naturedly. "Come when you like, and stay as long as you please." He noticed that Elton did not smile; even the honor of winning a critical game seemed to have left the pitcher in low spirits.

Elton called early, and was ill at ease. He found Kenton sitting on the lounge playing the mandolin. After a time the conversation turned to baseball, and Kenton grew enthusiastic over the probability of winning the pennant. Elton's fingers clenched about the arm of his chair.

"It 's that game," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "that I wanted to talk to you about."

Kenton looked up quickly. "Yes," he said encouragingly.

"Well, it is n't till Saturday, and I know Landebin will put me in the box again. My arm is pretty strong, and will be as good as ever by that time. But—" he stopped and looked out the window—"but I 'm afraid."

"Oh, it will be a game worth seeing," said Kenton, "but I don't think we need worry."

"It is n't that," said Elton. "It 's simply that I 'm afraid. I lack steadiness. Do you suppose I did n't know how things were, even back in the early spring, when we were practising in the cage? Do you suppose I did n't understand when Landebin used to watch me throw at that parallelogram on the canvas, and used to say, 'Good!' and 'Neat!' every time the ball curved in between the black lines, and then used to tell me to go easy and take my time? He knew I was apt to 'go to pieces,' and I did it, lots of times, up there in the cage. Sometimes the lines on the handball-court used to bother me and I 'd throw wide. And sometimes that mocking parallelogram looked twice as high as a man's shoulders and twice as wide as a home plate.

"Other times it seemed to shrink down to nothing, and I could n't hit it at all. I used to throw and throw till the sharp pains caught my arm, and then I 'd get so angry that there was n't one chance in a million of putting the ball where I wanted it. I 'm afraid I 'll 'go to pieces' in Saturday's game, that 's all. I could n't tell this to anybody but you, Kenton."

The big oarsman looked at Elton thoughtfully.

"Yes, Baby," he said encouragingly, "I understand. I 've been watching you all season, perhaps a little closer than you imagined. I talked with Coach Landebin about this same thing once, when *he* was afraid you would fail us. I told him that you would not; that there was too much in you for anything of the kind; that you would hold yourself in check by sheer will power."

He stopped and looked at the boy. Elton was breathing quickly.

"Once you came to me with this same confession in your heart. I pretended not to see

it there, and we sat and talked of other subjects. I told you of other fellows whose courage had been doubted, and who stood firm and true at the last. I took up my mandolin and strummed a few chords of 'Varsity! Varsity!' Your lips closed, Baby, and your mouth grew firmer; and the next day—do you remember that Michigan game?—you went into the box and pitched as no man ever pitched on our diamond before."

Elton laughed in an embarrassed manner, and rose to go. At the door he turned around to his big comforter and said:

"Yes, I remember it very well. I played that game as if my life depended upon it. Then, when it was over, and you held my hand a minute and said, 'You 're true blue, kid!' I felt like sitting down and crying. I did n't understand, but I knew you had done a very great deal for me."

"I had done nothing," declared Kenton, "except to show you that you must not fail us, and that you need not. I was perfectly confident that day, and I am just as confident about you in Saturday's game. Dobbins and Peters and Edgren and the rest of the heavy batters may get the glory, but the winning or losing will be in your hands. I am not in the least afraid of your failing us. Good night, Baby."

Saturday dawned clear and warm. Early in the morning, before the sun was hot, Coach Landebin took his squad of players out to the athletic field, and for an hour they batted and fielded. Elton was put to work tossing a few balls to Peters, the big catcher. The boy's arm felt strong, and his curves were good.



"'YES, BABY,' HE SAID ENCOURAGINGLY, 'I UNDERSTAND. I 'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU ALL SEASON, PERHAPS A LITTLE CLOSER THAN YOU IMAGINED.'"

He had thrown perhaps a dozen balls when Peters called for an out-curve. Elton shifted the ball in his hands, and his fingers gripped it firmly. Then he stepped forward and threw. The ball went wide.

Again they tried it, and again the ball was a foot from the plate. Peters frowned just a little, and changed the signal. Presently he tried the out-curve once more. This time the throw was hopelessly wide, and Peters, who understood, gave up the attempt. He would call for as few outs as possible during the game.

By three o'clock the grand stand was full, and the "rooters" were piling into the "bleachers."

Up in its place in the grand stand, the university band was playing rollicking airs. Both nines were on the field.

Elton was standing near the players' bench, looking up into the sea of faces in the grand stand. His foot was keeping time with the music, and there was a bright flush on his cheeks.

"I would n't do that, Baby," said Coach Landebin's voice. Elton turned quickly, and found the man eying the foot with which he had been beating time.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did n't know I was doing it."

Landebin laughed. "Oh, there 's no harm in it," he said, "only it is apt to make you look as if you were nervous. We want a cool pitcher to-day, Baby. By the way, you and Peters had better get to work warming up. We bat first, but our half of the inning won't last long."

It did not. Two of the batters fanned, and the other one knocked a ball straight into the hands of the short-stop.

Elton walked out to the pitcher's box with his heart thumping rapidly. Peters slipped on his mask and protector, and held out his hands. A sudden desire to show his catcher that he could put the out-curve over the plate made Elton send in the ball without warning. He threw it with the snap of his wrist that meant speed, and it curved neatly over the center of the plate. Peters grinned.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The first batter was a short, wiry fellow. He smiled pleasantly at the pitcher, and Elton tried to smile back. But the attempt was a pitiful failure, for the fear which he had been fighting gripped his heart. Then Peters opened the clumsy catcher's mit, and signaled for an out-curve.

Elton put his fingers carefully about the ball and hesitated. The batter seemed hundreds of feet away, and the home plate looked like a white dot in the distance. Peters waited impatiently.

Then Elton threw. The ball started straight for the plate, but after going a few feet curved slowly away from the batter.

"One ball!" said the umpire.

Peters signaled for another out-curve.

"Two balls!" said the umpire.

It was to be an in-curve this time. Elton's heart felt like a throbbing engine, and he seemed to see the batter through a haze.

"Three balls!" called the umpire, and there came a groan from the bleachers.

"He will expect another ball," Elton told himself, "and won't try to hit it. I must throw a strike. Peters must understand—"

The big catcher did understand. He called for a straight ball, and Elton threw one.

An instant later there was a sudden sharp report. The rooters of the other nine yelled and cheered frantically. Horns tooted. Megaphones bellowed. The noise was frightful.

It was a home run; even Elton knew that. The batter had caught the ball just right, and sent it far over the head of the left-fielder. It meant a run in the first inning, and runs are precious things in a critical game.

Peters was unmoved by the home run. He smiled a little and slipped on his mask again. Then he stepped into position, and called for the next ball. It came, whistling shrilly and cutting the plate in two. Another, with the same curve, fooled the batter; and after the third ball the umpire said, "Batter out!" and Peters and Elton grinned at each other like two children.

It was a wonderful game. The innings passed without a score. Elton pitched faultless ball, but Peters dared not call for the out-curve.

In the first half of the ninth, Edgren unexpectedly lined out a three-base hit, and scored on a single which Peters dropped into right field. A minute later Peters stole second. It was the first stolen base of the game, and the crowd cheered frantically. Ganley, who played first, was up. He gripped the bat firmly, and stepped up to the plate. Two strikes were called on him as he stood waiting for the ball he wanted. At last it came, waist-high and swift, and he met it squarely with his bat. Peters was off for third at the crack of the stick. Elton was coaching, and as he saw the right-fielder fail to handle the ball neatly he yelled for Peters to go home.

The player had the ball almost before Peters left third. Elton raced toward home with the big catcher, keeping just outside the line, and urging him on wildly. It was nip and tuck

between Peters and the ball. Elton yelled to him to slide, and the big catcher put out his hands and dived for the plate. A cloud of dust arose, and almost hid the play. But out of it came the even voice of the umpire:

"Safe!"

It was Elton himself who struck wildly at the first three balls pitched to him, and who retired the side without another run. Pitchers are notoriously poor batters, and Elton was no exception. He stood up to the plate with a great desire down in his heart. He wanted a safe hit; he wanted a two-base one. Little Ranton, who played short, had been given his base on balls. Ganley was on second. There was no need to tell the boy that he might make victory certain with a double-bagger: he knew it; and when he struck out, a lump came up in his throat. He threw down the bat with a queer look on his face that made Peters wince.

"Peters," he said, with the little egotistical note in his voice that the big catcher liked, "we are one run ahead, and it 's the last half of the ninth. I am going to throw that out-curve now, and I shall put it over."

So Peters called for the out-curve. It came, straight over this time; but the batter caught it and singled to left field. Elton gave the next man his base on balls, and was safely hit again. The bases were full, and nobody was out.

"It has come," said the boy to himself, drearily. "I went 'up in the air' just when I should have been steady. I knew it."

Landebin called to him. Elton nodded. "I am to be put on the bench, I suppose, and Farley is to finish the game. I deserve it, but—" He walked slowly over to the coach.

"Baby," said Landebin, with a smile, "you have pitched the best game of your life up to now. Just keep it up. You 're in a bit of a tight place, but you will pull out. That 's all. Go back and win."

Elton's shoulders squared. "I will, Mr. Landebin," he said.

He went back into the box and picked up the ball. He hoped Peters would call for the out-curve, but the catcher did not dare. He noticed that the sun was not as hot now, and that a little breeze had sprung up.

"Play ball!" ordered the umpire.

The next player waited, impatient for the honor of winning the game. Elton grinned at him, and Peters, behind the bat, saw the boy's face and grinned too. Then Elton twisted his fingers about the ball, swung his arm in a half-circle, and threw. Three times he did it, and three times the batter swung without touching the ball. The crowd was down on the grounds now, piled fifty deep just outside the picket fence.

Elton threw two balls to the next batter, then two strikes, another ball, and the third strike. Two men were out.

The next batter was one who had not secured a safe hit during the game. He stood close to the plate, and Elton was afraid he would hit him. So the first three pitched balls went wide.

The crowd groaned. The situation was very critical. The bases were full, and the man at bat had three balls and no strikes.

"I must do it," said Elton, half aloud; "I must do it!"

Peters took a minute to adjust his mask, and the boy knew it was to give him time to cool down. Somebody over at the fence yelled, "All right, Baby!" and Elton recognized Kenton's calm voice. He shot the ball straight into Peters's waiting hands.

"One strike!" said the umpire.

Elton's heart was thumping again, and his cheeks burned. He was holding himself down by saying over and over, "I must do it; I must do it!" He drew back his arm and threw the ball.

"Two strikes!" said the umpire.

A perfect bedlam of noise broke forth from the crowd. The minute Elton had the ball again, the sudden stillness was terrible.

The batter looked at his coach; then he stepped a little closer to the plate. Even from the box Elton could see an unnatural strained look in his face. His forehead was drawn into deep wrinkles. Elton thought he looked as if he were about to be shot. Then he understood.

The bases were full. Four balls would force in a run, but the other coach had given up expecting anything but a third strike. The batter's chances of getting a safe hit were hopelessly small. There was only one alterna-



"IT WAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED, AND ELTON KNEW IT."

tive. The batter must allow himself to be hit by the next pitched ball and thus force in a run.

Elton took the ball in his right hand, and Peters called for an in-curve. He shook his head at Peters. The catcher's brow was puckered, but he signaled for an up-shoot, then for a down. Still Elton shook his head. Then Peters, who believed in the boy as nobody else on the team did, called for the out-curve.

It was one chance in a hundred, and Elton knew it. Even when he was calmer he had failed to put the ball where he wanted it. But he was no longer afraid. Something of the confidence of the coach, and of good old Peters, and of Kenton, inspired him. He drew back his arm in the semicircle to which the players had grown accustomed, and threw an out-curve, with all the speed and all the rotary motion he could put into the ball.

It started straight as a bullet for the batter. The fellow saw it coming, and though a perceptible quiver ran over him, he stood his ground like a Trojan. The ball would hit him. There was no need to step forward. So he braced himself as best he could, and closed his eyes.

The ball curved gracefully out from the batter, and sailed straight over the center of the plate.

"Three strikes and out!" called the umpire. The side was retired, and the game won.

Landebin was the first to reach the boy. "Thank you, old man!" was all he said, but Elton knew he understood.

Peters grasped his hand with a vise-like grip. "I knew you 'd do it," he grinned.

By this time Kenton was over the fence. "You did n't fail us, Baby," he said huskily. Then he repeated it, "You did n't fail us."



AN AUGUST DAY IN THE FIELDS.

A GRAMMATICAL DISPUTE.

By John Bennett.

A brook and a little tree once went to school
To a bullfrog that lived in a puddle;
They tried to learn all of the grammar by rule,
Which left both of their heads in a muddle.
Of nouns and of pronouns they soon had enough;
Prepositions they found most unbearable stuff;
While auxiliary verbs, they declared, were too tough
To be taught by a toad in a puddle.

"I may, can, or must, might — I could, would, or should,"
Cried the brook — "what nonsensical twaddle!"
"Quite right," said the tree; "and I can't see the good
Of one's stuffing such things in one's noddle!"

"And I vow," cried the brook, "I shall not learn a thing!"
"You mean *will* not, my dear," said the tree, with a swing.
"I said *shall* not," retorted the brook, with a fling;
"Surely *you* do not pose as a model?"

"But *will* is correct," cried the tree, with a look.
"So is *shall*," said the brook, with another.
"It is *will*," said the tree. "It is *shall*," said the brook,
As they both turned their backs on each other.
Thus a quarrel arose 'twixt the brook and the tree,
For neither one knew enough grammar to see
That perhaps right or wrong both or either might be
In the usage of one or the other.

And the tree to the breeze still declares to this day:
"It is will, oh—'t is will, oh—'t is will, oh!"
While the brook to the sands where the little fish play
"Murmurs: "Shall, oh—'t is shall, oh—'t is shall, oh!"

For that tree is a willow wherever it grows,
And that brook is a shallow wherever it flows;
While beneath each green willow, as everyone knows,
Runs a little brook whispering shallow.

CENTRAL PARK TOM.

MANY New York girls and boys, as well as out-of-town young visitors to the city, will recall Tom, the big performing elephant who furnished daily amusement for his young audiences with tricks and other marvelous performances in the Central Park menagerie. That is to say, his performances seemed marvelous for a heavy elephant whose natural position was on all fours, and who did not speak English, even though it almost seemed as if he *understood* it. Old Tom finally became so dangerous that about two years ago he had to be quietly put away by a dose of poison.



OLD TOM PERFORMING ON A MOUTH-ORGAN.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Tom's tricks was one of which his trainer was very proud, not only because it was difficult, but because it was novel as well. Tom would stand upon his hind legs on a strong box, take from his keeper's hand a boy's mouth-organ, gracefully curl his trunk back until it rested on his forehead, and then alternately blow and draw his breath through the musical reeds of the toy.

Bears have been trained to beat a drum and to wrestle, seals have been taught to play ball, and ponies to play see-saw, but Tom's proud keeper thought his pet overtopped all other performing large animals in this novel, though scarcely musical, solo.



A CAT TAIL.

"Oh, see, grandpa. Oh, just look there!
Meow! meow! What can it be?"
Said grandpapa: "I do declare,
That 's our ancestral tree!"



"Kibun Daizin"
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

(Begun in the July number.)

By Gensai Murai.



"Wanizame-Kozo"
(Shark-Boy)

Chapter III.

A BOAT CAPSIZED — A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

The master of the Daikokuya, who had been much struck by the wisdom and courage of Bunkichi, lost no time in going to an apothecary to get plenty of the poisonous stuff for the *wanizame*, while he ordered some of his men to prepare the straw dummy.

In course of time the two lads, Bunkichi and Sadakichi, came back from Sumiyoshi bluff. The master welcomed them into his own room, and said:

"How now, Bunkichi? Did you see the shark?"

"Yes, sir, I saw it," was the reply.

"And now that you have seen the monster are you less disposed to go out to sea?"

"No; on the contrary," replied the lad, "I am the more ready to go."

"Is n't that obstinacy on your part?"

"Not in the least, sir," the lad said, as he drew himself up; "the greater the opponent, the greater the interest and strength that are called forth; and I am about to do this at the risk of my life. I well observed the spot where the shark comes up, and noticed a large pine-tree which projects over the sea from the precipice. If some one will let fall a stout rope from one of its branches, I will row over to it, and there I shall entice the shark to swallow the straw dummy; then if it, in plunging about, should upset my boat, I shall take hold of the rope and climb or be hauled up to the precipice."

The master, who was once more struck by words which showed so much sagacity as well as courage, said:

"That 's a very good idea of yours. Then this is what we shall decide to do, is it? I shall send out some of my young men to the Sumiyoshi bluff to fix a rope to the pine branch from the precipice, and you will tie the rope to your waist before you go out on your venture. I and others will stand upon the cliff and watch you, and should you be in danger of being swallowed by the monster, we shall lose no time in hauling you up. Is that to be our plan of action?"

"Yes, that 's the plan," was the boy's reply.

"Well, then, I have bought the poison, and can soon have ready as many as three dummies. When do you think of setting out?"

"Now, at once," answered Bunkichi.

"That is rushing it too quickly, my lad. Would n't it be better for you to wait till to-morrow?" remonstrated the master.

"Unless things of this kind are done quickly and made easy work of, some obstacles may arise and frustrate our plans, so I will just do it with as little concern as you snap your fingers," said the lad.

"You can't do things so lightly as you say," was the master's reply. And his wife, who had been listening, and who regretted having given her consent to the boy's rash project, added:

"Bunkichi, do stay at home to-day and spend it in preparation and do the work to-morrow." And the little girl also said:

"I don't care for your going to sea."

But Bunkichi, having once made up his mind in the matter, was not to be moved by any one's entreaties.

"Then, by your leave, sir," he said, "I will take that little boat at the jetty." And without more delay he rose up to go. His master knew not how to stop him, but said:

"No, no; that small boat is dangerous; and, if you must go, you had better go out in the *temmabune*.*

"No, sir," said the lad; "the *temmabune* is too big for me to row alone, so I prefer the small one."

"But I am in great concern about your personal safety if you go alone," said the master. "I will give ten *rio* to any one who will go with you."

Though he quickly made known this offer to the members of his household as well as among his neighbors, no one ventured to offer himself on account of the people's repeated and terrible experiences. Bunkichi soothed his master, saying that he was much freer if left to act by himself than he would be if there were others with him. Quickly putting the three dummies into the small boat outside the garden gate, with marvelous coolness, as if he were going out for pleasure, he said, "Good-by, everybody; I will go now, and be back again soon."

The master, who was first to stir, led out to the jetty some of his young men as well as some strong coolies. Three or four big ropes having been made ready, he said:

"Now, Bunkichi, tie one of these to your waist."

"It 's no use, sir, till I get near the mountain," replied the lad, but the master said:

"But just think, if on your way out the shark should turn up! We shall pull you along the coast while you will row as near as you can to the land."

Bunkichi, who could n't resist the master's persuasion, let him tie the rope round his waist, and the master himself took hold of the end of it and together with others went along the shore toward Sumiyoshi bluff.

Bunkichi, having been brought up at the seaside, was an excellent rower, but as they pulled along the rope he rowed but slightly. Suddenly he took out a dagger which had been handed down from his ancestor and unsheathed it, smiling as he noted the temper of the steel.

Who spread the news no one knew, yet the people in the town came out in a crowd, and every one was surprised to see a boy alone in a boat, sallying forth to kill the monster.

"Is n't he a wonderfully courageous boy?"

"He is no common boy. Perhaps he may yet be as famous as our great hero Kato Kiyomasa."†

"Is n't he cool!"

"Has n't he wonderful presence of mind!"

Such expressions as these escaped from everybody's lips. Thus praising him as they went along, the crowd followed the master. From among the crowd an old woman stepped out with a rosary in one hand, and said to the master:

"Sir, please let me hold the rope, *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*."‡

The young men turned to her and said, "Ill omen! Don't say such a thing as *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*. This is not the rope for you to pull."

In spite of the taunt she still muttered the sacred charm of the Buddha sect, saying:

"But do let me hold it. I am the leader in pulling timbers for the repairing of the Hongwanzi§ temple. Yet I must have my share, because I am sure that the lad is a hero sent by Buddha himself, to save us from our troubles, *Namu-Ami-Dabutsu*," repeated the woman.

Just then a maid-servant carrying a little girl on her back came along the shore after the woman. The latter turned to the little girl and said:

"Ah, you are the daughter of the Daikokuya. Do you want to pull this rope, too? *Namu-Ami-Da*—"

The girl would n't listen to her words, but, looking intently at the boat in the distance, called out aloud, "Bunkichi!"

The other bystanders, who heard the name for the first time, said: "Ah, his name is Bunkichi, is it?" and at once shouted, "Bunkichi Daimiozin," which is a title they give to the gods.

The lad, taking little notice of the stir on the shore, soon came to the foot of the bluff. The master and others went up the hillside along the edge of the precipice, while the lad began to prepare for his task.

The long summer day was already declining and a cool breeze from the far ocean blew about his broad sleeves, and the voice of the crowd

* Pronounced Tem-mah-boon'nay. A larger boat.

† The conqueror of Korea in 594 A.D.

‡ An expression used in one of the Buddhistic prayers. Among a certain class of Japanese it was believed that by repeating this phrase frequently their chances of going to heaven were increased.

§ The headquarters of the Buddhist religion in Kioto.

grew fainter and fainter as, hidden by the pine-trees, they wound their way up to the top of the hill. Yet now and then Bunkichi heard his master's voice faintly calling to him, to which he made reply to assure him of his safety. Looking out toward the ocean, there was no sail or boat to be seen, probably owing to the people's fear of meeting the shark. A checkered bank of white and dark clouds was massed on the sky above the horizon, while the waves chased one another below.

Any ordinary man would have quailed at such a scene as this; but Bunkichi, with no sign of nervousness, put the straw figures in the bow of the boat and proceeded toward the place where the shark generally made its appearance. He could now see the master and others above the precipice as they began attaching the rope to a strong limb of the sturdy pine which projected seaward. Thus all the preparations were made for hauling him up at the given signal, while the lad was also preparing himself for the encounter and reconnoitering the scene in his boat.

At last the iron-like fin of the monster was seen to cleave the water. Apparently rejoiced at the sight of a man, as Bunkichi's figure must have been now and then reflected on the water, the shark in quest of prey raised its head above the water and made for the boat.

"Come on, you villain," muttered the lad, who stood up in the bow with the doll in his hand.

The terror-stricken young men on the precipice above no sooner saw the monster than they were on the point of pulling up the rope; but the master stayed them, saying: "Steady, men, steady! Wait till he gives us a signal."

The master anxiously watched the lad's action, while the crowd hardly breathed as they stood still with hands clenched.

With a splash, Bunkichi threw the figure in the way of the *wanizame;* the shark turned over, the white portion of its body gleamed, and it snapped the stuffed figure, drawing it under the water. Up it came again, and the lad threw out the second dummy; but the monster did not take any notice of it, but made straight for the lad. Above, on the precipice, the master awaited Bunkichi's signal with breathless interest, but no signal was given yet. With his dagger drawn in one hand and raising the third straw figure in the other, Bunkichi threw it at the enemy's head. Whether it was that the poison was already taking effect or that the charm of the noted sword frightened the monster, it turned back on a sudden and retreated a few yards. Before the anxious crowd could divine the next movements of the shark, it began to plunge about, in and out of the water on the farther side of the boat. Then, seemingly in agony, it swam about with almost lightning speed, now toward the shore and now toward the ocean, and the sea became like a boiling whirlpool in which the little boat seemed every moment in danger of being overwhelmed.

Bunkichi, who saw his plan had succeeded, at once began to row back. At this juncture, as fate would have it, the monster made a sudden dash at the boat, which was at once overturned. The signal had hardly been given when, after a moment of awful anxiety, the lad was in the air, suspended by the rope. The monster again made a mad rush, only to bruise its head against a rock, and with weakened strength returned toward the deep, riding on the retreating tide.

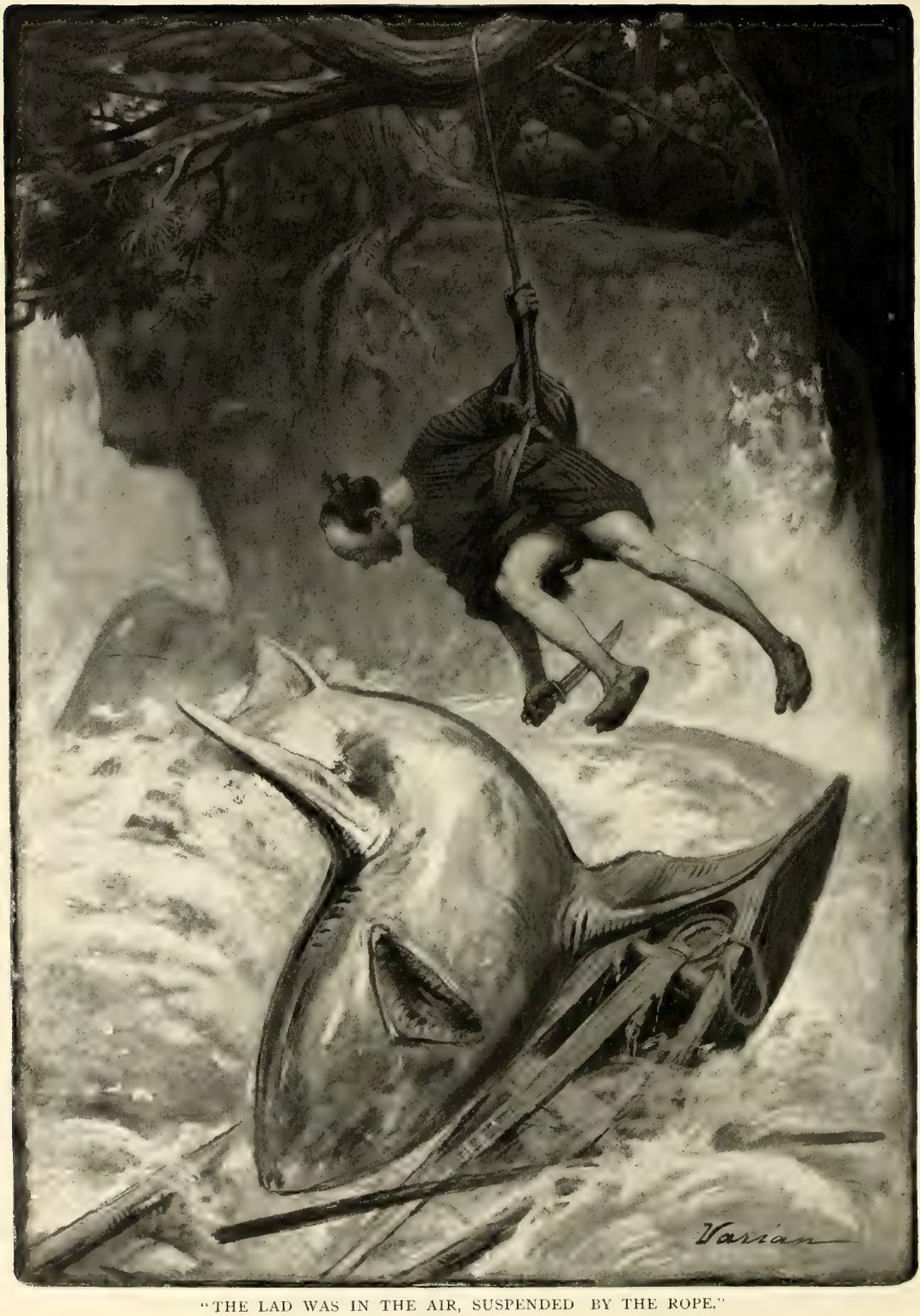
As for Bunkichi, the rope was drawn up steadily and with care, and he soon found himself safely perched on the stout branch of the pine.

The master of the Daikokuya, when he saw Bunkichi once again on solid ground, never uttered a word, but took his hand and put it on his forehead in token of his unutterable gratitude, while tears of joy flowed from his eyes. The others knew not how to do otherwise on the sudden alternation from dread to joy.

After a while Bunkichi left the crowd and went to the most commanding position of the precipice and gazed down upon the sea, and saw the shark on its back floating to and fro, the sport of the waves. His joy knew no bounds, and he said:

"I thank you all; I have been saved by your help. The shark now seems to be dead."

These words he uttered with his customary coolness, showing that he had not been at all frightened by the terrible experience he had passed through, while the others could hardly yet shake off the dread they had felt.



"THE LAD WAS IN THE AIR, SUSPENDED BY THE ROPE."

Addressed thus by the lad, the master now recovered his speech and said:

"No; it is n't *you* who have been saved by *us*, but *we* who have all been saved by *you*. The shark dies and the people live, or the shark lives and the people must die. I have no words to express my gratitude to you. And now we must get back as soon as possible and let the people know the joyous news."

While the master thus hurried the others to go back, Bunkichi stopped him and said: "Sir, if we leave the shark as it is, it may revive. It is a pity to leave it now that it is as good as killed. Let us haul it up by the aid of the rope. It seems that the boat, which was upset, has drifted to the base of the bluff. Let some of us get down and bail the water out of it, and I will, by the help of you all, try to secure the shark."

The master agreed to the proposal and called for volunteers, but in vain. Some young fellows pretended to be ill, and others suspected the shark might yet be alive and swallow them if they went near it.

At last, however, the master prevailed on a few of them to go down with the lad to help him.

Chapter IV.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Bunkichi, with the help of a few others, set the boat up, and, bailing the water out, got in and went out again to sea. Putting a rope round the body of the shark, which was being tossed about by the waves, they drew it close to the foot of the bluff. While Bunkichi by himself rowed back home, the young men dragged the dead monster along the coast toward the Daikokuya. The crowd on the bank applied themselves as one man to the task, and got hold of the rope, and the shark was finally landed. Amusing it was to see that old woman pull hard along with the rest.

After this heroic deed the reputation of Bunkichi spread through the length and breadth of Kumano town, and he was nicknamed as the *Wanizame-Kozo* or Shark-Boy; but who started the name no one can tell. His exploit, however, was soon carried to the ear of *Odaikan*,* and this great person himself came down to the shore and made a thorough inspection of the monster. Ten pieces of silver were awarded by the lord of the province to Bunkichi in recognition of his noble services in putting a stop to the scourge of the town. The master was proud of Bunkichi, and the town people rejoiced at his good fortune.

The size of the shark which the lad killed was more than three *ken*, or some eighteen feet in length, and its skin was so hard that the sharpest sword could not pierce it. The dealers in swords vied with one another in the offers they made the master for the skin, for they knew it would make an excellent binding for sword-hilts. Bunkichi asked his master to sell it, and the transaction was soon made, and the master handed over the whole of the price to Bunkichi as the fruit of his brave deed. The lad would not even touch it. He had heard, he said, that the fishermen in the neighborhood, from not being able to go out as hitherto on account of the shark, were in great straits even for their daily food, and therefore he wished to distribute the money among them. The proposal was at once accepted, and the money was divided either among the people who had suffered on account of the shark, or among the bereaved families whose members had fallen victims to its voracity.

That Bunkichi was possessed of courage his actions had abundantly proved; the people were now profoundly struck by his moral virtue since they had received his alms. The name of Wanizame-Kozo soon got its suffix *Sama*, or its equivalent in English of "Mr.," and whenever he appeared in the streets everybody, whether he was personally known to him or not, seemed to thank him by making him the most courteous obeisances.

In course of time, as the people in remote country places came to hear of Bunkichi's exploit, they pressed in large numbers to the shop of the Daikokuya, not so much to buy clothing as for the purpose of seeing the little hero's face. From that day the master doubled the amount of his daily receipts as trade prospered. Because of the prosperity brought to the house by the lad, the household of the Daikokuya accorded him special treatment, quite dif-

* The name given to the local magistrate in olden days.

ferent from that accorded to the other boys in the shop; in fact, he was treated as if he were the son of the family. But Bunkichi, on his part, served his master better than the other boys were able or willing to.

In spite of his master's forbidding him, he was first on the scene in the morning to sweep the street in front of the shop and to put the shop in order and to sell goods to customers however early they might come. Then, having carefully settled accounts at the close of the day, he would devote his evenings to the mastery of the abacus and to writing Chinese characters. His praiseworthy behavior impressed everybody who saw or heard of him.

Two or three months passed in this way, and the lad's fame became ever greater, and further prosperity was brought to the house. Then the master took counsel of his wife:

"As we have n't any boys, Chocho being the only child we have, sooner or later we shall have to adopt a son. I don't care to have any one of whose intentions and character I know nothing. Rather it would please me to have Bunkichi as our foster-son. What do you think about this?"



"PUTTING A ROPE ROUND THE BODY OF THE SHARK, THEY DREW IT CLOSE TO THE BLUFF."

His wife seemed pleased at this and said gladly:

"I agree with you, my husband; he would be just the one to whom to leave the conduct of the business, and if we could make him our adopted son, what a pleasure it would be! You had better do it quickly."

The master pondered awhile and said:

"But, you see, he hopes to become the leading merchant in Japan, and thereby to raise the name of his ancestors; therefore he would not like to be adopted into another family. This would be the first hitch in the arrangement, I fancy."

"No, my dear; our intention, of course, is to give him the whole of this our property — and that certainly should be sufficient inducement to any one."

"No, I think not," said the other, as he put his head on one side in contemplation; "he is not the boy who will prize such a small property as ours. I don't care to run the risk of humbling myself by speaking to him rashly. What I want is to ascertain his intention at some opportune moment."

Sadakichi, who had been playing in company with the little girl on the veranda outside the *shoji*, first heard this conversation, and one

day told Bunkichi about it. The latter said to himself:

"My intention has been to win fame and thereby to raise our ancestors' name, so it would never do for me to be adopted into another family. Trouble will come if I stay here longer, and I shall be put in such a strait that I shall feel obliged to fall in with this proposal." So he thought he would do best to leave the house quickly and try his hand independently at some trade.

One evening he sought his master and said:

"Sir, it is rather an abrupt request to make of you, but I have conceived a plan by which I can earn money, so please let me trade by myself. As capital to start with, it will be sufficient for me to employ those silver coins which I received for reward and which you have kept for me."

The master, without knowing the lad's secret intention, said, "If you wish to trade on your own account, I will lend you capital or give you any help you want; but what is the plan you have in mind?"

"It 's simply this, sir. Since the disappearance of the *wanizame* the people nowadays get an abundant catch of fish, and in consequence I hear there is a scarcity of fishing-tackle, nets, and their belongings. So I wish to go up to Osaka and get a supply."

The master made one clap with his hands in token of his approval, and said:

"Well thought of, my lad! If you get a supply from Osaka now, you are sure to reap a good profit. Besides, all the fishermen round about here received your alms and regard you as one of the gods. If they hear of your selling fishing-tackle, they will gladly come to purchase of you. But you cannot transact the business by yourself alone, so I will send some one to assist you, and also I will lend you as much capital as you wish. Therefore go and make whatever investment you think necessary."

Bunkichi did not wish to receive this favor, as he intended trading without the help of any one.

"Sir, let me trade with my own capital alone without any other help in this instance," he replied. "Only, when the cargo comes, will you please give it store-room for me?"

As the master knew he could not be induced to accept others' advice when he had definitely made up his mind, he said:

"Very well, then; you may try to manage for yourself. No other boy of your age could transact the business, but probably you may succeed." Thus saying, he went himself and brought a packet of money.

"This is the money I have been keeping for you." And then he produced another packet which contained fifty pieces of silver, saying:

"This is only a trifling recognition of your services in the shop, by which we have enjoyed much prosperity, if you will accept it."

Bunkichi again and again refused to accept this additional gift, but in vain, for the master almost forced him to receive it, and said:

"When you come back from Osaka, you will stay again with us, won't you?"

Bunkichi hesitated and stammered out: "Yes, sir; I might trouble you again, though I intend to continue in some trade of my own."

"Of course you may go in for whatever trade you like, and if you can conveniently carry on your trade while you stay at my house, please make yourself at home in it, and do not think that you need help in my shop on that account."

As Bunkichi had no other home, he accepted this kind offer for his future protection after his return, and the next day, when he had prepared himself for the journey, he left the Daikokuya for Osaka.

Though he was a boy in appearance, his mind was equal to that of a full-grown man. At the time of his leave-taking, the master was insisting on getting him a through *kago*, or Japanese palanquin, to Osaka, which he had refused as unnecessary. In his courageous onward march he came to a lonely part of the road; he was, however, well used to traveling, owing to those early days of wandering when he sold the dragon-flies for the support of his family, and by the experience of his lonely journey to Kumano. But in this present journey, as he carried with him a great sum of money in his pocket, he felt somewhat encumbered and could not walk as lightly as he wished.

On the afternoon of the day when he came to the mountainous region, he was well-nigh

tired out, and he hired a *kago* to carry him. The coolies no sooner put him into the palanquin than they started off at almost a running pace, and after a short time they turned off from the highway into a bypath. The lad called out in suspicion:

"Are n't you taking a rather strange road?"

Both coolies answered in one voice:

"This is a short cut, lad."

As they went on they got more and more into the wilds of the mountains, and Bunkichi thought to himself that they might belong to that class of rascals who prey on the traveler's pockets. Nevertheless it was too late to do anything against them, so he kept himself in perfect peace by determining not to show that he suspected them.

When the coolies were come to a trackless thicket, they put the *kago* down, and, thinking to pull out the boy, looked in and found him fast asleep.

They stared at each other in astonishment and said: "Why, he is sleeping! The fellow takes life easy, eh? Come, my boy, get up! get up!" and one of them poked him on the shoulder, and the other, taking hold of his foot, pulled him out.

Bunkichi rubbed his eyes and yawned twice or thrice.

"Well, Mr. Coolie,—I mean you two,—what 's the matter?"

The coolies said somewhat fiercely: "Look here; you 've got some money with you, have n't you?"

He answered in perfect coolness, as if nothing had happened, "Yes, I have."

They thought more and more the lad was a pretty easy simpleton to deal with, and said: "We knew you had some fifty or sixty *rio*, and that is why we brought you here. Come, now, hand out all you 've got, for if you refuse you 'll suffer for it."

The lad burst out into laughter, saying: "If you want the money you shall have it"; and he took out the wrapped package of money and threw it down in front of them.

The coolies, seeing the perfect composure of the lad, wondered who this boy could be, and they began to grow nervous, and one of them said in a whisper to the other: "May he not be a fox?"

"We don't know but what this money may turn to tree-leaves," was the answer, and both looked into the boy's face.

The boy said as he smiled: "You cowardly thieves, are you afraid?"

He stepped out a pace before them, while they stepped back a little and said, "We are not afraid," visibly suppressing their fear.

The lad peered into their faces. "If you are n't afraid, why do you tremble so?"

"We 're cold; that is why."

"You cowards! Take the money and be gone!"

The coolies looked at each other, and would n't take the money up into their hands, while the lad stood firmly grasping the hilt of the dagger of Kiku-ichimonji within his pocket, ready to fight it out in case they might treat him roughly.

They were thoroughly outwitted by the audacity of the lad, and said: "Where have you come from?"

"Kumano is my home."

One of them turned pale, and said to the other: "Why, maybe he is the Shark-Boy!"

"Yes, I am that very boy," retorted the lad.

No sooner did the coolies hear this than they cried with one voice: "Let us up and be gone!" As they were about to turn on their heels, Bunkichi said, as he drew his dagger:

"If you run off I will cut you in two."

As though they were stricken by thunder at the boy's words, down they tumbled on the ground, and could not rise in spite of themselves. "Only spare our lives, if you please!"

As they begged for mercy, the lad coldly smiled, saying: "What is it you fear?"

"Please spare us! We cannot bear the thought that you will finish us off as you did the *wanizame*," they gasped in a trembling voice.

These coolies had heard of his brave deed in killing the shark, and they thought that he had killed it by a feat of swordsmanship, and that he was a warrior general like him of Ushiwakamaru* of old. He at once perceived what was the cause of their fear, and said:

"Are you weaker than the *wani*?"

* A boy hero who learned fencing from a mountain elf in the wilderness of Atago.

"No, sir; we sha'n't be beaten by the *wani*," though they still trembled.

Bunkichi resheathed his short sword as he said: "Then take me to where we agreed."

With a prompt "Yes, sir," they rose up, while the lad got into the palanquin. They took up the money and nervously brought it to the lad, who said as he glanced at it:

"Put it on the top of the *kago*."

"We 're afraid it may drop down unnoticed," was their ready answer.



"AS THOUGH THEY WERE STRICKEN BY THUNDER AT THE BOY'S WORDS, DOWN THEY TUMBLED ON THE GROUND."

"It 's too heavy for me to carry; tie it somewhere where it will be safe."

Then the coolies tightly tied the package to the pole by which the *kago* was carried. He did not take the money with him again, for fear that they might harm him in case their avaricious temper got the upper hand and they should make off with it.

The coolies, however, had no courage left to renew their attempt; but they went on most solemnly and steadily, as though they were carrying the *tengu*.* Bunkichi, finding the situation rather too quiet and tame, addressed them: "I verily believe that you often play the part of villains."

"No, sir. It was the first time, sir. We were tempted to the wickedness when we saw you were carrying a lot of money; we knew it by your manner of walking, sir."

"I don't believe you. I suspect you have committed villainous acts a good many times, but henceforth there must be an end of them."

"Yes, sir; we have had a lesson and sha'n't try that game again!"

The lad laughed and said: "That 's interesting!" This was a peculiar exclamation he used often to make.

Meanwhile Bunkichi came to a certain station where he got out of the *kago*. He gave the coolies something extra to their fare, while warning them against the continuance of their evil practices.

No sooner had they got their money than they slunk away as quickly as they could.

* A mountain elf.

(To be continued.)

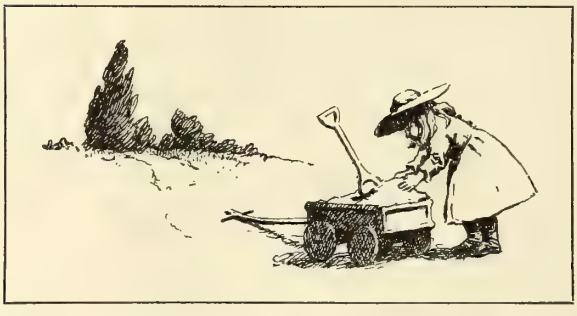


THE LITTLE RED CART AND THE SHOVEL AND ANN

by
Katharine Pyle.

THE little red cart and the shovel and Ann
Are out of doors playing as hard as they can.

By the roadside they gather the sand, hot and white.
It is heaped in the cart and is patted down tight.



Then gaily the little cart creaks up the road,
And proudly the shovel sticks up in the load.

When nursie calls in little Ann from her play,
The cart and the shovel are both laid away.

And Ann says the happiest folk in the land
Must be those who are carting and shoveling sand.





Down beneath the rolling ocean,
At the bottom of the sea,
Lived a Shrimp who had a notion
That a perfect shrimp was he.
He was bright and he was pretty,
Clever, too, and rather witty;
He was jimp, distinctly jimp,
Was this pleasing little Shrimp;
So, of course, as you may see,
He *was* all a shrimp should be,
He was *all* a shrimp should be.

As the Shrimp one day was flitting
Here and there and all around,
He beheld a Cockle sitting
On a little sandy mound,
And he said, "O Cockle deary,
You look rather sad and weary;
I will sing to you a song,
Not too short and not too long;
And I 'm sure you will agree
It *is* all a song should be,
It is *all* a song should be."

Then the Shrimp, with smiles of pleasure,
Took his banjo on his knee,
And he played a merry measure
Like a Carol or a Glee;
And he sang a catch so jolly,
All of frolic, fun, and folly,
All of merriment and play,
All of mirth and laughter gay;
And I 'm sure you 'll all agree
That *is* all a catch should be,
That is *all* a catch should be.





FEEDING THE BIRDS.

(*From a paper cutting by Charles Dana Gibson, made when a boy.*)

GUESSING SONG.

By Henry Johnson.

A captive in a cage, through my prison-bars I blink;
Now I wave my plumes on high, now I let them softly sink.
A slave at your command, I can lead you to and fro;
Where there 's neither sun nor moon, I can guide you where to go.
Yet be careful what you do when you free me from my cage,
Or your humble slave may turn to a tyrant in a rage:
For I 'm sometimes meek and tame, and I 'm sometimes fierce and wild,
Now a terror to a man, now a comfort to a child.
But if you watch me well you will find in me a friend
Ever ready to oblige and a helping hand to lend:
I will make your kettle boil under skies of August blue,
Or on frosty nights at home I will warm your toes for you.

A CHEAP TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

By Thomas Tapper.

'Most every evening, after tea,
I travel far as far can be;
I grasp the wheel with both my hands,
And soon I 'm off for foreign lands.

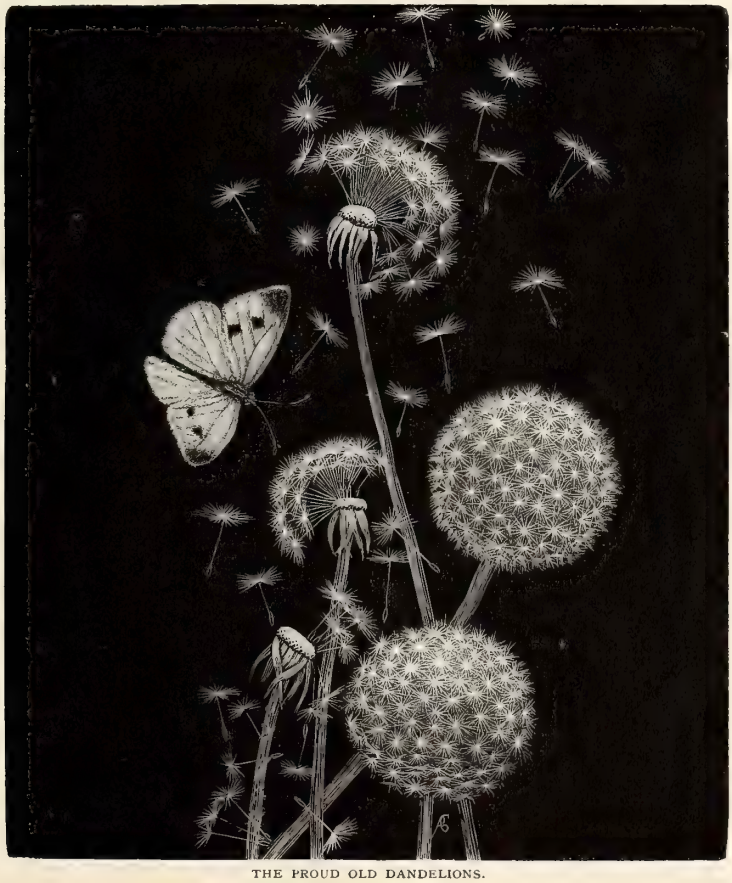
I see all countries that I can:
Alaska, China, and Japan,
Then round by Italy and Spain,
And very soon I 'm home again.

Then up about the Polar Sea,
Where bears and walrus stare at me.

At other times I take my way
To distant Burma and Malay.

In every land, down to the sea,
The people rush to look at me.
"Good luck to you," I hear them say;
I wave my hand and speed away.

Our dining-room is everywhere;
My ship is just a rocking-chair:
I cruise about the world, at sea,
'Most every evening after tea.



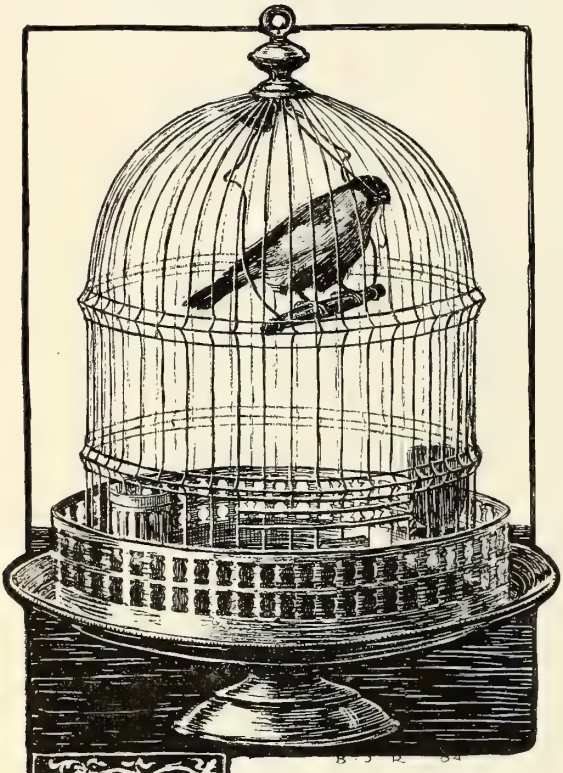
THE PROUD OLD DANDELIONS.

"They shook their trembling heads and gray
With pride and noiseless laughter;
When, well-a-day! they blew away,
And ne'er were heard of after!"

STORIES OF MY PETS.

By Helen Harcourt.

1. Don the Bullfinch.



DID you ever see a bullfinch? He is not so well known as he ought to be. Those who do know him love him. He deserves it, too, as you will see when you have read the story of Don. He was a bullfinch, and every word of his story is true. But first you should know something of bullfinches in general; then we will turn to Don in particular — and very particular he was, too, about many things.

The native home of the bullfinch is in Europe. In his wild state he is very shy. He shuns people and houses. He is very timid when first caught; but after the first fright is over he is easily tamed.

He is a very loving bird. He takes strong dislikes to some people, but he loves others just as much. Sometimes he cares little for or dislikes people who are kind to him. Again he likes others who do not care for him. He never gives any reason for such queer conduct, either.

Did you ever hear a bullfinch whistle a tune? The Germans make a regular business of teaching bullfinches. These cunning birds are taught to imitate the music of a flageolet while it is being played to them. By and by they get the notes perfectly, and then they are ready for sale and bring high prices. "Piping bullfinches," they are called. Some have only one tune, some two or three.

The bullfinch wears a handsome suit of clothes. The base of the neck and the back are a slate-gray, sometimes tinged with rose. The top of the head and most of the wing-feathers are black and glossy. The tips of the wings are white, making a contrast with the bold white bar across them. The sides of the head, the throat, and the breast are light chestnut-red. The bill is black, and curved like a parrot's.

Altogether the bullfinch is a very plump, comfortable-looking bird. He is a comical fellow, too. But no one who is careless, or gets tired of pets, should own a bullfinch. Why? Because that dear little bird has strong feelings. He has a heart, a true, faithful heart. If he loves you, and you neglect him, he will droop and grieve.

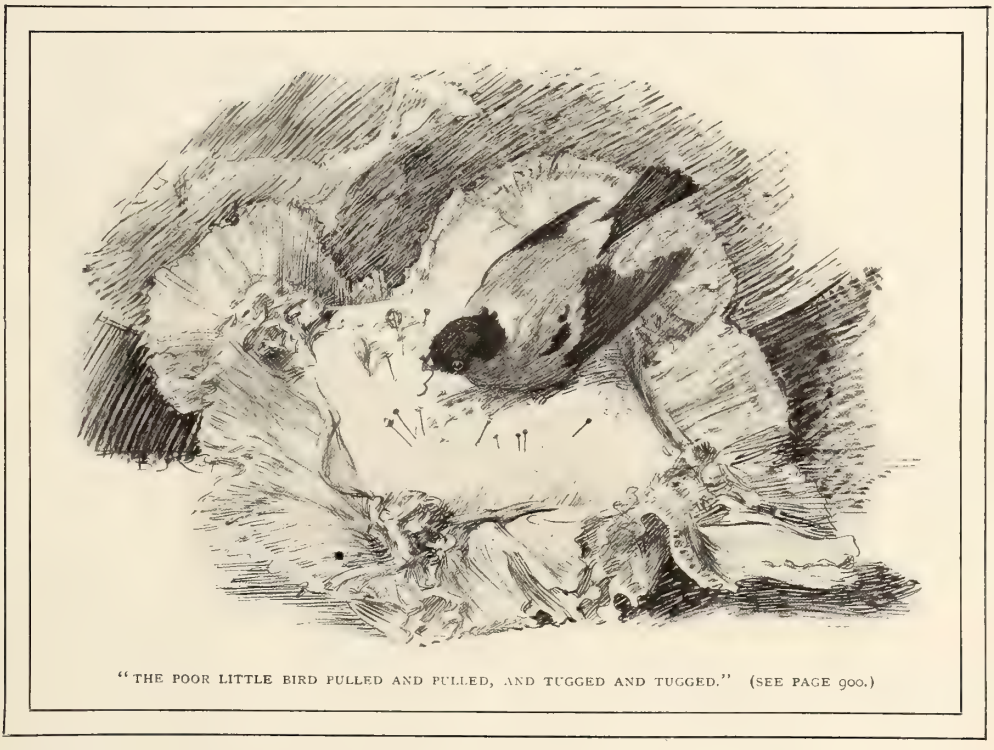
I first saw little Don in a bird-store. I was looking at a long row of bullfinches that had just arrived. All at once one of the little pipers jumped off his perch and came to his door. There he puffed out his feathers in the queer

way bullfinches have when they are pleased. It made him look like a ball of feathers with a beak and a tail. The feathery ball bobbed up and down in a very funny way. When spoken to, he went wild with delight. He puffed, bowed, danced around his cage, and rubbed his breast against the bars. Next he began a pretty tune.

You can guess what came of all this, can you not? The happy little bird won a good home and a loving mistress.

But he was shy with every one else. He turned his back on them with quiet scorn. He was so proud and dignified that he was named not care for them. He wanted something else. He was silent and moping. So the loving little bird was made happy by being placed in my room upstairs.

It was wonderful how soon he learned to distinguish my step. Often his clear, sweet tune could be heard pouring from his dainty throat. Or perhaps he was silent. It was all the same. The instant my step sounded in the hall below or on the stairs, the whistle ceased, or the silence was broken. "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" was the eager cry. Of course I always did "come he-ere." And then the delight of the dear little fellow was touching. Down he



"THE POOR LITTLE BIRD PULLED AND PULLED, AND TUGGED AND TUGGED." (SEE PAGE 900.)

Don, after the proud Spanish nobles or dons of the olden time.

Every one who has owned a bullfinch knows his strange call of "Come he-ere, come he-ere, come he-ere!" It is a call never uttered except to summon the one he loves.

Don was very unhappy when I was out of sight. His cage was hung at first in a glass conservatory, where he had sunshine, flowers, and two canary-birds for company. But he did jumped to the door of his cage post-haste. Then, puffing out like a ball, he bowed right and left, dancing to and fro as if wound up to run for hours. And such a sweet piping as there was, too!

But he never played about the room when I was away. He was too sorrowful for that. His favorite haunt, next to my head or shoulders, was my bureau. He loved to hop all over it; but he loved best of all to mount the

big, fat pincushion. It was such fine fun to pull out the pins and drop them on the bureau scarf. Sometimes he carried them to the edge of the bureau and dropped them on the floor.

One day I bent the point of a large pin and twisted it well into the cushion. It was rather naughty, to be sure, but I wished to see what Don would do about it. The other pins came out and were dropped as usual. Then came the "tug of war." The poor little bird pulled and pulled, and tugged and tugged. The big pin moved but did not come out. He put his head on one side and eyed it severely. He was not one of the "give up" sort. He had made up his mind to conquer that pin. He worked very hard for at least ten minutes. Then the plaintive "Come he-ere, come he-ere!" rang out.

I waited to see what he would do next. And what do you think? He thought a little, then mounted the cushion again, and whistled and danced to that obstinate pin. But it stayed right where it was. Then he seized it once more, and tugged so hard that his tiny feet slipped and he sat right down. Next he got up and stared at it, then hopped to the edge of the bureau and called again, "Come he-ere, come he-ere!"

I could not tease him any longer and went to the rescue. The moment that pin was loose, Don seized it with a happy chuckle. Hopping to the back part of the bureau, he dropped the pin down between it and the wall. It was in disgrace, you know.

One day the dear little fellow had been very busy indeed. The cushion had been freshly filled with pins. That gave him a great deal of work to do, of course. The pins had all to be carried to the edge of the bureau and dropped overboard. That task finished, he went into his house to get his dinner.

I went to work to pick up the pins, telling Don that he was a naughty bird to make me so much trouble. It seemed as if he understood every word. At once he stopped eating his seeds, came out, and peeped at me over the edge of the bureau. Then down he came, making steps of my head, shoulder, and arm until he reached the floor. And there the dear little bird hurried around with all his might, picking up the pins. He flew up to the cushion, laid them down, and came back for more, until they were all gathered up. Then he sat on my chair, whistled his tune, and finally went to sleep.

The mirror was another source of great interest. Don never tired of talking and bowing to the other bird. It would never talk back, though, and that fact seemed to puzzle him very much.

One day Don had a present. A tiny bell was fastened to the roof of his cage. A string hung from it between the upper perches, so that he could easily reach it. Like most other birds, he was very fond of hemp-seeds. But no bird should have too many of them. They are too rich and fattening. They are liable to give our little birds indigestion or gout. Don got one only now and then, taking them from the hands of his friends.

I now began to teach him to ring the bell for the seeds. I held one out to him. When he tried to reach it, I held it back and rang the bell. Then at once I gave him the seed. It needed only a few such lessons to lead him to put these two things together. So it was not long before he caught the string in his beak and gave the bell a royal ringing whenever he saw a hemp-seed. He was so delighted with the success of his scheme that he kept on tugging the string for some time before he came for his reward, and he was quite unconscious that I was just as delighted with my success in training him.

Don soon became an expert bell-ringer. It was not only seeds that he rang for. He had got the idea that ringing the bell meant getting whatever he wanted. He always wanted me more than anything else; so his bell was rung for me whenever I was out of sight: not just once in a while, but nearly all the time, that tinkle, tinkle, could be heard. At the sound of my step or voice he would set the bell ringing violently. The tiny tinkle of it, and the coaxing "Come he-ere, come he-ere!" soon became familiar in our home.

Dear, dear little Don! He passed out of human sight long ago; but his cunning ways, his loving heart, will never pass out of the memory of his friends.



II. Dick.

DICK was a cat, such a great big cat that some people were afraid of him. He was striped and spotted like a tiger-cat, and was almost as big.

Dick and his little friends had fine times together. They played hide-and-seek and other games, and Dick liked the fun as well as the children, even when they played jokes on him.

Did you ever put paper boots on your cat? That is what Dick's playmates did to him. I was one of them, and it was great fun even for Dick himself. His feet were tied up in smooth paper and then he was set down on the floor. Then a spool tied to a string was put before him. Dick loved to play with spools, and was quick to catch them. He liked to play ball with them or make believe they were mice to be tossed or worried. But when Dick tried to catch the spool with his paper boots on it was a funny sight. His legs went wherever they chose. They did not care what he wanted at all. Each foot went skating by itself, and left poor Dick flat on the floor. He kicked, rolled over and over, and was the most puzzled cat you ever saw. He looked at that lively spool, winked at it, snatched at it, but could never catch it. He thought that it was the queerest spool he had ever seen, and that his feet were the queerest things he had ever owned.

But Dick was a smart cat and soon got the better of his teasing playmates. He found that when his paper boots were on his feet he might just as well lie down and go to sleep. He would not even try to catch a nice piece of cheese. So the boots were given up and did not bother Dick any more.

The children liked best to play in the sitting-room, which was upstairs, and Dick liked best to stay downstairs. So the door that led to the front stairs was kept shut when Dick was wanted in the sitting-room, and also the door at the foot of the stairs that led into the kitchen. When these were shut Dick's young friends thought they had him safe enough. But, in spite of all their care, that smart cat would slip away, and be found sitting and purring before the kitchen fire. He was fond of the kitchen, there were so many nice scraps there. No one knew how he had passed those closed doors, until one day the cook told on him.

She had seen him open the door of the kitchen stairs. It was all clear enough after that. The door opened with a thumb-latch. Dick had seen his little friends press their thumbs on the latch many a time to open the door, and he thought he could do so too. By standing on his hind legs he found that he could raise the latch easily.

This was only one of many wise things that Dick did. Every one who knew Dick said that he was the smartest cat that ever was seen. Of course that was not quite true, but it was true that he was smarter than most cats. Do you know the reason? It was because he was treated as though he could think and feel, and not as though he were a stick or stone that could not be hurt by unkind words or acts. This was the reason that Dick was so good and gentle.

This was the reason that he could think about what he saw, as he did about the latch of the door.

But of course he could not think as well as you can. He was only a cat, with a cat's brains. That was why, one day, he tried the thumb-latch trick on a round door-knob. When the door did not open for him he sat down and looked his wonder, and a more sad and sheepish-looking cat never was seen. His little playmates laughed at him, and then he crept under a sofa and would not come out for a long time.

One of the many tricks that Dick's friends played on him was for three or four of them to sit as far apart as possible. Then one would begin to whistle. At the first sound Dick's ears stood at "attention." At the second his legs stood at "make ready," and at the third whistle it was "go!" Full in the lap of the whistler he landed, and if a laugh did not stop the whistle Dick rubbed his head over his friend's mouth. If that did not answer, his velvet paw was quick to give a slap that always brought a laugh.

Then a second and third and fourth would start up a whistle, and poor Dick was kept rushing from one to another, until he gave up the game and sat on the floor, purring with all his might, as if he did not care a bit how long we kept on whistling. We never felt sure whether Dick liked or disliked the whistling, because, while he seemed trying to stop it, he was purring and rubbing against us all the while.

Dick was a full-grown cat when he came into our family, and for fourteen years he was the household pet. When at last old age ended his stay with us, he was mourned by old and young, and though many years have passed since then, his memory still is green.

III. Lady.

IT was because she was so handsome and so dainty that we named her Lady. She had been brought up in the country, and had never seen a city in her life until she came to us in the great city of Philadelphia.

Now, you know how it is with country children when they come to town. They see many things and hear many sounds that startle them because they do not know what they mean. It was the same way with poor Lady, only worse, because children can reason about things and think out their meaning. Horses can only feel afraid, without knowing that there is no need to be frightened at all.

It so chanced that Lady had never been near one of those great, roaring iron horses that we call "locomotives." One day when I was training her to pull a light carriage (for she had never been in the shafts before), a locomotive came rushing across the road in front of us.

Poor Lady was full of terror at the sight and the sound of it. She reared and jumped, and then, as my voice soothed her, stood trembling like a leaf. I was very careful after that. I saw that she must be taught that it would not hurt her, or else we might have a broken carriage and some broken bones.

Lady was a fine saddle-horse, and I often rode her out into the country. She liked the fun of a scamper along the green lanes as well as I did, but she did not like the city sights and sounds that met her nearer home. But I had made up my mind that Lady must learn not to fear them. So, first of all, I won her love and trust by being always gentle and kind to her. I never shouted at her or struck her. I knew that that would only frighten her more than ever. After that, whenever we came to anything that worried her and made her dance, I first soothed her by voice and touch; then I faced her toward the object she feared. When she had had a good look at it, I made her go a little closer to it, and then stop and take another look. Then, patting and talking to her all the time, I urged her still closer until she touched it and saw for herself that it would neither jump at nor bite her. In this way I taught her to pass quietly by piles of brick, stone, mortar,

boxes, lime-kilns, and all the other queer things that she had never met before.

Well, when she had learned that there was no harm in those queer-looking things that met her on the streets, I was ready to teach her the hardest lesson of all. This was, not to fear those awful trains of whistling, roaring cars, with the great, black, smoke-breathing iron horse at their head.

So one day Lady and I rode out to a place where there was a wide street with a railroad track on one side of it. I knew we must have plenty of room to jump and waltz around in.

We waited there till a train came along, and then Lady thought it was high time to go home. I did not, and I told her so. Poor Lady, she was in a dreadful fright. She backed and danced, and stood on her hind legs. When she came down on all four legs again, she danced and waltzed all over the street to the music of the big iron horse. It was dreadful enough just to look at. It was worse when it began to blow off steam. It was still worse when it gave two wild shrieks, and then went puffing off down the street.

I felt sorry for Lady, she was so frightened. But all the time I spoke softly to her and stroked her neck, and kept her facing that awful locomotive until it had puffed out of sight.

Day after day Lady and I rode out to see those locomotives. Day after day we went closer to them. We paid them many visits before Lady felt quite sure that the moving, hissing giant that breathed smoke and steam, and shrieked and roared, meant her no harm.

But she learned the lesson at last. She learned it so well that she felt only scorn and contempt for her one-time terror. Then I had to hold her back from crossing the track when a train was coming. Sometimes when it had stopped across the road she would have tried to climb over it, if I had let her. It was funny to see how she despised her old foe.

Lady soon learned the meaning of the word "back." In a short time it was only needful to give the word and she obeyed at once without any pulling on the reins. If I wished her to back when I was standing on the ground at her side, she had only to be touched on the breast, and back she went until told to stop. Some persons pull so hard on the bit when they wish their horses to back that the poor horses open their mouths in pain. This is cruel and not needful at all.

Lady soon came to think that she belonged to her teacher, or that her teacher belonged to her. She seemed a little doubtful as to which way it was; but, at all events, she made up her mind that she did not wish to obey any one else.

We took a ride nearly every day, Lady and I, and every ride was a lesson. They were learned, too, chiefly in a beautiful park that was often crowded with carriages and persons on horseback. Yet it was not long before the reins could be dropped on her neck, in the certainty that by voice alone she could be guided in and out among them all.

"Lady," a quiet voice would say. Then her ears pricked up, and she listened for the order she knew was coming. "Left," and at once she turned off to the left. "Right," and away she went to the right. If the word was repeated she kept on turning until she faced around the other way.

If she heard the order "Trot," "Canter," "Walk," she obeyed on the instant. It was funny to see how quickly she dropped from a quick canter into a walk, even at a whispered order. Sometimes, when trotting or cantering, a low-spoken, "Faster, faster," sent her tearing along as if there were a big race to run and she had set out to win it.

Nor was this all that Lady was taught. Even the voice was not needed to guide her. She soon learned to obey a set of whip signals as well as the orders by voice. A light touch on the flank started her into a trot. A touch on the right shoulder meant to canter. Between the ears meant to come down to a walk.

Pressing the whip against the right side of her neck was the signal to turn to the left. Pressing the whip on the left side meant to turn to the right. If the whip kept on pressing against her neck Lady turned and turned until she had completed a circle. Rubbing the whip on her back behind the saddle was the order to go faster.

All these orders by voice and touch Lady obeyed whether in harness or under the saddle.

Lady's stable was in a big lumber-yard. The lumber was piled up in neat rows, the fronts all even, and the piles sometimes as high as a two-story house. These piles of lumber stood in long rows, with a space between that was called a gangway.

It was in one of these gangways that Lady learned to play "jump the rope," only her rope was a light strip of wood. Two of the workmen stood about midway of the length of the gangway, one on either side. The light strip of wood rested on their palms. Then Lady and I came toward them at a canter. The men held the strip low at first, and if Lady's hoofs struck it in the leap, it fell to the ground. That was why the men held it so lightly. If it had been tight or fastened it might have thrown Lady down if she had struck it.

Lady soon caught the idea of a jump. Then it was a wonder to see how quick she was to learn. Higher and higher she jumped, until at last she went over that strip of wood as lightly as a bird, though it was at the height of an ordinary fence.



"AT LAST SHE WENT OVER THAT STRIP OF WOOD AS LIGHTLY AS A BIRD, THOUGH IT WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF AN ORDINARY FENCE."

After that there were no more lessons to teach Lady. Her education was complete. But she had some ideas of her own, and learned something for herself, as you will see.

We had traveled along together like good comrades for a number of years when Lady had the misfortune to fall into the hands of an ignorant country blacksmith. He put shoes on her that were too small, and so gave her a corn on one foot.

Of course that corn made Lady lame once in a while. Several times, after being harnessed to the carriage, she had to be put back in the stable. It was the same, too, several times under the saddle. So, by and by, our smart Lady began to put the two things together, being lame and having a lazy time in her stall. Not that she was at all a lazy horse; indeed, most people thought her one fault was wishing

to travel too fast. She was only spoiled, like the rest of us when we are sick and are humored too much by those who love us.

Once Lady was kept at ease for two weeks because of her lame foot. Then the man who took care of her said that she was all right again. She had been turned loose in the lumber-yard all day Sunday, when of course the gates were shut, and had trotted and galloped about without limping at all. So I took her out under the saddle. We had one nice canter, and then poor Lady began to go lame. I felt worried and sorry for her, and at once took her back to her stable.

A few days later we had another ride, as Lady's groom said that she had got over her lameness. But it was the same thing again, and so we turned around and went home once more.

Another week passed, and as her groom declared that Lady was not lame, we started out for a ride again. Away we went on a nice, smooth road. It was all right at first, but soon Lady began to limp again. By this time I had begun to have my doubts, and instead of taking Lady home I made her keep on. Her lameness grew worse and worse, and it seemed as if it must be real. So we faced about, and as soon as Lady felt sure that she was really on the way home she set off at a lively trot! There was not a bit of lameness left.

Suddenly she found herself facing away from home. In a moment that queer lameness came back, and it kept getting worse and worse. But instead of feeling sorry this time I laughed so hard that I nearly fell out of the saddle. Again that naughty Lady was faced toward home. At once she pricked up her ears in the most cheerful way and set off at a swift canter. Again she was faced the other way, and though her lameness came back we kept straight on. She looked around at me in reproach, only to be told that she was a sad rogue, and to hear a lecture on the wicked trick she had played on her friend.

We took a long ride of ten miles that day, and Lady reached home a wiser and sadder horse. She never played that trick on me again, though she tried it once on another rider.

Our family always spent the summer at the same place. It was a beautiful spot on the banks of the Delaware River. Of course Lady was one of our party, and a very popular one. She was allowed to roam over the grounds and enjoy the sweet, crisp grass and the shady trees. She could go wherever she chose, and where do you think she did go sometimes?

Outside the kitchen was a big open shed where the servants had their table in the summer-time. It was not long before Lady learned the meaning of the bell that rang for meals. She came up to the house when she heard it, and waited until she saw the servants sit down at their table. Then she walked into the shed and, reaching over their shoulders, helped herself to a big mouthful of bread or cake and walked off to eat it at her leisure. This frightened the servants at first, but they soon laughed at it, and even set "Lady's plate" convenient for her.

One day when Lady came walking along she found a little girl under the shed. She was sitting on a bench, husking corn for dinner. Lady loved corn and she began to sniff at it. The little girl threw herself full length on the bench so as to cover up the corn. Lady pricked up her ears and looked at the little girl in scorn. Then she stretched out her neck, put her nose against the brave defender of the corn, and quietly rolled her off on the ground.

Then she nodded her proud head and winked at the little girl as much as to say, "Well, who 's the smartest?" The next moment she had two ears of that nice sugar corn in her mouth and walked off to enjoy them under a tree. The little girl picked herself up and looked after Lady. She was not sure whether she ought to laugh or cry, but she was wise enough to choose to laugh.

We all loved Lady, and when, after years of faithful service, she left us, as all our pets must do, we mourned her loss. She was like one of the family. It did not seem right at all to speak of her as "a horse." She seemed just like one of ourselves.

What Lady was to us you can make your own horse by treating it kindly and as a friend.

WHEN THE BIRDS WERE OUR GUESTS.

(A True Story of My Childhood.)

By F. E. Hawson.

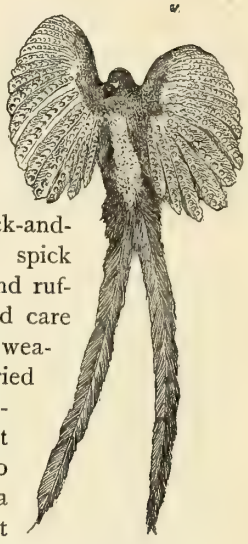


THAT was a dry year in Australia. All through the winter months, except for a few light showers which barely laid the dust, there had been no rain, and when summer came, the fierce sun blazed down upon a bare red earth from which the parched herbage had long since been swept away by the strong north wind, leaving nothing but the dry stumps of the tufted grass. The sheep died in hundreds, and the cattle found scant nourishment by feeding upon the acrid leaves of the bush shrubs.

In the middle of January a day came which was the climax of that awful summer. After a stifling, breathless night, the sun rose like a great red ball, growing hotter and fiercer as he ascended in the heavens, until at noon the air scorched the flesh like the blast from a furnace. Even the leaves of the hardy gum-trees rustled and crackled and withered with the intense heat, while the sandalwood-trees, the wattle and cassia bushes, with each smaller tree and shrub, drooped, their leaves hanging limp and lifeless.

The wild birds, open-mouthed and gasping, met in the giant gum-tree, which in former years had afforded them grateful shade; but now it gave no shelter, for its leaves stood on edge and the burning sun-rays filtered through. Even the eagle-hawk was subdued. With parted beak and outspread wings, he balanced his body on a stout bough and glanced uncaring at his feathered prey, for well he knew the hot blood of birds would not ease this raging thirst.

Following the eagle-hawk's eye, the crow looked down with a sinister smile upon the birds panting on every branch. All were there: Laughing Jack in his brown coat, his boisterous merriment stilled. The magpie, his black-and-white dress, usually so spick and span, now dingy and ruffled, for what bird could care how he looked in such weather? At dawn he had tried a note or two of his glorious morning song, but soon quavered off into silence. Perched on a twig in his pretty garment of soft, eucalyptus green, was little Silvereye, the daring bird who persistently refused to be scared away when a gun was fired, but kept his place in the branches, trusting to his coat concealing him among the leaves which he resembled so closely; instead, he would turn a merry, silver-rimmed eye toward the hunter as though inviting another shot.

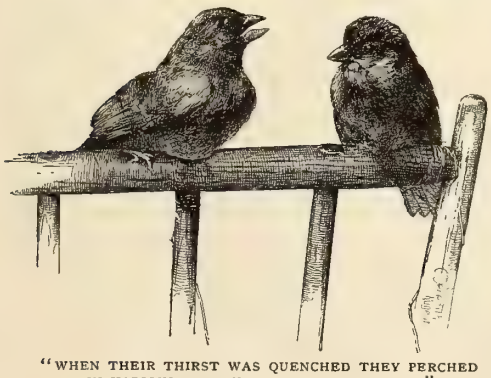


Seated near their brown cousins of the plains were the pretty blue wrens, their lovely dress, brilliant azure on the male, more somber on the female, making a bright spot of color. The "cooloody," a smaller and less aggressive copy of Laughing Jack, was perched beside the dull-coated but musical thrush. The black-and-white flycatcher was there, the friend of the cows, on whose backs he often perches when hunting for his food and their torment, the flies. The whole parrot family was represented, from the great red-and-yellow-crested cockatoos, the screaming pink-and-gray galas, the large, gorgeously plumaged parrots, down to the tiny soft green parrakeets. Besides these there were the ground lark and his silver-voiced brother of the sky, the bronze-wing pigeon, the tiny crested dove, and many other birds of the bush too numerous to mention severally.

All the birds were suffering terribly from thirst, and there seemed no hope of any alleviation of their agony unless rain should come. All the water-holes were dried up. Even the supply of water in the wells appeared to be getting low, and the day before my father had ordered the troughs where the animals watered to be covered, to prevent evaporation, and to keep the dingos from drinking there. He hoped that this frightful weather, if it did no other good, would kill off these enemies of the sheep. Previous to the covering of the troughs, the birds had been accustomed to drink and bathe there in the early morning and in the evening.

For me and my brothers and sisters this terrible day had been a trying one also. We were not allowed to go out of doors for fear of sunstroke, and, restless and tortured by the heat, we had wandered from room to room, unable to lie still as we were bidden, and with no heart for our usual indoor amusements. The only thing which made us forget our discomfort for even one moment was the sight of our friends the wild birds collected in the big gum-tree in front of the house. We knew that their sufferings were greater than our own, and we grieved that we could not help them.

About four o'clock we were all together at



"WHEN THEIR THIRST WAS QUENCHED THEY PERCHED IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES ABOUT THE ROOM."

the window, looking out, when we noticed a commotion among the dispirited and gasping birds. They seemed simultaneously to have agreed upon some plan, for they all dropped to the ground, and slowly, with outspread wings and open mouths, painfully crossed the hot earth between the tree and the house, and presently we saw the marvelous sight of the whole troop, headed by little Silvereye, trailing up to the veranda. In amazement and delight, we called to our mother:

"Oh mama, mama! The birds — the birds!"

"Open wide the windows," she instantly ordered; "perhaps they will come in. See, children, the poor things are perishing with thirst!"



"THE BIRDS DID NOT MOVE AWAY, BUT ALLOWED US TO TOUCH THEM."

We obeyed at once, and the birds came panting in, their wings drooping, their beaks apart. Oh, the wonder and the joy of it! Our hearts swelled and almost burst with delight at the thought that the birds — our dear wild birds whom we loved so much — of their own accord had come to us for aid in their extremity.

The heat was forgotten in the great happiness of ministering to the needs of our guests. We ran to the kitchen for all the shallow dishes we could find. These we filled with water and placed on the parlor floor. The birds were not slow to understand. They crowded around the pans, and drank and drank, dipping in their beaks again and again, and lifting their heads to allow the cool fluid to trickle refreshingly down their parched throats. When their thirst was quenched they made no attempt to get out, but perched in various attitudes about the room.

The crow flew to the mantelpiece, stood on the corner of the shelf, uttered a weak *caw*, and looked around with an air of great dignity. The eagle-hawk perched upon the arm of the sofa, while the magpie chose a shelf in the corner as a resting-place. Most of the small birds found perches on the fresh boughs father had cut in the early morning, and which mama had arranged in the big open fireplace so as to give the room an appearance of coolness. Laughing Jack looked comical seated silently and gravely on the back of a chair. The prettiest picture was made by a number of parra-

keets who sat in a row on the fender. The pigeons, larks, and most of the ground birds crept under the furniture, remained on the floor, or perched on the rungs of chairs.

For a long time we children could do little but gaze in rapture at the birds. That our wild feathered friends should have come to visit us seemed like a bit out of fairyland, and every few minutes we would rub our eyes and look again to see if it were really true.

If we went near, the birds did not move away, but allowed us to touch them, and Silvereye even hopped on to Arthur's finger and sat there contentedly for quite a while. It was a rare pleasure to take a little unresisting parrakeet, honey-bird, crested dove, or blue wren in our hands, hold it up to our ears and listen to the quick beating of the tiny heart, or stroke the soft feathers with our smooth cheeks. But mama said we must not handle the tender creatures much lest we make them ill. So we satisfied ourselves by watching them, and by going every few minutes to bring fresh water, also bread, which we crumbled on the floor, hoping that our guests might be tempted to eat. But the birds did not care for food. Water and shade were all they craved.

All too short was that happy afternoon. The night closed in hot and stifling, and the birds made no move to go. We were allowed to stay up later than usual, but at ten o'clock were sent to bed. After tossing restlessly for an hour or more, I sank into a troubled sleep, from which I was awakened by flashes of distant lightning and the rumbling of a coming storm. Each moment the flashes were brighter and the thunder-claps louder. My brothers and sisters were also awake, and in the intervals of stillness I called to them across the hall. The storm was traveling at a rapid pace, and it was not long before it burst in all its fury over the house. The wind howled around the corners, the thunder roared, blinding flashes of lightning illuminated our rooms, and the rain and hail beat upon the roof. It lasted longer than most summer storms, but at length passed, leaving quietness behind it, and in the hush of the dawn we heard a stir in the parlor.

We did not wait to put on even our shoes, but in bare feet and nightgowns ran down, to find our parents already dressed, and the birds, awake, alive, fully recovered from the suffering of the previous day, collected at the windows, eager to get out.

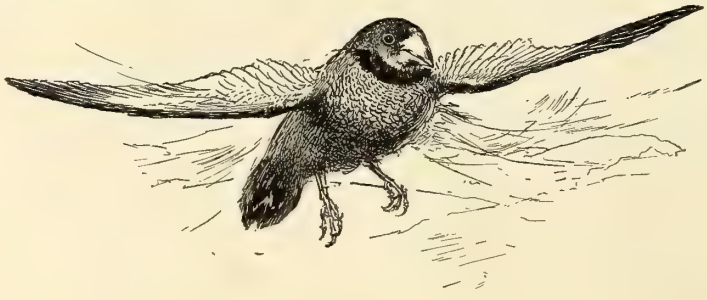
"Oh mama, can't we keep them?" we asked eagerly.

"No."

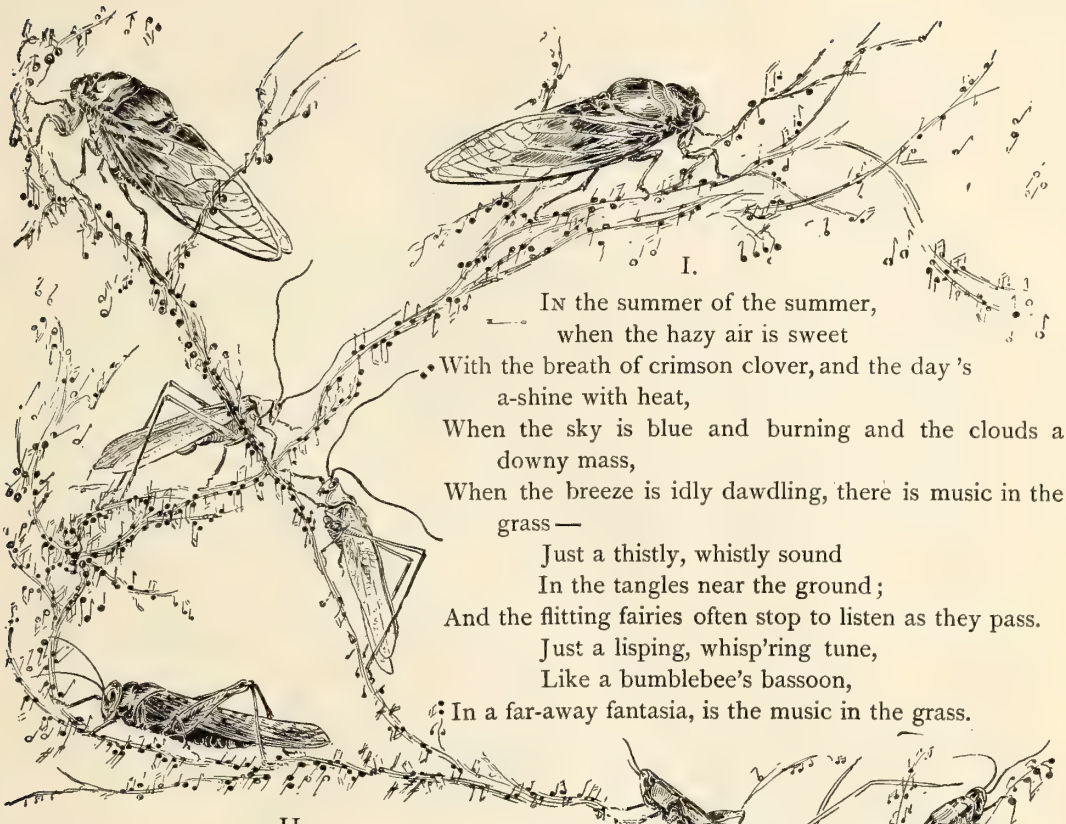
"Not even one?"

But our dear mother was firm. She had the strongest sense of the rights of animals, and she knew that no matter how kind we might be to these birds, they would never be so happy in captivity as in the wild freedom of the bush. So half reluctantly we opened wide the windows, and so with *coos* and *caws*, and various notes of ecstasy they flew joyfully forth into the sweet-smelling, rain-freshened world. We, too, felt glad with them, and rejoiced that they were free.

Though ever after on each hot summer day we hoped they might, the birds never again visited us; but I think they recognized our greater friendliness, and after that day were more tame, especially as father gave orders that no bird was to be shot near our house. Among all the sweet memories of my childhood, the day when the birds were our guests stands out as the most exquisite of all.



MUSIC IN THE GRASS.



I.

In the summer of the summer,
when the hazy air is sweet
With the breath of crimson clover, and the day 's
a-shine with heat,
When the sky is blue and burning and the clouds a
downy mass,
When the breeze is idly dawdling, there is music in the
grass —
Just a thistly, whistly sound
In the tangles near the ground;
And the flitting fairies often stop to listen as they pass.
Just a lisping, whisp'ring tune,
Like a bumblebee's bassoon,
In a far-away fantasia, is the music in the grass.

II.

Would you know what makes the music? On each
slender, quivering blade
There are notes and chords and phrases by the bees
and crickets played;
And the grasshoppers and locusts strive each other to surpass
In their brave interpretation of the music in the grass.
By the roguish breezes tossed
You might think it would get lost,
But the careful fairies guard it, watching closely as they pass.
So on every summer day,
Sounding faint and far away,
Is the mystic, murmuring marvel of the music in the
grass.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXVII.

SOME MATTERS OF BUSINESS.

"Your Majesty," said Mme. Tussaud, addressing Richard Cœur de Lion, "expressed the hope that the fair damsel who is oppressed is not our dear Mlle. Lucy. Sire, it is not that sweet child, but she suffers as deeply as if it were indeed herself who is under the oppressor's thumb. The damsel whom we seek to release, and whose happiness we have journeyed hither to insure, is Lucy's sister, Mlle. Lydia."

"Ha! The fair Lydia," said Henry VIII. "One of England's sweetest flowers. And is it this varlet who would bar the way to her heart's desire?"

"You shall hear, your Majesty and the royal court of England here assembled. I charge this man, Lorimer Grimweed, with using a base power he holds over the damsel's father to force her into marriage with him — with him whom she detests. For her love is bestowed upon a worthier gentleman, one who has provided excellent entertainment for my celebrities this day and night."

"We have observed what passed between this pair of lovers," said Henry VIII. "It is Harry of the Bower."

"The same, your Majesty."

"A proper man, and a fit mate for the fair Lydia."

"The father of these dear girls," said Mme. Tussaud, "has lived all his life in this pleasant retreat, which," she added, "you may one day revisit —"

"It likes us well," said Queen Elizabeth. "The happiness of the fair Lydia and Harry of the Bower is near to our hearts, and we should be glad to witness it."

All the celebrities, with the exception of Richard III and the Headsman (who, being for the time inanimate, of course could n't), rubbed their hands.

"He indeed has a great affection for Marybud Lodge, and has spent much money in beautifying it," continued Mme. Tussaud. "It is hallowed with his tenderest memories. His sweet daughters were born here, and it would sorely grieve them to be compelled to leave it."

"Who compels them, madame?" inquired Richard Cœur de Lion.

"This man, Lorimer Grimweed, to whom the land belongs. He boasted to me that he has old Mr. Scarlett under his thumb, and refuses to renew the lease which I have in my pocket" — she produced it — "unless our dear Lucy's sister Lydia consents to marry him."

"Nay, by St. Jude, but that shall not be," said Henry VIII, and turned to the celebrities. "What punishment shall we devise for the knave who thus conspires to destroy the happiness of England's fairest daughters?"

"Death!" they cried; and Lorimer Grimweed's knees shook, and every vestige of color left his face.

"Oh, grimes!" he gasped. "But this is awfuller than ever!"

"No, not death, your Majesties," said Mme. Tussaud, "but something perhaps even worse. Attend to me, Lorimer Grimweed. You have witnessed the power I possess — the power which all here acknowledge."

"We do," said the celebrities.

"And who dare dispute the word of England's Majesty?" said Mme. Tussaud. "Miserable man, look at the figures of my executioner and Richard III. Look well at them."

Lorimer Grimweed gazed at the statuesque forms, and his terror became so great that he could scarcely stand.

"They will remain as you behold them," said Mme. Tussaud, "motionless, immovable, without feeling, without power to speak, until I

release them. They will remain like that, at my will and pleasure, for as long a time as I choose to keep them so. If I so decide they will remain like that forever — yes, *forever!* And as they are so shall you be unless you relinquish your pretensions to the hand of Miss Lydia, and unless you sign the new lease of Marybud Lodge. Do you consent?"

She raised her magic cane.

"No, no!" he screamed, falling on his knees. "Don't — please don't! Oh, spare me — spare me!"

"Do you consent?"

"Yes — yes! Oh, grimes, oh, grimes!"

"You will no longer persecute Miss Lydia with your attentions? You relinquish your base design?"

"I do — I do!"

"You will sign the lease?"

"I will — I will!"

"This do you promise," said Queen Elizabeth, in a tone of stern command, "'so grace and mercy at your most need help you!'"

"I do — I do! I 'll do anything you want. Only put down that cane, Mme. Tussaud. There 's no occasion for it; there is n't, indeed! You 've no idea of the effect it has upon me. It gives a fellow the twitches to that extent that he feels as if he were falling to pieces!"

"And remember always," said Mme. Tussaud, "that should you break your promise, by spoken or written word, or should you give Lucy or Lydia or their papa the least annoyance, I will exercise my power over you, and there will be an end of you forever."

"I will bear it in mind — I will never, never forget it. You may take my word; indeed you may. I was never more earnest in all my life; never, never!"

Mme. Tussaud turned to her celebrities. "Have I your consent, my celebrities, to ratify this agreement?"

"You have," they replied.

"Then we will have the lease signed at once, and some of you shall witness it. Harry Bower, do you know where Mr. Scarlett sleeps?"

"Yes, madam."

"Go and awake him if he be asleep, and ask him to have the kindness to step here for a few minutes. We will not detain him long."

Mr. Scarlett was only half asleep, and his brain was teeming with extraordinary fancies, when Harry entered his bedroom; and greatly astonished was he at the message. Hastily scrambling into his clothes, he accompanied the young man in a confused state of mind to the drawing-room.

"It is n't all a dream, is it, Harry?" he asked, before they reached the room.

"No, sir," replied Harry; "it is a very happy reality."

"And my dear Lydia and you are to be married?"

"I hope so, sir."

"I hope so, too; for she would be happy with no one but you, Harry. You shall have the nicest wedding! But the way it has been brought about, the way I have been made to see my error — so strange, so singular, so beautiful! Ah, Harry, it is never too late to learn."

"Mr. Scarlett," said Mme. Tussaud, when he and Harry appeared, "I regret that you should have been disturbed, but no doubt you will be pleased when you learn why we require your presence. I am happy to inform you that Mr. Lorimer Grimweed has withdrawn his suit for your daughter Lydia's hand." She paused and looked at Lorimer Grimweed for confirmation of her statement.

"Yes, I withdraw, I withdraw," said the trembling man.

"In favor of Harry Bower," continued Mme. Tussaud, "to whom Lydia has given her heart." Again she looked at Lorimer Grimweed.

"Of course, of course," he stammered. "In favor of Harry Bower."

"You will be pleased also to learn that Mr. Grimweed has agreed to sign the new lease which he brought with him to-day. I think I may say that, under the circumstances," — she fixed her eyes upon Lorimer Grimweed and repeated, — "under the circumstances, he is anxious to retain you as his tenant. That is so, is it not, Mr. Grimweed?"

"Most anxious — *most* anxious."

"You have found Mr. Scarlett a good tenant, I hope, Mr. Grimweed?"

"Certainly, most certainly. No landlord could desire a better one."

"Pays his rent regularly, I trust?"

"Regular as clockwork. Never behind."

"The lease, I see, is for seven years, renewable at your option, Mr. Scarlett, at the end of that term for another seven, and after that for another seven. But I should like to ask you one question. In such a delightful locality as this, property would naturally increase in value. Has Marybud Lodge increased in value?"

"I think it has," said Mr. Scarlett.

"Then there should be an increase in the rent."

"I am willing to pay it."

"Say an increase of fifty pounds a year."

"Willingly, willingly," said Mr. Scarlett.

"You see, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, "that Mr. Scarlett is desirous to deal fairly by you. Harry Bower, bring pen and ink. Alter the figures, Mr. Grimweed, and put another fifty pounds a year into your pocket."

"Doth the varlet deserve it, Mme. la Tussaud?" said Henry VIII.

"In man's dealing with man, your Majesty," she replied, "justice should be the principal aim. Mr. Grimweed will perhaps learn the lesson that honesty is the best policy. In human life, justice, mercy, and kindness are three of its brightest jewels. Have you made the alteration, Mr. Grimweed? Yes, I see you have. Now please sign. This is your hand and deed? Good. Will your Majesty be kind enough to witness the signature?"

She handed the pen to Queen Elizabeth, who wrote her name thus:

"Now your signature, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud, passing the pen to Henry VIII.

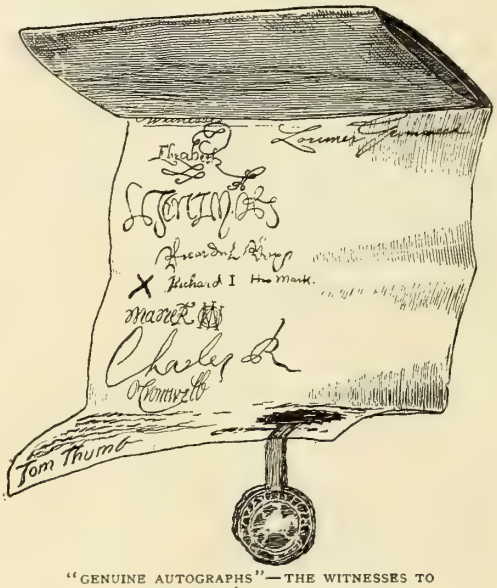


After these signatures came those of Richard Cœur de Lion, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles II, Oliver Cromwell, and, last of all, Tom Thumb, who had to be lifted up to the table to write his name.

"Genuine autographs," said Mme. Tussaud, handing the precious lease to Mr. Scarlett, "for which collectors would give untold gold. Take great care of it, Mr. Scarlett, for it is a unique document." She accompanied him to the door, after he had bowed to the celebrities and had received a gracious acknowledgment from them. "Do you know whom you have to thank for this, Mr. Scarlett?"

"You, madam," he answered.

"No," she said. "It is your dear, brave little Lucy you have to thank for it. Good night, Lucy's papa. Sleep well."



"GENUINE AUTOGRAPHS"—THE WITNESSES TO GRIMWEED'S SIGNATURE.

Then she went back to her celebrities, and touched Richard III and the Headsman with her magic cane. To Lorimer Grimweed's alarm, they instantly came to life. He held up his hands to ward them off.

"They will not harm you, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud. "You may now retire. But you will not leave the house. You will remain within these walls until daylight, when you will be free to depart."

Half an hour afterward Mme. Tussaud stood in Lydia's bedroom. On this night the sisters slept together. The celebrities were assembled in the grounds, close to the back entrance of the Lodge, and Harry Bower was with them. They were about to leave the fortress, with victory inscribed upon their banner.

Lucy and Lydia were in dreamland.

Mme. Tussaud, gazing pensively upon the sisters, thought she had never seen a sweeter pic-

ture. Lucy's arm was round Lydia's neck, and one little hand was on the counterpane. Peace and joy were typified in the sleeping forms. Their soft breathing was like a zephyr's flowing kiss, and there was perfect happiness on their faces.

"Good night, darling Lucy," murmured Mme. Tussaud; "good night, dear Lydia. You remind me of my Princes in the Tower, but a vastly happier fate awaits you. Good night, good night. Joy be with you!"

Chapter XXVIII.

FAREWELL TO MARYBUD LODGE.

When she rejoined her celebrities in the grounds Mme. Tussaud made them a little speech, in which she cordially thanked them for their assistance.

"We have accomplished the task we set out to perform," she said, "and have made our dear Lucy happy, and through her — never forget that, Harry Bower — you and your pretty Lydia. Love her and cherish her, and you will have a full measure of the best that life can give. Love is the most precious gift that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. Yes, my celebrities, the curtain is falling upon our comedy. Meanness is defeated, love is triumphant. You have behaved admirably, all of you — especially you, Tom Thumb, and you, Queen Elizabeth, and you, Henry VIII — but I will not make invidious comparisons. You all have done well. I promised you entertainment, Henry. Have I kept my word?"

"By my troth!" he answered, "'t is nigh upon four hundred years since we spent so happy a day."

"We return now to our beloved show," continued Mme. Tussaud, "where we will stand, as we have stood for many generations in the past, and will for many generations in the future, for the instruction and entertainment of old and young. And if perchance this adventure of ours comes to their knowledge — though of course that is almost too much to hope for — but if it should, our visitors will gaze upon us with renewed interest, and old people who visited us when they were young will come again to renew the joys of those early days. Harry Bower will accompany us on our homeward journey, and I beg of you to be very, very careful, and very, very obedient. This is not the last of our adventures. I promise you many happy days in the future, when I trust Richard III will endeavor to be more agreeable than he has been to-day."



THE CELEBRITIES WITNESSING GRIMWEED'S SIGNATURE.

"It hath been a merry day, Tom of the Thumb," said Queen Elizabeth, looking down kindly upon her Lilliputian cavalier.

"A bully day, Queen E," Tom replied.

"Even in my free and enlightened country we could hardly get up such a good picnic as this."

"And see, Tom, the moon!" said Elizabeth.

The floating clouds revealed its radiance, and the garden of Marybud Lodge was flooded with fairy light. With a languishing glance at the queen, the little man said:

"'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear, that tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—'"

"'O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,'" Elizabeth murmured coyly.

There was a look of sadness on their faces as Harry Bower unlocked the gate leading to the old stables in which stood the van and horses which had conveyed them to Marybud Lodge, and were now to convey them back to Marylebone Road.

Chapter XXIX.

BACK TO THEIR PLACES.

By the same arts which she had employed at the commencement of the adventure Mme. Tussaud brought it to a successful termination. The return, it is true, was more difficult than the setting out had been, for the exhibition was jealously guarded. Additional night-watchmen had been put on, and, late as it was, there were still a few persons outside, gazing at the walls, with a vague notion that something like the wonders related in the story of Aladdin might take place before their eyes. But the



THE CELEBRITIES PASSING OUT OF

Queen Elizabeth paused before she passed out, and, with a wave of her royal hand to her companions, said:

"'Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:'"

"No, no, your Majesty," interposed Mme. Tussaud, "not quite that."

"I am speaking the words of our sweet Will," said Queen Elizabeth, "and there is some application in them to our state.

'Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.'"

tact and cleverness of the mistress of the show were equal to the occasion. She glided about like a spirit. Every human being in the vicinity of the exhibition was transfixed by a touch of her magic cane. Those who occupied the places of the missing celebrities were carried out swiftly and dexterously by Loushkin, Oliver Cromwell, and Harry Bower, and the celebrities themselves stepped into their old positions and were there transfixed. Some of them were inclined to argue the matter, but their mistress succeeded in convincing them that it would be much the best for them to yield gracefully. When this was done, Mme. Tussaud went back to the street and set all the human beings in motion again. It was as simple as a-b-c. The horses in the post-office van trotted off, with the driver on the box; the revivified persons walked on as though nothing had occurred; and everything was as it had been twenty-four hours before. Then Mme. Tussaud wished Harry Bower good night, bidding him be sure to give her

fond love to Lucy and Lydia; next she set her firemen and night-watchmen going again, and finally she stepped into her old place, at the head of Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

You may be sure she first took great pains to put her magic cane where no one but herself could find it; and she was quite right to be so careful, for if it happened to fall into other hands there is no telling what might occur.

As for what the public journals said on the following day, the consultations held, the investigations and speculations of the learned doctors, the scientific theories started, the letters written to the newspapers by the most eminent men in the kingdom, the fresh wave of excitement that paralyzed business, the second visits of the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs and aldermen in their state robes and carriages, and of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the whole of the royal family, including their Most Gracious Majesties the King and Queen, the frantic rush of the fashionable classes and of every member of society to get into the exhibition — if you should succeed in obtaining a copy of the book of which mention is made in a previous chapter, you will find the whole of these particulars recorded therein.



THE GATE OF MARYBUD LODGE.

Chapter XXX.

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS AND WEDDING-CAKE.

When the lavender-fields were sending forth their delicious perfume — every one knows what time of the year that is by the cry, "A penny a bunch, sweet lavender!" in all the streets — there was a wedding. Nothing very wonderful in that, you say. No; but this was a very special wedding, and if you are clever (which of course you are, or you would not be reading this comedy) you may be able to guess the names of the bride and bridegroom. All you have to do is to take the initials L. S. and H. B., and entwine them in a true lover's knot. Perhaps that will assist you.

To describe the happiness of this young couple is simply an impossibility. Any attempt of ours to depict it would be nothing less than a downright failure, so let us be content with saying that they were very, very, very happy.

Will you be surprised to hear that there was some one happier even than the bride and bridegroom? A little girl — Lucy.

Yes; though her white kid gloves *did* burst when she was putting them on, and she had n't another pair, there was not in all his Majesty's dominions (Edward VII's, not Henry VIII's) a happier human being than Lucy on this glorious wedding-day — nor a prettier.

Fresh from his ocean bath rose the sun at the earliest possible moment in the morning, and continued to shine until quite late; which perhaps was the reason why Lucy's and Lydia's eyes were so luminous. All the birds in Marybud were awake long before their regular time, and the moment the sky began to blush (it was a blushing day, you know) they began to sing, and did not leave off singing for hours and hours.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a smart open carriage stopped at the gates of a certain exhibition in Marylebone Road. The horses had

wedding rosettes at their ears, there was a wedding favor on the whip, and the coachman wore a huge bouquet. And out of the carriage who should step but Lucy and Lydia and Harry Bower and old Mr. Scarlett! Lucy had a little parcel in her hand, neatly tied up with white ribbon, of which she was taking the greatest care. Lydia and Harry and Mr. Scarlett had a number of smaller parcels in their pockets.

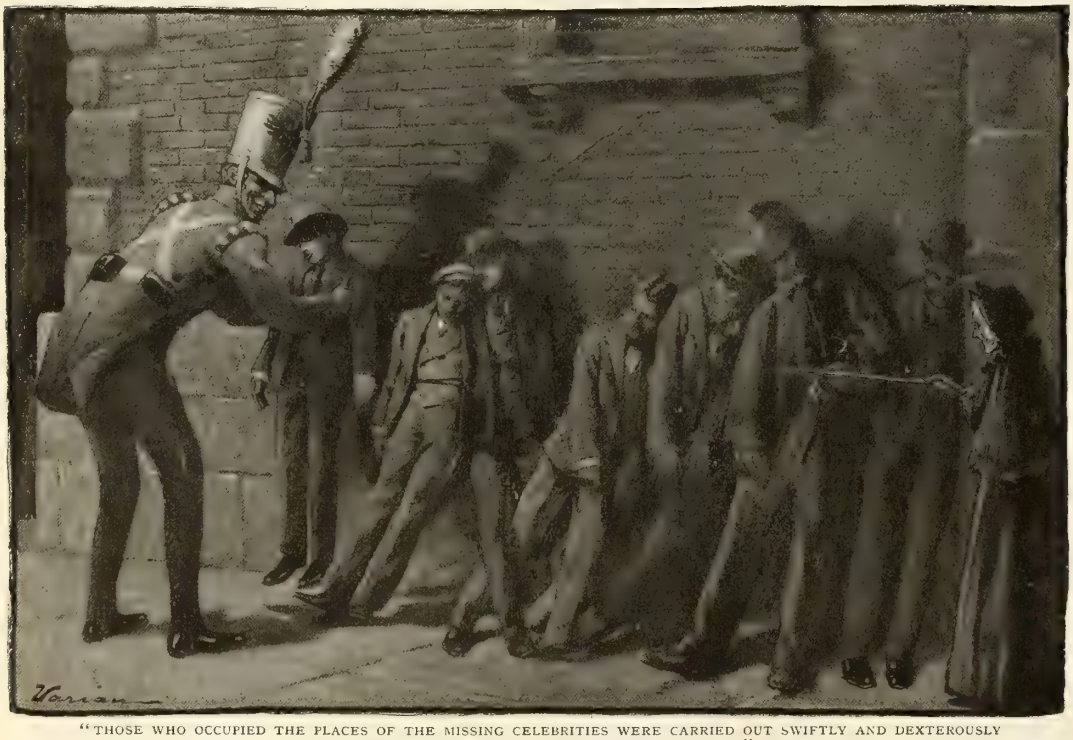
They had been several times to the exhibition lately, as had all the other persons who lived in Marybud Lodge, and Lorimer Grimweed as well, and more than once Mr. Scarlett had said:

"Oh, yes, I dessay! You may make believe to be wax, but Belinda knows. Oh, you 'Enery the Heighth — you *are* a funny one!"

And she caused further astonishment, when she stood before Loushkin the Russian giant, by looking up at him and informing him that it was her day out next Monday.

Miss Pennyback, on her visit, would have liked to box Mme. Tussaud's ears, but fear of consequences restrained her. "Where *is* that mysterious cane?" she thought. She peered in every direction, without catching sight of it.

As for Lorimer Grimweed, he hardly knew



"THOSE WHO OCCUPIED THE PLACES OF THE MISSING CELEBRITIES WERE CARRIED OUT SWIFTLY AND DEXTEROUSLY BY LOUSHKIN, OLIVER CROMWELL, AND HARRY BOWER."

"I suppose it *did* all happen, Lucy?"

"Oh, papa!" answered Lucy. "Such a question!"

But the same thought had occurred to others — to Miss Pennyback, for instance, and the Marchioness of Barnet, and Sir Rowley, and Flip of the Odd. Not to Belinda. *She* never had a doubt on the subject. Indeed, when she visited the exhibition with the order which Mme. Tussaud had given her, she astonished persons standing near her by saying in quite a loud voice:

what to think. He had read in the newspapers the astonishing accounts of the human beings who had been transfixed in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition, and of their wonderful coming to life again, and although when he thought of the last day and night he had spent in Marybud Lodge he sometimes shook his head, he had too wholesome a fear of the power of the magic cane ever to dispute the lease, or ever to trouble the Scarlett family more.

And now here were Lucy and her papa, and

the bride and bridegroom, walking through the exhibition, while the carriage waited for them at the gates. They stopped at every one of their old friends, and to her special favorites Lucy said softly:

"How do you do? This is dear Lydia's wedding-day, and she could n't go honeymooning without coming to tell you."

The figures stared straight before them and said nothing.

"Of course you must n't move or speak," whispered Lucy, confidentially, "because people are about. We quite understand that, so please don't disturb yourselves. But we know you wish her joy. Don't you think she is a beautiful bride? Every one in the church said she was the most lovely bride that ever was seen. And she is."

The small parcels with which the pockets of the bridal party were filled contained chocolate creams, and wherever they moved they looked for places in which to secrete them, where the visitors would not be likely to see them. It was more difficult to get rid of the larger parcel which Lucy carried, but presently, when they were close to Shakspere's platform, Lydia said:

"Now, Lucy, quick! No one 's looking."

Like lightning Lucy glided behind the platform and dropped her parcel there. No one except themselves saw her do it, or knew she had done anything at all.

They remained a long time by Mme. Tussaud's side.

"Dear, dear Mme. Tussaud!" whispered Lucy. "We could n't let the day pass without coming to see you. We all are so happy — oh, so happy! Lydia is Mrs. Harry Bower now. Does n't it sound grand? Mrs. — Harry — Bower! And all through you! Oh, how grateful we are to you! We have put posies of Marybud flowers under the seats, and some orange-blossoms, too, and bags of chocolate creams everywhere. And listen, please. I have just dropped behind Shakspere's platform a paper parcel with — what do you think in it? Fourteen — pieces — of — wedding — cake — tied — up — with — white — ribbon. With our love — with our dear love. The large piece is for you, the others for the celebrities. Give them all our love, please. Good-by. We shall come again — often. Good-by — good-by. We can't stop any longer now, for fear Lydia and Harry should miss the train. They are going to Honeymoon Land."

THE END.





REVERSED PERPETUAL MOTION.

By Norman D. Gray.

"I wondah," said Sambo, "whah I 'd go
Ef I turned back-somasets on de flo'
Jes' on an' on an' out ob de do',
An' nebah, nebah stopped no mo'.
I 'specs I 'd git inter yiste'day sho'—
An' mebbe inter de day befo'."

Baby's Sand-Pile



BY F.C.M.

In a great big wooden box,
Nice and smooth, to save her frocks,
Is the baby's sand-pile, where all day she plays;
And the things she thinks she makes,
From a house and barn to cakes,
Would keep, I think, her family all their days.

Once she said she 'd make a pie,—
Or, at least, she 'd like to try,—
So up she straightway rolled each tiny sleeve;
For her plums she used some stones,
Made a fire of cedar cones—
Not a real fire, you know, but make-believe.

Next she baked some buns and bread,
"For my dollies," so she said,
"'Cause, you see, they like my cooking best of all";
Though her flour was only sand,
Dolls, she knew, would understand,
And excuse her if her batch of dough should fall.

Sometimes cook will miss a pan,
Or a bowl, or spoon, or can;
But I think she 's very sure where they 'll be found;
For she knows it 's just such things
Baby uses when she brings
All her dollies to her sand-pile on the ground.

THREE SONGS OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

By G. G. King.



I.

THE WIND'S WILL.

I follow beauty, over earth
And under sea;
The fairies gave her at my birth
For bride to me.

The fairies gave me at my birth
A wandering will,
A restless heart, that all the girth
O' the world can't fill.

The fairies gave me, to set me free
From change and time,
The heart to feel, the eye to see,
The lips of rhyme.

II.

HEY, NONNY, NONNY!

A rare bright flower beneath the trees,
Hey, nonny, nonny!
Dipped and danced to the wayward breeze,
Scarlet and gold and full of honey,
Glad to the eye and sweet for the bees.
Hey, nonny, nonny!

A wanderer, caught in a soft spring shower,
Hey, nonny, nonny!
Stayed at the tree and stooped to the flower.
He plucked for his bosom the blossom bonny,
But the flower was dead within the hour.
Hey, nonny, nonny!

III.

OVER THE HILLS.

My father was the piper's son—
He played o' his pipe till day was done;
His heart was as wild as the winds that say,
"Come over the hills and far away!"
Over the hills and a great way on,
The wind blows out of the gates of the sun.

The birds that wing their way through the blue
Direct my feet to the strange and new,
And the open road runs straight and free;
It calls and calls till it tortures me,
Over the hills where the sunset lies,
Till the stars grow pale and the night wind dies.

A NAVAL BOAT DRILL.

By W. J. Henderson.

Almost every one has seen some kind of military drill. It would be difficult to find a boy who had never heard the orders "Right, face" or "Forward, march." Then, too, it is easy for people to visit places where regular military companies are quartered. At such places as Governor's Island and Fort Hamilton in New York Bay one may readily see a drill or dress-parade.

But very few persons know anything whatever about naval drills. Our men-of-war are not to be seen in every town and village. Even in our great seaports comparatively few persons know anything about the coming and going of war-ships except what they read in the papers. The number of those who have been aboard war-ships is very small compared with those who have visited military posts or encampments, while the number of those who have been present at drills is still smaller. People who do see men-of-war in the course of their evolutions usually view them from the shore or from other ships. I remember on one occasion sitting in the stern-sheets of the *Concord's* second cutter during a drill in the North River, and noticing the thousands of people on the shore. I said to myself: "How little those people see of this drill, after all! They see the boats moving up toward the flag-ship, and falling into their positions, and that is certainly a very pretty sight; but they know nothing about how it is all done, or what it is all for."

I have had the advantage of being privileged —perhaps I should say "obliged" —to learn these things from close observation and personal participation. While I was an officer in the naval militia for eleven years it was my duty to acquaint myself with naval drills. So now I wish to tell the boys something about one of them.

Let us suppose that we are aboard a man-of-war in a squadron waiting for the signal to embark in the boats for a "cutting out" expedition. "Cutting out" means capturing a vessel by means of an expedition of boats. This process is nearly out of date now, but it will serve as an illustration.

Imagine a hostile ship lying at anchor in an apparently secure position on a dark and cloudy night. There is just enough breeze and sea to make sounds on the water indistinct. Around a low headland half a mile away from the anchored vessel steal four or five boats, pulled with muffled oars and filled with armed men. They approach noiselessly.

Perhaps they are not discovered and thus reach the sides of the ship. The next instant the armed men are pouring over her bulwarks and a desperate fight takes place on her decks. Perhaps they are discovered before they reach the vessel's side. The alarm is given. The men in the boats hear it, and lash their oars through the water in a determined effort to reach the ship before the rapid-fire guns can open upon them. Flashes of fire illumine the night. The search-lights send out shafts of blinding white. The sharp peals of the six and three pounders, the rapid hoarse barking of Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the vicious sputter of Gatlings, break upon the frightened air. "Give way with a will!" shout the officers of the boats, as the men bend to the oars and the light guns in the bows hurl their defiant answers back at the wall-sided ship. As the boats sweep up to the vessel's side, gongs clang and rattles sound, calling away the riflemen to repel boarders from the boats. If the boats' crews can board the ship and clap down her hatches before the crew gets on deck, theirs is the victory; but if her secondary battery is manned and her riflemen stationed before the boats are alongside, then good-by to the boat expedition; for there is nothing more pitiless than Gatlings and revolving cannon.

I do not purpose to give you all the details of this drill. That would be too much like reprinting the instructions. In a general way,

however, let me tell you how such a drill is conducted.

In the first place, aboard a ship things have to be stowed away very compactly so as to take up as little room as possible and not to go flying about when the vessel is tossing in a seaway. The same rule applies to a boat. Now I dare say that if I were to ask a boy what should be carried in a boat going on a cutting-out expedition, he would reply, "Rifles and ammunition and oars." That answer would be correct, but far from full. The number of things that must be carried in a boat is astonishing to a landsman. Let me enumerate a few of them. First of all there is the boat-box, fitted to go under the thwarts of the boat. Among other things, it contains an ax, a hatchet, a saw, nails, a marlinspike, spun yarn, grease, sail needles, a boat compass, boat ensign, pennant, answering pennant, lead and line, lantern, mats for muffling oars, and hand grapnels. If there is no boat-box, these articles have to be brought from the places in which they are stored and put into the boat before she leaves her ship's side. The senior officer of each ship's division of boats must have in his boat a set of signals, a spy-glass, and a medicine-chest.

Again, each boat must be provided with her anchor and cable, oars and boat-hooks. Next the proper number of rifles, cutlasses, pistols, cartridges, and cartridge boxes and belts must be put into each boat. Lastly, if the boat mounts a gun of any kind, that must be attended to. It is always one of the smaller guns of the ship's secondary battery, and it must be dismounted from its position aboard the ship, lowered into the boat by means of a block and tackle rigged from a yard-arm or the outboard end of a boom.

You will at once see that where there are so many things to be done, system is absolutely necessary. In the first place, every man knows his position in the boat. The moment the signal comes to clear away boats for cutting out, each man knows exactly what he has to do.

Suppose you are standing on the poop-deck of the *Concord* when the flag-ship gives the signal. Instantly the decks are covered with active blue-jackets. In one place you see two or three men dismounting a three-pounder from the ship's bulwarks. In another direction you see two fellows bringing up rifles, stowed in boxes, from the armory. The same men bring revolvers, cutlasses, and belts. Still other men descend to the ammunition-rooms and bring up cartridges for the rifles and revolvers and shells for the three-pounder. Others bring the compass, the lantern, and other boat equipments. In the meantime others lower the boat. As fast as the equipments are brought they are taken down the accommodation ladder and stowed in their proper places in the boat. The officer who is in command of the boat stands at the top of the ladder and sees that everything is correctly done. Finally the crew enters the boat. In a cutting-out expedition the design is to carry as many men as can be taken in each boat without interfering with her safe and speedy management. From three to five marines go in each boat, armed as riflemen. All the extra men are stowed in such a way as not to hamper the movements of the oarsmen. At last the officer of the boat takes his place in the stern-sheets. Behind him sits the cockswain and in front of him a naval cadet with a fleet signal-book, by means of which he is to interpret the signals shown by the flag-ship.

The senior officer of the ship has command of the steam-launch. She goes to the head of the line. The next ranking officer brings his boat up astern of her and the end of the second boat's painter is made fast at the stern of the launch. The other boats make fast in proper order, one astern of the other. The propeller of the launch revolves, and away she goes, towing the string of boats behind her. In actual service she would let them go when far enough away from the object of attack to escape detection. In drill she keeps them in tow all through the exercise unless orders to do different are signaled from the flag-ship.

The signals are made by flags hoisted at the main-yard-arm. The principal flags represent numerals from 1 to 0, and the flags next in importance are "repeaters." To make the signal 253, for instance, the flag-ship would hoist three square flags. The uppermost would be yellow with a black ball in it, which means 2. The second would be half white and half red, the separation between the colors being a diagonal line. That means 5. The third would be plain

blue, signifying 3. The officer with the signal-book turns to 253 and finds the order opposite that number. He announces it to the officer in command of the boat. The seaman who has the answering pennant at once raises it. This means that the signal is seen and understood. All the boats keep their answering pennants up till the senior officer's boat hauls down the signal-flag.

The hoisting of a set of signals at the commanding ship's main-yard is the order of preparation. The order of execution is the hauling down of those signals. The "repeater" pennants are used in case any figure occurs twice in the same signal. Thus 227 would give this hoist — two, first repeater, seven. If the signal were 722 the hoist would be seven, two, second repeater. If the signal were 7022, the hoist would be seven, cipher, two, third repeater. At night colored lights are used for signaling.

Each boat has a number, which is on a flag flown at the bow, so that a special order can be given to any particular boat. I think that a well-conducted boat drill is one of the most picturesque pieces of work to be seen on the water; but what I have told you must make it clear that any one who views it from a distance sees little of the interesting details that are appreciated by those on the ships themselves.



BEDTIME IN FAIRYLAND.

THE BARON AND THE ELVES.

By Palmer Cox.

There was a great and grand estate
In lands beyond the seas,
With hedges green, and lawns between,
And rare old spreading trees.

The fawn and hare in safety there
Could browse upon the hill,
Or seek their lair in dingle fair
Beside the purling rill.

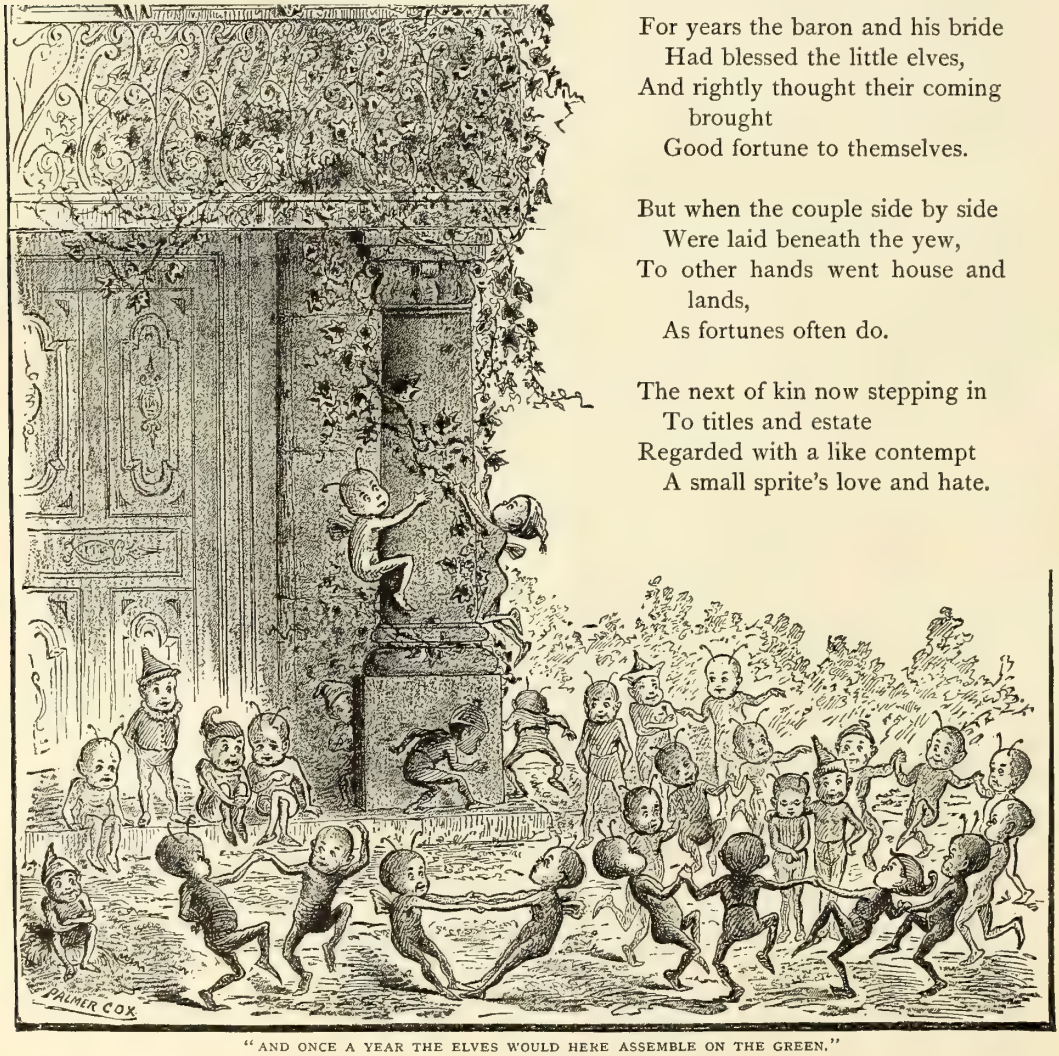
And once a year the elves would here
Assemble on the green,
With hearts elate to celebrate
The birthday of their queen.

By every way at close of day,
To reach the lovely grounds,
They tripped along with shout and song,
To dance their merry rounds.

For years the baron and his bride
Had blessed the little elves,
And rightly thought their coming brought
Good fortune to themselves.

But when the couple side by side
Were laid beneath the yew,
To other hands went house and lands,
As fortunes often do.

The next of kin now stepping in
To titles and estate
Regarded with a like contempt
A small sprite's love and hate.



"And once a year the elves would here assemble on the green."

And when he held possession clear,
This solemn oath he swore:
"As I 'm a peer, the elf bands here
Shall congregate no more.

"My place shall be from goblins free;
With no consent of mine,
Shall they convene upon the green
To tramp the clover fine."

But when the birthday of the queen
Was ushered in by June,
When stars were bright and daisies white,
And everything in tune,

Through woody lane and grassy plain,
As fast as they could pour,
The little men ran there again,
As oft they 'd run before.

The old and spare, the young and fair,
In spirit all combined;
For it was right on such a night
That none should stay behind.

But soon as they began their play,
The baron heard the rout,
And lifting up the sash he thrust
His anxious visage out.

"Oh, ho!" cried he, "the rogues, I see,
Are mustering on the lawn,
To revel there in open air
Until the early dawn.

"Now by the coronet I wear—
A masterpiece of art—
And by the honored name I bear,
I 'll play the hero's part!

"I 'll take my saber from the wall
And liberate the hound,
And with a shout go charging out,
To drive them from the ground!"

Then cried his wife, "Give me a knife!
I can some aid supply.
Ten years have fled since we were wed;
With you I live or die!"

Quoth he, "There 's danger in the glen
I would not have you share;
I go not out to fight with men,
But demons of the air."

"Come weal or woe, with you I 'll go!"
The loving wife replied,
"Because in danger's hour, you know,
My place is by your side."



"AND LIFTING UP THE SASH HE THRUST HIS ANXIOUS VISAGE OUT."

Said he, "It 's true, my dear, so you
May bear in hand a light;
For, though my heart is good as new,
I own a failing sight."

Then from a nook the sword he took
His grandsire used to wear
When doing service in the field
Against the Russian Bear.

And out they sallied through the door
That opened on the green,
The wife behind, the man before,
The baying hound between.



"AND OUT THEY SALLIED THROUGH THE DOOR THAT OPENED ON THE GREEN."

But he who fights with elfin sprites
The enterprise will rue;
No common foe are they, I trow,
For mortal to subdue.

Now quick as thought the elves they caught
The grass with nimble hand,
And every blade was deftly made
To serve for tripping band.

The baron brave a flourish gave,
And, eager for the fray,
A charge essayed with lifted blade,
But stumbled in dismay.

He tried in vain with might and main
To keep his balance true,
But when a snare had caught him fair
What could the baron do?

So down at last, both hard and fast,
Across the baying hound,
With heels above his body cast,
He tumbled to the ground.

His coronet, so richly set
With jewels large and bright,
Forsook his head that moment dread,
And vanished from his sight.

The saber clean had service seen
In every peopled zone;
But now it flew and broke in two
Across a mossy stone.

Now faster still his cup to fill,
The lady, in affright,
Without a thought a climax wrought
By letting fall the light.

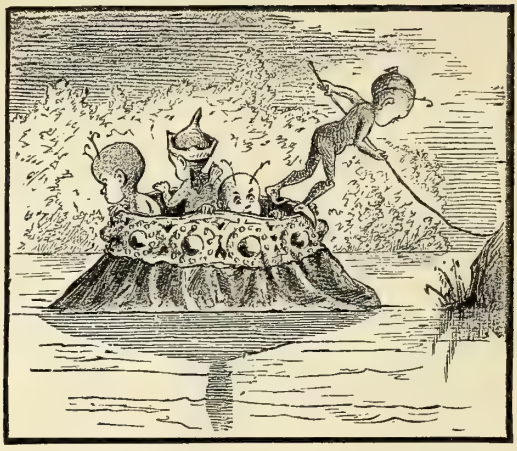
The sudden gloom left little room
For operations bold;
He felt that hour the elfin power,
And at its mercy rolled.

"Seboy!" he cried, and bravely tried,
By shout and clap of hand,
To turn the tide and scatter wide
The cunning elfin band.



"WITH HEELS ABOVE HIS BODY CAST, HE TUMBLED TO THE GROUND."





But vain the hope to longer cope,
And vain were clap and cheer.
The savage bay had died away
To plaintive notes of fear.

And looking round he saw the hound,
Pursued by three or four,
Departing through the flying dew—
And never saw him more.

Now to his aid ran wife and maid,
The serving-men and all;
And from the fight, a sorry sight,
They bore him to the hall.

Behind him stayed the broken blade,
As well his broidered shoes,
And coronet with jewels set
It grieved his heart to lose.

While on the lawn until the dawn
The elves they played around,
Or danced their sets and minuets,
The masters of the ground.

And every year they still appear,
As sure as comes the night,
In honor of the reigning queen
To dance till morning light.

But when the baron sallies out,
As forth that night he ran,
To put the elfin band to rout,
He 'll be an older man.



A SUMMER'S DAY AT INNSBRUCK.

By Charlotte C. Parsons.

On a bright July day a train came rushing into the little station of Innsbruck, filled to overflowing with all the *Schützenvereins*, or shooters' associations, of the neighboring country; and such a noisy greeting as they received! The trumpets tooted, the drums beat, and the shouting of many manly voices made the welkin ring.

This was the opening day of the *Schützenfest*, we were told, an important event to the heart of every true son of the Tyrol. The visitors were portioned off to their respective hosts, who received them literally with open arms. The little town was brilliant with gay decorations and banners, and brightly colored stuffs hung from the windows, framing the pretty faces of the Innsbruck women and young girls, as their bright eyes followed with pride the brave forms of their husbands, brothers, and lovers, whom they passed in procession through the streets of the town.

One stalwart fellow, as he passed a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed lass, took a bunch of flowers from his high pointed-crowned peasant hat, and tossed them to her. She caught them, pressed them shyly to her lips, and tucked them carefully away in her bodice. This meant more to her than a careless onlooker imagined, for the flowers were edelweiss, and every one that is plucked from its high mountain home contains a lover's tender thought.

It was a relief to escape from the noise of the holiday and take refuge within the quiet



A QUAINT CORNER IN INNSBRUCK.



CASTLE AMBRAS.

walls of the Hof Kirche. In the dim religious light we saw a great white marble sarcophagus,



THE COLUMBUS PORTRAIT.

surmounted by a kneeling figure in bronze. As our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, there gradually appeared about us many life-sized figures in the strange costumes and armor of past ages. These were about the tomb of Maximilian I, and the twenty-eight figures standing in solemn order are his heroic ancestors, who watch and mourn by his side; for the kneeling figure is that of the Emperor Maximilian. Our old school-book friends seem to rise before us. Kunigunde, the emperor's sister, his mother, Elenora, and his wife, Maria of Burgundy, are there. Charles the Bold, Philip le Bon, Godfrey de Bouillon, and good King Arthur of England stand watch in armor clad. It is an impressive sight to see these great bronze figures standing so motionless on their pedestals.

The marble reliefs on the sarcophagus are very beautiful. The great Master Thorwaldsen calls them "perfect" — what can be greater praise? As one pauses at the comparatively simple tomb of brave old Andreas Hofer, he realizes that pomp and glory are for those in high places and great in this world's goods.

Before leaving the church we ascended the steps to the Silver Chapel, to pay our respects to the tombs of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife; then we left the church behind us, driving through the town and across the valley up to their old home, the picturesque old Castle Ambras. During their lifetime the old castle became a perfect treasure-house. Many of the



BRONZE STATUES AT THE TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I, REPRESENTING ARTHUR OF BRITAIN, THEODEOBERT OF BURGUNDY, ERNEST OF AUSTRIA, AND THEODORIC, KING OF THE OSTROGOTHS.

choicest objects in the collections and library in Vienna were originally placed by Ferdinand in Schloss Ambras, and one of the finest collections of armor in existence formerly belonged to him. Wandering about the forsaken rooms, where so little now remains to remind one of the grandeur and beauty of Ferdinand's time, we found an old jewel-case and writing-desk which

had belonged to the beautiful archduchess. Many books have been filled with the praises of this noble woman, and many stories are told of her good and unselfish life. She was almost idolized by the people of Innsbruck and the neighboring country. Her beautiful face has been immortalized on canvas and in marble by many an admiring artist.

Near by we found a large portrait of Christopher Columbus. This is said to be one of the few authentic portraits of Columbus in existence. Indeed, this was the object of our visit to the old castle, for it seemed to us as if every loyal-hearted American tourist should pay his respects to the discoverer of America.

Columbus is here pictured holding a banner, the staff of which rests on the globe. In the right-hand lower corner is a shield bearing a ship, and around the border of the shield is the motto given to him by the Spanish sovereigns:



THE HOUSE WITH THE GOLDEN ROOF.

A Castilla i á Leon
Nuevo mundo di Colo.

[To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world.]

As we drove back to the town the sun was setting, casting a veil of many tints over the beautiful valley, touching the mountain-tops with glory, and making every modest peasant hut and village spire believe itself beautiful enough to be a part of the exquisite landscape.

On the way to our hotel we passed the house with the golden roof (Goldne Dachl). It was built by Count Frederick of the Tyrol, history tells us, in 1425. He was nicknamed "Empty Pockets." He naturally resented this charge, even if it were true, and had a gorgeous roof of pure gold placed on his balcony. This must have emptied his pockets, indeed, for it cost him seventy thousand dollars. The gold has been removed, and nothing now remains but the dull copper foundation. The little palace, with its background of dark mountains, with patches of snow shining on their tops like a bit of forgotten winter, and the minaret-topped tower with its big clock face, make a picturesque little corner to delight an artist's eye.



A STREET SCENE IN INNSBRUCK.

Hungry and tired, we returned to our hotel in time for table d'hôte, the important event of the day, as all good travelers know, in every German *Gasthaus*, be it village inn or pretentious hotel. Thus ended our summer's day at Innsbruck — a day full of interest and profit, and one not soon to be forgotten.

NEDDY'S EVENING TRIBULATION.

On summer evenings on the lawn
It's always lots of fun;
We sit and talk of many things
And watch the setting sun.

But when I want to listen most
To everything that's said,
Some one is sure to say to me,
"Come, dear, it's time for bed."

A Flower of Prey

By Mildred Howells.

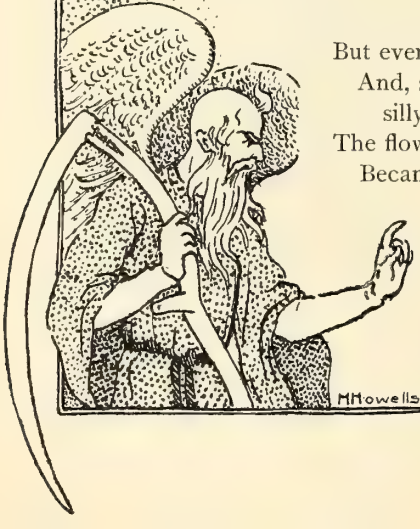


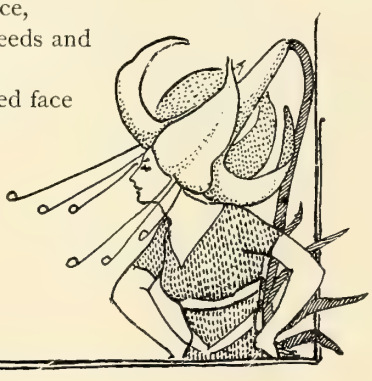
Once on a time, so it is said,
There flourished an ill-tempered lily
That pushed the pink from the garden bed
Into the pathway, willy-nilly.

It loved at night within its cup
To prison bumblebees unwary,
Until the sun in wrath rose up
And forced its petals, so contrary.

The gardener wise, much put about,
Scolded in vain. His counsel spurning,
It rudely stuck its stamens out,
Each mocking petal upward turning.

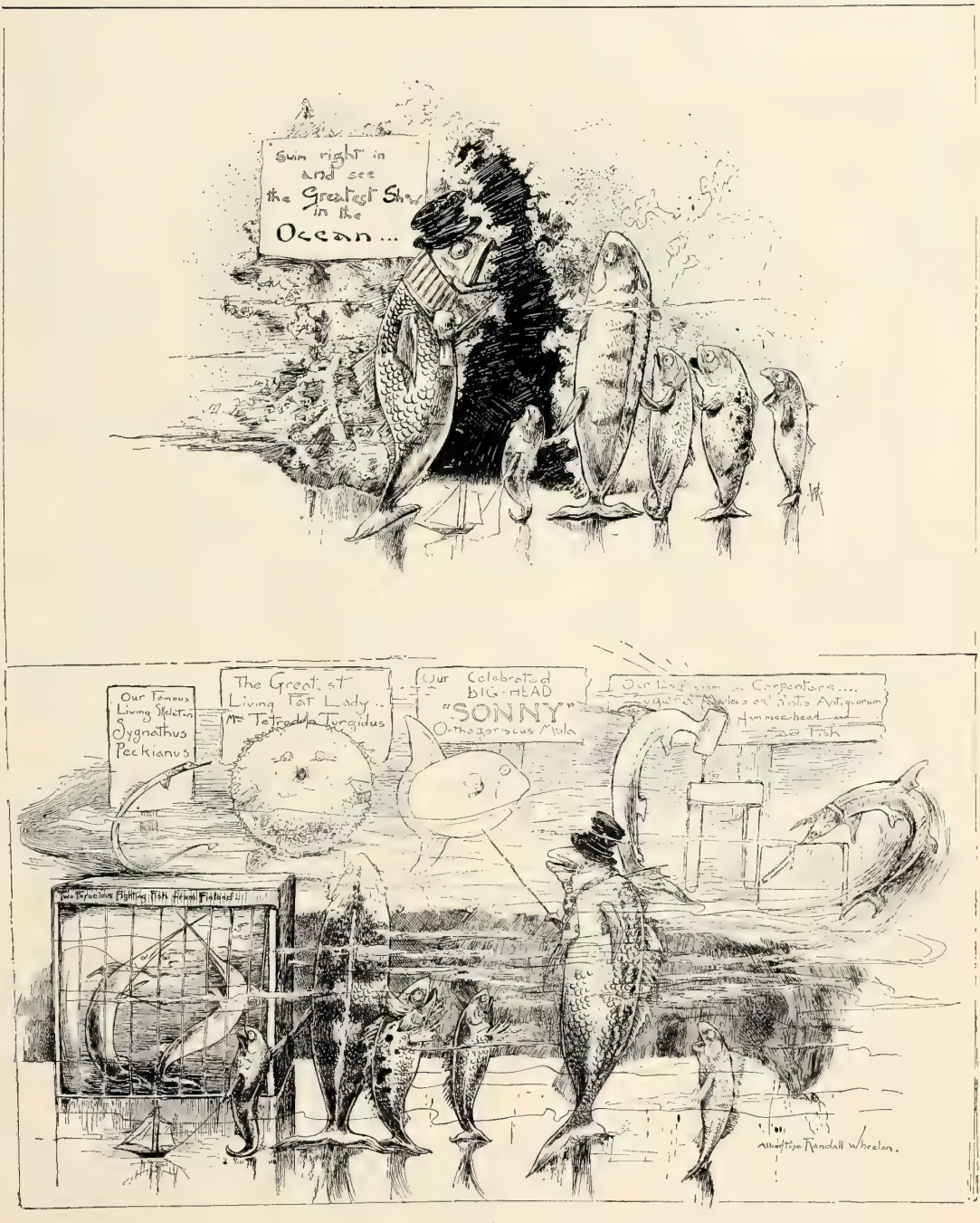
But every action leaves its trace,
And, stained with vicious deeds and silly,
The flower with anger-reddened face
Became a raging tiger-lily.





THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE SEA.

A MIDSUMMER CARNIVAL IN MID-OCEAN.





Nature and Science for Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

In the whole history of change of form, that wonderful chapter in the life of animals, there is nothing more strange or more interesting than the hydroids and jellyfishes. First, as little floating, glass-like spheres, covered with fine, moving, hair-like attachments, by means of which they move with great rapidity: then as communities fixed to the ground, and increasing by budding like the corals or multiplying by self-division; and later as free-swimming jellyfishes, many of them pass through phases which have long puzzled the naturalists, and have only recently been truly understood.— Condensed from "Seaside Studies in Natural History," by ELISABETH C. AGASSIZ and Professor ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

JELLYFISHES.

ANY one familiar with the sea-shore must many times have seen those strange animals known as jellyfishes, which float so lazily yet gracefully through the water, or lie spread out upon the beach, having been thrown there by the waves. Few animals are more beautiful than some of these delicate, transparent jellyfishes when they are in the water, or less attractive than these same animals when they are out of the water: for then they appear only as shapeless masses of jelly. When they are in their natural element, the salt water, they cannot fail to excite the notice and the enthusiasm of every one interested in living things in the ocean. Some are shaped like saucers, while still others are in the shape of deep cups bearing long delicate streamers; these float out gracefully in the water, showing a variety of colors. Beautiful as these animals may be, however, they are not in all respects harmless, and if one is in bathing he



PART OF A COLONY OF HYDROIDS (*PORPITA LINNÆNA*) THAT SOMEWHAT SUGGESTS BUDS AND TWIGS.

This close resemblance often makes these animals regarded as plants by those who have not studied them.



A VERY SMALL PART OF A COLONY OF HYDROIDS (*PENNARIA TIARELLA*).

The future jellyfishes arise as buds from the sides of the tiny flowers on a branch.



SEVERAL "BRANCHES" OF A HYDROID COLONY (*CAMPANULARIA FLEXUOSA*).

This shows how readily one may be deceived and gather these animals and press them on a card, thinking that they are plants (seaweeds). Some of the tiny flower-like portions produce jellyfishes. An enlarged view of one of these is shown in the lower right-hand corner.

should be careful not to allow the long streamers to get wound around his bare arms, or to trail upon his flesh, for each one is armed with thousands of minute poisonous darts long enough to pierce the skin and capable of producing a slight stinging effect. Jellyfishes are not infrequently called sea-nettles because of this stinging power. The stinging is not very severe, but if one is bathing it is extremely uncomfortable.

Jellyfishes are of various sizes. Some of them are so small that it requires a microscope to see them; others are just large enough to be seen with the naked eye; some are the size of a pea, while others, the best known on our shores, are as large as a saucer or dinner-plate, and sometimes even larger. They are nearly transparent, and are made up mostly of water. If one of them is taken out of the ocean and allowed to dry, as the water evaporates almost nothing is left.



HYDROIDS THAT SUGGEST A CLUMP OF MOSS.
(Also showing root-like attachments to the soil.)
"They grow in clusters, usually attached to stones or shells or logs, and are mistaken by most persons for bits of moss or little plants growing upon the stones."



A HYDROID COLONY OF BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE TREE-LIKE APPEARANCE.

Jellyfishes are not really complete, but only parts of animals. The animals from which they come are known as hydroids. They are very small, sometimes no larger around than a common cambric-needle, seldom larger than a knitting-needle, and rarely more than a half-inch or an inch in length. They grow in clusters, usually attached to stones or shells or logs, and are mistaken by most persons for bits of moss or little plants growing upon the stones. Yet these tiny creatures produce the large jellyfishes which appear on the sides or tops of the little hydroids as small buds. After a time each bud breaks away from the animal that produced it and grows into a jellyfish. Each hydroid may produce a large number of jellyfishes, all of which break away from the mother and swim over the ocean, growing to a size very much larger than that of the animal which produced them. In time they produce eggs which grow into new animals, not into new jelly-



YOUNG HYDROIDS.
Some swimming and some attached.



A HYDROID ANIMAL BREAKING UP INTO SAUCER-LIKE DISKS.
Later these break away and become jellyfishes, as shown in the illustration in the next column.

fishes, like the animals that produced them, but rather into little hydroid animals which attach themselves to rocks and seaweed. These hydroids in their turn produce jellyfishes, which start out upon the ocean for the purpose of distributing their eggs. They sometimes swim a great many miles from the mother hydroid. They sometimes collect in great schools, and hundreds of them are frequently found swimming together. A jellyfish, then, is not a complete animal, but only a special swimming-organ developed for the purpose of distributing the eggs as widely as possible.

Nearly all jellyfishes are found in the ocean. Only one fresh-water species is known. This has been discovered in Africa. They are in all parts of the ocean, but particularly abundant in warmer waters. The largest species



A FULL-GROWN JELLYFISH.
"A jellyfish, then, is not a complete animal, but only a special swimming-organ developed for the purpose of distributing the eggs as widely as possible."



A HYDROID COLONY.
Showing the buds and flower-like parts that break away to produce jellyfishes. A free-swimming jellyfish is also shown in the upper part of the illustration.

are in the southern waters, although some large ones live farther north. Not many years ago they could frequently be seen in the large harbors of this country, but in many of these harbors the water has become so polluted from the sewage that is poured into it that the jellyfishes have wholly disappeared.

To see the jellyfish at its best, put it in a deep glass jar and look at it *from the side*. We miss most of the beauty by seeing them as a mass of drying jelly cast upon the beach, or even by looking down on the *top* of them as they float in the water. H. W. Conn.

THE SWEET TOOTH.

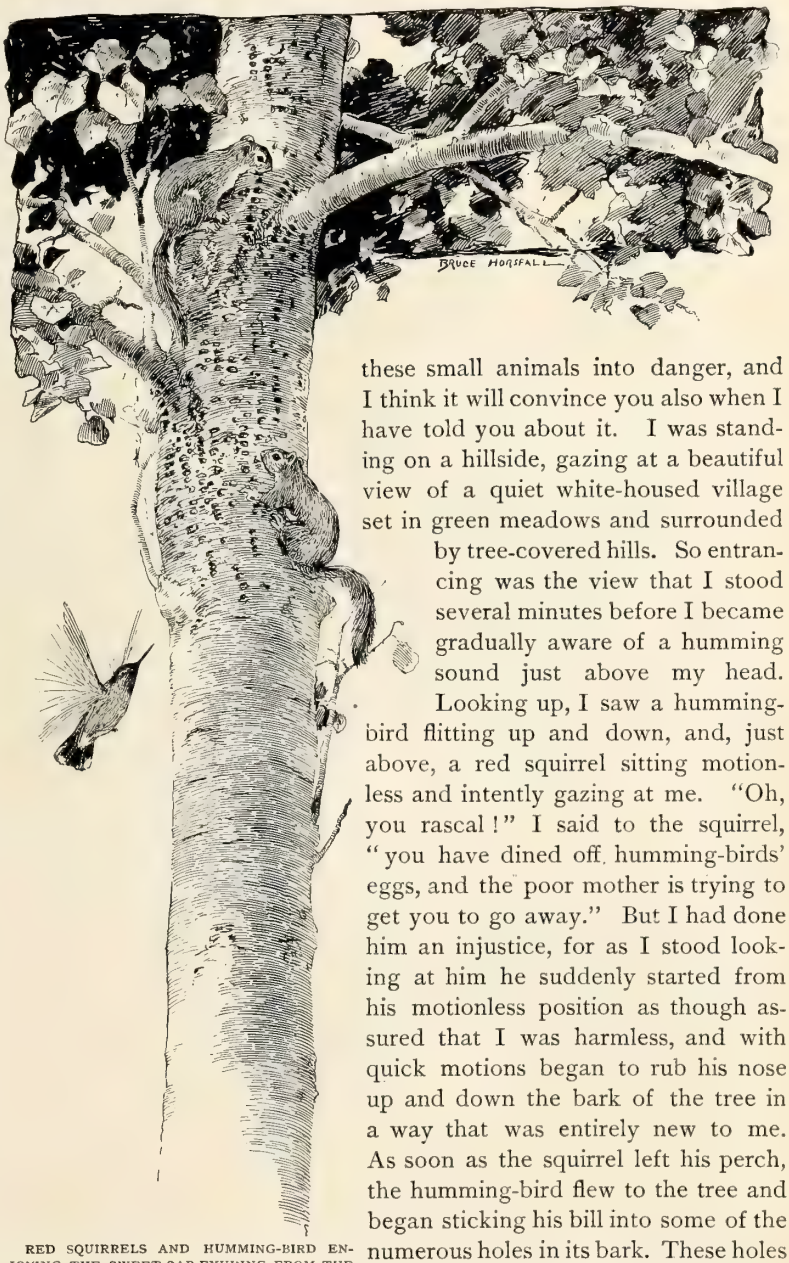
When I was a child I was very fond of sweets (and what child is not?), and my mother used to say, "You have a big sweet tooth." Grown-up people, too, usually have a "sweet tooth," although they make less ado about it than children.

This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse, try giving him two or three lumps of sugar.

Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies, and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets, and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.

When I was a boy I used frequently to find mice and flying-squirrels drowned in the buckets of sap which had just run from the sugar-maples. I used to think the poor things got thirsty and died trying to get water; but water is everywhere present and can be got without taking the risk of entering a contrivance which might be a trap and certainly is so strange as to be naturally avoided by the wild things unless induced by some attraction stronger than a thirst which can be satisfied easily in any of the hundred little pools of snow-water that are present at this season of the year.

Last summer I saw a sight that convinced me that it is this sweetened water that leads these small animals into danger, and I think it will convince you also when I have told you about it. I was standing on a hillside, gazing at a beautiful view of a quiet white-housed village set in green meadows and surrounded by tree-covered hills. So entrancing was the view that I stood several minutes before I became gradually aware of a humming sound just above my head. Looking up, I saw a humming-bird flitting up and down, and, just above, a red squirrel sitting motionless and intently gazing at me. "Oh, you rascal!" I said to the squirrel, "you have dined off humming-birds' eggs, and the poor mother is trying to get you to go away." But I had done him an injustice, for as I stood looking at him he suddenly started from his motionless position as though assured that I was harmless, and with quick motions began to rub his nose up and down the bark of the tree in a way that was entirely new to me. As soon as the squirrel left his perch, the humming-bird flew to the tree and began sticking his bill into some of the numerous holes in its bark. These holes I now noticed for the first time. Looking more closely, I saw that the tree was a cherry-birch, a tree which sheds its sap very freely in springtime if cut or wounded,



RED SQUIRRELS AND HUMMING-BIRD ENJOYING THE SWEET SAP EXUDING FROM THE HOLES MADE BY A WOODPECKER IN THE BARK OF A CHERRY BIRCH-TREE.

and in addition I could see places where the sap had trickled down the side of the tree and partially dried. Tasting this, I found it plainly sweet but somewhat fermented. Here, then, was the solution of the queer behavior of bird and squirrel. The squirrel's sweet tooth had led him to the feeding-ground of the hummingbird, much to the latter's fear and annoyance.

The bark of the birch had been fairly riddled with holes by some woodpecker (probably the sapsucker) earlier in the season, and the sap had oozed from a hundred wounds.

Higher up in the tree I discovered another red squirrel, also lapping (or rubbing) the syrup from the bark of the tree. Lower down a large slug, nearly two inches long, was quietly enjoying the indulgence of his sweet tooth, more scientifically known as lingual ribbon. There were also the large numbers of flies of various kinds that are always to be found where anything sweet is exposed.

It seems probable that the possession of a sweet tooth is far more common among animals than is generally known. The boy or girl enjoying a box of candy can also enjoy the thought that he or she is having one of the pleasures common to a large proportion of the animal kingdom. A. J. Grout.

CYCLONES, TORNADOES, AND HURRICANES.

These three storms have many points in common, yet they are so unlike that no careful person need ever confuse them in his own mind. The ordinary land cyclone is usually quite harmless, and it is only by a mistaken use of the term that it has become associated with those terrifying storms peculiar to our country known as tornadoes. Cyclones have a bad reputation because they are commonly associated with other more harmful storms. Instead of being dangerous and destructive they are the chief source of rain in spring and autumn and supply the snow which adds so much to the pleasure of our Northern winter. They cover a large extent of territory at one time, and on an average follow one another across the country from west to east at intervals of about three days.



A SKETCH OF A FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD OF A TORNADO, DISTANT ABOUT A HALF-MILE.



APPEARANCE OF THE SAME CLOUD, A HALF-MINUTE LATER, AT A DISTANCE OF 150 YARDS.

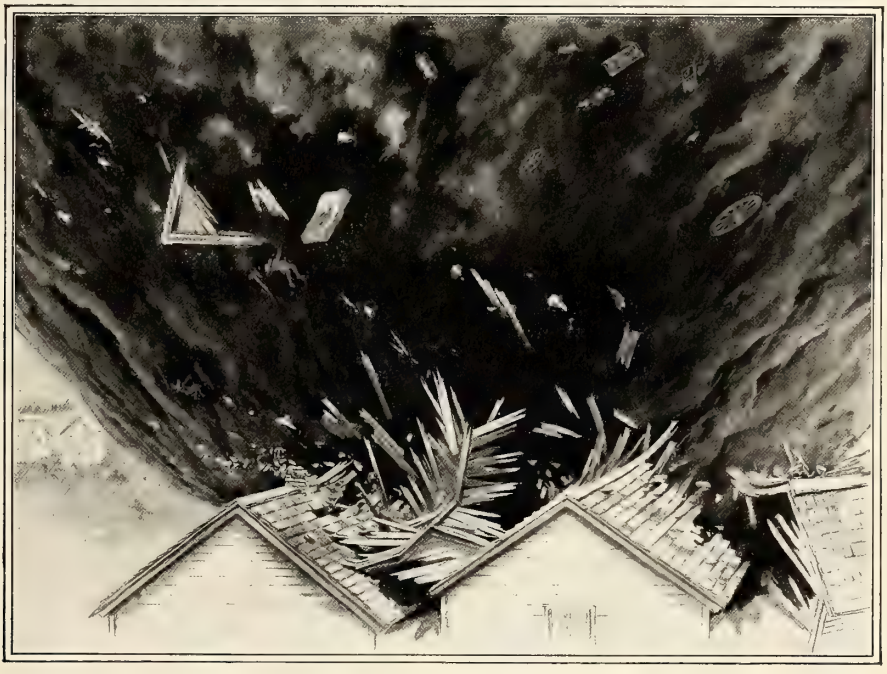
A tornado often does great damage. It is known by its funnel-shaped cloud, which bounds and bounces along, now high in the air and again touching the ground. Where it skims along the ground the havoc is greatest. Here the mightiest structures of man are crushed in an instant before the avalanches of wind let loose from every direction. The air seems to have an explosive force, buildings falling outward instead, of inward as one might think. In such a storm no place is safe, but the southwest corner of a cellar affords the best protection obtainable. If in the open, lie flat on the ground. During a tornado, which lasts but a few minutes, the sky is covered by clouds of inky blackness, which here and there take on a livid greenish hue. The surface

winds rush spirally upward into the funnel-shaped cloud, carrying with them many articles which are afterward dropped some distance beyond. The danger zone is confined to a path less than a half-mile in width and one hundred miles in length. These storms occur only on land.

The true hurricane is ocean-born. On the high seas of the tropics it marshals its forces of wind and wave, before which the stoutest ship is helpless and the fairest islands are laid waste. Even the sturdy mainland trembles under its awful castigation. These ocean storms last much longer than tornadoes, cover more territory, and cause more damage. The hurricane which overwhelmed Galveston destroyed several thousand lives and millions of dollars' worth of property. The West India Islands are frequently scourged by these awful visitations, and our own Atlantic coast sometimes feels the lash of these dreaded storms.

Both the hurricane and the tornado are rare. The former seldom extends far inland, and usually occurs in the late summer or fall. Tornadoes are products of the South and West and are mostly confined to the spring and early summer months. The cyclone is a universal storm which travels over land and sea, in season and out of season, in spring or in fall, in summer or in winter. It is an old friend, but one much abused.

ALVIN T. BURROWS.

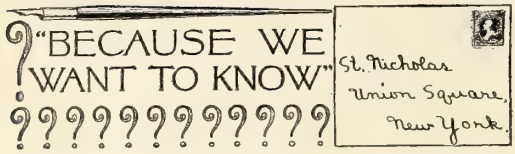


NEARER VIEW OF A TORNADO, SHOWING HUMAN FORMS, WAGON-WHEELS, AND DEBRIS BEING CARRIED SKYWARD.

HOW MANY FEATHERS ON A HEN?

AN unusual feather-guessing contest was recently conducted by a prominent company manufacturing feed for poultry. Five hundred dollars in prizes was offered for best estimates or guesses as to the number of feathers on a hen. The first prize was one hundred dollars.

Thousands of guesses were received, including some very amusing ones. One guesser, who was probably looking for some "catch" scheme, estimated "none at all." Many estimates in the hundreds of thousands were received, several in the millions, the highest estimate being 600,060,017. The correct number was found to be 8120. The company says: "We feel a pardonable pride in having contributed to poultry science an item of information actually new."



Rule. State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire, or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

MIGRATION BY NIGHT OR DAY?

Waukesha, Wis.

Dear St. Nicholas: Do all birds migrate at night, or just certain species? H. D. Sawyer.

Mr. Frank Chapman, in "Birds of Eastern North America," says regarding bird migration:

Birds of strong flight, like swallows, can easily escape from bird-killing hawks, and so migrate boldly by day. But the shy, retiring inhabitants of woods and thickets await the coming of darkness, and then, mounting high in the air, pursue their journey under cover of the night. Birds direct their flight by coast-lines and river valleys, which are easily distinguishable in clear weather. On favorable nights these natural highways of migration are thronged by a continuous stream of aërial voyagers from dusk to dawn.

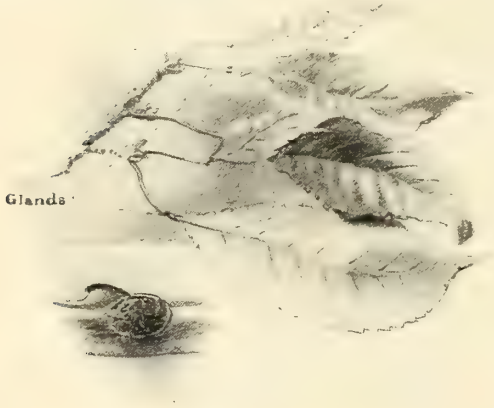
MYSTERIOUS GLANDS ON THE PETIOLE OF A LEAF.

Brunswick, Me.

Dear St. Nicholas: In picking a twig of choke-cherry to-day, I noticed that on the petiole of the leaf just below where the blade broadens out, on the upper side, there are almost invariably two tiny green bunches. There is the place where in the roses the lateral leaflets are placed. Can it be that these bunches are rudimentary leaflets? For the tree belongs to the *Rosaceæ*, which so often has compound leaves. I will inclose a few specimens, and if they will not become too withered on the journey perhaps they will explain the problem better than words. If you can tell me about it I would be very much obliged, for it is a puzzle to a nature-lover and interested reader of the Nature and Science department. Helen Johnson.



CAP-SHAPED GLANDS ON A LEAF OF THE PARTRIDGE-PEA.



TRUMPET-SHAPED GLANDS ON THE CHERRY LEAF.

The upper part of the illustration shows the location, and the lower part shows an enlarged view, of one of the glands. The same plan is followed in the next illustration.

These glands occur upon the petioles of a number of plants. Many guesses have been made as to their significance, but I believe nothing positive is known of their use or reason for being — there is certainly nothing which is generally agreed upon.

Nearly all of these glands exude a nectar which attracts bees, ants, and wasps. It has been noticed in some instances that these insects drive away caterpillars and other larvæ which might be injurious to the plants. It is possible that in some instances the juices from the glands such as those situated along the margins of leaves have a tendency to keep larvæ from eating the leaves.

Another use suggested for them is the diversion of crawling insects from the flowers, so that the flower-glands are not robbed of their power to allure flying visitors which can transfer pollen. It is interesting to note that these very common glands should be such a puzzle to botanists, notwithstanding very careful study.

MUD-WASPS IN SPOOLS.

OWEGO, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Any information concerning the food of wasps will be gratefully received, as the following facts have excited my curiosity.

While seated in an upper room, by an open window, one day, a spool of thread seemed suddenly endowed with life, for from the hole in its center came crawling forth six little fat green worms. The next day, while sitting at the same table, a wasp flew in, carrying something long and green. It went directly to the spool, and entered the hole head first, dragging its burden with it. Remaining there some time, it slowly backed out and flew away. I turned the spool over, and out fell five more green worms, brothers or cousins of the former six.

On further investigation, another spool was found, the top of which was sealed with mud, and which also contained worms. Yours very truly,

HARRIET M. GREENLEAF.



WREN-WASP (*ODYNERUS*) BRINGING A CATERPILLAR TO ITS NEST IN A SPOOL.

Some of the caterpillars are crawling out of the overturned nest. Probably the wasp had not stung them sufficiently to make them inactive.

The figure below at left is a spool, split lengthwise to show the wren-wasp's nest within and the wasp larva feeding on the stored caterpillars.

The figure below at right shows the newly transformed wasp emerging from the cocoon where the pupa was incased, and pushing its way out of the nest.

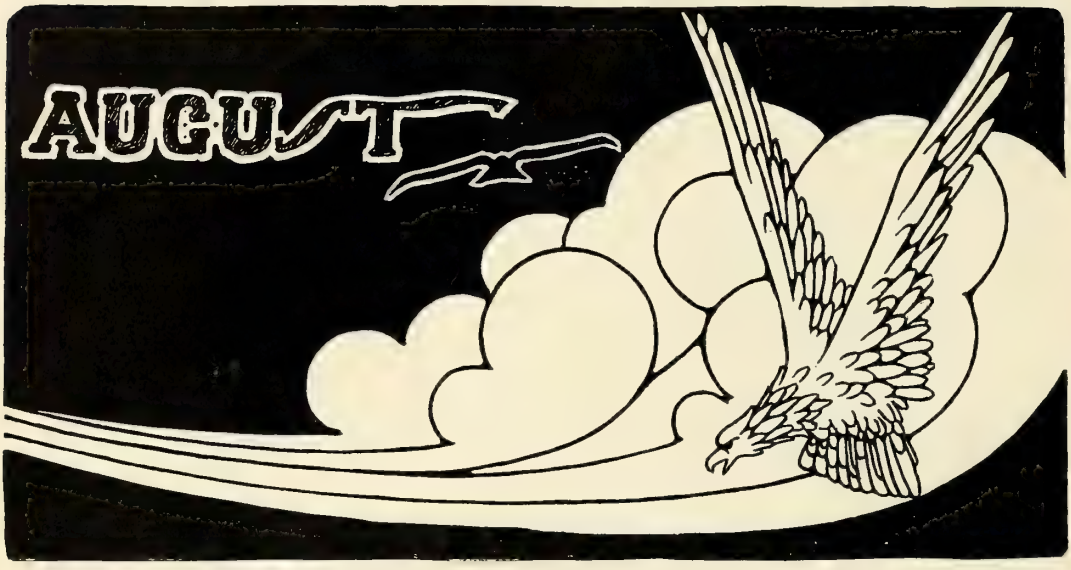


A SOLITARY DIGGER-WASP (*AMMOPHILA URNARIA*).
Using a stone to pound down the earth over its filled and finished nest or burrow.
(Illustration by permission of Professor George W. Peckham.)

The solitary wasps store their nests with a variety of foods for their young; spiders, flies, and caterpillars are, however, the most common victims. It was probably the little wren-wasp, *Odynerus flavipes*, that built in the spool. It often chooses such places for its nest, as well as nail-holes, key-holes, worm-holes in wood, bottle-necks, and one naturalist tells us that a pistol-barrel has even been selected for the purpose. From this habit of nesting in holes it has received the name of wren-wasp. Adult wasps feed on vegetable sweets, as flower pollen and ripe fruit, on honeydew, and on many small insects, such as flies, gnats, leaf-hoppers, etc. The caterpillars that *Odynerus* stores are entirely for the use of its young. Before plugging up its nest an egg is laid within, which in a few days hatches a small legless larva. Having plenty of food, it gains its full growth rapidly, and after spinning a parchment-like cocoon it changes to an inactive pupa. Later the perfect wasp cuts open the cocoon, pushes its way out of the nest, and soon flies away.

The solitary wasps, as well as the social wasps, are very intelligent. One species common in the West, called *Ammophila urnaria*, makes a burrow in the ground for its nest, and it has been observed to take a little stone in its jaws and repeatedly pound down the earth when the stored nest was finished.—S. F. A.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY WESLEY R. DE LAPPE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

DAY-DREAMS.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER, AGE 16. (*Cash Prize.*)

I SAT beside the window o'er the glaring city street,
With its endless noise and rattle, with its cars and heavy loads,
And through the open window surged and swelled the burning heat;
But I slept and dreamt of quiet farms and white far-reaching roads—

Of roads that led past corn-fields, where the tinted bind-weed crept,
And where the stately lilies hung their heads of gorgeous hue
Above the little wayside brook that neither sang nor leapt,
But glided o'er its pebbles, almost hid by meadow-rue.

Along the way were houses, with their gardens lying fair,
With the beds of phlox and lilies and the roses dark and light;
The poppies, pinks, and pansies, and the columbines were there,
And beside them all the flaming spires of foxglove burnèd bright.

I gazed upon these treasures when the heavy dews of night
Fell upon me, and I started to regain the lost highway;
But the garden and its blossoms fast faded from my sight,—
And I woke beside the window in the fading light of day.

My arm, which had been lying on the grimy window-sill,
Was dampened by the showers that had come up while I slept,
And below me on the pavement the traffic thundered still,—
But in the chambers of my heart those radiant flowers are kept.

THE League editor does not like to repeat the same old "don'ts" over and over, but then, of course, there are a great many new members all the time, and even some of the old ones, who have to be reminded as to the few but necessary rules that are always to be found on the last page of the League. They are not put there to make extra work for members, but to guide them in preparing and submitting work properly, so that by and by, when the League is outgrown, those who are trying to become a part of the world's art and literary progress may know how to begin, and may feel that they have at least been well taught in the routine of their undertaking.

The editor has been brought to saying this all over by the number of good contributions that came in this month written on both sides of the paper, or unsigned, or not indorsed, or without the sender's age, or, if pictures, were drawn in color, or with pencil, etc., etc. Two little girls broke all the rules but one—the one which says that every reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership and a badge, free. This rule they quoted, but they sent a story written and signed by both of them, when one author to the contribution is all that is allowed. Besides, the story was too long, a good deal more than four hundred words. Nor was it on the right subject. What was still worse, it was on both sides of the paper. Then, too, it was not indorsed as original, though the

editor is willing to believe that it was. He believes that these little girls were only careless, and that is why he is writing the things he has written so often before, so that these two little girls and a good many more like them may have as good a chance to win prizes and be happy as all the other young folks he has had to scold and set right during the past four or five years.

Don't write or draw till you know just about what you want to do.

Don't use poor paper and worse ink and then hurry to get through.

Such efforts never do any good and are only time and material wasted.

Don't write that you know your work is very bad, but that you hope the editor will give you a prize anyway. The editor's judgment may be at fault, but his sympathy is more likely to be aroused by good work than by any special pleas.

Don't forget your age, your address, and your parent's indorsement. Don't forget that the length of your story and poem is absolutely limited. Don't forget that the editor has a very large waste-basket, and that contributions not prepared in accordance with the rules (again see last page) help to fill it every month. Now, let 's all try to be careful, and conscientious, and happy; and finally, whatever happens, let 's have a pleasant vacation.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY FREDERIC S. CLARK, JR., AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 56.

In making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Catherine Lee Carter** (age 16), box 64, Mendham, N. J.

Gold badges, **Marguerite Borden** (age 17), Estero, Lee Co., Fla., and **Eleanor Myers** (age 14), 84 Park Place, Stamford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Margaret Minaker** (age 15), Gladstone, Manitoba, Can., and **Grace Leslie Johnston** (age 11), 250 W. 138th St., New York City.

Prose. Cash prize, **Myron Chester Nutting** (age 13), 217 Clinton St., Penn Yan, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Dorothy Johnston** (age 12), 511 Twenty-seventh Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Silver badges, **Marie Armstrong** (age 11), 5474 Cornell Ave., Chicago, Ill., and **Mildred Stanley Fleck** (age 9), Golden, Colo.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Wesley R. De Lappe** (age 16), 31 C St., San Francisco, Cal., and **R. E. Andrews** (age 16), 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Homer V. Geary** (age 17), 1714 4th St., Rensselaer, N. Y., and **John Sinclair** (age 12), 64 Nonotuck St., Holyoke, Mass.

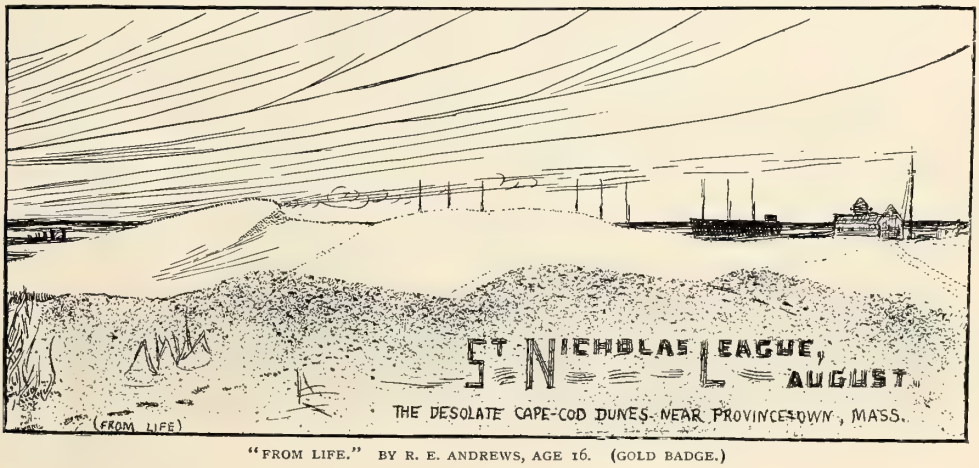
Photography. Gold badges, **Frederic S. Clark, Jr.** (age 11), 17 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., and **Ruth G. Lyon** (age 13), E. Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, **Mary Thompson** (age 11), Greenville, Del., and **Laura Mae Thomas** (age 10), Oxford, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Ruby-throated Humming-bird," by **Catherine E. Campbell** (age 16), Monmouth, Polk Co., Oregon. Second prize, "Robin Feeding Young," by **S. Butler Murray, Jr.** (age 16), 12 Florence Ave., Bellevue, Pa. Third prize, "Turtle Sunning," by **G. Bushnell Merrill** (age 13), Peacedale, R. I.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Agnes R. Lane** (age 15), Narragansett Pier, R. I., and **George W. Halkett** (age 14), Ridley Park, Pa.

Silver Badges, **Charline S. Smith** (age 14), 1145 La. St., Lawrence, Kan., and **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 14), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



"FROM LIFE." BY R. E. ANDREWS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **C. Boyer** (age 15), 444 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont., and **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich.

Silver badges, **Russell S. Reynolds** (age 13), 142 W. 12th St., New York City, and **Elizabeth D. Lord** (age 13), 1214 Elk St., Franklin, Pa.

DREAMS.

(Ole Mammy's Lullaby.)

BY MARGUERITE BORDEN (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

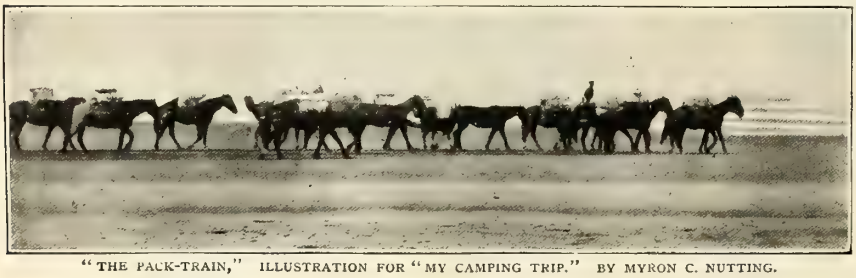
Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Big roun' yaller moon 's a-shinin' in de sky;
Everything 's a-sleepin' jes' as still as still,
'Cept a bird a-singin' fo' to whip po' Will.

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Lots o' li'l' skeery dreams comin' ef yo' cry!
All de naughty chil'uns sees de bogie-man
Comin' fo' to ketch 'em, take 'em ef he can!

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Grea' white hobble-gobble git yo' ef yo' cry,
Snatch yo' froo de windah sprier 'an de cat—
Up yo' go a-flyin' on de ole black bat!



"HAPPY DAYS." BY RUTH G. LYON, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"THE PACK-TRAIN," ILLUSTRATION FOR "MY CAMPING TRIP." BY MYRON C. NUTTING.

Hush-a-baby, hush-a-baby, by, by, by;
Ef yo' good, ma honey, neber, neber cry,
Yo' 'll see watermillions hangin' on de vine,
Waitin' to be eaten, settin' in a line!
Piccaninny, piccaninny, by, by, by;
Chile, yo' min' yo' mammy—don't yer cry, cry, cry!

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MYRON CHESTER NUTTING (AGE 13).

It was a happy group that was gathered on the forward deck of the steamer *Ranger*, as she steamed out of the Hoquiam River and across the blue waters of Gray's Harbor, en route for Oyhut, January 2, 1902. The group consisted of my father, mother, my St. Bernard dog, and myself. Father was on his way to take charge of a survey for a proposed railway, and we were going with him into camp.

What a country in which to camp! The mighty Pacific thundering at the foot of the Olympic Mountains, and the sparkling streams, teeming with trout and salmon, meandering through a forest yet unmarred by the woodman's ax.

At Oyhut we left the steamer and drove along the beach to Wreck Creek, where camp had already been pitched. The tents were guarded from the incoming tide by a pile of sand and driftwood so high that at first sight I was reminded of "the village behind the dikes."

That night I slept soundly on my bed of fir boughs, and was awakened by what I thought was thunder, but, when fully conscious, realized was the waves of the ocean, or, as Tennyson expresses it, "The hollow ocean ridges roaring into cataracts."

Thus began my camping trip. There were eleven other camps, a description of any one of which would fill many times my allotted space. I might tell of the pack-train of twenty-one horses that moved our camp from place to place; of the canoe rides and fishing trips; of the cruel way the Indians have of hunting deer by sending their dogs into the woods to drive them out into the surf, where they are beaten by the breakers till they are exhausted and thrown up on the beach.

October 27th we broke camp at the Quillyute River and moved to a port on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, where we loaded everything, horses and all, on a steamer bound for Seattle. My ten months' camping trip was over, leaving a happy memory.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARY THOMPSON, AGE 11.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY ELEANOR MYERS (AGE 14).

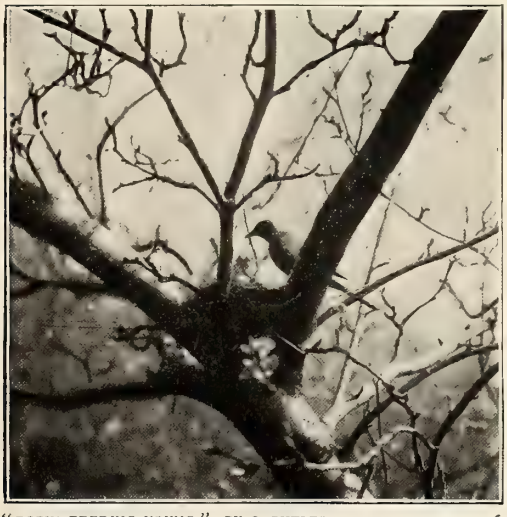
(*Gold Badge.*)

'T was just as the sun was beginning to sink,
And the clouds to blush in the sunset glow,
That I strolled away to the rocks to think,
Where the tide rushed on with its ebb and flow.

'T is a beautiful time to think and dream
As you gaze far off on the glistening sea,
And often the breezes they whisper, 't would seem,
As thus they were whispering softly to me.

Far, far out where the sky bent low
To talk with the ocean wild and bright,
Was a ship that sailed toward the clouds aglow,
As they beamed in their purple and golden light.

"Out there!" said the breeze as it kissed my face,
"Is a beautiful land where the bright dreams are,



"ROBIN FEEDING YOUNG." BY S. BUTLER MURRAY, JR., AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

That men have dreamt in this lovely place,
While they gazed at the ocean stretching far.

"Just look how the ship steers out to the west;
It is carrying a burden of dreams so gay
To that fairy place that we all love best,
Where the dreams come true and 't is always day."

The breeze grew still, but the ship sped on
Toward the clouds that smiled in the purple west,
Till the night crept in and the ship was gone,
And the stars kept watch o'er the world at rest.

A CAMPING TRIP ON THE YUKON.

BY DOROTHY JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

In the summer of 1899, mama, my brother, and myself had a camping trip on the Yukon. Papa was connected with the telegraph line that the Dominion government put through from Bennett to Dawson, and he took us with him.

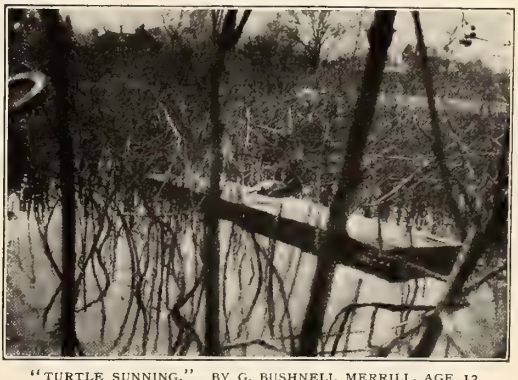


"RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD." BY CATHERINE E. CAMPBELL, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

We started out from Bennett on the snow and ice with our sleds. We went for about one hundred miles this way. We would camp for a few days in one place, and then we would go on for a few miles. You might think this a great hardship, but our tents were nice and warm and we were made very comfortable. The snow and ice lasted until June. When we came into open waters we got a scow. We covered it with a tent and lived in it all summer, drifting down the river. Every few miles we would tie up along the shore, and my brother and I would explore our new stopping-place.

You may think that there were no flowers or green grass, but that is not so. There were beautiful flowers that we had not seen before, and also some familiar ones. We traded goods and got moose meat from the Indians. My uncles, who were with us, went hunting quite often, and brought home ptarmigan and grouse. We had a net and caught a great many fine fish. Several bears were seen by the men of the party, and once my uncle saw a lynx near our camp; but the largest animal we children ever saw was a mink, and I have often regretted that I did not have my camera with me to take a picture for ST. NICHOLAS.

During the months of June and July it was light all the time. We thought it very funny to have to go to bed with the sun shining. We were from the month



"TURTLE SUNNING." BY G. BUSHNELL MERRILL, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY HOMER V. GEARY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

of April until the end of September on our trip. I must not forget to tell you about the lovely wild berries. There were raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, cranberries, and black and red currants. We came back from Dawson on a steamer. The days were growing very short again, and winter was drawing near. We had seen the wild geese start for the south, and we thought it time we were going home.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY MARGARET MINAKER (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Ah! is a day-dream but a cobweb gay
That glitters, golden threads, beneath the sun,
And nothing more; that with the touch of one
Small hand forever 's lightly brushed away?
Ah! no; 't is something more; 't is this, I say—
That which, when youth starts out life's race to run,
Shows not the course a hard and rugged one;
But, like a haze on sunny autumn day,
Hiding the rocks, the rifts, and treacherous sod
In that long path, while dimming, beautifies
The stern hard future to their youthful eyes;
And they, with hearts where fear has found no place,
Go forth to conquer and to win the race,
With trustful faith in love and man and God.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

On the 9th of August we left Evergreen, Colorado, to cross the Range. There were father and mother, Mrs. Buell and Arthur Buell, Dorothy Buell and I. We had a double-team wagon loaded with tents, provisions, and necessary clothing; and there were three saddle-horses, which we were to take turns in riding. The road that we took followed up Bear Creek, and we camped the first night on the Evans Ranch. I wish I had room to tell you of all the funny things that happened there and on the whole trip, but they would fill a small book. On the first high hill that we crossed we found delicious wild raspberries, and saw the distant prairie looking like a golden fairy sea. Down on the other side we came into Idaho Springs. It was Sunday, and the town was thronged with picnickers from Denver. We went over Berthoud's Pass and down into Middle Park, a huge green meadow crossed by silver streams in a circle of purple mountains. At Sulphur Springs we turned into Grand River Cañon. Here the river is a magnificent trout-stream crashing down between high walls of red rock. Where the cañon ends the river is broad and still, with green on each side, but the hills along it are desert. Dorothy and I bathed in the river. One day we came to a plain with the Sphinx itself keeping guard. It is called Tapanas Rock. Here we were caught in a cloud-burst and drenched before we could reach a house. Next morning there came a wagon with Uncle Percy and Sid. Sid told funny stories and tried to frighten us by pointing out bear and bob-cat tracks. After several days we reached the Grassy Creek, where we camped for nearly a week. We had traveled one hundred and fifty miles. At first we had to eat sage-hen, but soon got grouse and venison. It was a wild, lonely place, but some one had left there all sorts of furniture—even a sewing-machine—to get a homestead claim. Sid was fond of saying: "Look out! A yowl-cat 'll get you!" Sid says a "yowl-cat" is anything that walks on four legs and does n't eat grass. It was



"HAPPY DAYS." BY LAURA MAE THOMAS, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

a time never to be forgotten, but at last we had to pull up stakes, and then—hey for home by the way we had come!

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

BY MARY TRAVIS HEWARD (AGE 15).

CALM and deep, calm and deep,
Flows the silver stream
To the Fairyland of Sleep,
Ending in a dream.

Far away, far away,
Where the shadows roam—
There, the sleepy sages say,
Lies the Dreamland Home.

Now we glide, now we glide
In our fairy bark;
O'er the ripple slightly ride—
Ride into the dark.
All afloat, all afloat,
Down the silver stream,
In our idly rocking boat,
Drifting in a dream.

Spirits nigh, spirits nigh,
While our shallop goes,
Ever croon a lullaby,
Little eyes to close.
Little lips, little lips
Smile,—our shallop fast
Soft into the harbor slips—
Slumberland at last!



"HAPPY DAYS." BY SPENCER L. JONES, AGE 14.

MY ENCAMPMENT TRIP.

BY MARIE ARMSTRONG (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

MY one experience in camping was with the Missouri National Guard, composed of four regiments, one battery of artillery, and two hundred officers, at Nevada, Missouri. It was very hot there; in the tent the thermometer would register 115°. The heat was so intense that the grass was dried and dead.

We arrived there Sunday morning, and left the Sunday following. It seldom rained there. Often we would see huge clouds wend their way toward us, darkening the sky, but never a drop of rain would relieve us.

At 4 A.M. the reveille would be sounded at headquarters first, and would be echoed throughout the entire camp. In the space of a few minutes the camp was alive and bustling with preparations for the day and general good humor, for camp life is looked forward to by the soldiers from one year to the next, as many of them are poor young men whose only vacation is this.

After breakfast, the practice-drill would take place throughout the entire brigade, the intense heat making it necessary to get all serious work in before seven o'clock.

Many orders are given from the general's tent by the bugle.

One day the governor and his staff came, and were received at the gates of camp by the general and his staff in all their gold lace and regimentals.

One beautiful ceremony was the lowering of the flag. Every evening, at sunset, the flag would be lowered amid the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," a cannon would be fired, and the emblem of freedom would slowly descend. The general and his staff would be present, and every head would be bared as the old familiar strains would float over the camp.

After this came the dress parade, in which the whole brigade would file past the general in review.

Finally came the breaking of the camp. It was interesting in a sort of sad way. At the first note of the bugle the men untied the ropes of their tents. At the second the stakes were loosened and the men stood by, ropes in hand, waiting for the next signal. At the third the ropes were pulled, and the camp was nothing but a flat plain with strips of canvas throughout. Everything then was packed and loaded on trains, and taken to the State armory. The soldiers were then marched to the train in companies; we followed, and so ended my camp life of so many pleasant memories.

DAY-DREAMS.

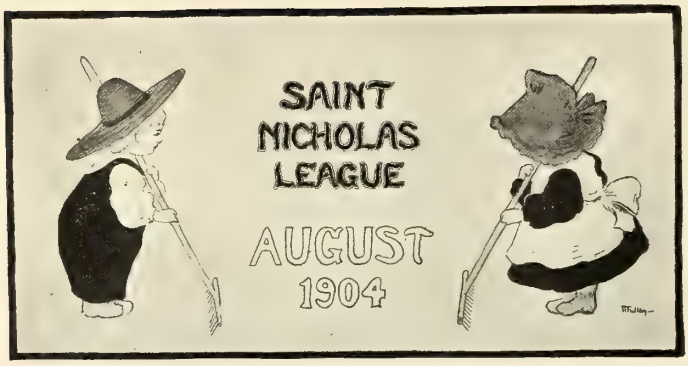
BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN, with my head upon my hand, I puzzle o'er per cent.,
And wonder who Columbus was, and where on earth he went,
I long to see the birds again, to hear the ocean roar;
I long to see the trees grow green and pick the flowers once more.
And then, when August comes around, I idly lie and dream,
And wish the sun was not so hot to dry up *all* the stream.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 12.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGERY FULTON, AGE 15.

DREAMS.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

I DREAM I see a little flower,
Who on the earth doth lie,
And suddenly, without a sound,
It goes up to the sky;

And from it steps a fairy small,
And says with elfin grace:
"Oh, Mr. Sun, come show to me
Your kind and gracious face."

And then the clouds all break away,
And all the thunders still,
And out in glory comes the sun
O'er field and dale and hill.

'T is then we long for one good breeze, one handful of cool snow,
And wish that winter's ice was here and summer's sun would go!

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MARGARET F. NYE (AGE 13).

CAMPING out! How delightful it sounds! Indeed, how delightful it is! At least I thought so after trying it one summer.

We did not camp out in the woods. Our tents were pitched in a pretty little village not far from our home.

We had two tents, end to end. The front one contained a large bed-lounge, a table, a desk, a bureau, and chairs. The other tent held a bed, a cot, a "home-made" wardrobe, our trunks, and a little oil-stove. One corner was curtained off for a bath-room.

About two or three yards from the "back door" was a grape-vine, shutting us in and making a cozy little back yard.

Oh, the delights of that summer! When a storm would be seen approaching, the stakes had to be driven in securely, the hammocks, chairs, and cushions had to be taken in, and then we would go in and listen to the raindrops pattering on the canvas.

Then in the evening we would sit out under the trees, or if it rained we made candy on the stove.

Any one that you ask will tell you that camping out is great sport. If you must have still better proof, try it yourself.



"HAPPY DAYS." BY CHARLES W. CHURCH, AGE 12.

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a League badge and instruction leaflet, free, upon application.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY HELEN J. SIMPSON (AGE 14).

BEAUTIFUL Lake Hopatcong! What spot within as few miles of New York could be so perfect? It was here I spent the most delightful fortnight of my life.

There were five in the party: Tom, Roger, Nina, Rex, and myself. Rex and I were the youngest, the others being quite grown up in comparison. We pitched our camp on one of the prettiest parts of the lake, known as the river Styx. Choosing a name occasioned considerable discussion; but at last Rex suggested "Camp Peanuts." All objections to this name were overruled by the boys, who shouted "Camp Peanuts," until the name was taken up by the mountains and echoed and reëchoed far and wide.

It was great fun setting up the camp, and when the work was completed, and "Camp Peanuts" painted in gilt letters above the entrance, we surveyed our work with satisfaction.

With the exception of the following incident, which I think worthy of relating, our experiences were much the same as those of any campers, even the one rainy day, when we were almost drowned out, affording more or less enjoyment.

One morning we went trolling in pairs, Rex and I being together.

For a time neither Rex nor I felt a bite, but presently Rex caught a sunfish, and before he had rebaited I landed a perch. We continued to catch enough to make us forget the time until Rex, happening to look up, noticed that the sun was directly overhead. Suddenly we remembered that we were hungry.

Rex took the oars, but as he did so I felt a strong, steady tug. I reeled in slowly, the fish tugging so that I could scarcely hold the rod. Rex and I were wild with excitement, and as I brought the fish toward the surface, Rex grasped the net and leaned over the edge of the boat to land him. He succeeded in getting the net under the fish, but Mr. Fish made a dart to one side.

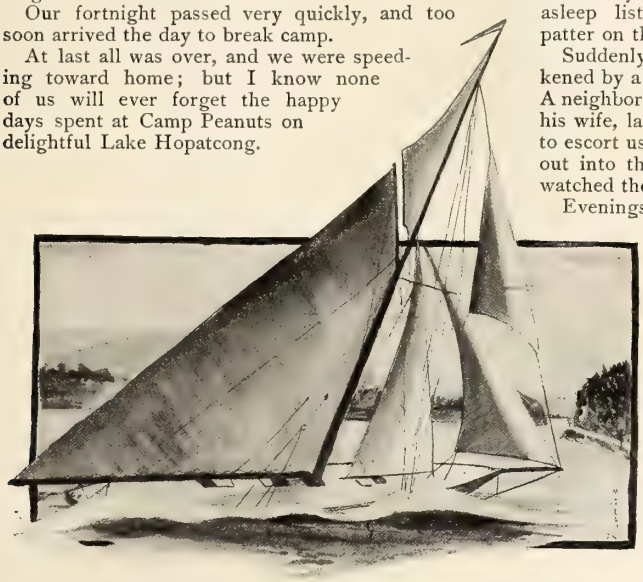
Rex leaned still farther over, and, losing his balance, fell with a splash into the lake.

I was so overcome with merriment that I let my fish go; but Rex refused to see the joke. He clambered into the boat and sat there, dripping wet, the most forlorn and ridiculous object I ever saw.

I dropped the oars, fairly shrieking with laughter, and Rex was too good-natured not to join in the laugh.

Our fortnight passed very quickly, and too soon arrived the day to break camp.

At last all was over, and we were speeding toward home; but I know none of us will ever forget the happy days spent at Camp Peanuts on delightful Lake Hopatcong.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET McKEON, AGE 14.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY EDITH M. GATES (AGE 17).

AFTER a seven-mile drive we pitched our tent on the edge of a bluff o'erlooking the Bay of Fundy, amidst an evergreen grove—an ideal camping-place.

Ticks were filled with straw and, after a simple meal eaten round the driftwood fire, bedfellows were assigned, and camp life began.

Long after our elders slept we girls lay awake story-telling, listening to the boom of the incoming tide.

"Early to bed, and early to rise," was our motto. Seven o'clock always found breakfast ready. We lived simply, but the bracing air made everything taste delicious.

After breakfast-dishes were washed and put away in an improvised china-closet, we took long walks up the stony beach or along the bluffs. Every afternoon we went in bathing. The water was exhilaratingly cold.

Not far from camp stood the old French cross, erected in memory of the Acadian exiles, who perished there. From the driftwood strewn round it we carved souvenirs.

The biweekly mail was a great event. Letters were very welcome.

The weather had been perfect, but one evening as we were preparing for bed the rain commenced to fall in torrents. We were very snug, and fell asleep listening to the patter on the tent.



THE FRENCH CROSS. (SEE STORY.)

Suddenly we were awakened by a flashing light. A neighboring farmer and his wife, laden with umbrellas and lanterns, had come to escort us to their home. But we were too cozy to go out into the rain, so we thanked them, and drowsily watched them depart.

Evenings we gathered around the camp-fire and sang. Once we tried a candy-pull, but the molasses scorched, and the candy was brittle.

A few days before leaving camp we gave a Parish Tea. All the farmers came, and in the evening we built a huge bonfire on the beach.

All were sorry to break up camp, but a thunderstorm threatened which we were n't sorry to miss.

We rattled down the mountain on the load at a good pace, swaying from side to side, singing all the way. We arrived home tired and dusty in time for tea. Oh, how good it seemed to sleep in the clean white beds that night! Soon after I returned to my home in the United States, bringing with me many photographs and pleasant memories of my camping trip in beautiful Nova Scotia.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY LOUISE PAINE (AGE 9).

I LOVE to lie on the cushions
And build castles in the air,
Of the days that are yet before me
When I 'll be a damsel fair.

I 'll be a queen, and ride
In a carriage made of gold;
I 'll have knights in clashing armor,
As in the days of old.

I 'll have two little pages
Who will beside me stand,
To be ready on the instant
To obey my least command.

But hark! I hear some one calling!
Ah, yes, it is time for tea;
And my day-dreams fade into open air,
Like mist upon the sea!



"HAPPY DAYS." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 13.

MY CAMPING TRIP.

BY MOWBRAY VELTE (AGE 10).

About four summers ago I spent four months in Cashmere, and camped in the Siddar Valley in a place called Pailgám, which lies at the foot of the Himaláyá Mountains. I will now tell you how I got there.

We started from Lahore, Punjáb, in the evening, and went by train to Pindi.

Pindi is an important military station, where British troops are garrisoned.

From Pindi we went in a two-wheeled conveyance called a tonga to a military hill station called Murree.

The tonga is drawn by two horses, which are changed every five or six miles for fresh ones. The driver has a horn which he blows to let people know he is coming. The vehicle has a canvas cover over it.

From Murree we went in another two-wheeled conveyance, which shakes a great deal, and is drawn by one horse, which is never changed.

This conveyance is called an ekka, and took us to a place called Bárámúla in five days.

We had two servants with us, and while we were traveling by ekka we had our meals camp fashion.

At Bárámúla we got a boat called a dunga and went to Srinagar.

A dunga is a house-boat, which has a straw roof. The passengers live in the front and have two rooms.

At Srinagar we saw a palace, and part of it looked like a Christmas cake, it was so gay.

From Srinagar we went by boat to Islámabád, and from there we rode on pack-mules without any saddles to Pailgám.

There we pitched our tents. We slept in our tents, but stayed out of doors all day. Our tents were pitched in a forest of pines.

We lived very near the river Liddar, and used to go fishing in it with pin-hooks.

Every night we had a large bonfire.

Once we all went to the source of the Jhelam River. We had to cross the river on our return journey, but found we could not do so because the bridge had been swept away by a flood.

We also had to stay two days at a small hamlet called Arú, and eat boiled rice and milk, because of the great and unexpected rise of the river.

I and my sister rode on chairs strapped on to coolies' backs.

A black dachshund rode all the way in each of our chairs in turn.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY KATHLEEN A. BURGESS (AGE 11).

I dreamt as I lay on the golden sand,
With the heaven's blue stretching above,
And the waves sang a song that no heart could withstand,
It was so overflowing with love.

I dreamt that I saw a beautiful ship
Being blithely blown over the sea,
And the masts were of gold and the sails were of silk,
And there it lay waiting for me.

As I stepped aboard my beautiful barge,
There appeared fairies three:
One went to the helm, one went to the wheel,
And the sweetest one steered for me.

They sang me a song, a beautiful song,
That mingled its notes with the sea,
Till we reached the Isle of Eternal Joy
And Endless Melody.

OUR CAMPING TRIP.

BY MARGEREE W. PITTS (AGE 14).

When I was about seven years old my mother and I went to visit some friends by the name of Hammond. They had a daughter Marjorie, who was my only companion.

Mr. Hammond in his younger days had been a sailor; and it was still his delight to sit in the sun and spin yarns. He also had brought home with him his sailor hammock, and for Marjorie's and my benefit he took it from the attic and hung it several yards from the side of the house.

With it came stories of the delights of sleeping out of doors, and, as Marjorie and I loved anything novel, we put our heads together and planned how we could accomplish this.

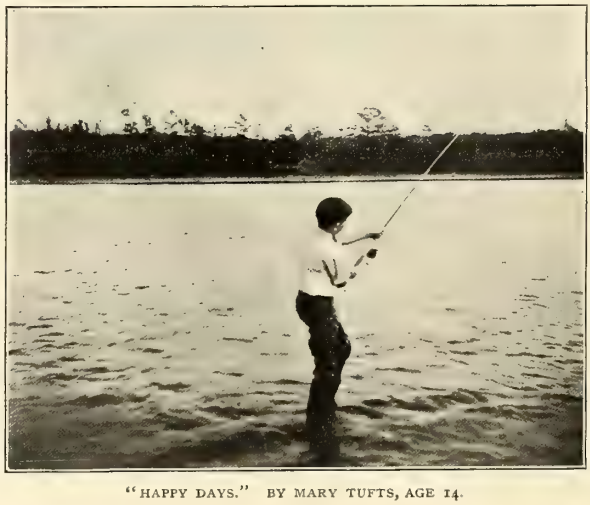
Various plans were suggested, but we gave them all up and decided to ask our mothers for permission to camp out in the yard that night.

Our mothers readily consented—and smiled.

We were overjoyed, and, as soon as it was bedtime kissed the two mothers, and with blankets and pillows jumped in the hammock.

As long as the lights were bright in the house we thought it great fun, but when they were put out (earlier than usual it seemed) we began to think and talk about the gipsies that had been around that day. A big boy had told us that they would come into people's yards and take little girls and hurt them.

We then began to count sheep, but before



"HAPPY DAYS." BY MARY TUFTS, AGE 14.

we had counted ten the most blood-curdling groans and moans came from the darkened house.

Marjorie hung on to me and I to her, both of us too scared to move.

Finally Marjorie said in a weak little voice: "Don't you think our mothers are lonesome?"

I answered "Yes"; and with that two little forms jumped out of the hammock and ran to the house, where they were soon clasped in their mothers' arms and borne upstairs to bed.

Through the open door, when Marjorie was dropping to sleep, I heard her say, "I think this is the best place to camp."

BESSIE'S DREAM.

BY ALICE CONE (AGE 11).

Bessie was a little girl;
Her age was nine or ten;
She 'd been to school for six long years,
And did not know all then.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY JOHN SINCLAIR, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

Now Bessie dreamed a dream one night
When every one was sleeping—
She dreamed that fairies small and bright
Were at her side a-peeping.

One pretty fairy, all in white
(The fairy queen of old),
She came and stood by Bessie's bed,
And waved a wand of gold.

"What do you wish, my little girl?"
The fairy queen then said.
"I wish to know of everything
That I 've not seen or read."

She waved her wand, and everything
Began to fade away.
And then—oh, dear! our Bessie woke
To study all that day.

DRAKE.

BY TONY VAUGHAN (AGE 7).

Our hero Drake he sailed the seas for England, home, and beauty;
He fought for us and nobly lived, and always did his duty.



"ANIMAL LIFE." EDNA WADDELL, AGE 13.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY J. HORTON DANIELS (AGE 12).

Oft I wish I were a cloud
That floats about the sky:
I 'd look 'way down on Mother Earth,
And feel that I 'm so high.

A cloud as fleecy as a lamb,
But not a thunderous one,
Nor one that hides the whole blue sky
And keeps away the sun.

I 'd ride about from morn till night,
Around the sky so blue;
But when I stop to think awhile,
I fear I might miss you.

And when I think of leaving home
And all the loved ones dear,
I think I 'd rather be a boy
And stay with you right here.

DAY-DREAMS.

BY ADELAIDE NICHOLS (AGE 9).

When I grow to be a man
I shall be a mighty king!
I shall wear a golden crown
And a sparkling diamond ring.

I shall have a prancing charger
And a chariot of gold;
I 'll be arrayed in costly furs
To keep me from the cold.

But even when I am a king
I 'll be kind and good and just,
And all my friends and servants
Will know well whom they can trust.

NOTICE TO FAR-OFF MEMBERS.

A number of League members living in such distant lands as Australia, New Zealand, Asia, and South Africa have asked that we announce a competition far enough ahead to allow them to take part in it. To all such we would say that the present list of subjects throughout will be repeated in November, except that the "heading" illustration will be for January, and the "episode" will be French history instead of American. This will give three months, which will be ample time for even the most remote League dweller. We may add that as the puzzle competitions have no special subject, these are always available, while in the matter of drawings the "headings" and "tailpieces" run the year round and may be prepared and forwarded many weeks ahead.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY M. POWELL, AGE 12.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Gertrude Ford
Natalie D. Wurts
Ray Randall
Charles Irish Preston
Kathryn Hubbard
Sibyl Kent Stone
Dorothea Gay
Doris Francklyn
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Marguerite Stuart
Maud Dudley Shackleford
Jacob Schmucker
Helen Brainard
Nannie C. Barr
Helen Lombaert Scobey
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Emmeline Bradshaw
Lucy Du Bois Porter
Lucile Woodling
Alice Pearl von Blucher
Margaret Lyon Smith
Elizabeth McCormick
Josephine Whitbeck
Constance Votey
Eleanor R. Johnson
Louisa E. Spear
Mary Yeula Westcott
Jessie Lee Riall
Alleine Langford
Melicent Eno Humason
Mary C. Tucker
Willia Nelson
Beulah Ridgeway
Abigail R. Bailey
Mora Rivenburg
Neill C. Wilson
Virginia Coryell Craven
Shirley Willis
Helen E. Griffin
Marjorie Verschoyle Betts
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Anne Kress
Rebecca Laddis
Mary Blossom Bloss
Elizabeth Swift Brengle
Abigail E. Jenner
Edith J. Minaker
Susan Warren Wilbur
Jessie Barker Coit
Teresa Cohen
Laura Lois Olds
Julia Cooley
Elsa Clark
Alice Cabell Clopton
Dorothy Perry
Frieda Muriel Harrison

VERSE 2.

Harry Van Wald
Daisy Errington Brettell
Bertie Brown Regester
Muriel Bush
Twila Agnes McDowell
Edwin Doan
Alma Ellingson
Cora L. Merrill
Edna Mead
Gladys M. Adams
Annie Louise Johnson
Florence Louise Adams
Helen Spear
Virginia D. Keeney
Enza Alton Zeller
John H. Sherman
Olive Moodie Cooke
Marie Wennerberg
Emily Rose Burt
Alice Moore
Florence Gardiner
Marion S. Wilson
Mollie M. Cussaart
Bernice Brown
Alice Bartholomew
Elizabeth Templeton Cunningham
Alice Knowles
Margaret Maclennan
Dorothy Walker
Kathryn Rothschild
Anna Hunt Welles

PROSE 1.

Alfred P. Merryman
Charles L. Benoist
Blanche Leeming
Myrtle Lenore Salsig
Harriet W. Gardiner
Remson Wisner Holbert
Ruth Wilson
Louis Durant Edwards
Ruth Heughes
Marjorie Lachmund
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Mildred Quiggle
Ethel M. Dickson
Joe Pound
Stanley E. Moodie
Helen A. Lee
Frank L. Hayes
Elizabeth Eastman
Margaret Denniston
Walter Winton
Ivy Varian Walshe
Cora Call
Martin Janowitz
Fordyce L. Perego
Francis Strong
Nellie Foster-Comegys
Dorothy Alice Spear
Gilbert P. Bogert
Alfred Redfield
Edith Hilles
Jean Fulton
Marie Elisa Carbery
Ruth A. Donnan
Genevieve Morse
May Patton
Isabella McLaughlin
Lucie Clifton Jones
Mabel Robinson
Susette Ryerson
Sarah McCarthy
Grace Gates
Catharine H. Straker
Frances Morrissey
Margaret King
Delia Ellen Champlin
Mildred A. Crane
Winnie Bobbitt
Paul B. Taylor
Gladys Fulton
Winona Montgomery
Philip C. Gifford
Florence Knight
Ida Pritchett
Ramona Laila Janney
Carolyn Bulley
Ruth A. Wilson
Margaret Hildebrant
Jean Plant
Prudence Ross
Florence Kaufman
Mary W. Ball
Mary White
Found
Robert Ellsworth Scott
Elizabeth Strong
Samuel Merrill Foster

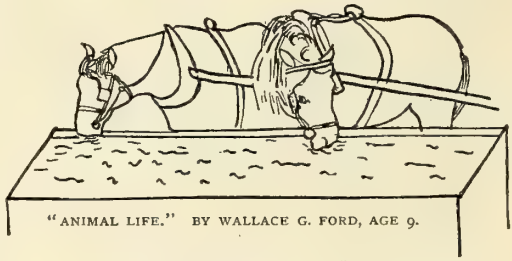
PROSE 2.

Edith Blaine
Edith Julia Ballou
Gladys Hodson
Powell Cotter
Ernest LaPrade
Lillian Alexander
Elizabeth Lee
Edwin Bishop
Rosalind C. Case
Sidney Robinson
Louise Tate
Eunice McGilvra
Lisbeth Harlan
Gladys Moch
Donald K. Belt
Elizabeth Hirsh
Alice Otis Bird
Dorothy Jacobs
Mary d'A. Lilienthal
Inez Pischel
Brownie Samsell
Emma D. Miller
Mary Claypoole

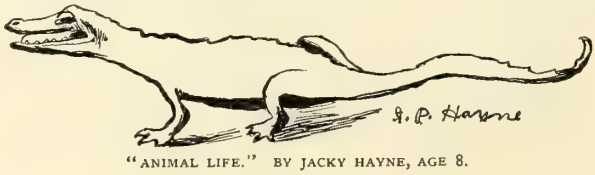
DRAWINGS 1.

Alice T. Gardin
Lauren Ford
Lucie E. B. Mackenzie
Louise Converse
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Rita Wood
Meade Bolton
Georgiana Wood
Minnie Gwyn
Maisie Smith
Frederick Seiberling
Marjorie Connor
Ella E. Preston
Constance Whitten
Irving A. Nees
John A. Helwig
Hugh Spencer
Margaret Wrong
Joseph Weber
Enid Goulding Sinclair
Edith Park
Joseph B. Mazzano
Robert W. Foulke
Thalia Graham
Dorothy Clapp
Helen Wilson Barnes
Frieda Hug
Anna R. Carolan
Esther Parker
Elsa Solano Lopez
Marguerite Polleys
Charlotte B. Arnold
Gladys A. Lothrop
Margaret Ellen Payne
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Charles Roth
William R. Lohse
Harriet Barney Burt
C. B. Brown
Ada M. Keigwin
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Grace E. R. Meeker
Dorothy C. King
Margaret Lantz Daniell
D. Adams
Mary Cooper
William Schrufer
Clinton O. Brown
Marjorie Sibyl Heck
Warford E. Rowland
Irene Fuller
Mary McLaren
Louise McGilvra
Anna Beatrice Wetherill
Olive Garrison
Robert Hammond Gibson
Helen E. Price
Eleanor R. Chapin
Walter Burton Nourse
John W. Love
Mary Klauder
Angelica Mumford
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
Mildred Hippee
Gladys Blackman
Alice W. Hinds
Evelyn Buchanan
Alan Adams
Katharine Gibson
Eleanor Keeler

Study from Animal Life"



"ANIMAL LIFE." BY WALLACE G. FORD, AGE 9.



"ANIMAL LIFE." BY JACKY HAYNE, AGE 8.

Monica Pearson Turner
Thomas H. Foley
Julia Halleck
Earl D. Studley
James Barrett
Walter E. Huntley
Harry B. Lachman
Muriel C. Evans
Phoebe Wilkinson
Melville Levey
Rena Kellner
Marcia Gardner
Alex Seffeirt
Roy L. Hilton
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Teresa R. Robbins
Duncan G. McGregor
Valentine Newton

DRAWINGS 2.

Cordner H. Smith
Marguerite Strathy
M. S. Wyeth
Carl Lohse
Janet Orr Ewing
Ellen H. Rogers
Lionel E. Drew
Martha E. Fleck
Stanislaus E. McNeill
Phoebe Hunter
Helen F. Searight
George A. MacLean
Elizabeth D. Keeler
Katherine M. Keeler
Harriet Eager
Herbert W. Landau
Etta Rowe
Edward A. McAvoy
Grace W. Trail
Katherine Callington
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Louise Miller
May Thomas
Marie Atkinson
Edith Kioger
Jeanette McAlpin
Margaret Booraem Richardson
Delphina L. Hammer
Isabel Weaver
John W. Overton
Mary E. Ross
Charlotte St. G. Nourse
Katharine Buchanan
Kenneth Stowell
Ralph E. Koch
Franklin S. Whitehouse
Roger Taylor
Mildred Curran Smith
Helen W. Moore
Marion K. Cobb
Theodore L. Fitzsimons
Katharine Krouse

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Edwin B. Arnold
Eleanor Hobson
Philip S. Ordway
Edwin Shoemaker
Carlota Glasgow
Oliver Ritchie
Marie Fogarty
Katherine L. Marvin
Dorothy Lincoln
Madge Pulsford
Harold Chapin
Marguerite Williams
Christina B. Fisher
Eleanor Twining
May H. Peabody
Ione Casey
Dorothy Gardiner

Katharine A. Potter
Paul Wormser
Alice du Pont

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Florence R. T. Smith
Margaret B. Copeland
Elizabeth Morrison
Louisa M. Waterman
Phyllis Mudie Cooke
Rose Caroline Huff
Lucien Carr
Emma K. Woods
Anne Constance Nourse
Emily L. Storer
Hugo Graf
Ruth Boyden
Harold K. Schoff
Catherine Delano
Alice L. Cousens
Rachel Rude
Miriam Phinney
Fanny J. Walton
P. J. Young
Alice Garland
Rosalie Day
Horace J. Simons
Chauncey Reed
Karl M. Mann
Edith Houston
Louis Reimer
C. W. Ireland
Hanford Macnider
William W. Marden
Zelie M. Eberstadt
Sidney Y. Kimball
Fred Stedman
Mary L. Fletcher
Fanny Winans
Anne Marguerite Dye
Louis Barrington
Ellen du Pont
Marjorie Newell
Walter Brettell
Elizabeth Love Godwin
Mary Letitia Fyffe
Mary A. Woods
Robert S. Platt
Carl Cannon Glick
Marion D. Freeman
Kathleen Gould
Dorothy Williams
Margaret Rucker
Frances Richardson
Alice L. McCready



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARION OSGOOD CHAPIN, AGE 13.

Winthrop Brown, Jr.
Carl Lawrence
Freda Messervy
Alice Septon
Heyliger de Windt
Jonathan W. French
Rudolph Leding
Mary S. Cumming
Helen Hudson
Ludie Freeland
Percival W. Whittlesey
Elisabeth H. Rice
Alan Ginty
Rutherford Platt
Albert Westcott
Sydney B. Lamb
Kenneth Payne

PUZZLES 1.

Roger Williams
Walter A. Halkett
Henry Morgan Brooks
Christine Graham
Ida Berry
Cornelia N. Walker
Gretchen Neuburger
Katharine King
Ellsworth Weeks
Phyllis Nanson
Marguerite Hallowell
Mary Dunbar
Volant V. Ballard
Margaret W. Mandell

PUZZLES 2.

Louise Fitz
Eleanor F. Reifsnider
Mary Salmon
Margaret F. Upton
E. Adelaide Hahn
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
John Dunton Keyes
Arthur M. Reed
Katherine Neumann
Donald Ferguson
Marguerite Hill
Leah Gardner
Elizabeth McMillan
Hoyt D. Perry



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY MARGARET KEENE, AGE 7.

mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Distance."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Nature Study" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for October."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 59.

(*See notice, page 953.*)

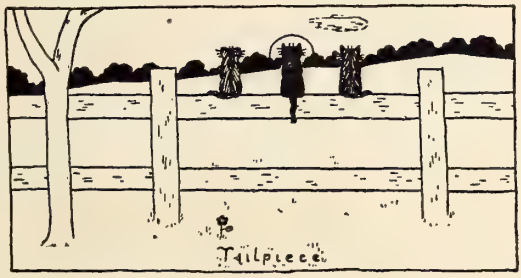
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. (This does not include winners of "Wild-animal Photograph" prizes.)

Competition No. 59 will close **August 20** (for foreign members **August 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Pleasure" or "Pleasures."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words: "My Favorite Episode in American History."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior,



"A TAILPIECE FOR AUGUST." BY HELEN McG. NOYES, AGE 11.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

AFTER VACATION DAYS.

"BACK to school!" will be the watchword before many days now. And there is one delightful reflection in beginning a school year. It is like turning over a new leaf in your copy-book. The old blots and the regretted failures are hidden. You can dream of doing better, and, what *is* better, you can make the dream come true. The easiest way of getting through the school-day is to interest yourself in the work; and by securing a good understanding of the work from the first, the interest will be awakened.

Then let your reading be a handmaid to your school-work; this will aid in both.

PUTTING BOOKS IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

THIS is not a paragraph advising you to replace books upon the shelves when you are through with them. Of course all book-lovers treat their friends in print with due respect, and do not leave them to be buffeted by a cruel world.

No. This is merely a reminder that books come second, and realities take first place. The critics find no better praise for Shakspere than to say that he writes of everything as if in its presence. If he speaks of a deer, he notes what he has seen, not what books tell. Even if all the book-learning of his age had been packed into his brain, it would not have given him the facts he tells us. Ruskin quotes Shakspere's description of a severe storm at sea, and Ruskin's eye for nature was nearly as good as Shakspere's own. If a horse is described, the Elizabethan genius sees with the eye of a horse-lover and the enthusiasm of a stable-lad who knows nothing but horses; and so of flowers, kings, ships, armor, — what you will.

Look at the world first, and then into your books to see if others have seen what you see.

IN THE LIBRARY.

ALL over this broad land of ours, that extends from the neighborhood of Robinson Crusoe's island to the great chain of lakes about which Parkman has told such true romances as may well excite the rivalry of novelists, from the home of Irving's Knickerbockers to the land whence Bret Harte derived material for his poetical dreams of impossible gold-hunters, there are great libraries with shelves weighted with delightful volumes.

At one time it was thought that libraries were for the traditional scholar — a pale, bespectacled creature who never dreamed of such a glorious triumph as a three-base hit or a home run. But to-day it is the most practical men who are making the greatest use of libraries; and in the libraries you meet the boys and girls who are most interested in the living world about them.

There are advantages in doing your more serious work in the reading-rooms of the libraries. If you see a reference or quotation, you can at once verify it; if there is further information to be found in another book, you may send for it.

Perhaps even in these enlightened days there are boys and girls who need to be told that in the "reference room" you are allowed to consult many books at a time. Of course they are not taken from the library. In studying a history lesson, for example, it is an excellent practice to compare the accounts of different writers — especially those of earlier times with those of our modern historians.

THE VALUE IN A STORY.

WHAT is the quality, or what are the qualities, that make a good story? By this is not meant merely a story that is readable, but one that has real worth. It seems to be agreed that Nathaniel Hawthorne's short stories possess true worth. Who will send us a little essay upon one of these master-works, telling what it is that renders them superior to the 3,404,823,981 stories that have appeared since? (We do not guarantee the accuracy of these figures, as we may have missed one or two in the count!) Again, as we said last month, we offer no prizes for such an essay except the conditional promise to print an essay (not over 300 words) meriting the attention of our readers.

Address in care of this department, as there are so many inclosures coming to the League that your little essay might go astray and be considered a misfit composition intended for some other department.

Remember, the question is, "What makes the worth of a story?" and the suggestion is to take one of Hawthorne's for an example.

WHEN YOU ARE PUZZLED. Now and then in your reading you are sure to come upon sentences that will seem blind to you. It is an excellent plan to read these aloud slowly. Often the ear will help to catch the meaning. But if a writer presents a continual succession of problems and enigmas, the chances are that he is not worth your time, or else that you have not yet come to the proper age for reading his work. Browning, for instance, is certainly great; but he is also, as certainly, hard to follow. Until you can forgive his style for the sake of his thought, it will be better to keep to other poets.

FINE PRINT AND COARSE. It may be a fancy, but is it not true that a passage read in small print is likely to be taken in more as one complete thing? The same words will convey a more scattered impression if in large print.

Try reading a few verses of the Bible in this way, first in large and then in small lettering.

BOOKS THAT ARE RELATED. It would be interesting to get together a complete "family" of books; that is, to collect a set of books each of which was written because of another. You might, for instance, take some noted story — our old friend "Robinson Crusoe" will do as a very well known example. Then try to secure the book about "Alexander Selkirk."

Then take the "Swiss Family Robinson," then Jules Verne's story that tells the subsequent fortunes of the young Robinsons, and after that take some other of the numerous volumes owing their life to these famous forerunners.

You need not own these books, of course, but it might make an interesting reading course.

"The Sleeping Beauty" legend also would lead you pleasantly through a number of related books and stories.

THE NUCLEUS OF YOUR LIBRARY. Every young reader and book-lover should own a few choice, permanent books, that are kept as his choicest. Have them in as good a form as you can afford, and cherish them as your treasury of literature. Be careful to admit to this highest rank only the most deserving of all the books you read.

IN RESPONSE TO OUR REQUEST. Margaret Douglas Gordon, wishing to name a few newer books than the old favorites, sends a pleasant letter highly recommending these:

The Princesses' Story-Book The Queens' Story-Book	*G. L. Gomme*
The Arkansas Bear The Hollow Tree	*A. B. Paine*
Scottish Fairy Tales	*George Douglas*
Border Ballads	*Graham Tomson*
With the King at Oxford	*A. J. Church*
Historical Tales from Shakspere	*Quiller-Couch*
Stories of the Days of King Arthur	*C. H. Hanson*

The historical element is a little too frequent in this list, but we hope it may be useful to readers seeking for novelty in their mental food.

A LETTER FROM A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. We print this friendly letter from a lover of French literature:

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month I follow the Books and Reading department with the greatest interest. But I have noticed that, although many very excellent English and American books are recommended by you, only infrequent mention is made of foreign ones. I think this is a pity; surely girls and boys learning or already knowing French would like to know of some of that country's latest publications.

The French are a gay and lively people, and much of their brightness is to be found in the pages of their books, watching the opportunity to make the reader laugh. Take, for example, a volume that has just appeared, "L' Apprentissage de Valérie," by J. M. Mermin, published by Paul Paclot & Cie, 4 Rue Cassette, Paris. It is full of amusing anecdotes and many irresistibly funny conversations, while the affection of Valérie for her young brother Aubin is quite touching.

It is a fresh, good book, fit for girls and boys of every age, and no more agreeable reading could be found.

You would confer a great favor on me by printing this letter, as I should very much like to hear the opinions of other League members on the subject. I could quote dozens of other charming French works, but fearing to make my letter too long, I will end.

Thanking you for the pleasure the magazine always affords me,

Sincerely yours,

IVY VARIAN WALSHE.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BERKELEY, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your numbers a great deal, and at the end of the year I am going to have them all bound together.

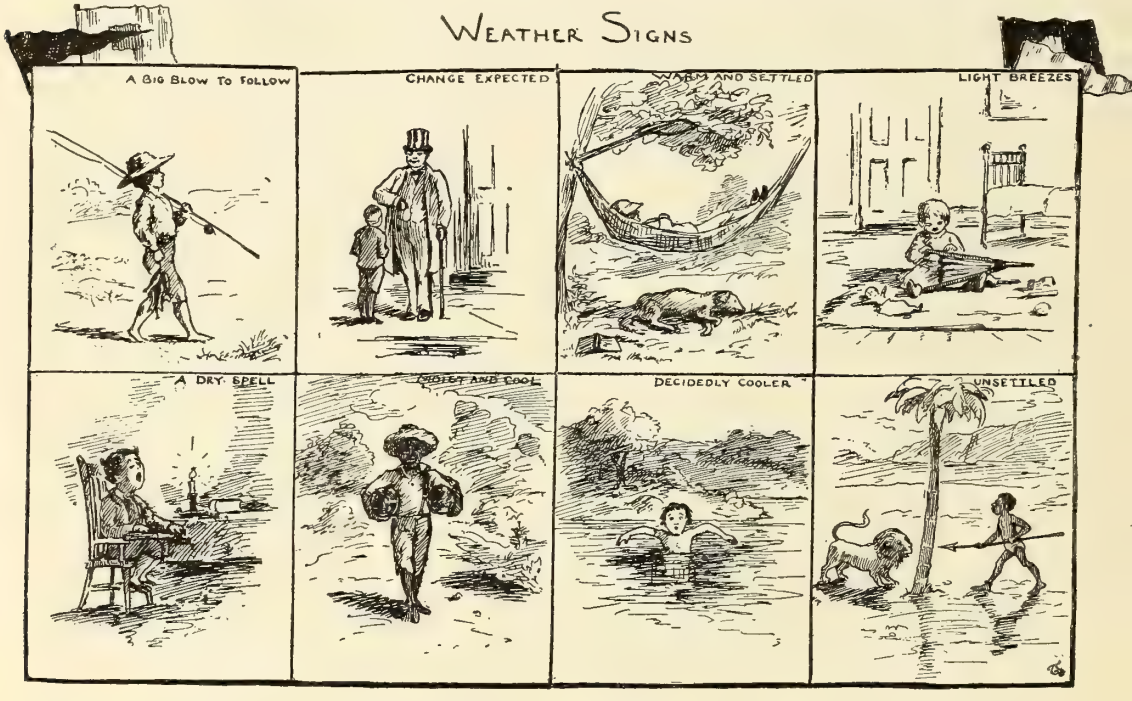
We live on a very large place. We have two dogs to play with, and their names are Beo and Bevis. We have a donkey of our own, named Barry, and my sister Helen has a dear little canary-bird named Sweetheart (this is her own name for it) and he sings beautifully. We do not go to school, as the nearest one is too far away from our home, but James (my brother) and I have lessons from Aunt Lida, and we like them very much. We also take German lessons. We go down to Pacific Grove every summer, and we have a house of one side, with seeds in them for the birds, which she calls the "Bird Dining-room." Your loving reader,

MARGARET MACRUM.

P. S. My mother and uncles took you when they were small.

EINDRED VIKO, KINGSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Before I got you I was always saying that I wished I had something to read, but for the three years I don't believe I have said it more than twice, as I have always had you to read by a grate fire in winter, or out on the lawn with big cushions piled high at my back in summer. I very seldom write to any



our own there, which is most delightful. I enjoy the Letter-box in your numbers and I thought you might like to have a letter from me.

Your loving reader,

JOHN GARBER PALACHE (age 10).

OAKMONT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for about three years and like you very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. Our grandfather has four ponies. One he got when I was a baby, and it is snow white, and twenty-five years old. We say that he is white from old age.

Grandmother has boxes that are long and thin, tilted one, unless it is some one who has made me feel happy. So you must know you are one. Your beloved reader,

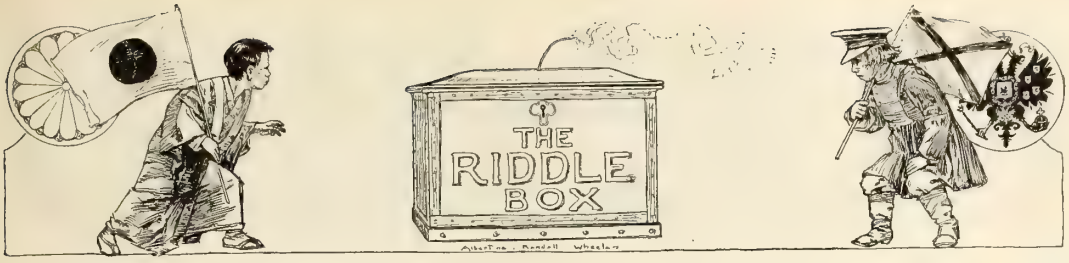
CLAIRE ROBINSON.

LOGAN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a sister Bessie, and a kitten named Midnight, so I was interested in "The Weighing" in your March number.

Yours, SYDNEY L. WRIGHT (age 7).

Lack of space has prevented our printing interesting little letters from Helen Spafford, Alice L. Sigourney, Blanche Hogeland, Philip P. Patout, Martha Ellis White, Richard T. Lyford, Charles I. Hodges, Katherine Keith, and Graham Bullen.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC. Third row, Charlemagne. 1. Bacon. 2. Mohammed. 3. Plato. 4. Rurik. 5. Sulla. 6. Spenser. 7. Homer. 8. Drake. 9. Magellan. 10. Dante. 11. Alexander.

ZIGZAG. Independence Day. Cross-words: 1. Ignition. 2. Uncommon. 3. Undulate. 4. Greeting. 5. Accepted. 6. Accident. 7. Ignorant. 8. Pilchard. 9. Trencher. 10. Suspense. 11. Starched. 12. Generous. 13. Medicine. 14. Bachelor. 15. Youthful.

CHARADE. Ark-hives, archives.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Shakespeare; finals, Winter's Tale. Cross-words: 1. Shadow. 2. Haggai. 3. Action. 4. Knight. 5. Entire. 6. Slower. 7. Petals. 8. Enlist. 9. Africa. 10. Recoil. 11. Europe.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July, Independence, fire-crackers.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Fourth of July, fire-crackers.

A MAGIC SQUARE. 1. Fourth of July. 2. Declaration of Independence. 3. Washington. 4. Lee. 5. John Adams. 6. Jefferson. 7. John Hancock.

TRANSFORMATIONS. 1. Shirk, shark. 2. Barge, badge. 3. Gross, grass. 4. Niter, Niger. 5. Beach, bench. 6. Baton, bacon. 7. Spore, spire. 8. Party, patty. 9. Ardor, armor. 10. Wager, wafer. 11. Caddy, candy. 12. Snore, snare.

CHARADE. E-man-sip-a-shun, Emancipation.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Abash. 2. Briny. 3. Aimed. 4. Sneer. 5. Hydra. II. 1. Altar. 2. Large. 3. Trail. 4. Agile. 5. Relet. III. 1. Abater. 2. Berate. 3. Aright. 4. Taglia. 5. Ethiop. 6. Retaps. IV. 1. Aster. 2. Shone. 3. Togas. 4. Enact. 5. Rests. V. 1. Sales. 2. Abate. 3. Lathe. 4. Ether. 5. Seers.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Joe Carlada — "Argument" — Grace Haren — Ernest A. Marx — "Chuck" — St. Gabriel's Chapter — Allil and Adi — Eleanor Wyman — Tyler H. Bliss — Adeline L. F. Pepper — Ruth Bartlett — Elizabeth D. Lord — Jo and I — Nessie and Freddie — Russell S. Reynolds — Constance and Esther — Marion Thomas — John P. Phillips — Gwyneth Pennethorne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Franklin T. Rice, 1 — Frank Hanford, 1 — Harry Kahn, 5 — Anna S. Foster, 1 — Howard Smith, 5 — Nan and Caryl, 5 — Della Irene Patterson, 3 — C. C. and F. H. Anthony, 7 — Frederica Rutherford Mead and Lawrence Myers Mead, 5 — Edna Moses, 1 — Harriet Bingamon, 5 — Myrtle Alderson, 6 — "Johnnie Bear," 7 — Alice A. Bristow, 1 — Eunice Shafer, 1 — Mary E. Askew, 1 — Dode Van Eaton, 6 — Anna B. Richardson, 1 — Allan S. Richardson, 1 — Laura E. Jones, 6 — Miriam Ellinwood, 1.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

(One word is concealed in each couplet.)

1. MAY Orrin run a race with me?
   You must be umpire, all agree.
2. I think Rab overshot the mark;
   Last night he practised after dark.
3. Now please yoke Sam and me together;
   A barefoot race will save shoe-leather.
4. Just see how Rover tears around;
   Of course they 'll send him off the ground.
5. Come, Sam, and rest; such skill you 've shown,
   The highest prize you 'll surely own.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EACH of the words described contains seven letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, begin with the second letter of the first word, the third letter of the second word, the second letter of the third word, the first letter of the fourth, and so on, ending with the first letter of the last word. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh letters of all the words are not used in the zigzag.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the Turks. 2. To accomplish. 3. Middle. 4. A fabulous animal having one horn. 5. The wind-flower. 6. Atmospheric conditions of a place. 7. To try. 8. Fervent. 9. A building. 10. Supremacy. 11. To state in detail. 12. One, not a professional, with a taste for art. 13. To draw. 14. To burn. 15. A neck of land joining two larger bodies of land. 16. Slanting. 17. To trouble. 18. Glowing with flame. 19. Kindly. 20. Apparent. 21. Conciseness. 22. Liquids produced by distilling. 23. A figure having eight sides. 24. An umpire.

The zigzag will spell the official name of our country.

BENJAMIN L. MILLER.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A DANCE. 2. A constellation. 3. A measure of capacity in the metric system. 4. The scriptures of the Mohammedans. 5. Concerning.

DAVID B. VAN DYCK (League Member).

ZIGZAG AND FINAL ACROSTIC.

1 . . . 3
. * . . *
* . . . *
. * . . *
* . . . *
. * . . *
2 . . . 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A magistrate. 2. A rude picture used by the Indians as a symbol. 3. The joint on which a door turns. 4. To go into. 5. Perforations. 6. Proportion. 7. To long for earnestly.

From 1 to 2, an American statesman; from 3 to 4, the surname of an American author.

MARGARET ABBOTT (League Member.)



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-eight letters, and form a quotation from a poem by Celia Thaxter.

My 50–18–2–40–27–12–65 is an insect that Dickens has written about. My 64–84–17–96–5–8–82 10–4–31–98–73 are brilliant green beetles used for raising blisters. My 57–24–65 is no sluggard. My 37–13–90–43–6–58–10–47–15 is called the swallow among insects. My 60–9–53–22–72–65 is an insect allied to the grasshopper. My 16–9–51–39–48–56 is an insect that stings severely. My 30–9–56–34–65–6 97–22–46 is the Colorado beetle. My 84–61–3–93–29–74–49–11–63–25 is a large American moth. My 1–75–81–21–63–44–65–9 is a common and troublesome insect. My 80–91–89–23–59–64 are troublesome to plants. My 69–70–38–26–88–74–9–77–92–55–14 is a jumping insect. My 89–6–32–20–15–97–48–78 is a model of industry. My 94–52–62–71–36–95 is the seventeen-year locust. My 43–7–66–56 is an annoying little insect. My 85–22–76–87 is a stage of insect life. My 40–75–62–6–75–35 is the case in which the silkworm lies. My 28–50–82–67–20–63–1–75–42 10–19–86 is a parasitic fly. My 4–83–68–93–97–22–33 is an insect whose "house is on fire." My 79–41–45–54 is an artificial sheet of ice, under cover, used for skating.

ELSIE LOCKE.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

4 . . . . 12 .
. . . . 9 . .
. . 5 . . 1 .
. . 10 . . . .
. . . 7 . . .
. . 3 . . . .
. 11 2 . . . .
. . . . 8 . .
. . . . 6 . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A nautical instrument. 2. An imaginary circle on the earth's surface. 3. Energy. 4. One who trifles. 5. An inscription on a monument. 6. To speak briefly of. 7. Unmannerly. 8. To marry. 9. Perusing.

The initial letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a month; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12 will spell something that was adopted on the seventeenth day of that month.

GEORGE W. HALKETT.

CHANGED HEADS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MAKE one word into another by changing the first letter. Example: Change an indentation into to utter. Answer, b-ay, s-ay.

1. Change a pronoun to a conjunction. 2. Change base to at present. 3. Change a period of time into high-priced. 4. Change spoke to a sudden attack. 5. Change was seated to consume. 6. Change part of the head to strife. 7. Change a bag to a masculine nickname. 8. Change a respectful title to atmosphere. 9. Change an opening to a covering for the head. 10. Change to free from to a young animal. 11. Change pertaining to the air to pertaining to a series. 12. Change a masculine nickname to a grain. 13. Change seized to a cozy corner.

The initials of the words before they are changed will spell the name of an American famous in war; the initials of the words after they are changed will spell the name of an American famous in politics.

AGNES R. LANE.

CHARADE.

DEAR is my *first* to childhood's heart,
Again, its dire confusion;
A *last* of my *first* would pain impart—
Pray, pardon the allusion.
When skies are dark and winds and waves are high,
With joy we on my *total's* skill rely.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, and from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter, will each spell a famous statesman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Traveled. 2. Indorse. 3. To ally. 4. Moving with a dragging step. 5. Incessant. 6. Trembling with cold. 7. Essays. 8. A stop in an organ, having a flute-like sound. 9. Comrade.

TYLER H. BLISS (League Member).

NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1 3
. * . . . . * .
. . * . . * . .
. . . . * . . .
. . . * * . . .
. . * . . . . .
. * . . . . * .
* . . . . . . *
. * . . . . * .
. . * . . * . .
. . . * * . . .
. . . * * . . .
. . * . . * . .
. * . . . . * .
2 4

THE first four words and the last four words read from left to right; the others read from right to left.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Untaught. 2. Not searched for. 3. Not religious. 4. To recall. 5. The shell of a turtle. 6. Facility. 7. Casting out. 8. Entangled. 9. Achieved. 10. Fiendish. 11. Adorned. 12. Outward. 13. Approved. 14. A spicy seed. 15. A Turkish saber.

From 1 to 2, a day celebrated in the United States; from 3 to 4, a famous American who died on that day.

CHARLINE S. SMITH.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

Forms an Endless Chain of Delight for Children all around the World

These little children in different parts of the world don't look alike and don't dress alike — but they are *all the same* in loving

PETER'S MILK-CHOCOLATE

Mothers will find this "irresistibly delicious" eating-chocolate far better than the best candy ever made. **Peter's Chocolate** is made of purest Swiss milk and cream and, unlike other chocolates, does not create thirst. It is wholesome, sustaining and not too rich for little stomachs.

Be sure you get **PETER'S** — *the original.* Imitations will surely disappoint you.

Free sample and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc."

Lamont, Corliss & Co., Sole Importers, Dept. M., 78 Hudson St., NEW YORK.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE stamps of Central American republics have always been favorites with young collectors. The bright colors and finely engraved specimens have made the pages of albums appear very attractive. The sets of stamps issued by some of these countries have been quite numerous, so that there has been little difficulty in securing a representative collection of the various issues. Such countries as Salvador have furnished also a large number of provisional stamps made by the use of different surcharges. The regular issues have been printed in many instances in the United States, while the provisionals have been manufactured on a printing-press in the country where the stamps have been issued. It thus happens that some of these stamps are not discovered by those making notes of new issues for the stamp papers, and they, therefore, may not be found listed in the catalogues. Collectors who have opportunities to secure large numbers of Central American stamps are fortunate, as they frequently succeed in finding new and scarce varieties.

BRITISH COLONIAL STAMPS.

AMERICAN stamps generally are worthy of attention, and they offer opportunities for discoveries that are not easily made among stamps more universally collected, such, for instance, as British colonials. They are, also, at the present time much lower in price, even in cases where they are fully as scarce as the more popular issues.

ALTERING STAMPS.

NO change or alteration of any sort should be made by a collector in his stamps. It was a custom, some years ago, among collectors to erase cancelation marks from their stamps, in order to make their stamps better. The effect of the attempt was not all that could be desired. The erasures were not perfect, and the stamps in the changed condition, being neither canceled nor uncanceled, were simply inferior damaged specimens. One of the most common ways of altering stamps, at the present time, is to erase the word "specimen" from a stamp having this overprint. It cannot be done so that it will not be detected, and the stamp in the altered condition is worthless, while as a "specimen" it had some value. It has frequently happened that stamps, valuable in their original condition, have been made worthless by attempts to increase their value by alteration.

REVENUE AND POSTAGE STAMPS.

THERE are many countries in which the ordinary revenue stamps are made to do duty in the postal service. Sometimes a decree is issued by the government under which the revenue stamps are available for postage without any change being made in their outward appearance. There are other instances, as in our illustration of the stamp of Ecuador, in which the word *carreos* (postage) is printed upon the stamp to indicate the new use of it which is allowed. It is difficult to distinguish between the revenue stamps whose use has been authorized and those which are unauthorized by government decree, except in the cases where an overprint has been made. The one-lepton stamp of Crete is issued in brown for postal purposes, and in olive yellow for use as a revenue stamp. It has appeared recently in the olive yellow color with postal cancelation, and this has been allowed because of a shortage in the supply of the brown stamps. There having been no decree, however, and no surcharge upon the stamp to indicate its changed use, one can never be certain that any particular canceled specimen has been used properly. The post-office clerks in many places are very accommodating, and will cancel stamps as desired by collectors. It is for this reason that the collecting of revenue stamps used postally is not very general.



The compound perforations to be found in the stamps of some countries are caused by the use of two machines of different gages to do the work of perforating. The stamps, for instance, may be run through a machine horizontally, having a gage of twelve holes to twenty millimeters, and then for the vertical perforation be passed through a machine with a gage of fifteen holes to twenty millimeters. The stamp thus treated is spoken of as perforated twelve by fifteen. The extreme difference between the two perforations of a stamp such as those found in the stamps of Mexico, perforated six by twelve, is caused by the removal of every other needle on the side perforated six. It will be noticed that the holes are not larger, but farther apart, in such stamps.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE early stamps of Switzerland were issued by the separate cantons before the adoption of stamps by the federal administration. They are rare because their use was limited and their issue small. The very low values of stamps issued in French-speaking countries are used upon printed matter carried within the countries in which the stamps are issued.

Counterfeit stamps cannot be told with certainty except by comparison with originals. This is true not only of surcharged varieties, but also of the regular issues, which have been closely imitated. The so-called "Seebeck" issues are no longer made. They became unprofitable to the printers and were discontinued. The various series are very attractive and are not likely to be any cheaper than they are at the present time. A lithographed stamp differs from one which is engraved in the fineness of the printed lines. The engraved specimen may be told by feeling of the surface, when one may detect raised lines and a certain roughness of all the parts which is not found in the lithographed specimen.

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C. A. Stegman, Dept. D. 5941 Cote Brilliante av., **St. Louis, Mo.**

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BARGAINS Send for our big price list, full of bargains, and our 50% approval sheets.
HOLTON STAMP CO., Dept. D, Boston, Mass.



Stamps Free 2 Guatemala Jubilee Bands, Catalogue value 30c., for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 Russia, different, 10c. 24 Japan, 20c. 30 Sweden, 10c. 11 U.S.A., 1902, 1c.-50c., only 10c. 1000 Hinges, 8c. Lists free. Agts. wanted, 50% com. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage. Lists free. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

FREE! One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cts. and our 60-page list to all collectors trying our 50% approval sheets: none better.
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STAMPS: 100 Cuba, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and big list, **2c.** Cata. stamps of world, 10c. Album containing stamps free to every agt. 50%. **Bullard, Sta. A, Boston.**

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300 Foreign Stamps, **10c.** **104**—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album, 10c. 40 different U. S., **10c.** **200** var. **25c.** 500 var. **$1.25.** **1000** var. **$4.75.** 32 page list **free.** Agents wanted. **50%** com.
D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 514 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.



A German Silver "Monkey Wrench"

Made of German silver, an ideal watch-charm, or just the thing for a class pin.

These wrenches make most attractive and inexpensive souvenirs, whist prizes, or favors for the german. You will be delighted with them.

Only 25 cents each by mail.

ADDRESS

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 132 East 20th Street, NEW YORK CITY.







FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Analysis of the perspiration of a brain-worker shows the amount of brain effort by the volume of little particles of Phosphate of Potash thrown off by the brain when working.

Brain (also nerve tissue) wears away under the daily grind just as other parts of the body do and must be rebuilt daily by food containing Albumen and Phosphate of Potash or Brain and Nerves will grow weak and consequently the whole body must suffer.

You know brain-fag, nervous prostration and similar troubles come from taxing Brain or Nerves and at the same time failing to select proper food to repair the wear and tear.

In GRAPE-NUTS food these necessary elements are found pre-digested so anyone can assimilate them and a strong, sturdy, money-making set of brains can be built on

Grape-Nuts

THERE'S A REASON

WRITE US TO-DAY FOR A SAMPLE OF

Mellin's Food

FOR YOUR OWN BABY



Mrs. R. H. Taylor, Moline, Ill., *the mother of this sturdy, healthy boy, writes,*

"I send you a photograph of my four years' old child, Harold, who was brought up on **Mellin's Food.** He has never seen a sick day and we attribute that fact to the use of your excellent **Mellin's Food.** I cannot say enough in favor of it."

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.

$250. if you guess right on the babies at the Mellin's Food Exhibit, Agriculture Bldg., World's Fair, St. Louis.

The Competition No. 38 extends over *two months.* In the July number it was announced that the prizes in Competition 38 would be awarded in the September number; but as the time of competition was extended to August 25, the prizes must of course be awarded in the earliest number thereafter, that is, in the October number. Please note the change.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 38.

Time to send in answers is up August 25. Prizes awarded in the October number. Open to all readers of St. Nicholas under eighteen years of age.

The prizes for Competition No. 38, amounting to Fifty Dollars, are as follows:

FOUR PRIZES OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH,
FIVE PRIZES OF TWO DOLLARS EACH,
FIVE PRIZES OF THREE DOLLARS EACH,
FIVE PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR EACH,

which will be awarded to the twenty competitors who shall submit the best papers in accordance with the conditions and terms given below. Address

ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 38, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.

CONDITIONS.

1. Any one under eighteen years of age may compete, irrespective of any other League competitions. No prize-winners are excluded from winning in advertising competitions.
2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (38). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.
3. Submit answers by August 25, 1904. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps.
4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these, if you wish them, addressing the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.
5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

Terms of Competition No. 38.

The twenty prizes above named will be awarded to the twenty competitors who best fill the blanks in any one of the following skeletons of an anecdote and bits of verse so as to make it available as an advertisement of any article advertised in ST. NICHOLAS; and, by the way, you might select some that are not quite so often mentioned as others, in a page of ST. NICHOLAS. Don't use more than three words to fill any one of the blank spaces. Illustrations of your work will be considered as adding to the merit of the competing paper. But make them simple and effective.

An Interesting Occurrence.

One . . . . . day, not long ago, ... having met . . . . . , not far from . . . . . inquired whether there was not . . . . . to be had that would . . . . . , since . . . . . was not at all satisfied with . . . . replied at once that . . . . . would not only . . . . . but would . . . . . Whereupon . . . . . , considering the advice excellent, ... and having met the same . . . . . while . . . . . , seized the opportunity to declare that . . . . . was just the thing, and repeated the following rhyming couplet: . . . . . .

"Search the world from . . . . . to . . . . . ,
You cannot find a . . . . . !"

The moral, of course, is . . . . . .

See also pages 12 and 14.

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Is a delicious food-beverage—supplying nourishment, strength, and refreshment—for the tired body and wearied brain. Tempting to the appetite, and besides quenching the thirst, is more nutritious than other fountain drinks. As a light luncheon or table beverage, it is relished by everyone, old or young, and is more invigorating than tea, coffee, or cocoa.

Pure, rich milk and the extract of selected malted grain, in powder form. Ready in a moment by simply stirring in water. A nourishing, easily assimilated food in impaired digestion, satisfying without leaving any distressed feeling. A glassful taken hot upon retiring, brings refreshing sleep.

In Lunch Tablet form, also, with chocolate. A delightful confection far healthier than candy. At all druggists.

Sample, or Vest Pocket Lunch Tablet case, mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England. Established 1873. Montreal, Canada.

Fill out the blanks so as to make any of these three Stanzas into a rhymed advertisement:

There was once an . . . . . .
Who declared that . . . . . .
All the world cried at once:
"What an ignorant dunce!"
"For the . . . . . are . . . . . .

. . . . . town	. . . . . try
. . . . . frown	. . . . . reply
. . . . . plain	. . . . . sought
. . . . . sane	. . . . . bought
. . . . . rest	. . . . . good
. . . . . best	. . . . . understood.

Report on Competition No. 37.

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Five Prizes of $4.00 each:

Nina H. Burnham (14), Pride's Crossing, Mass.
Mary W. Woodman (17), Cambridge, Mass.
Anna Sellers (17), Edge Moor, Del.
Gabrielle Elliott (13), New York, N. Y.
Ella E. Preston (15), Davenport, Iowa.

Five Prizes of $3.00 each:

Adah Knight (17), Jamaica Plain, Mass.
May Henderson Ryan (14), Caliente, Calif.
Bessie Townley Griffith (16), Newport, R. I.
Ruth H. Keigwin (14), Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Philip Warren Thayer (10), Springfield, Mass.

Five Prizes of $2.00 each:

Dorothy Webb Abbott (15), New York, N. Y.
Marion E. Lane (15), Honesdale, Penn.
Hilda Kohr (13), Washington, D. C.
Blanche Bloch (13), Starkville, Miss.
Fannie Crawford Golding (16), Dunbar, Miss.

Five Prizes of $1.00 each:

Anna Zucker (16), Los Angeles, Calif.
Marguerite Beatrice Child (17), Oneonta, N Y.
Martha Virginia Bell (14), Staunton, Va.
Mary Pemberton Nourse (12), Casanova, Va.
Anne Constance Nourse (17), Casanova, Va.

The competition was very popular. Considering its difficulty, there were a surprising number of answers sent in, though that number has been once or twice exceeded when there was a simple puzzle — such, for instance, as the mixed-up list for correction, to which the answers came in flocks, droves, multitudes, quantities, galaxies, troops and battalions. In the present Competition 37, many of our haughty young contributors selected Class I as what the very slangy small-boy-whom-we-have-frequently-reproved-for-his-language calls "easy fruit." But the fruit was not quite so available as many believed. In the first place, there were too many chestnut-haired youngsters and little maidens with golden locks reaching for the prizes in that class. In the second, the use of a paint-box is far from a simple matter. One of the judges showed this in regard to one of the painted drawings. It was an excellent piece of work, but there was something wanting. You all know how the little boy said "salt is what makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put some on." This painting was like an unsalted potato. This particular judge knew something about painting, himself; and, calling for a bit of brilliant vermilion cardboard, he cut out a tiny bit, and laid this speck of color upon the painted drawing. Presto! — the lacking note was there, the harmony was restored, the picture "might have been" a success. But the little artist who sent it in had not felt the missing note of color, and her painfully elaborate painting failed to win a prize.

The color-sense is one of the rarest of gifts, as any artist will tell you. It may be in the poorest Italian laborer, it may be lacking in an English duchess.

Class II brought forward four charming prize-accounts in verse or prose of Miss Webb's pictures; and we are going to show you one of them even if we must put it in smaller print:

"LITTLE TWO-EYES."

By Gabrielle Elliot (aged 13).

In this picture now you see,
A graceful, waving, leafy tree,
Shading a little girl.
The maiden's name is sweet "Two-Eyes."
Round her Robin Redbreast flies,
With airy flight and swirl.

From cruel sisters' dangerous snare,
Her guardian fairy's loving care
Protects the little maid.
Before Two-Eyes a feast is spread,
With chicken, chocolate, and bread,
Showing the fairy's aid.

See also pages 10 and 14.

Cool Trip to Cool

California

Across the Rockies

Santa Fe

ALL THE WAY

$50 round trip from Chicago and $47.50 from St. Louis.
Aug. 15 to Sept. 10. Equally low rates from East generally.
The luxurious California Limited --- semi-weekly service.

Ask for free folder, "Summer Outings in California."
Address General Passenger Office, A. T. & S. F. Ry., Railway Exchange, Chicago

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THE CENTURY CO.,

Union Square, New York

Pencil Economy

lies in using the best pencil, and the best pencil for your special use.

Dixon's Pencil Guide, a 32 page book, **indexed by vocations,** correctly indicates the right pencil for your use. Sent *free.*

Department R,
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Jersey City, N. J.

For Two-Eyes' sisters' food is scant,
Enough to her they only grant
Barely to keep alive.
So fairies feed with dainty things,
With celery, lettuce, chicken-wings,
And honey from the hive.

Near her browse her gentle sheep,
O'er them careful watch she 'll keep,
Lest they should chance to stray.
The farmhouse in the distance lies,
The blue hills 'neath the bluer skies,
And russet stack of hay.

Class III called for suggestions for new pictures based upon fairy-stories, and brought excellent suggestions which will be submitted to the advertiser for possible use. As sketches were included, it is not practicable to present any of these suggestions in the brief space allotted to this report; but it may be said that this Competition proves the wells of fairy-lore are not yet in danger of exhaustion.

The next Class, IV, was not altogether unlike the preceding, and the same remarks may be applied to it.

Class V, a set of questions based upon some of the more recent drawings for ST. NICHOLAS by Miss Webb, proved once more that there are "keen wits" in plenty ready to solve all the puzzling queries that can be devised. The answers were very bright, and we think it only fair that you should see one set of them — those by a ten-year-old, the only boy who appears among the twenty prize-winners.

The questions will be found in full in the June ST. NICHOLAS.

And here are the answers of the bright ten-year-old. They are not absolutely faultless, but they are nearly correct in every instance. Some of the answers might be expanded, but there are no errors of importance.

Answers, by PHILIP WARREN THAYER, aged 10.

April, 1904. "Prince Avenant."

Because the words "fleet-footed" are on its collar
Because he has a rose in his hand and a flower knotted in his kerchief.
Summer. There are hay-cocks in the field.
Swans and least flycatchers.
Yes, it leads over a bridge to the village beyond.

March, 1904. "Beauty and the Beast."

Because the birds on the settle have not been disturbed.
Sitting on the settle beside the patient.
Hollyhock, downy yellow violet, dandelion, bluebell and poppy.
A merchant.
In a splendid castle.

February, 1904. "Little Two-Eyes."

Two-Eyes and Three-Eyes.
Because she had two eyes and looked like other people.
He gave Two-Eyes her dinner when she used the magic rhyme.

January, 1904. "Hansel and Gretel."

Because all real witches have black cats to help with their magic.
Leaves to cool his tired feet.
Gingerbread, chocolate-cakes and barley-sugar.

December, 1903. "The Queen of Hearts."

On the drapery behind the throne.
A cockatoo.
Breakfast cocoa, chocolate-cream drops and chocolate wafers.

November, 1903. "The Singing Kettle."

Webster's dictionary says tripod is from two Greek words meaning three feet. The kettle shown in the picture is itself a tripod. An ancient priestess of Delphi used to sit on a stool with three legs when people came to consult the oracle in the temple of Apollo; so when the princess and her maids consulted the three-legged kettle, I suppose it said "Lowney's Chocolate" more plainly if it stood on a tripod.

And now, where are the rest of the boys? We are not willing to believe that mere daughters and sisters can thus charge into the arena, and waving their paint-brushes, pens, pencils and inkstands defiantly in the air, drive from the field every Thomas, Richard, and Henry, trailing their pennons, pinions, and banderoles ignominiously in the dust! No, never! Avaunt, ye maidens, every one! Back to your distaffs and spindles, your sewing-machines, knitting-needles, embroidery, drawn-work, and tatting! "What?—ye will not? Then *we* think it 's just too mean for anything!—so there. You might give us a chance at a prize now and then. Are they all to go to Julias, Emmas, Sarahs, Dorothys, Katherines, Catharines, Marys, Molls, Pollys, and Peggys? You—just—wait. Take warning, rash nymphs. *The base-ball season is over!* Aha, ye quail, do ye?" The girls, in chorus, "Not a quail!"

[*Exit the army of Boys with signs of deep determination on their marble brows. The Girls camp on the field of battle, singing songs of defiance.*]

We shall we glad to report the result of the next engagement, after examining the next competition; and we *should* be glad to place a wreath of laurel upon the intellectual cranium of a boy, now and then; or must we offer prizes for the largest number of base-hits and goals from the field?

We pause for a reply.

See also pages 10 and 12.



"AS DAPHNE DANCED ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE CHIMED THE SPINET'S TINKLING TUNE."

ST. NICHOLAS.

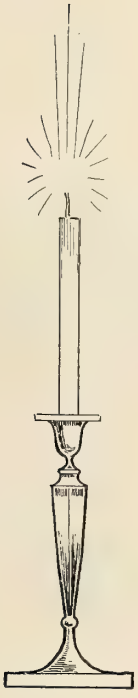
JULY 1904.

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VOL. XXXI. NO. 8.

When Daphne Danced.

— By Jennie Betts Hartswick —



WHEN Daphne danced the minuet
The colonies were children yet,
And this old world more slowly swung,
And dreams were long and love was young
And maids and men more shyly glanced
Each otherward when Daphne danced.

When Daphne danced, her eyes of brown
Were always cast demurely down;
No romping step or giddy whirl
Was seen when Daphne was a girl.
Such follies were not countenanced
By proper folk when Daphne danced.

When Daphne danced, they say, her gown
Was quite the marvel of the town;
'T was brought, to clothe her daintily,
O'er many leagues of land and sea;
Its flowered folds her charms enhanced
When, like a flower, Daphne danced.





"A WHISPER FLED FROM LIP TO LIP."

WHEN Daphne danced with bow and dip
A whisper fled from lip to lip,
And far and near each patriot son
Thrilled at the name of Washington,
And steadily the cloud advanced,
With portent grave, while Daphne danced.

As Daphne danced one afternoon,
While chimed the spinet's tinkling tune,
Before her mirror practising
Her quaint old-mannered curtsying—
One to her doorway came, it chanced,
With hurried step, while Daphne danced.

And lo! the word from England brought
Was for the moment all forgot,
And he who came the news to bear
Saw only Daphne dancing there—
King George's envoy stood entranced,
With quickened breath, while Daphne
danced.



HEN Boston rose to warlike roar,
And pretty Daphne danced no more;
But he who brought from oversea
The king's imperious decree
Kept in his heart the vision fair
Of dainty Daphne dancing there.

And when the land had found release,
And Boston town grew still with peace,
One afternoon at Daphne's door
King George's envoy stood once more,
Although no word he came to bring
Of colony or sword or king.

Below him, in the sparkling bay,
His waiting ship at anchor lay,
And as he lifted to his lips
Her shyly offered finger-tips,
Down where the waters gleamed and
glanced
The vessel like a maiden danced.

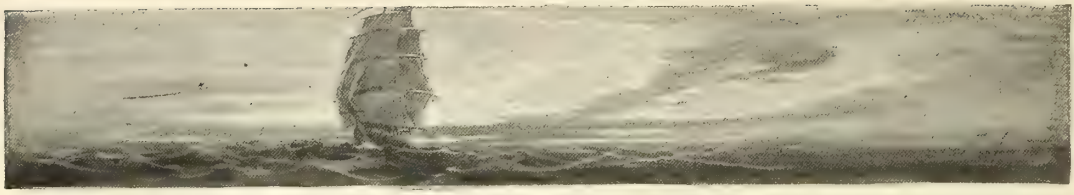
"I sail to-morrow morn," quoth he,
"At summons of his Majesty.
But ere I heed my king's commands
I ask this favor at your hands,
That you, of your sweet courtesy,
Will tread a minuet with me."



"HIS WAITING SHIP AT ANCHOR LAY."



"'I SAIL TO-MORROW MORN,' QUOTH HE."



"AS, HOMEWARD BOUND, KING GEORGE'S SHIP SPED EVER ON WITH BOW AND DIP."



HEN Daphne blushed as damsel should,
And answered: "Gladly, sir, I would;
But none is here the air to play,
For Mistress Prudence is away,
And 't will be after candle-light
When she returns—to-morrow night."

As, homeward bound, King George's ship
Sped ever on with bow and dip,
The streets were still in Boston town,
And Daphne in her flowered gown,
Where fell the candles' mellow glow,
Unto her partner curtsied low.

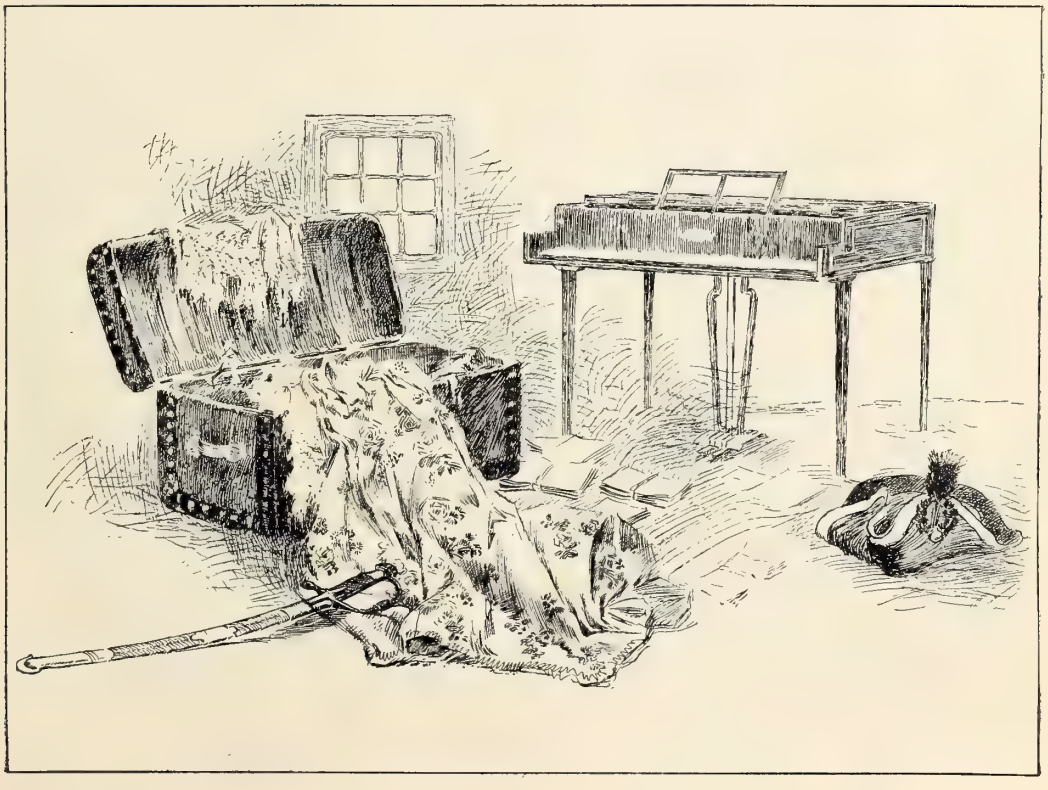


"UNTO HER PARTNER CURTSIED LOW."

AND never recked his Majesty
The "urgent matter oversea"
Was but a little Boston maid,
Or that his subject had delayed
To step with stately etiquette
The measure of a minuet.

* * * * * * *

Somewhere in lavender is laid
A faded frock of old brocade;
And, locked away from careless hands,
Somewhere a silent spinet stands.
The age has very much advanced
Since those dim days when Daphne danced.





"AS THE TWO BOYS WERE STEADILY GAZING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, SURE ENOUGH, UP CAME THE SHARK." (See page 784.)



"KIBUN DAIZIN"

OR

FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.



By Gensai Murai.

St. Nicholas counts itself fortunate in being able to present to its young readers an admirable serial story from the Japanese, written by one of Japan's most popular novelists and filled with the spirit of that great Oriental nation. The author of this story, Gensai Murai, was once a student of the Waseda School, founded by Count Okuma, leader of the Progressive Party in Japan. There he studied English Literature as well as Japanese, and after completing his course of study he was employed by one of the well-known Tokio daily papers, called the "Hochi," to write stories for it. His writings soon arrested the attention of the reading circles in Japan. Several of his novels went through as many as ten editions within two years.

This story of Kibun Daizin is founded upon the life of Bunzayemon Kinokuniya, a Japanese merchant of the eighteenth century, whose pluck, wisdom, and enterprising spirit made him one of the most prosperous and respected men of his time. He is much admired by his countrymen, and is talked of familiarly, even to this day, by the Japanese, under the nickname of "Kibun Daizin." "Ki" and "Bun" stand for the initials of his personal and family names, while "Daizin" means "the wealthiest man."

The shrewdness and dauntless ambition of the young hero of this story will commend him to the admiration of American boys, and in Kibun Daizin, as here pictured, they will find a true representative of the wonderful nation which, within thirty years, has entirely changed the modes of life that it had followed for more than twenty centuries, and has suddenly fallen into line with the most civilized countries of the world.

The story has been translated especially for St. Nicholas, and many quaint terms and expressions have been purposely retained, although the pronunciation and meaning of the Japanese words are given wherever necessary.— Editor.

Chapter I.

AN AMBITIOUS BOY.

"If you please, sir,—"

And, attracted by a voice behind him, a well-dressed gentleman turned round and saw a boy of about thirteen or fourteen hurrying toward him,—"if you please, sir, are you the head of the Daikokuya*?"

"Yes, I am," answered the gentleman, eying the boy with surprise. "What can I do for you?"

"I come from Kada-no-Ura," said the boy, making a polite bow, "and I wish to ask you a great favor. Will you please take me into your shop as an apprentice?"

"Your request is rather a strange one," said the gentleman, smiling. "Pray tell me why it is that you wish to come to me."

The boy raised his head. "Oh, sir, yours is the chief business house in Kumano, and I would be so glad if I might learn under you."

"You wish to become a business man, do you?" said the gentleman, with a friendly nod; upon which the boy drew himself up and exclaimed, "Yes; I mean, if I can, to become the leading merchant in Japan!"

The master of the Daikokuya instinctively studied the boy's face. There was a certain nobleness and intelligence about it; he had well-cut features, a firmness about the lips, and quick-glancing eyes, and, although his clothing showed poverty, his bearing was quiet and his speech refined. These things confirmed the gentleman in the opinion that the boy was not the son of any common man; and having, as the employer of many hands, a quick eye to read character, he said:

"Very good, my boy! So you mean to become

* Pronounced Dy-ko-koo'ya, meaning "dry-goods house."

the leading merchant in Japan? A fine notion, to be sure. However, before I engage a boy, you know, I must have somebody to recommend him, and he must give me references. Have you any relatives in this place?"

"No, sir; I know no one," answered the boy.

"Why, where have you been until now?"

"I have only just come from my country. The fact is, I heard your name, sir, some time ago, and being very anxious to enter your service, I left my country all by myself to come to Kumano. But I have not a single acquaintance here, nor anybody to whom I can turn. My only object was to come straight to you; and I was asking a man on the road if he could direct me to your house, when the man pointed to you and said, 'Why, that gentleman just ahead of us is the master of the Daikokuya.' And that is how it comes that I ran up to you all of a sudden in this rude way."

There was a charm in the free utterance with which the boy told his story, and having listened to it, the gentleman said: "I understand. It is all right. As you have no friends here, I will do without a recommendation, and you shall come just as you are"; and saying this, he brought the lad back with him to his house.

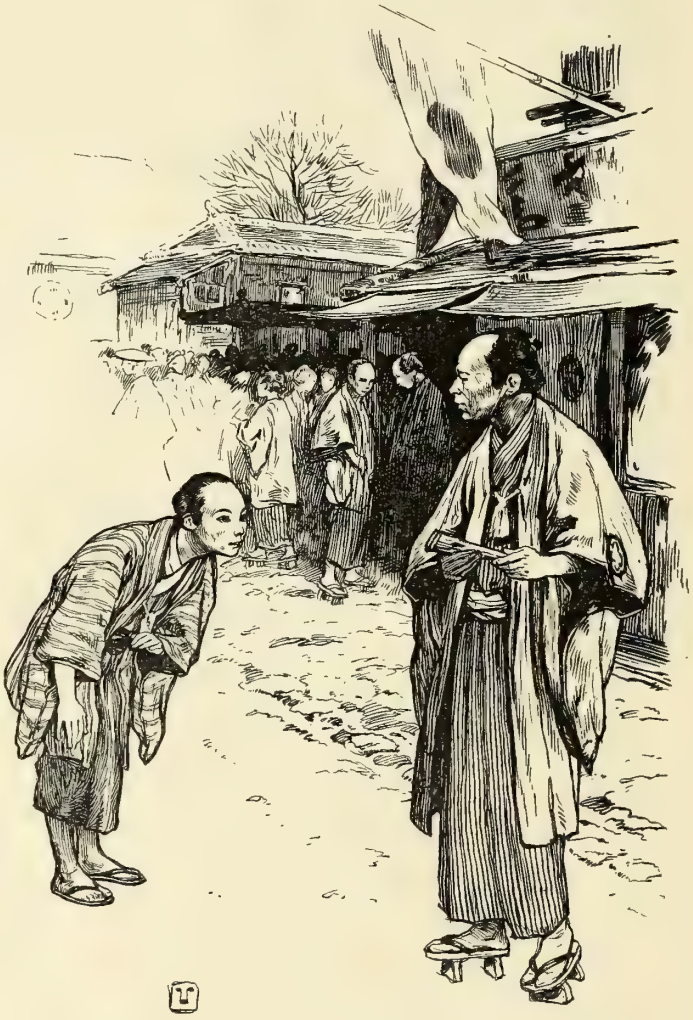
The Daikokuya, you must know, was the chief clothing establishment, or "dry-goods house," in Kumano, and did a larger business than any other in the town. On arriving there, the master took the boy with him into an inner room, and, telling his wife what had taken place, called the boy to his side. "Tell me, my boy, what is your name?"

"My name is Bunkichi."*

"Are your parents living?"

At this question the boy hung his head sorrowfully. "I have neither father nor mother," he answered, with a choking voice and eyes filled with tears.

Filled with pity, the others asked him how long he had been left alone in the world.



"'IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, ARE YOU THE HEAD OF THE DAIKOKUYA?'"

"I lost my mother," he said, "more than three years ago, and my father only quite recently."

"And what was your family? Were you farmers or tradesmen?"

"Neither one nor the other. My father formerly served under the Lord of Wakayama, and received an allowance of eight hundred *koku*† of rice. His name was Igarashi Bunzayemon;‡

* Pronounced Boon-kee'chee. † One *koku* equals about five bushels. ‡ Pronounced Ee-gar-ash'ee Boon-zy'e-mon.

but, losing his position, he came to Kada-no-Ura, where we had to live in a very poor way. My father, however, would never allow me to forget that the ancestor of our house was Igarashi Kobunji,* who served in old days at Kamakura, and gained a name for himself as a brave warrior. 'And when you become a man,' my father used to say, 'you must win your way to fame, and so uphold the honor of the family; but, unlike the past, our lot to-day is cast in peaceful times, when there is little chance of winning distinction in arms; but become, if you can, the leading merchant in Japan, and you will bring honor to our house.' Such was my father's counsel to me, and not long since he was taken with a severe illness and died. And now, if you please, I wish to learn the ways of business, that I may become a merchant, and I have journeyed to Kumano to throw myself on your kindness."

The gentleman listened to the boy's clear account of himself and expressed his admiration. "Ah! I was right, I see, when I thought you were not the son of an ordinary man. Your ambition to become the chief merchant in Japan is a high one, certainly; but the proverb says 'Ants aspire to the skies,' and anything is possible to a man who puts his whole heart into his work. You are still quite young, I should say, though you have come all the way from Kada-no-Ura by yourself, and though you talk of your affairs in a manner that would reflect credit on a grown-up man. Come, tell me, how old are you?"

"I am fourteen," he answered.

"What, not more than that?"

And the master's wife, who was by his side, could not repress her surprise, either.

At this point the *shoji*, or paper sliding doors, opened, and in ran a pretty little girl of about eleven. Her hair was drawn up into a little butterfly device on the top of her head, which shook to and fro as she ran up to her mother. Stretching out a small maple-leaf hand, with a winsome look, she said:

"Mother, please give me a cake."

"Why, my dear, where are your manners? What will our young friend here think of you?"

At this the child looked round, and for the first time becoming aware of the boy's presence, turned shy and sat down. Looking gently in her face, her mother then asked her what she had been doing. Afraid of the stranger, she whispered in her mother's ear: "I have been playing *oni*† with Sadakichi in the garden. But I don't like Sadakichi. When he was the *oni* he just caught me at once."

"But that often happens in playing *oni*," said the mother, with a smile.

"Yes, but he does it too much; he has no right to catch people in the way he does, and I don't wish to play with him any more."

"Well, if that is so, how would you like to play with Bunkichi here instead?"

Accepting it as one of the duties that might fall to him, to act as the child's companion and caretaker, Bunkichi, rather pleased than otherwise, offered to go out and try to amuse her. The little girl looked into her mother's face, and then at Bunkichi. "Mama, how long has he been here?" she asked in a low voice.

"He only came to-day, but he 's a fine boy, and I hope you 'll be a good little girl and show him the garden."

But the child's thoughts seemed suddenly to take a new turn, and sidling up to her mother, she begged to be given a cake. The mother opened the little drawer of the *hibachi*,‡ and taking out two or three sugar-plums, put them into her hand. The child then, with barely a glance at Bunkichi, ran through the *shoji* out of doors.

"Take care and don't stumble," her mother called out. "Do you mind just seeing after her?" she said to Bunkichi, who at once got up and went out on the veranda.

No sooner was Chocho Wage, § or "Butterfly Curls" (so named from the way in which her hair was dressed), outside in the garden than she began quarreling with the boy from the shop. "No, Sadakichi; I 'm not going to play with you. Mama says that the other boy who has just come is a fine boy, and I 'm going to play with him."

"What! another boy has come, has he?"

"Yes; there he is. Go and fetch him."

* Pronounced Ee-gar-ash'ee Ko-boon'jee. † A play similar to tag or prisoner's base. ‡ Pronounced he-bah'-chee. A wooden fire-box where a charcoal fire is kept for warming the hands. § Pronounced Cho'cho Wah'gay.

Sadakichi called to Bunkichi, "You will find some *geta** there, if you will come out."

So Bunkichi came out to the garden.

It was not a very large one, but it was a pretty spot, for beyond it sparkled the bay that lay at the back of Kumano. Bunkichi had soon joined the two others, and Sadakichi, turning to the little child, said, "Well, shall we three play at *oni?*"

"No," she answered; "you are always catching me, and I don't care to play."

"I won't catch you, then, Chocho, if you don't like it."

"All the same, I 'd rather not."

A thought struck Bunkichi, and, addressing himself to the child, he said: "Would you like me to make you something? I would if I only had a knife and some bamboo."

The child was at once interested, and told Sadakichi to go and get what was wanted. So Sadakichi strolled off and brought a knife and some bamboo chips. "Now, then, what are you going to make?" said he.

"A nice bamboo dragon-fly," Bunkichi answered; and taking the knife he split a bit of the bamboo, shaved it fine and smooth, and fixed a little peg in the middle of it.

Sadakichi, quickly guessing what it was, said: "Ah, it 's a dragon-fly. I know! I once went with the *banto*† to Kada-no-Ura, and every one there was flying those dragon-flies, and now I think of it, the boy who was selling them looked just like you."

Not a bit disconcerted, Bunkichi replied: "Yes, you are quite right. I was the boy who made them and was selling them."

"Bah! Mr. Dragon-fly-seller!" blustered out Sadakichi, with a face of disgust.

"Don't speak like that," said the little girl, turning sharply upon him, and then to Bunkichi. "What made you sell them?" she asked, speaking out to him for the first time.

"My father was ill in bed," he answered, continuing to scrape the bamboo, "and as our family was poor, I managed to buy him rice and medicine by selling these dragon-flies."

Child as she was, this touching story of filial piety made her respect Bunkichi all the more.

"Oh, was n't that good of him!" she said, turning to Sadakichi. "Do you think you could have done it?"

"I — yes; only there would have been no need for me to sell dragon-flies. I should have sold the wearing-things in our shop," he answered arrogantly.

Bunkichi had now finished making the dragon-fly, and, holding it between his hands, he spun it round, and up it went into the air with a whirring sound, and lighted on the ground again some five or six paces away.

"Why, it 's just like a real dragon-fly!" cried the child, with delight. "Do let me have it!" And taking it in her hands, she tried to set it flying, but she could only make it go up a little way.

Then Sadakichi, wishing to try his hand, pushed forward. "Let me have it," he said, "and I 'll show you how well I can do it"; and seizing hold of it, with the force of both hands he set it flying high into the air. "There, now — see how it goes!" and while the little girl was watching it with delight, the dragon-fly flew over the wall fence and dropped into the water beyond.

The little child ran after it, followed by Sadakichi and Bunkichi. There was a little gate in the garden opening on a jetty. Through this they passed and stood together on the plank, watching the dragon-fly tossing about on the water.

"Oh, I wish we could get it," said the little girl, looking at it wistfully; "if it would only come just in front of us!"

"Take care," said Sadakichi, holding her back, while the dragon-fly, bobbing up and down among the ripples, gradually drifted farther off.

Now Bunkichi, seeing there was a small boat lying alongside the jetty, had said to Sadakichi, "Let me row out and get it," and was drawing the boat toward him, when he was abruptly stopped by Sadakichi. "No, no; you must n't think of putting out from the shore. If you do, you are certain to be eaten up by the *wanizame*."‡

"Yes, it 's quite true," chimed in the little girl. "There 's a horrid *wanizame* that prevents any one going on the sea. Only yesterday it captured somebody."

* Pronounced gay'tah. Foot-wear or wooden clogs. † Clerk. ‡ Pronounced wah-ne-zah'may, meaning a huge shark.

"Yes — a young man from the brewery," said Sadakichi. "He had some barrels in his boat, and he had gone only two or three hundred yards when the shark came up and overturned his boat and seized him."



"'WHY, IT 'S JUST LIKE A REAL DRAGON-FLY!' SHE CRIED, WITH DELIGHT."

"It does n't matter about the dragon-fly; I don't want it; let us go back to the house." And the little child, frightened in good earnest, took hold of Bunkichi's arm.

It was the first time Bunkichi had heard about the *wanizame*. "Is it really true, miss, that there is a *wanizame* in the bay?" he asked.

"Yes; I can tell you it 's very serious. I don't know how many people it has eaten in the last month."

"Really! But how big is it?"

"I don't know what you would call big," broke in Sadakichi. "But it 's about as big as this house. If it sees a small boat, it overtakes it in no time and topples it over, and if it is a big boat it gets in the way and stops it so that it can't move, and so the fishermen can't go out, and no cargo can come into the port. I suppose it must be want of food that has brought it into this harbor; but, however that may be, it thinks nothing of upsetting the small craft, so that for a month no one has ventured out at all. Well, there was the brewer's man. Yesterday he thought it would be safe to go just a short distance, but he very soon got swallowed up. And what is the consequence? Why, the fishing is stopped, and there 's no trade, and the place is going to ruin. The fishermen and hunters have tried over and over again to kill it with spikes and guns and with all kinds of things. But what is the use? Their weapons only snap in two or glance off its back, and they only get killed themselves. So they have given up trying."

Bunkichi listened to every word, and then suddenly went into the house and stood before the master.

Chapter II.

Bunkichi plans to kill the Wanizame.

The master and his wife were engaged in conversation, but on seeing Bunkichi he said, "Well, have you seen the garden?"

"Thank you, I have enjoyed it very much," answered Bunkichi, politely.

"Why, bless me, he has all the manners of

a little *samurai*!*" exclaimed the master to his wife. "There is no comparison between him and the other boys. But dancing attendance on a little girl is not the sort of employment for a lad who has the ambition to become the leading merchant in Japan. No, no; he wants to get into the shop as soon as he can and learn the ways of business — eh, my boy?"

The master exactly interpreted Bunkichi's wishes, and Bunkichi felt very grateful to him, but he only answered: "I shall esteem it a great favor to be allowed to serve you in any way. But, master, with your leave, I would ask you, is it true, as I hear, that there is a *wanizame* lately come into this bay, and that people are suffering a lot of harm from it?"

"Ah, me! Yes, it 's a sore trouble, that *wanizame;* our fishermen are doing nothing, our boat traffic is stopped, and if things go on in this way the place will be ruined. All sorts of attempts have been made to kill it, but, alas! all to no purpose."

Then respectfully, in a kneeling posture, approaching nearer, Bunkichi thus addressed his master: "Master, in making the request I am now going to make, I fear you will put me down as a child with a vain, childish notion of doing great things; none the less, I am bold to ask you, in all seriousness, will you give me leave to attempt the destruction of this *wanizame?*"

The master exclaimed in astonishment: "What! You think that you are going to kill the *wanizame?* It would be the greatest thing in the world if you could, but already every means has been tried. Whaling-men have tried to kill it with their harpoons, the hunters of wild game on the mountains have tried to shoot it with their guns; but the *wanizame* has defeated all their schemes, and, to say nothing of the money it has cost, several men have lost their lives in their attempts to kill it, and our citizens have given it up as hopeless. Son of a *samurai* though you may be, this is no task for a boy of thirteen or fourteen. No; you may have seen in the seas around Kada-no-Ura sharks of four or five feet in length, but just go out to the hill above the town and look over the bay until you catch sight of our monster. The very sight of it is enough to terrify most people."

"You mistake me, master," said Bunkichi, sitting up straight. "I have no thought of trying my strength against the *wanizame.* But I have a trick in my mind I should like to play, if you would allow me."

"Oh, it 's a trick, is it? And what is the trick our crafty youngster is going to propose for killing the *wanizame,* I should like to know?" said the master, smiling.

"The plan I have is simply this. First to make a straw figure and to fill up the inside with poison. Then I shall dress it in a man's clothes and take it out into the bay, and, when we see the shark coming, throw it out to him to eat. Sharks are senseless creatures and ready to eat anything, so he is sure to swallow the straw man, and if he does the poison will at once take effect and kill him. That 's my plan; what do you think of it?"

"Yes; I think your plan of making a straw man is not at all a bad one, and I have little doubt, as you say, that the shark would swallow it. In that case it would certainly die and we should be free at last from our great calamity. But wait a minute; I am afraid, when the doll is made, there is nobody who will venture to take it out to the sea. People have had so many bitter lessons from trying to kill this shark that, however much money you offer, no one, I fear, will agree to take it out into the bay."

Bunkichi without any hesitation replied: "I will undertake the task of taking the doll out for the shark to swallow. As I grew up by the seaside at Kada-no-Ura, I can row a boat well and can swim better than most people. I saw a boat just now fastened at the jetty in your garden. Please lend it to me and I will go out alone upon the bay."

Astonished by the audaciousness of the lad, the master said: "It is too wild an idea, my boy. What if the shark upsets your boat. He will swallow you up in an instant."

"As to what you say about drowning, that does n't disturb me at all. Suppose I have no luck and lose my life, there is nothing to be regretted if by my death I succeed in removing the

* Pronounced sahm'oo-rye. The *samurai* were the military class of Japan, corresponding to the knights of the middle ages in European countries.

great calamity under which many are now suffering. And, as I said before, it is my determination to become the leading merchant of Japan; but if I am to realize my ambition I must be prepared to run many risks. If fortune favors me I shall come safe through them and attain my object; if, however, this first venture goes against me, and I go out to sea and fall a prey to the *wanizame*, it simply means that I must accept it as the decree of fate, and as far as my life is concerned, I am quite ready to risk it."

The master, who was much struck by his fearless determination, worthy of the boy's descent, said to him, "Indeed, your magnanimity is greater than ours, but for that very reason we should be all the more sorry to lose you."

Saying this, he turned round to his wife, who whispered in his ear: "I quite agree with you: if he be swallowed up by the shark, we could n't possibly get another like him; send some other one instead!"

Just then in came the girl, attended by Sadakichi, who had long been waiting for the boy, and said, "Bunkichi, please be quick and make me another dragon-fly."

Her mother, however, at once stopped the girl, saying: "Come, come; Bunkichi has something else to think about besides dragon-flies: he 's just saying that he wants to go out to sea and kill the *wanizame*."

The girl was startled, for she was only a child. "Does he go alone?"

"Yes, that is what he says he will do."

"Don't, please, mother; I don't like your sending him to sea."

"Why, my child?"

"I want him to make me a bamboo dragon-fly."

His curiosity aroused at hearing the little girl speak of the dragon-fly, the father said, "What do you wish him to make for you?"

"Oh, father, it 's a bamboo dragon-fly — an amusing toy which flies up high, whizzing," was her confident answer.

"Ah, I see," he remarked, as he understood the girl's request; "that flying bamboo thing I often see when I go out on the streets. The toy, I remember, was first made by a boy of great filial virtue in a certain country district, and even here they talk about him; it is clever of you, Bunkichi, to have learned how to make them."

Then Sadakichi interrupted, saying: "No wonder! Why, he was the hawker of the toy; I know all about it, as I saw him selling it at Kada-no-Ura."

"Are you, then, the inventor of the toy?" asked the master, to whom the boy at once replied in the affirmative. The master, who was more than ever struck by the boy's character, said, "Are you, then, the same boy whom all the people talk about and praise for his devotion to his parent?"

Then the girl, who remembered what had been told her a little while before, said: "Father, his family was very poor, and as his father was laid up on his sick-bed, he sold those dragon-flies and bought medicine or a little rice for the family. He told me so."

As she was listening to this conversation, tears stood in the mother's eyes, and she said: "He is really a model boy, is he not? I can't possibly let him go to sea."

The master, who was much of the same way of thinking as his wife, answered, "Of course I have been persuading him to give up his idea"; and, turning to Bunkichi, said, "Yes, do give it up, my boy."

And the girl, seemingly with the intention of inspiring the boy with dread and deterring him from his purpose, remarked solemnly, "Oh, it is dreadful to be swallowed by the shark on going to sea!"

Bunkichi, having once determined, was immovable. "Sir, trading to a merchant is the same that fighting is to a knight. It has been ever regarded honorable in a knight that he should hazard his life many a time, even in his early youth. If fate be against him, he will be put to death by his enemy. The knights of old faced the dangerous issues of life or death as often as they went out to battle. As they attained to renown by passing through these ordeals, so, too, must the merchant who aspires after a leading position not shrink from braving many dangers in his life. Sir, methinks the present is the opportunity given me to try my hand; and if fate sides with me and I succeed in killing the *wanizame*, in future I shall have courage to venture out on other great undertakings. If one begins to be nervous at the outset, one will go on being nervous forever;

but there is no fear, I think, for a man who is ready to sacrifice even his own life."

The master, meeting with such unflinching determination, knew not how to stop him, but said, "I must confess you have more in you than I thought. I am ashamed of myself to be thus taught by you the secret of success in trade when I should be in a position to teach you. Well said, my boy; trading is to a business man what fighting is to a knight. If you begin by being weak and timid, you will never be capable of bold enterprise. If you have a mind to divine your future by embarking on this exploit, go in for it with all your might. As to the preparations for making the straw man, as far as buying the poison is concerned, I will do it all for you. You had better go up to the mountain yonder, and ascertain the place where the shark is generally to be seen coming up to the surface. You, Sadakichi, had better take him up to the Sumiyoshi* bluff, and point him out the monster if it should come up and show itself on the surface of the water in the mouth of the harbor."

Bunkichi, who was much delighted at having gained his wish, said: "Then, sir, please let an apothecary prepare a lot of drugs which are likely to be the best poison for a *wanizame*, and I will go and have a lookout for the appearance of the monster."

As he was about to start, the girl asked him, in a little voice of remonstrance, "But when will you make a dragon-fly for me, Bunkichi?"

"When I come back, miss," was his reply.

"Come, come, he can't be bothered about such a trifle now," said her mother.

Meanwhile the two lads, Bunkichi and Sadakichi, hand in hand, went up to the Sumiyoshi bluff, which stood just outside the town on the eastern side of Kumano Bay. The mountain rose precipitously from the sea, whose fathomless water washed its southern base. A thick forest of pines covered the mountain, and the vibrating of their needle foliage in the breeze added a strange harp-like accompaniment to the perpetual roaring of the waves below. On reaching the summit, Bunkichi threw himself down on a knotty root of pine near the edge of a precipice and gazed out on the broad expanse of the Kumano Bay. As far as his view reached no shore could be descried, only the line where the dome of the azure sky circled the deep blue of the ocean.

After sitting thus in silent contemplation for a few minutes, Bunkichi suddenly turned round and said to Sadakichi: "Sea scenery is always fine to look at, is n't it? I am fond of this sort of rough sea. I should like to have a swim in it."

"Don't talk such nonsense; you would no sooner get into it than you would be swamped," was the reply.

"That 's just what I like. I should dive deep down into the water and get out of the whirlpool. And now, tell me where it is the *wanizame* generally pops out its head."

"It generally comes out just below this headland," the other answered, "at the mouth of the harbor."

As the two boys were steadily gazing on the surface of the water, sure enough, up came the shark, and startled Sadakichi by cleaving the water with its back. Whether it was in frolic or in quest of prey, the monster swam to and fro, now showing its head and now its tail. Its rock-like back and its iron-like fins were horrible enough to inspire even men with awe.

Sadakichi, feeling nervous at the sight, said to his companion, "Bunkichi San, now you see the monster, you will be for giving up your grand job, I fancy."

"What! You don't suppose I 'm frightened, do you," was his scornful retort, "at the sight of such a little fish?"

"What do you say?" said the other.

"Well, if the chance came in my way, I might even kill a leviathan or a crocodile!"

As these two were thus talking, a gust of wind from the high Nachi Mountain swept down on the forest of Sumiyoshi and awakened the myriad tiny harps of the pines, while the waves rolled one after another against the rocks below. These sounds contrived to drown the voice of the lads, one of whom seemed to be persuading the other that it was time to go back, while the other seemed to be insisting on staying a little longer to enjoy the wild scenery and to think over the issues of his scheme.

* Pronounced Soo-mee-yo'shee.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TWO DOROTHYS RAN AWAY FROM THE BRITISH.

By Katharine Olds Hamilton.

Dorothy Sargent was a little girl who lived in Washington when it was called a city only because some day it would be one; when the broad avenues and streets existed only on paper;



"'GOOD-BY, DEAR.'" (SEE PAGE 787.)

when Pennsylvania Avenue itself was a quagmire, and, walking along it from the small brick Treasury building, one could see no beautiful dome resting against the eastern sky, for the Capitol was but two wings, joined by a wooden bridge. Near this Capitol Dorothy was born, and, before many weeks, was left a little motherless baby. Here she grew into a shy, lonely child, with no companions but the slaves who waited on her, and a very stern, very tall lady who came twice a week to teach her to sew and read. Her father she dearly loved, but he was too busy with his profession and politics to take much notice of his little daughter.

One other companion Dorothy did have. Between the windows in the stately parlor a great pier-glass stretched from floor to ceiling. "The little girl in the pier-glass" and Dorothy were the best of friends; and before she was old enough to understand that this little girl, who grew as she grew, was only her reflection, she had become to lonely little Dorothy a really truly friend and confidante. When she was not playing with this little girl, or learning lessons, or gathering wild flowers that grew in the woods near the Capitol, Dorothy would spend her time curled up in a great arm-chair in the library, reading whatever pleased her from the shelves all around her, or listening to her father's friends as they talked of all that might happen to the country now that George Washington was dead.

Dorothy was nearly ten years old when she first heard her father speak of another war with England. This interested even so little a girl, and she tried to hear and understand all about it. When they talked of "the lifting of the embargo" she did not know what they meant; but the gentlemen grew excited over the "impressment of American sailors," by which Dorothy, years afterward, learned they meant that the British officers came on board our ships without leave, and made men who were really Americans go to work on their ships.

Dorothy was always greatly interested in all that her father's great friends would talk about, whether she clearly understood it or not, and she knew when war was declared, and the victories and losses on each side. She heard many hot

discussions between General Winder and General Armstrong whether they should heed the warning sent from England and put Washington in a state of defense.

"The British will not come to the capital," she heard General Armstrong say, and his voice was so strong and burly that she was sure he must know all about it.

Very much astonished, then, was Dorothy to be awakened, early one August morning, by a clattering horseman, calling loudly as he rode: "The British have entered the Chesapeake! They are preparing to march on Washington!"

Dorothy was afraid to venture out all the morning, for fear the British would come suddenly around some corner. When her father and some gentlemen came in, in the afternoon, she stowed herself away quickly in the big chair; but all she could learn was that they seemed to be almost quarreling, and that General Armstrong still would not believe that the British intended to attack Washington.

Two mornings after this, Mammy hobbled into the little girl's room as she was slowly drawing the laces through her red morocco shoes.

"Hurry up, chile! Put on yo' clean pinafore," she said. "Yo' father done sent fo' yo'."

Her father sent for her? The hot blood flushed into Dorothy's cheeks. She could hardly wait for Mammy to brush her curls; yet when she came down to the dining-room, where her father, all in a soldier's uniform, was eating his breakfast, Dorothy stood just inside the door, twisting a corner of her apron, afraid to speak till she was spoken to, though bursting with impatience to ask what had happened.

"Dorothy," he said in a moment, without looking up, "I sent for you to give you some directions. I suppose you are too young to understand much, but —"

He stopped, and, turning suddenly, looked at her.

"How old are you, my child?" he asked.

"I shall be twelve, sir, in December."

"Why, so you will, child, so you will! I had forgotten you were so old. Come here and let me look at you."

As he raised the earnest little face to his, her father looked keenly into her eyes and sighed.

"We shall become better acquainted when I come back, little daughter," he said, adding as he kissed her forehead: "Secretary Monroe has just sent word that the British are within a few hours' march of Washington. We have to meet them as best we can. Stay right here at home, Dorothy. I am sure you will be in no danger. I have given the servants careful orders what to do, but if anything should happen you are to go straight to Mrs. Madison. She will send you away with her sister Mrs. Cutts's children. You are not afraid, my child?"

"No, father," Dorothy answered.

"Good-by, then, little daughter," and for the second time Dr. Sargent kissed her forehead.

Dorothy's heart sang a happy little song that morning. Her father had kissed her twice! He had called her "little daughter"! He had said that when he came back they would become better acquainted!

"But suppose," thought Dorothy, with a choke in her throat, "suppose he never comes back! Suppose he is killed by the bad redcoats! Or he may be brought home wounded — but then I shall nurse my father."

The little girl sat down on the broad window-seat, resolved to watch there till she saw him coming home again.

All day Dorothy watched for her father, and all through the summer night slept with her faithful little cheek against the casement, in spite of Mammy's scoldings and entreaties. The next day they could hear the long report and loud rumble of cannon to the northeast, and in the early afternoon disordered parties of flying soldiers came hurrying by from Bladensburg. About noon Mammy came to tell her little mistress that the servants had decided to escape to Georgetown.

"Father told you to stay right here. You are not to leave the house, any of you," Dorothy commanded.

"Yo 'd better come 'long yo'self, honey, 'fore de redcoats snaps yo'," the old woman said.

"You will do just as I say, Mammy!" the little girl repeated.

Mammy went downstairs again, muttering to herself. The house was very still after that, and when Dorothy called for her lunch a half-hour later no one replied. Again she called,

and again, then ran downstairs in alarm. She was all alone in the big house!

"Never mind," Dorothy said bravely, as she came back to her post. "Father will come home soon."

All that day, too, Dorothy's face was pressed against the window. In every squad of retreating soldiers, growing less and less frequent as the day wore on, she expected to see her father, and her heart grew heavier and more frightened with each disappointment. As the twilight deepened she saw a great light shining from the southeast, but she did not know it was the Navy-yard, set on fire by the escaping officers. It made the street as bright as day. Presently she heard the music of approaching soldiers.

"Now at last," thought Dorothy, "father is coming home."

But when they came nearer, and she saw that their coats were red, the little girl shrank back in alarm, and her heart for a moment stopped beating. Faster and faster came the British troops through the streets, this way and that, but all toward the Capitol; and then, in a short time, Dorothy saw a great flame shoot up from the wooden bridge that joined the two parts of the building.

"Surely now," the little girl cried aloud, "what father was afraid of has happened! I must go right to Mrs. Madison."

She fastened on her bonnet with trembling hands, and, not daring to light a candle, groped her way downstairs. When she reached the parlor she hesitated.



"'LITTLE GIRL! LITTLE GIRL!' SHE CALLED OUT. 'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?'" (SEE PAGE 788.)

"Poor little pier-glass girl!" she said softly.

She opened the parlor door, and felt her way around the room until her hand touched the cold glass; then, leaning forward, she kissed the reflection she could but dimly see.

"Good-by, dear," she whispered.

Half ashamed of the action, yet with a great lump choking in her throat, Dorothy made her way to the front door and out into the street. She knew it was a mile from the Capitol to the

White House, and she knew, too, that the streets were full of dreadful soldiers; but, like a wise little girl, she thought that the burning of the Capitol would draw them there, at least for a time. And she was right: the turmoil was all at the Capitol.

"If I can get through dark byways," thought Dorothy, "they will not see me."

But it takes longer to go through byways, and a mile is not a short road to travel alone at night. When she reached Lafayette Square the soldiers were there before her, and fire was shooting out of every window of the White House, while tiny flames were just beginning to light up the Treasury, and the State, War, and Navy Departments. Then, for a moment, Dorothy's brave little heart gave out. It had never occurred to her that the President's wife would not be there. She shrank back among the thick trees and bushes between St. John's Church and the President's House, afraid to stay or to go on.

"But I cannot stay here," she said to herself. "I must go to Georgetown, where Mammy is."

The day was just dawning when a tired child dragged her feet heavily over Rock Creek and into Georgetown. A close carriage drove rapidly by, then stopped a little way beyond her. A very beautiful lady leaned out.

"Little girl! Little girl!" she called out. "Where are you going? What is your name?"

Straight to the carriage poor, worn-out Dorothy ran, and threw herself almost into it, crying breathlessly, "My name is Dorothy, — some people call me Dolly, — and I 'm running away from the British."

The lady reached out her arms and drew the little girl in.

"My name is Dorothy, and some people call me Dolly, too," she said, "and I 'm afraid I am running away from the British also. We will run together, little Dorothy."

When Dorothy first found herself so unexpectedly in the comfortable carriage, she sobbed and cried, for all the fright and weariness she had felt; but at last, when she had cried her tears out, she looked around her. Beside her sat the pretty lady, with a sad, far-away look on her face, and one slender foot put firmly on a square red leather box; this box had brass nails closely set around its rim, and arranged on the top in the form of an oval. As Dorothy looked, a tear stole down the pretty lady's face, and the little girl shyly slipped her hand into the white one beside her.

The lady impulsively raised the little brown hand to her cheek. "How came you to be out in the street alone, dear?" she asked.

"Father went to fight the British," Dorothy answered, "and he told us to stay in the house, but the servants were frightened and ran away. People like that cannot help being cowards, you know," she explained.

"And then what did Dolly do?" the lady asked.

"I stayed until they set the Capitol on fire. Father told me if anything happened to go straight to Mrs. Madison, and I thought that something had surely happened then."

"It had indeed," the lady sighed. Then she asked, "But whose child are you, dear, that you were told to go to Mrs. Madison?"

"I am Dorothy Sargent, ma'am."

"Dr. Sargent's little girl?" the lady cried.

"Yes; and Mrs. Madison was gone, you know. The White House was all on fire. I was all night getting to Georgetown."

"Why, you poor little dear!" the pretty lady cried.

They sat silent for a long time. Many other carriages were on the road now, and people walking — often crowds of them. Once, when they had just changed horses, some rough men put their heads into the carriage.

"Hand over that box!" one of them said.

"You do not know to whom you are speaking," the pretty lady answered very proudly.

"Oh, yes, we do," the man replied; "but them as were something yesterday may not be so much to-morrow. Hand it over!"

"Back, every one of you! John, drive on!" the lady commanded, and as the carriage dashed forward the men fell back. Dorothy thought the pretty lady looked like a queen.

But in a moment she began to tremble, and she caught up Dorothy's little hand again and kissed it fervently. "We must let no one have the little trunk, dear," she said. "It is full of the most valuable papers."

In the afternoon they came to an out-of-the-way inn. The driver got down and went to the door, but in a moment came back looking troubled.

"They will not let us in," he said.

"Will not let us in? This is the place my husband appointed."

"They say the war is his fault," the driver began.

"Get back on the seat, John," said the lady. "I will wait for my husband in the carriage."

The weather had been growing dark and threatening the last mile, and now a terrible storm broke over them. The carriage swayed with the wind, and the horses reared in terror, while the rain came down in sheets. The pretty lady drew the little girl closer to her.

"We must not be afraid, little Dolly," she said. "The same rain is putting out the fires in Washington."

At that instant a man hurried out of the inn.

"Come in, ma'am, come in out of the storm," he cried. "I did not know my men had been so rude!"

But when they were safe inside, Dolly's pretty lady was more restless than in the carriage. She walked back and forth to the window, peering out.

"If my husband were only safely here!" she cried again and again.

The storm was nearly over when another carriage came driving up fast to the inn, and a moment later Dorothy saw a very small, thin-haired, middle-aged man come hastily into the room and clasp the pretty lady in his arms. He was followed by several other gentlemen, among whom, to Dorothy's great delight, she saw her father.

When Dr. Sargent had warmly greeted the small daughter he had thought safe with the little Cutts children, he turned to thank her rescuer.

"You have an obedient little girl, doctor," the lady said jestingly. "She did just as you told her. She came straight to Mrs. Madison."

For the pretty lady who had been so kind to Dorothy Sargent was no other than Dolly Madison, the wife of the President; and if any of you ever go to the State Department at Washington, ask to be shown the little red trunk in which she carried away the state papers when the British burned the city in 1814.



DOLLY MADISON'S TRUNK, NOW IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.



"THE VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT OF THE BEARS OF PRECINCT A."

THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

By Carolyn Wells.

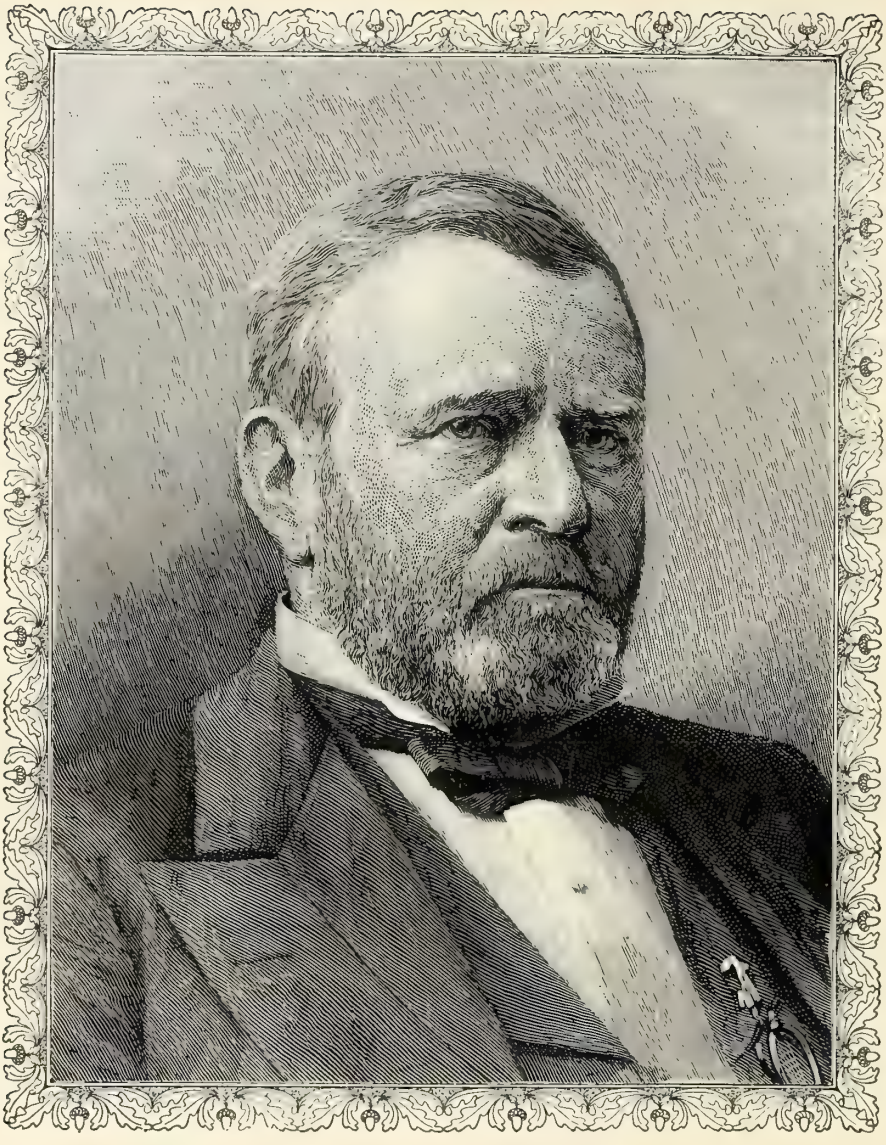
Upon a branch some little birds were sitting in a row,
All chittering and twittering as hard as they could go;
When suddenly a bird
Said, "Well, upon my word!
I 'm sure there is a fire in the valley down below."
And all the birds said, "Oh! We see the lurid glow!
There surely is a fire in the valley down below."

The squirrels told the rabbits, who told the coons in turn;
The features of the creatures expressed extreme concern.
They said, "There is no doubt
That fire must be put out.
There 's a village in the valley, and we must not let it burn!"
"No, indeed!" cried each in turn, with their faces set and stern;
"The village in the valley must not be allowed to burn!"

Then they flew around like madmen, so excitable were they;
They hurried and they flurried and they scurried every way;
When they heard a great stampede,
And at fearful rate of speed
Came the Volunteer Department of the Bears of Precinct A!
Then they all cried out, "Hooray! they will surely save the day;
Give three cheers and hip, hurrah, boys, for the Bears of Precinct A!"

The Volunteers sped o'er the road as fast as fast could be;
Though lumbersome and cumbersome, they hustled eagerly.
They rent the air with yells,
And they sounded horns and bells,
And said, "We will put out that fire, as you shall quickly see."
And they laughed aloud in glee to think how cleverly
They 'd reach the fire and put it out and get back home for tea.

But what d' you think those Bears found out when they their goal had won,
And babbling and scrabbling they came up on a run?
The lurid glow had faded,
And the village folk said, they did,
That there was no fire! It only was the setting of the sun!
But the Bears said, "We had fun, and a very pleasant run,
And, as you see, the fire is out, and so our work is done.
It 's such a lot of fun to put out a setting sun;
And, as you see, the fire is out, so now our work is done!"



CAN'T.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

How history repeats itself,
  You 'll say, when you remember Grant,
Who, in his boyhood days, once sought
  Throughout the lexicon for "can't."

He could not find the word that day,
  The earnest boy whose name was Grant;
He never found it through long years,
  With all their power to disenchant.

No hostile host could give him pause;
  Rivers and mountains could not daunt;
He never found that hindering word —
  The steadfast man whose name was Grant.

THE LARGEST SQUASH.

By Allan P. Ames.

When Mr. Armitage, who kept the new shoe-store, announced his prize squash contest, Daltonville wondered how he could afford it. There were fifteen prizes, ranging from a set of parlor furniture said to be worth forty-five dollars, to a fifty-cent jack-knife. But when people learned the conditions of the competition, they ceased wondering and admired his business enterprise. For only squashes grown from seeds obtained of Mr. Armitage were eligible for prizes, and to get seeds it was necessary to buy at least a dollar's worth of his goods.

Joe Edwards, as soon as the competition was announced, started into town with a dollar and a half to buy a new pair of shoes for his sister Jennie. He and his mother managed to retain possession of their comfortable old house on the outskirts of the village only by exercising the closest economy. There were two other children besides himself and Jennie—Stephen, named for their father, and baby John. In summer their rooms were filled with boarders from the city and money was more plentiful; but at this time the season for boarders had not yet opened.

When Joe left Mr. Armitage's shop that day, besides the new shoes he had a little pasteboard box containing a dozen dried seeds.

Joe was eager to get home, so he took a short cut through the orchard. As he jumped the last stone wall he spied the children tumbling around on the grass, enjoying the first really warm day of the spring—for last year baby John was too little to play. As soon as they caught sight of Joe they tumbled baby into the huge basket which they had brought out for his "house," and, lifting it between them, started to head Joe off. Easily guessing that Jennie was anxious to see the new purchase, he tossed the package of shoes to her, and quickly walked off to the last year's onion-bed in a secluded spot back of the house.

When it comes to rapid growing, no other garden vegetable compares with the squash-vine. Even under adverse conditions it will run so fast that its progress can be marked from one day to the next. To guard against accidents, Joe planted half a dozen seeds, and, when the shoots appeared, watched them carefully in order to find as soon as possible which was the hardiest. At the end of two weeks he rooted up all but two, leaving these at opposite ends of the bed so that they would not interfere with each other's growth.

One morning near the middle of June he was measuring and comparing measurements, when he heard a step behind him, and looked up to find Mr. Alward, the new boarder.

"Good morning," said Mr. Alward. "You are taking particularly good care of that squash-vine."

Joe had a poor opinion of city people's knowledge of farming matters; but Mr. Alward showed such an intelligent interest that he answered his questions politely, and in the end told all about the prize contest. "I have n't much hope of winning," said he; "but there 's no harm in trying. Most of us boys are. Perhaps I 'll get one of the smaller prizes."

"Your chances are as good as anybody's," replied Mr. Alward. "You have chosen an excellent piece of ground, and your squash is doing first-rate. I am interested in such things, you see."

"Is that so!" exclaimed Joe, stopping work. "Then perhaps you can give me some points on how to do this. Do you think the vine is growing fast enough? It is two inches longer than it was yesterday morning."

"Plenty fast enough; in fact, if it were mine I should n't let it get much longer. You see, the prize is not for the longest vine, but the largest squash. And the longer the vine—beyond a certain point—the smaller the squash. I see several little squashes: which do you intend to cultivate for the prize?"

"I have n't picked out any particular one," said Joe. "I can't tell which will be the best until fall, when they get their full growth."

"You are on the wrong track," declared the boarder, with a smile. "Let me explain. This vine can absorb only a certain amount of nourishment from the ground and air. If it distributes that nourishment among half a dozen squashes, you can easily understand that each will get less than just one would if it were the only one on the vine. If you 'll allow me, I 'll show you what I mean."

"All right, sir," said Joe. "I guess you know more about it than I do."

Mr. Alward bent over the vine and pinched off the ends of the longest shoots, as well as all but three of the green squashes, now about the size of potatoes. "There," he said. "Never mind about the other vine; this is the better one. Now watch these small squashes I have left, and as soon as you are sure which will do the best, remove the rest. And don't let the vine grow any longer. As fast as the new creepers show themselves, pinch them off."

"How about all these leaves?" inquired the boy, quickly grasping the idea. "They are n't doing any good, are they? Had n't I better pick them off, too?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Alward. "If you did, you probably would kill the plant. The leaves are as important as the roots. They take in nourishment from the atmosphere, while the roots are drawing it up from the soil."

After this Joe and the boarder met at the squash-patch for consultation almost every morning. It was astonishing how much attention that vine required. Apparently every worm and bug in the garden sought it out, and as for weeds, they sprang up by battalions during the night. Joe had told none of his friends anything about his trying for the prize. No one knew of it but his mother, Mr. Alward, and Joe's sister. Jennie was as keenly excited over the contest as was Joe himself, and she would often sit at the window of her room, at the back of the old house, and talk to Joe as he weeded and fed his beloved squash.

The second vine was rooted up, and by the end of July one of the three squashes on the other showed such unmistakable superiority that its two companions were lopped off, leaving this one alone.

By August, Daltonville was pretty familiar with the news that Joe Edwards had a marvelous squash. But, although they did not attract as much attention because their cultivators were grown men, at least five other squashes gave equal promise; and the men who raised these were veterans of many prize contests, who had no fear of being beaten by a fourteen-year-old boy. The weighing-in at the Armitage shoe-store did not take place until the 15th of October, and it is the last month that counts the most in a squash-growing contest.

About the middle of September, Mr. Alward, who had returned to the city, received from Joe this urgent letter:

Last night I walked over to Mr. Williams's garden and measured his squash. It is six inches larger around than mine, and looks greener, as if it had longer to grow. I 've done everything you told me, but mine does n't get much bigger. I 'm afraid it 's got its growth. Is n't there anything else I can do that will help it? I hate to lose that prize after we 've worked so hard for it.



"AS SOON AS THEY CAUGHT SIGHT OF JOE THEY TUMBLED BABY INTO THE HUGE BASKET."

The following day brought Mr. Alward himself. The matter was too important to trust to the mails, he said. "I 've been all through it

myself," he observed, as he and Joe walked out to the prize squash-patch, "and I know just how you feel. After I got your letter I consulted a friend of mine who teaches agricultural chemistry in a college. He told me a scheme



"SHE WOULD OFTEN SIT AT THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM, AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, AND TALK TO JOE."

I never heard of before, but he believes that it will work, and if he 's right we shall win in spite of our friend Williams. Have you plenty of milk at your house?"

"Why, yes," replied Joe, wonderingly. "Now that most of the boarders are gone, the cow gives more than we know what to do with."

"Get a quart of milk and a funnel, and I 'll show you the new plan," said Joe's friend, laughing at his bewilderment.

When Joe had carried out his directions, Mr. Alward pulled out his penknife and cut a slit in the stalk on the upper side, near where it entered the body of the squash. Then he hammered the small end of the funnel flat until its sides almost met, and set it in the opening.

"Now," said he, "in with the milk."

Joe poured until the funnel was full. "There is n't room for all of it," he said.

"Wait a minute," replied Mr. Alward. And even as he spoke the liquid in the funnel began to settle. It continued going down, as they watched it, until not a drop remained.

Joe rubbed his eyes in amazement. "I 'd never believed it if I had n't seen it. The squash has drunk it all up!"

Mr. Alward smiled. "Now if you give this fellow a drink twice a day it ought to get fat as fast as the pigs. About a pint at a time should be enough."

On the morning of October 15, Joe Edwards removed the blanket which for the past few nights had guarded the squash from the frost. Then he cut it from the vine and took it to the store in a wheelbarrow.

The weighing-in began at ten o'clock.

Several squashes tipped the scales at one hundred pounds and just under; but when farmer Williams's entry was dumped on the platform, the crowd broke into exclamations of admiration.

"He 's got it, sure enough," said several. "There 's no use trying any more."

The weight of the Williams squash was one hundred and fourteen pounds. When Joe heard the announcement his heart sank. He had had no means of weighing his own, and his rival's certainly looked the larger. Yet, when the question was left to the scales, the beam bobbed up with a clang, and the amazed shoe-dealer was obliged to move the balance weight forward many notches.

"One hundred and twenty-two pounds!" was the announcement.

Mr. Armitage gazed about him. Joe's was the last squash weighed. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I take pleasure in awarding the forty-five-dollar parlor suite to Mr."—consulting the card tied to the stem of the vegetable on the scales—"to *Master* Joseph Edwards. Where is he?"

"Here!" shouted Joe, joyfully stepping forward.

"Hold on, thar!" came a voice from the crowd. "I enter protest ag'in' that squash. It ain't fair. It 's loaded to make it weigh heavy."

The speaker was Williams. "It ain't nat'ral

that this squash should weigh more 'n mine," he growled, as he advanced and pointed out the rivals where they lay side by side, for his certainly looked the larger.

"I say there 's something been put into this

tion; for Joe was as popular in Daltonville as Williams was disliked.

"You ought not to make such grave charges, neighbor Williams, without proof," said the storekeeper, mildly. "We all know widow



"'HOLD ON, THAR!' CAME A VOICE FROM THE CROWD. 'I ENTER PROTEST AG'IN' THAT SQUASH.'"

one to make it weigh heavy," repeated the old man, angrily, rapping on Joe's squash with his knuckles.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the boy, indignantly. "You have no right, Mr. Williams, to accuse me of a dishonest trick."

To this the crowd murmured its approba-

Edwards's son, and hesitate to believe that he would stoop to any such thing."

"Proof!" shouted Williams. "I 've got proof enough; I 've got a witness. Here, Hi, tell them what you and me saw Saturday evening when we were comin' 'cross lots."

At this, the old farmer's hired man stood

forth and told, not without reluctance, of having watched Joe put a funnel in the top of his squash and pour in some fluid whose exact nature they could not make out. "But we suspected 't was white lead," he added, "that bein' the heaviest liquid he could get around here."

"Look over his squash and see if it 's plugged," suggested some one.

"It has n't a flaw," answered Mr. Armitage. "I 've been examining."

"Then cut her open!" yelled Williams. "You 'll find her chock-full of lead; I 'll bet my hoss on it."

"Yes, cut it open," repeated several voices in the crowd.

Joe was willing enough to have this done, and was about to give his consent, when suddenly there was a movement in the front ranks of the onlookers, and Mr. Alward appeared. Joe could only gape in astonishment.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said his protector, sternly, "conspiring to injure this lad's property! A squash as big as that is worth a considerable sum entire, but cut up it 's no better than others. In fact, I intended to buy it myself, if the owner would sell, to put it on exhibition in my store window."

"How much would you give fer it?" asked Williams, suddenly.

"That depends upon how much Master Edwards asks. I should call ten dollars a fair price. One hundred and twenty-two pound squashes are rare enough to be valuable."

Without a word, Williams pulled out an aged wallet and selected therefrom two five-dollar bills. "Look here, Mr. City Man," said he, with a sneer, "this money shows that I mean business. Here 's ten dollars that I 'll put in Mr. Armitage's hands. If we find this squash all right and fair inside, the money belongs to the boy. If there 's anything crooked about it, the ten goes back to me and I get the first prize." And so it was agreed.

But now, when he saw them preparing to mangle his beloved squash, a fear smote him lest, in some unexplainable manner, something might have happened in its unknown interior which, when revealed, would leave him forever discredited in the eyes of all Daltonville.

It was no easy task opening a big squash with a rind hard almost as shoe-leather, but after much hacking and sawing it was accomplished, and the hemispheres fell asunder. Williams and as many as could crowd into the circle bent forward eagerly to inspect the contents. All they saw was a mass of smooth yellow pulp and white seeds. Thanks to its milk diet, this squash was of remarkable soundness.

"Cut her again!" shouted the old farmer. The squash was quartered, with the same lack of startling discoveries. Not until the once magnificent vegetable lay chopped into small bits did Williams give up the fight. With a scowl of baffled rage, he pushed through the jeering crowd and made for the door. Mr. Armitage and several others called after him to return and get his second prize; but he gave no heed, and was last seen driving rapidly out of the village.

"Well, young man," said the shoe-dealer, turning to Joe, "we 've spoiled your squash, but here 's ten dollars to pay for it and your anxiety. The first prize is yours. I congratulate you. If I were in the vegetable-raising business instead of the shoe trade, I 'd want you for a partner."

The forty-five-dollar set of furniture adds not a little to the decoration of widow Edwards's cozy parlor. Whenever Mr. Alward pays them a visit—which is pretty often—he never fails to step in for a moment and admire it.





WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

Chapter VII.

TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY.

I NEED not tell you a word about the performance. You have all been to the circus, and I dare say to much finer circuses than this little country show; but I doubt if you ever laughed more heartily at the funny pranks of the clowns and trick ponies, or ever enthused more wildly over the beautiful horses and wonderful trapeze performances, than did our happy party.

When the show came to an end, Mr. Lombard said:

"Now keep all in a line close behind me, and then we shall not become separated in this jam, for the whole town is turned loose, I firmly believe."

So off the procession started, Hart well in the lead, with Mr. Lombard's hands upon his shoulders to "steer him straight," then followed in order grandma, Mrs. Lombard, Denise, and Pokey, as usual, at the end.

Who can check the outpouring of a circus crowd? Willy-nilly they were swept out into the moonlight.

* * * * * * *

The next day was Sunday, and Mrs. Lombard, when all were seated at the dinner-table, said: "We have waited for Pokey to arrive before making our first visit to the 'Chapel' this year. John finished putting it in order yesterday afternoon, and we will all go up at about three o'clock."

Before long the whole party set out for the beautiful little woodland retreat which went by the name of the Chapel because, during the summer, the family spent nearly every Sunday afternoon there, resting in the hammocks, in the comfortable rustic seats, or stretched at length upon the soft moss. Plenty of cushions were always carried, and a more restful, soothing spot it would have been hard to find. The path led up the hill and through the fields to the wood's edge, and just within it, where the

view of the river was most charming, the seats had been built.

All were toiling up the hill, burdened with their cushions and books. Denise had Tan on one side of her and Ned on the other. She had thrown an arm across each neck, and was saying, "Now hay-foot, straw-foot," to teach them to keep in step. Not far behind came Pokey upon "Mrs. Mama's" arm, for Pokey had not had time to gain her full strength yet, and the hill made her pant. Grandma was assisted by papa's arm, and all were "making haste slowly."

"Hay-foot, straw-foot! Hay-foot, s-t-r-a-w — oh! oh! oh!" *baa-a-a-a-a-a!* and a screeching *neigh!* Then pandemonium reigned for a few moments, for the "straw-foot" had been planted fairly and squarely in a ground-hornets' nest, and out flew a buzzing, busy throng of startled housekeepers. In their haste to reach the house Denise stumbled and fell, and when she tried to get up she found that her ankle had been badly sprained, and she had to be carried into the house. Ned and Tan, however, felt the full force of the hornet horde, and when they arrived at the stable John was kept busy with hot water and liniment for their poor stung skins.

He had just made Tan comfortable and begun upon Ned when he noticed a man standing by the fence and looking at the pony as he brushed him and rubbed ointment where the stings were worst. John gave a friendly nod, and said: "It 's lively wor-rk we 've been havin' this past two hours!"

"What 's happened?" asked the man.

John related the story of the hornets' nest.

"Fine little beast, that," said the man, presently.

"You niver saw the loike of him in all yer loife!" said John, proudly.

"What will you take for him?"

"What 'll I take fer him, is it ye 're askin'? Faith, he 's not mine to sell, as ye well know, but ye 'd better not be askin' the master that same."

"What 's the boss's name?"

"What 's that to you?" demanded John, with some asperity, for he was beginning to dislike the man.

"Say, I know a man who 'll give a cool two-fifty for him, and never wink."

"Well, he may save his offer, thin, fer the boss paid three-fifty fer him not more than two year ago, and would n't sell him fer twict that, me son."

"Want ter make a deal? You git him to sell the little horse to my man fer just what he paid fer him, an' it 'll mean a fifty fer you."

But this was too much. "Who the mischief are ye, thin, I 'd loike to know? Get out av this, an' if I catch ye about the place with yer blackguard offers, I 'll call the constable for ye as sure as iver me name 's John Noonan," and John advanced toward the fence with ire in his eyes — whereupon the stranger promptly hastened away.

"Did iver ye listen to sooch chake as that, me foine boy?" John asked his small charge. "Don't ye let it worry ye heart, me son; it 's not goin' to be sold out of *this* home ye are — not fer *no* money!"

On Monday the circus gave another performance, and, after that given in the evening, crossed the river by special arrangement with the ferry-boat and went upon its way.

As Pokey never drove Ned, he was not used at all on Monday, for Denise's ankle had grown worse and she could not bear her weight upon it. At eight o'clock that evening Ned had been locked in his little stable as usual.

It was John's custom to come early to his work, his own home being a short walk across the fields, and six o'clock usually found him at the stable door, to be greeted with welcoming neighs by the horses, which had learned to love him, and Denise's pets, who found in John a very faithful attendant. After opening up the big stable, he went over to the "Birds' Nest" and was surprised to find the door unlocked.

"Now who 's been that careless, I wonder?" he muttered.

Then, entering, he wondered why he did not hear Ned's morning greeting. Filled with misgiving, he hurried across the floor and looked over the top of the door of the stall.

Ned was gone!

But even then the true situation did not dawn upon him, and he hurried out to look all about the grounds and in every place where Ned could possibly have strayed. But no Ned was to be found, and now, thoroughly alarmed, he

went to the kitchen to ask Eliza, who was just lighting her morning fire, to call Mr. Lombard.

"Whatever has happened you?" demanded Eliza, looking up from her range. "Ye look like ye 'd seen a ghost."

"The little horse is gone! I 've hunted the place for him and can find no trace of him," answered John, in a distressed voice.

"The saints save us! What will that dear child do?" said Eliza, in dismay.

"Go quick and call master," was John's answer.

"Don't let this get to Miss Denise's ears, if it can possibly be helped," said Mr. Lombard when he and John had returned from a fruitless search. "There may be some foundation for your suspicion regarding that man who spoke to you on Sunday, and coupled with what Denise has told me about the circus manager's questions, I am forced to admit that it does not look well. Go up to the village and ask Mr. Stevens to come to me as quickly and as quietly as possible, for this case needs both a lawyer and detectives. I will warn the others to keep silent;" and with a very troubled face Mr. Lombard entered the house.

But all that day passed, and still others, without revealing a trace of Ned. Inquiries set afoot came to naught. The circus had left at 1 A.M., but Ned had not been among the ponies. If he were really stolen, as Mr. Lombard was reluctantly compelled to believe, — for that wise little beast was not going to lose himself, or stay away from home voluntarily, — those who tried to get him away must have exercised great skill in doing so, for everybody in that town knew him.

The search had been on foot for three days, and Mrs. Lombard, Denise, and Pokey were sitting in the mother's room on Thursday morning, when Hart called to Mrs. Lombard from the bottom of the stairs, "Please may I speak with you a second?"

Mrs. Lombard hastened into the hall, for she was fearful that the message pertained to Ned, and even though the voice vibrated with hope, she did not wish the message to be heard by Denise unless it was the one she longed for. Hart had scoured the country upon Pinto, but thus far to no purpose. Half-way down the stairs Hart met her, and whispered, as he supposed in a low voice:

"They think they 've found a clue to Ned's whereabouts, for that man who spoke to John was seen 'way up by Hook Mountain, and had come across the river in a great big boat, big enough to carry Ned over in! And — "

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Lombard, holding up a warning finger. But it was too late. Over the railing hung a white little face, and a pair of wild eyes looked beseechingly at her mother as Denise, who had limped to the stairway, demanded: "*What* do you mean? Ned found? Clue to Ned's whereabouts? Where is he? What has happened since I 've been laid up? Tell me — tell me!"

Feeling that a real tragedy had come into her little girl's life, — for Mrs. Lombard fully realized how strong was the tie between Denise and this well-beloved pet, — the mother stepped quickly to her little daughter's side, put an arm about her, and said: "Come into the sitting-room, darling, and let me tell you all about it. I had thought to spare you the anxiety, for we are confident that all will end well; but now you would better know the truth."

Trembling from sympathy, Pokey had drawn near and taken one of Denise's hands, and now stood beside her, looking into her eyes as though beseeching her not to be quite heartbroken. Hart, with contrition stamped upon his handsome boyish face, had crept up the stairs and was looking in at the door. Drawing Denise beside her upon the couch, Mrs. Lombard said in her calm, soothing voice:

"When John went to the stable Monday morning Ned was not there. At first we thought that he had managed to run away, but later we were convinced that he could not have gone voluntarily, and a thorough search has been made. Thus far it has been fruitless, but Hart has just reported that one of the men whom we now know to have been connected with the circus has been seen hereabout, and we have further learned that which surprises us not a little: that Ned once belonged to another branch of this very circus — indeed, that he and Sindbad, the big black horse with whom he so promptly renewed his acquaintance, were formerly ring companions and performed tricks

together. All this papa's men have discovered, and also that, about a year before Ned became yours, the circus then being in need of money, Ned was sold, very much to the regret of the proprietor. When more prosperous days returned they tried to find him, but could not, and not until they chanced to come to Springdale did they ever see their clever little trick pony again. Then this manager recognized him from the odd mark upon his right temple, and sent this man down to see if he could buy him back again; but John sent him to the right-about with a word of advice. Then Ned vanished, and naturally our first thought flew to the circus. But Ned is not with it, nor yet with the main body of it, for papa has sent everywhere. If they have taken him, they have surely hidden him somewhere till the excitement shall have passed, and they think it safe to bring him upon the scene far from this section of the country. There, my dear little girl, is all the truth, and you understand better than any one else can how very, very sorry I am to be forced to tell it to you"; and Mrs. Lombard held Denise close to her and tenderly kissed her forehead.

Not a sound was heard in that room for a few moments save the ticking of the little clock upon the mantel, and then Denise asked in a strange, hard little voice:

"You say that the man was seen up near Hook Mountain?"

"Yes!" burst in Hart. "He had rowed across the river, they think, and was prowling along the shore in a great big boat. Patsy Murphy was out on the river fishing, and saw him, and told Mr. Stevens when he got back."

"Hart," cried Denise, suddenly, the big brown eyes filling with a fire which boded ill for any one minded to take Ned from her, "do you remember that little wild path we once came upon on Hook Mountain, when you and I were trying to find a short cut over to the lake one day? It led around the curve of the mountain, and seemed to end, but when we forced our way through the underbrush it led down to an old brick-yard dock. We said at the time that it would be a splendid place to play Captain Kidd and bury a treasure, for nobody would ever think of scrambling 'way round there."

"Of course I remember," cried Hart, catching her excitement, although as yet he hardly knew why.

"Have you hunted there?"

"No! I never once thought of that place."

"Please go quick, *and take Sailor.* Give him something of Ned's to smell, and then say, 'Find Ned, Sailor; find him!' and he will know just what you mean, because that is what I always say to him when he and Ned and Tan and I play hide-and-seek, as we often do when we are alone. I would go too, but somehow I don't feel very well, and I — I —" And the voice dwindled off into nothingness as poor little nearly heartbroken Denise drew a long sigh and dropped into her mother's arms, for the time being, oblivious of her loss and grief.

Hart fled, muttering an excited "Plague take that old circus! Wish the old thing had never showed up in Springdale! I 'll go up to that place before another hour, and if Ned is anywhere in the mountain, I 'll have him — that 's all — no matter who has him now! Wish I could catch that man; I 'd punch his head for him! I 'd — I 'd — Why did n't we think of Sailor before? Pinto, you must just hustle *this* time!" And with his thoughts upon the gallop, Hart rushed across the lawn, calling to Sailor, who was always ready to follow, and five minutes later was tearing up the road toward Hook Mountain on Pinto, with Sailor bounding on ahead of him.

Meantime Denise had come to her senses, but was limp as a little rag, for she had not yet recovered from the effect of her fall, and the news about Ned had been as a thunderbolt to her. But Mrs. Lombard was a wise nurse, and presently had the satisfaction of seeing her patient slip away into dreamland.

Chapter VIII.

A timely rescue.

Hart tore through the village, and soon was galloping up the road leading to Hook Mountain. Before long he came to the point at which the main road turned aside to wind its way by a circuitous route over the mountain,

and this was the only road known to the ordinary traveler to the fairy-like lake which lay in a lap of the mountain. But not so to the children, who had scoured the country for miles in every direction. A little path which seemed to end at the edge of an adjoining field did not end there at all, but made its way through the undergrowth, up, down, in, and out, until it finally scrambled over to the other side of the steep cliff, at whose base, years before, a small dock had been built for the accommodation of the long since dismantled brick-yard. Stopping at the entrance of the path, Hart called Sailor to him, and taking from under his arm the saddle-cloth of Ned's saddle, said to Sailor: "Here, old boy, see this? Smell it. It 's Ned's, Ned's! Find him, Sailor! that 's a good dog! Find him!"

If ever an animal's eyes spoke, Sailor's did then; for, giving Hart one comprehensive glance from those big brown ones, so full of love and devotion, he began to bark and caper about like a puppy. Then Hart started Pinto forward, and he and Sailor began their search. On and on they went. Mile after mile measured off behind them, as they brushed by overhanging boughs, stumbled through the tangled undergrowth, and repeatedly stopped to call and listen, Hart telling Sailor to bark for Ned, and the deep bark waking the echoes of the silent woods. As though he understood what they were doing, Pinto too would often join in with a loud neigh, but no responsive neigh could be heard.

Nearly three hours had slipped away, and the boy was beginning to lose hope, when they came upon the old dock, and Sailor, uttering a low growl, walked toward it with hair bristling and in that peculiar manner a Newfoundland dog advances upon his enemy — a sort of "come-on-and-face-me-fairly-and-squarely" air. Hart drew rein and called, while down his spine crept a wee bit of a chill, for he was far from home, and entirely defenseless. But there was no sign of living thing, and thinking that Sailor must have been mistaken, Hart called to him and went on into the wood again. Had he been able to see the lower side of the dock, he might have discovered a large flat-bottomed boat tied close under the overhanging shed of the old dock, while from beneath the rickety boards peered a pair of steely eyes which watched his every movement. Hart was indeed in greater peril than he suspected, for this man would be the richer by a considerable sum of money if he carried out successfully the dastardly laid scheme of the one who offered it to him; and to sit hidden there and see his plans cast to the winds before his very eyes, unless he resorted to far worse villainy than that already afoot, was a sore temptation.

With hair still bristling, and an occasional admonitory growl, Sailor stalked very slowly after Hart, looking back from time to time to guard against trouble from the rear. They reached the point where the path wound its way up the jagged rocks, and where they had been forced to pause when he and Denise explored it before, and a feeling of despair began to settle upon him, for it seemed utterly hopeless to look farther. Sailor stood panting beside Pinto, evidently trying to ask, "What next?" when suddenly he supplied the answer himself; for, putting his head close to the ground, he gave one long sniff, and then uttered a joyous bark and dashed into the woods. As it was almost impossible for Pinto to make way through the tangle, Hart scrambled from his back and tore after Sailor. Just as he did so, Sailor barked again, and far off in the distance a faint whinny answered him.

"Gee-willikens, Christmas! If that is n't Ned's whinny I 'm a bluefish!" shouted Hart, and the next moment almost tumbled into a little dell at the bottom of which a sight greeted him that made him throw his cap into the air and simply yell. In a little cleared space, firmly tied to a tree, a dirty old blanket strapped upon him, and the remains of his last meal scattered upon the ground near him, stood little Ned, with Sailor licking his velvety nose and whining over him as though he were a little puppy. The next second Hart had his arms around Ned's neck, laughing, talking, asking questions as though he were talking to a human being who could answer if he only would. And Ned very nearly did, for the little fellow's joy was pathetic to witness.

When Hart had somewhat calmed down, he discovered how Ned had been brought into his hiding-place, for at the other side of it there



"SAILOR STOPPED FOR AN INSTANT, AND THEN, WITH A LOW BARK OF WARNING, SPRANG AFTER A MAN WHO SUDDENLY APPEARED FROM THE UNDERGROWTH."

were distinct traces of his hoof-marks, and Hart lost not a second more in untying the rope which held him and leading him out that way. It came out upon the wood path somewhat below the point where Pinto had been waiting, but at Hart's call Pinto came picking his way down the path, and was greeted by his old friend with a joyous neigh. They had not gone far when Sailor gave signs of anger. He stopped for an instant, and then, with a low bark of warning, sprang after a man who suddenly appeared from the undergrowth and was coming out of the wood to intercept Hart.

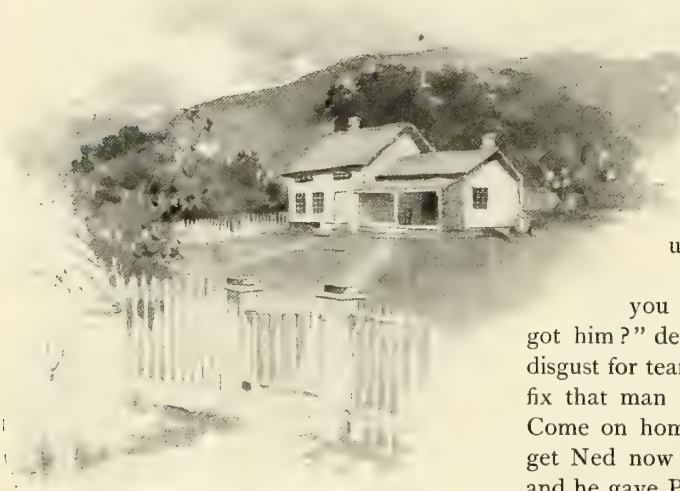
Chapter IX.

JOY TURNS POKEY DAFT.

Had not Sailor acted so promptly one trembles to think what might have been the outcome of Hart's adventure. But as the man bent down to avoid the low-hanging branches in entering the pathway, Sailor, now thoroughly aroused, sprang upon him and bore him to the ground face downward, then, planting both front feet squarely upon the man's back and holding him firmly by his coat collar, the faithful dog

held him prisoner, growling in his ear: "If you know what is well for you, you won't move!"

"Guard him, Sailor, guard him!" shouted Hart. "Hold him fast, good dog, and I 'll send some one to you!" And scrambling upon Pinto's back and leading Ned by his rope, he plunged along the path at a pace fit to bring destruction upon all three. But he had no thought of destruction just then, his only thought being to send some one to the noble dog's aid. He reached the main road, and was tearing along at breakneck speed, when he came upon a hay-wagon which had just turned in from a roadside field. Pulling up so suddenly that he nearly fell over Pinto's head, he shouted: "Quick! Quick! Run up into the woods, for Mr. Lombard's Sailor has caught the man who was trying to steal Ned Toodles, and is holding him fast."



"THE BACK FIELD ON WHICH JOHN'S COTTAGE STOOD."

All Springdale knew the story, and the three men in the hay-wagon tumbled out of it as one man, to run toward the wood-path, while Hart, still quivering with excitement, again pelted off toward home and friends. He was still rivaling John Gilpin when a voice from the side of the road called:

"Oh, Hinky-Dinky! Hinky-Dinky! Where did you find him? Where did you find him?" And up bounded Pokey, to plant herself almost directly in his path, for joy made her reckless. They were on the lower side of the village, Pokey having walked and walked till she was weary, and then seated herself by the roadside to rest. Hart slid off Pinto's back, and both ponies were glad to stop, for Hart had never given a thought to time, distance, or heat in his eagerness to reach home. Both ponies were blowing like porpoises, and for once in her life Pokey forgot all fear of Ned Toodles, and gathering the pony's head in her arms, proceeded to sob out her joy upon his neck.

"I say, what the mischief are you crying about now when we 've got him?" demanded Hart, with a boy's usual disgust for tears. "Those fellows up there will fix that man all right, and Sailor 's a trump. Come on home, for that 's where we want to get Ned now just as quick as ever we can"; and he gave Pokey's sleeve a pull.

"I know it," she answered, raising her head from Ned's silky mane. "But I 'm just simply shaky, I 'm so happy; and please let me take Ned to Denise, for I could n't go to find him, and I wanted to do something so badly."

"Of course you may, but I thought you were scared to death of him," said Hart, amazed to find that timid Pokey, who had invariably kept some one between herself and Ned, wanted to lead him. But on they went, and Hart had cause to be more surprised before he was less so, for Pokey hurried along the road, Ned pattering beside her, and occasionally tugging at the rope to hasten her steps as he drew nearer and nearer the dear home and dearer little mistress. Pokey did not take time to go around by the driveway when she reached the grounds, but cut across the back field on which John's cottage stood. Passing this she slipped in through a side gate that opened on the lawn.

After about an hour's sleep Denise awakened much refreshed, and Mrs. Lombard was on hand to say a soothing word when needed.

When she had finished speaking they sat silent for a moment or two, and then the silence was broken by a commotion downstairs.

"Yes, you can do it if you want to, and you just *must*, 'cause her ankle is too stiff for her to come to you. There! Now you see you can, just as well as not! Now another! One more! Another! Now only two more — and — t-h-e-r-e you are!" And then a clatter and a scramble over the piazza, and in through the lace curtains tore Pokey and Ned side by side, one with a cry of "I had to bring him! I could n't wait!" and the other with as joyous a neigh as ever a horse gave voice to. Straight into the library they came pell-mell, and straight into Denise's arms, to be laughed and cried over; for the tears which had not come at the sorrow fell like a refreshing summer shower now.

Mrs. Lombard and Denise had sprung to their feet as the funny pair entered the library, and both joined in the shout of welcome. And now Pokey, having done her one wild and daring act, curled herself up in a little heap in the middle of the floor and swayed back and forth, crying and laughing by turns as she said:

"Hart found him in the woods, and I made him scramble up the piazza steps."

Need I tell you any more? Of course all was excitement for a time, for Ned was welcomed like a lost son, the entire family gathering about him as he stood in the middle of the library, with Denise hugging him as though she would never give over doing so. Every one else was either patting him or stroking him,— for grandma, Eliza, Mary, and John had rushed up to the library to rejoice with the rest,— and all were talking at once of Ned's abduction by "that bad man" and his rescue by "this blessed boy." Hart's head was in a fair way to be turned with sheer conceit. After the excitement had subsided a little, John went tearing off to the village to learn the fate of the "bad man" and Sailor, and also to telegraph the good news to Mr. Lombard.

Finally Ned was taken to the Birds' Nest by the children, Denise having speedily recovered under the stimulating influence of so much happiness. Late in the afternoon Sailor was brought home by John, after having held his victim till the men sent by Hart released him, and took him in their wagon to the sheriff's office, where he was promptly committed to the calaboose and held for trial.

John's testimony was required at the sheriff's office, but he was on hand to drive to the station as usual for Mr. Lombard. And that gentleman soon arrived to join in the happiness that reigned in the household — the joyous climax of the worst adventure that ever befell Denise and Ned Toodles.

THE END.



THE OPENING OF THE FISHING SEASON — DIGGING FOR BAIT.

A DAY WITH HUDSON MAXIM.

By Joseph H. Adams.

The month of July suggests the Fourth, and as that means to the boys fire-crackers and other explosives, they may be interested in this account of an American who has invented one of the new terrific explosives used in modern warfare.

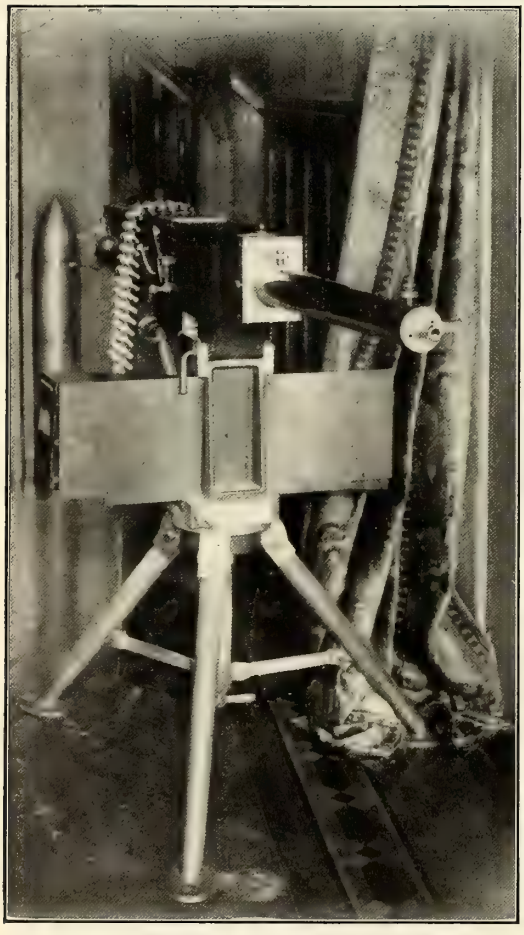


FIG. 1. "ON ENTERING THE HALLWAY ONE IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY A FORMIDABLE-LOOKING ENGINE OF WAR — A MAXIM GUN."

On a quiet residence street in Brooklyn, and in a row of light-stone houses, there is a house of especial interest. Seen from the street, it does not differ from the other houses alongside it, but on entering the hallway one is suddenly confronted by a formidable-looking engine of war, a famous Maxim gun, whose muzzle projects toward you in a menacing manner, as if inquiring what your business is.

Stepping along still farther into the hall, you are greeted by another and larger gun with a still more threatening appearance; and as you glance around, on every hand you see groups of guns, pistols, projectiles, ammunition, and instruments of war, until you begin to wonder whether this is a residence or an arsenal.

A glance into the other rooms of the house, however, dispels all doubt, for, with the exception of the forbidding sentries in the hall, the furnishings of the house give every evidence that the master is not only a peace-loving citizen, but a home-loving man as well.

This is the city home of Hudson Maxim. To enter this unique home and to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Maxim, and to hear them speak of explosive shells and other deadly missiles as if they were commonplace matters of housekeeping, is a novel and fascinating experience; and while you feel at first as if everything around might suddenly "go off," this feeling wears away and your confidence is restored as Mr. Maxim explains the uses to which the various compounds are put and their harmlessness under certain conditions.

Indeed, Mr. Maxim is really as much at home among his high explosives as his cook is in her kitchen with vegetables and flour and coffee; and the ease and freedom with which he handles his fearfully powerful materials is awe-inspiring, to say the least, as I confessed to myself when in my presence he cut off a thick piece of dynamite with a common carpenter's saw.

There are few men in the world who know as much about explosives and their chemistry as does Mr. Maxim, and in the simplest language possible and in all modesty he takes pleasure in explaining the results of many years of hard study and unceasing and costly experiment.

In the rear of this Brooklyn residence is the inventor's brick laboratory, where he usually works and where he explained to me some very interesting experiments with high explosives, giving practical demonstration of their power.

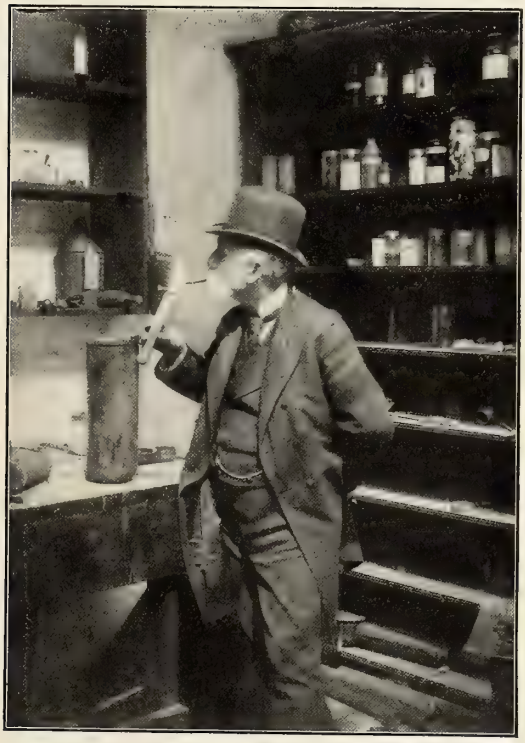


FIG. 2. LIGHTING A CIGAR WITH A MAXIMITE "CANDLE."

When he lights a fire in the stove, — for he needs heat to conduct some of his experiments, — he will take a stick of smokeless powder in a pair of long pliers, set it afire with a match, and then hold it under the grate. You will expect to see the stove blown instantly into a thousand fragments, but, instead, your misgiving changes to surprise when the powder burns with a bright yellow flame like a pine-knot and does not make the slightest bit of smoke.

It takes but a few seconds for it to be entirely consumed, and as a result a roaring fire is started, so that in a few minutes the stove is hot enough for use.

Mr. Maxim will show you one of his important inventions, his powerful shell-exploder, known as maximite, which in explosive force is about fifty per cent. more efficient than dynamite, and somewhat more powerful than pure nitroglycerin. This maximite has lately been adopted by our government as a bursting-charge for projectiles and shells, and it is equaled in shattering force by only two other known substances.

In spite of its high explosive quality it is a very safe compound to handle, and is practically unaffected by shock, and will not explode by being set on fire — even if a mass of it is stirred with a white-hot iron. It will burn with a bright green flame, and can be ignited with a match.

All this Mr. Maxim demonstrated by lighting a piece of smokeless powder and dropping it in a dish containing some lumps of maximite. He also melted lead and poured it over dry lumps of maximite, and, while it burned freely, like sulphur or wax, it did not explode.

In appearance maximite somewhat resembles sulphur, being yellow in color and quite hard. It is easily melted, in which condition it flows like molasses and is poured into steel projectiles.

On striking and entering a fortification or the armor-plate of a vessel, a cap or fuse, charged with fulminate of mercury, at the rear end of



FIG. 3. SAWING OFF A STICK OF DYNAMITE.

the projectile explodes the maximite, which in turn shatters the projectile into thousands of fragments and rends everything in its vicinity.

The fearfully destructive force of maximite can hardly be realized by any one who has not witnessed an explosion of a shell. The effect of a shattered shell is shown in Fig. 5.

Before this was fired it was a 1000-pound forged-steel projectile into which seventy pounds of maximite had been poured and allowed to solidify. After it had struck and exploded, in a sand-crib built for the test, there were more than 7000 fragments recovered and laid out on some boards, as shown in the photograph. There were undoubtedly many more fragments, but they were so fine that they passed through the sieve with the fine sand and were lost.

Imagine such a shell falling in the midst of a fortification or in a city where hundreds of people were on the streets! It would be hard to calculate the destruction to life and property, but it is safe to say that within a circle of hundreds of feet there would not be a living thing left.

Fig. 6 shows some fragments of a steel plate five and three quarter inches thick, put back into place after a maximite shell had pierced it. The illustration also shows some small fragments of the shell. These fragments did not make up the entire shell, however, as a good part of it was literally blown into bits too small to be recovered. The steel plate was erected in front of a sand-crib, which the explosion completely demolished, and a great hole was blown in the earth immediately below the spot where the explosion occurred.



FIG. 4. A LUMP OF MAXIMITE.

In this pit a dead sparrow and a crow with a broken wing were lying side by side. These birds had been struck by flying fragments of the shell and brought down out of the air, illustrating the enormous range covered by the flying missiles.

The numerous ragged fragments as they sped through the air, both in going up and coming



FIG. 5. SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF A SHATTERED SHELL. AT THE LEFT IS THE SHELL BEFORE IT WAS EXPLODED; AT THE RIGHT ARE MORE THAN 7000 PIECES, ALL THAT COULD BE RECOVERED OF THE SHELL AFTER EXPLODING.

down, produced a weird sound. The length of time this lasted told of the vast height to which the pieces must have been hurled. As one of the private soldiers who was present extravagantly put it, "The fragments seemed to be coming down for about half a day."

Such is the deadly work of the seemingly harmless material, but Mr. Maxim heats, burns, has penetrated, or become embedded in, the object at which it was aimed.

By very thorough tests at Sandy Hook, the United States government testing and proving ground, maximite has excelled everything thus far discovered as a powerful explosive for projectiles. In every detail it met the requirements of the government — for it had very high



FIG. 6. SHOWING FRAGMENTS OF A 5¾-INCH STEEL PLATE PUT BACK IN POSITION AFTER HAVING HAD A MAXIM SHELL EXPLODED IN IT. AT THE RIGHT ARE SHOWN SOME RECOVERED SMALLER FRAGMENTS OF THE PLATE.

melts, hammers, saws, or breaks it with a mallet, as if it were a mere lump of sulphur or chalk; and while it is not prudent to smoke in a "fireworks" laboratory, Mr. Maxim actually lighted a candle made of maximite at the stove, and deliberately lighted a cigar there, calmly blew it out, and proceeded with his interesting talk. Maximite differs from dynamite, lyddite, nitroglycerin, guncotton, and other highly explosive compounds in that it is less easily exploded and, therefore, much safer to handle and carry aboard a war-vessel.

It is also more deadly in its work, for a shell loaded with it does not explode until after it explosive power, and did not lose this force by being kept a long time; yet it could be safely handled, as it would not explode from any shock except that of the cap made especially for that purpose. Moreover, the shell loaded with maximite could be safely fired from big guns at high velocity, and would withstand the far greater shock of piercing the heaviest armor-plate before exploding.

Maximite also had these additional advantages: it could be produced at a low cost; it would melt at a low temperature; it could not be exploded by being set on fire — indeed, it could be melted over an open fire, and so there

was no danger in the process of filling projectiles with it. It would not explode from overheating, but would simply boil away like water if heated to a high temperature. Last of all,

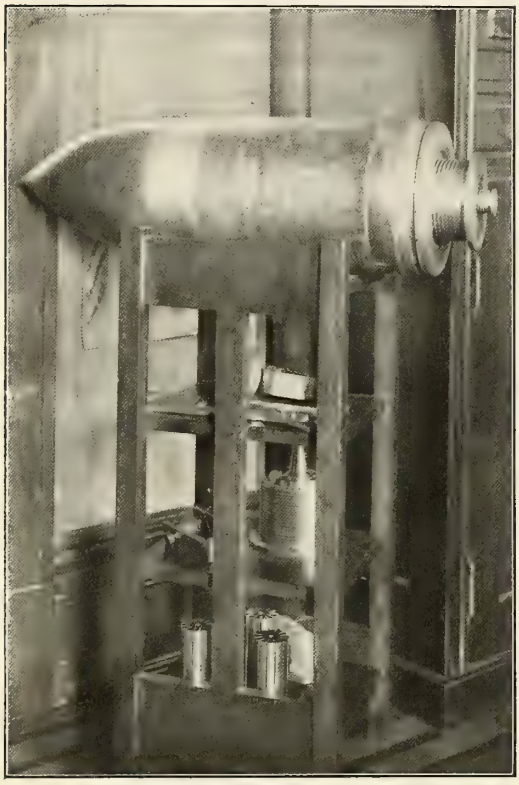


FIG. 7. SHOWING A MAXIMITE SHELL WITH THE DETONATING FUSE PARTLY UNSCREWED FROM THE PLUG.

it could be poured into the projectile in such a way as to form a solid mass that would not shift, even on striking armor-plate.

These requirements were set forth by the government, and of all the compounds that have been tested at the proving-grounds, maximite was the only one that came up to and exceeded

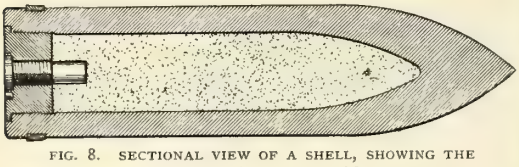


FIG. 8. SECTIONAL VIEW OF A SHELL, SHOWING THE CHARGE, PLUG, AND FUSE.

these specifications. As a result, negotiations were opened with Mr. Maxim, and our government became the possessor of the right to manufacture and use this deadly substance.

The tests at Sandy Hook were intensely interesting, and their history in detail would fill a large book; but in this brief description we can give little more than a hint of the remarkable properties of the compound which Mr. Maxim invented.

A shell was filled with maximite, but the fulminate cap was left out, and the shell was shot at a three-inch Harveyized nickel-steel plate. The forward half of the shell penetrated the plate, and the force with which it was shot flattened the end of the shell, cracked it open, and some of the maximite could be seen where it was forced through an opening. The shell rebounded from the plate about two hundred feet, and struck in front of the gun from which it was fired. But the maximite, lacking its own special fuse, did not explode.

One of the most important parts of the projectile is the detonating fuse or cap — that is, the part that explodes first and which in turn explodes the charge within the shell.

Fig. 7 shows a large shell on a stand with the screw-plug part-way out, also the detonat-



FIG. 9. FILLING A SHELL WITH MELTED MAXIMITE.

ing fuse partly unscrewed from the plug; Fig. 8 is a sectional view of a shell with charge, plug,



FIG. 10. MR. AND MRS. MAXIM FILLING THE CAPS WITH THE SECRET COMPOUND.

and fuse in their relative positions; and Fig. 9 shows how Mr. Maxim fills a shell with the melted maximite. While it is still soft the plug is screwed in, and as the maximite cools and expands it holds the plug solidly in place, and by its own action in cooling, the charge in the shell becomes compressed in the projectile.

Mr. Maxim has invented a controlling device for fuses which may be adapted to any type of fuse, and which will tend always to explode the projectile at the very shade of an instant desired — at least so far as this is possible as yet. For naturally it is a matter of exceedingly nice adjustment so to time its action that a fuse will explode the shell at exactly the right instant, when we remember that it requires but the one-thousandth part of a second for a projectile to pass through a plate.

It is necessary to employ a very powerful detonator in order to explode maximite after it has passed through the plate, and it is only by detonation that the shell can be exploded at all. The making of these fuses is a delicate and dangerous matter, and in many of the experiments both Mr. and Mrs. Maxim have risked their hands, and even their lives, to learn the secrets of certain chemical combinations.

Mr. Maxim has also invented a smokeless powder, and at Maxim, a small town near Lakewood in New Jersey, the well-known Maxim-Schuppans powder was developed.

It was here that Mr. Maxim met with the loss of his left hand, which was blown off; and while this hinders his individual work of experimenting, it has not abated his zeal in pursuing new theories and plans for new experiments.

The loss of his hand, the inventor often says, was the penalty for discovering maximite.

Smokeless powder is made in several forms: fine like powdered sugar, coarse like gravel, and in sticks in sizes from a quarter of an inch in diameter up to the diameter of a curtain-pole for large shells that are fired in the largest guns of the forts and navy.

Fig. 11 shows a few samples of sticks of smokeless powder; the holes extending through the pieces are to render them more inflammable so that the explosive gases may be formed more quickly than if the sticks were solid. They somewhat resemble horehound candy in appearance and color, and when ignited do not go up in a puff of smoke, like black powder as shown in Fig. 12, but burn longer and with a bright yellow flame, as in Fig. 13, free from smoke but leaving a peculiar pungent gas in the atmosphere.



FIG. 11. STICKS OF SMOKELESS POWDER.

The large grains or sticks of powder are protected by a coating on the outside which renders the burning slower and more uniform for large

guns, in which a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch is often produced. A large car-



FIG. 12. SETTING FIRE TO ORDINARY BLACK POWDER—LITTLE FLAME AND MUCH SMOKE.

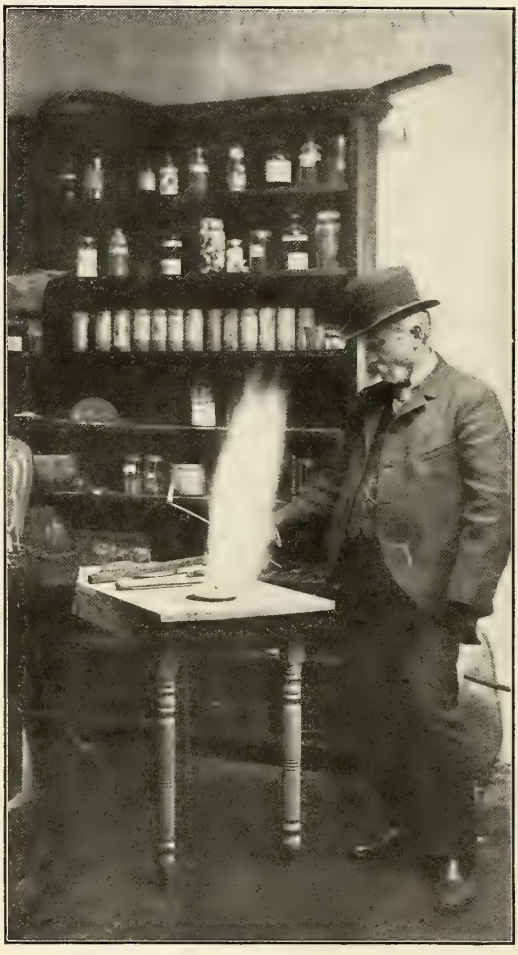


FIG. 13. SETTING FIRE TO SMOKELESS POWDER. THE LIGHT FLARE IS FLAME ONLY, *WITH NO SMOKE*.

tridge-shell full of this powder gives a terrific velocity to a projectile.

The shell itself is never loaded with powder. The powder is placed in the gun to throw the projectile, which is in turn shattered by the maximite charge when this charge is exploded by the fulminate cap. Thus three different compounds enter into each "business" charge of a gun.

"Now come down and have some refreshment before leaving," was the hospitable invitation of Mr. Maxim after I had finished a tour of his laboratory. And my host led the way to the cozy dining-room which is also his literary den and study; and here another surprise awaited me, in a Welsh rabbit, cooked in a chafing-dish over a lamp filled with—not alcohol, as you might think, but *nitroglycerin!*

At first I thought it to be a joke, but Mr. Maxim soon dispelled any doubt, for, blowing out the flame, he emptied a few drops into a teaspoon, proceeded to the rear yard, and exploded it with a noise like the report of a gun.

This was the climax to my day with this peaceable wizard of frightful explosives.

GUESSING SONGS.

By Henry Johnstone.

I.

My house upon my back I bear,
And so, however far I roam,
By climbing backward up my stair
In half a minute I 'm at home.

I travel slow, and never speak;
I 've horns — but never try to shove,
Because my horns are soft and weak,
Like fingers of an empty glove.

II.

Two servants listen, two look out,
Two fetch and carry for their share,
And two are sturdy knaves and stout,
Well used their master's weight to bear.

And may I not be proud and bold,
With eight such servants, tried and true,
That never wait until they 're told,
But know themselves what they 've to do?



AN ELFIN CELEBRATION.

By Oscar Llewellyn.

"Little Gnome, where are you going, I pray?
What is that bottle you 're carting away?"
"That, don't you see," said the wise little gnome,
"Is a thirteen-inch gun for my twenty-inch home.
I 've a fine stock of puff-balls, all ready to shoot,
And now, with this cannon, I 'll fire a salute."



"IN THE 'FAMILY JAR.'"

YOUNG AMERICA.

By Carolyn Wells.

FOURTH of July, they say, sir,
Is Independence Day, sir,
But really I am certain that there must be some mistake;
For people say, "Be quiet!"
And, "I won't have such riot!"
At every teeny-weeny noise that I may chance to make.

Why, when my gun exploded,
(I thought it was n't loaded),
My mother said, "You naughty boy, now stop that fearful noise!"
And then our cannon-crackers
(And my! but they *were* whackers!)
Made grandma say, "Oh, mercy me! you *must n't* do that, boys!"

"You 're much too young to handle
A bomb or Roman candle,"
They always say when I get near to where the fireworks are;
And for a little rocket
I put in Bobby's pocket
My father just now set me down inside the "family jar."

The caution and the warning
Begin at early morning:
It 's "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!" and so, unless I may
Choose my own celebration
For the birthday of our nation,
I don't see why I ought to call it *Independence* Day!



A SUMMER SUNDAY HOUR OF LONG AGO.



ONE OF LEWIS AND CLARK'S MEN — "A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE ROCKIES."

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."

JUST after the completion of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803,—which is commemorated by the World's Fair of this year at St. Louis,— the American Congress, urged by President Jefferson, authorized an expedition to explore the newly acquired territory. President Jefferson's private secretary, Meriwether Lewis, was appointed commander of this expedition, and he chose as his associate Captain William Clark, an old army friend.

A hundred years ago this month these intrepid men, with a small party of about thirty explorers, were well away on their journey up the Missouri River, as far as the mouth of the Platte. In May of the following year they had their first glimpse of the Rockies, and before that year (1805) was ended they had crossed the Great Range and pushed on to the Pacific Ocean by way of the Columbia River. During certain parts of their journey they endured great hardships, and for fifteen months they were cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was one of the most famous of American expeditions, and to the pluck and perseverance of this little band of explorers we owe the acquisition, later, of the territory now embraced in the three great States of our northwestern boundary — Washington, Oregon, and Idaho.

LIVE STOCK FOR THE COMMODORE.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

IN the year 1813 the Fourth of July fell on a Sunday; therefore the United States celebrated on the following Monday. This country was then right in the thick of its second war with Great Britain, but it saw no reason why it should not observe the Columbian Jubilee—as the Fourth was styled in those days.

In New York City the favorite place for celebrating the Jubilee was the Battery—then, as now, a park occupying the southernmost point of the town, and very beautiful with its grass and elms and maples, and the waters of the bay flashing in front. From here the people could look down the Upper Bay, lively with shipping, toward the Narrows; but at that time, beyond the Narrows, closely watching outside the Lower Bay and blockading the city, was a British squadron.

Since early in the year British ships had been doing this duty, and seriously interfering with New York's trade by water. Some vessels — in particular the daring privateersmen — managed to slip out and in, but traffic was being confined mainly to the bays.

Most annoying of all the British blockading force was the *Eagle*, one of the smaller vessels and a sort of assistant to the huge ship of the line, the *Poictiers*, seventy-four guns. The *Eagle* was constantly prowling about, on and off Sandy Hook Light, pouncing right and left upon whatever caught her fancy. Did a fishing-smack essay a cruise? Down swooped the *Eagle*, chased her, fired at her, overhauled her in haughty fashion, ignored her skipper, and in a high-and-mighty manner stripped her of anything and everything, from men to potatoes. Did drogher or lumber-schooner poke its nose above the horizon? Down swooped the *Eagle*. Whosoever would pass Sandy Hook Light must reckon with the pesky *Eagle*.

Consequently New York was always hearing, or reading in the papers, some tale of woe caused by the *Eagle*.

It was about time that the *Eagle's* wings were clipped, and the Columbian Jubilee was a very good day for the operation.

At Sandy Hook was stationed a flotilla of United States gunboats — useless for offense, but handy in defense; of no account as sailors, but good fighters at close range. The saucy *Eagle* had exasperated them, too; and their commander, Commodore Lewis, was very glad to assist in her capture.

A day or so before Jubilee, at a famous old pier known then as Fly Market Slip, a homely fishing-smack named the *Yankee* was borrowed from its owners and was smuggled down the coast a short distance. Here, in a sheltered cove, it was manned with forty volunteers; and twice as many would have enlisted for the sake of pulling the tail-feathers out of the *Eagle*.

Sailing-Master Percival, from the flotilla, was in command.

To a sailor on sea duty of several months there is no luxury like fresh meat, and the British squadron off New York was growing more and more ravenous for things not salty. The *Eagle* almost preferred bagging a pig to a marine. Therefore, as a bait, aboard the *Yankee* were taken a live sheep, and a live calf, and some other barn-yard dainties, and stowed in the hold — to be afterward placed on deck so as to be in plain sight at the right moment.

With the sheep *baa*-ing and the calf *maa*-ing, with ten armed men in the cabin, twenty-seven forward in the hold, and three, apparently unarmed, with Sailing-Master Percival, all clad in common fisherman's garb, on deck, early in the morning of Monday, the 5th, the *Yankee* left the cove and stood up along the coast as if

innocently bound on a fishing cruise to the Banks of Newfoundland or Nova Scotia.

At the same time the people of New York City were collecting on the Battery; for doubtless the Columbian Jubilee did not let folks sleep any later than does our Fourth of July. Besides, word had been passed around that *this* Jubilee was to be celebrated in a special way.

Shortly after noon the *Yankee*, with her load visible and invisible, was off Sandy Hook. The position of the channel made it necessary for her to pass close to the formidable *Poictiers*, who, with only a few of her sails set, was leisurely



"THE *POICTIERS* FIRED A FEW INEFFECTUAL SHOTS."

"THE POSITION OF THE CHANNEL MADE IT NECESSARY FOR THE *YANKEE* TO PASS CLOSE TO THE FORMIDABLE *POICTIERS*."

moving out to sea. The warship, having no quarrel with an unarmed and disreputable-looking fishing-smack, permitted her to proceed unmolested. The *Yankee* headed toward the Long Island shore, where it was thought the *Eagle* might be cruising.

Finally the officious *Eagle* spied her.

"Sail in sight, sir. About two points off our weather bow, sir," reported little Midshipman Price, aboard the Britisher, to Master's Mate Morris.

"Looks like a Yankee smack," murmured that officer as he scanned her through his glass. He felt his temper rising. "What does the rascal mean — trying to set out on a cruise when his Majesty says he sha'n't! A pretty idea, that! Shake out your jibs, sir!" he ordered to the midshipman. "We'll run him aboard and see what he's got."

Down slanted the *Eagle*, to intercept the hapless smack, which by this time had transferred its live stock to conspicuous positions on the deck.

Only the four fishermen, in old clothes, at the wheel or lounging around the deck, were to be observed on her. She did not promise much. But suddenly the eye of Master's Mate Morris glimpsed a calf.

"Hi!" he chuckled. "We want that calf — eh, Mr. Price? We'll send it down to the commodore. He's particularly fond of veal, I dare say, and he'll remember us for it."

Then he saw a sheep!

"What!" he exclaimed. "A sheep? The idea of a beggarly Yankee cod-hauler having mutton when his Majesty's officers are living on salt horse and pea-soup! We'll take that sheep, too!"

As they drew nearer to the chase he saw chickens!

"And chickens! D' ye mark 'em, Mr. Price? In a coop aft, there!"

And, at the array, the mouths of Master's Mate Morris and young Midshipman Price and the crew of the *Eagle* widened and watered.

The *Eagle* was now so near to the smack that a hail could be easily heard.

"Luff, or we'll run you down!" called Master's Mate Morris, coming close to the rail. "Heave to, and be quick about it!"

Of course there was nothing for the smack to do but obey. Her canvas fluttered in the breeze and her headway was checked. The men on her deck stared gawkily across at the English officers and the English marines, spick and span in their brilliant naval uniforms.

"Put down your helm, and report to the flagship, in the offing yonder," commanded Master's Mate Morris, gruffly. "Tell him I send the live stock, with my compliments."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the helmsman; but, as if in stupidity, he put his helm up instead of down, and the bows of the *Yankee* swung in toward the *Eagle*, not five yards distant, and scraped against her side.

"What's the matter with—" began Master's Mate Morris, furiously.

"Lawrence!" shouted Sailing-Master Percival, leveling a musket.

"Lawrence," the name of the gallant captain of the frigate *Chesapeake* captured by the Britisher *Shannon* a month previous, was the signal.

"Lawrence!" shouted back all his men, swarming from hatch and companionway.

In an instant a volley of musketry swept the *Eagle*, driving her people headlong below for shelter, and to care for four brave fellows who were badly wounded. These included Henry Morris, the commander, and Midshipman Price. So surprised and overwhelmed were they that they did not fire a shot.

The muskets were silent again. Upon seeing nobody left to resist on the *Eagle's* deck, Sailing-Master Percival had ordered his followers to cease firing. Presently a British marine cautiously emerged and shouted that they would surrender the vessel.

By this time the *Poictiers*, seeing what had happened, fired a few ineffectual shots. Deeming it wise, however, not to approach too near the New York defending flotilla, she did not venture to give chase.

The *Yankee* reported, with her prize, to Commodore Lewis, at Sandy Hook. Here, on the Hook, "with military honors and in a most respectful manner" (as say the papers of the day), were buried Master's Mate Morris and a marine.

Then through the Lower Bay, into the Narrows, and through the Upper Bay for New

York, proudly sailed the *Yankee*,—never fishing-smack was prouder,—accompanied by the plucky *Eagle*.

How the people gathered on the Battery cheered and cheered! Hurrah and three times three for the *Yankee* and her volunteers!

The *Yankee's* men were made much of by the populace. Sailing-Master Percival was officially thanked by the Navy Department at Washington; but poor little Midshipman Price died, and, "with every testimonial of respect," was laid to rest in Trinity churchyard.



LAZY WILLIE WILLOW.

See lazy Willie Willow
Asleep upon his pillow!
He does not know
The sun is high,
A-shining bright and fair;
Nor hear his little
Frisky skye
A-barking here and there;
Nor see the golden
Wheat and rye
A-nodding in the air;
Nor heed his mother's
Cheery cry
A-calling up the stair:

"Come, little Willie Willow,
Jump up and leave your pillow!"

Fie! lazy Willie Willow,
To hug your downy pillow,
When lassies sweep
And sew and bake,
A-singing as they go;
When laddies plant
And hoe and rake,
A-whistling down the row;
When all the world
Is wide awake,
A-rushing to and fro,
And not a soul
His ease doth take
Afore the sun is low!

"Come, little Willie Willow,
Jump up and leave your pillow!"

Elizabeth Olmis.

A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. Farjeon.

Chapter XXIV.

HOW THE CELEBRITIES WERE ENTERTAINED IN THE EVENING.

"By St. Jude!" exclaimed Henry VIII, as he entered the banqueting-hall with Queen Elizabeth on his arm. "This Marybud Lodge of thine, fair Lucy, is a very garden of flowers, and thou and thy sister the sweetest of them all. In good sooth, thou hast but to smile upon a bud, and it bursts into bloom. And this table, spread for our entertainment — ha, ha! and this menu, it likes us well."

In truth, a prettier dinner-table was never seen, with its glittering glass and china, its snow-white cloths and shining silver, and its low banks of flowers embedded in moss. The doors and walls were festooned, and so skilful was the arrangement that the flowers seemed to be growing where they were set. The celebrities expressed their admiration in various ways, and Queen Elizabeth murmured:

"'Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.'

Thou hast done well, child."

"I am glad you are pleased," said Lucy, "but you must give the praise to Lydia."

"No, no," said Lydia. "To Lucy."

"'T is a sweet contention," said Queen Elizabeth, smiling upon the girls, but the smile died away in a frown. "We had a sister who harbored not toward us sentiments so loving. But this is not the time for gloomy thought. The hour is

'Full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! Joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!'"

"What beautiful things you say, dear queen!" said Lucy.

"For the which, child, thank that Swan of Avon who left to his dear land a heritage of divinest song. What is here, forsooth? A posy?"

She placed it at her breast, and her example was followed by all the guests, by the side of whose napkins lay delicate posies of fern and flower.

The Headsman did not sit at the table. He was doing duty outside, pacing the ground between the two entrances to the Lodge, and had been promised a table to himself in another apartment later in the evening.

As for the dinner, the Marchioness of Barnet had done wonders. In consultation with Mme. Tussaud she had provided an astonishing number of choice dishes; and the menu prepared for the occasion deserves to be treasured as a memento. If there are any grammatical errors or wrong spelling in it Miss Pennyback is responsible for them, for to her was intrusted the task of writing them out in a fair, round hand. Here it is:

MENU.

Potages.

Potage à la Bonne Reine Bess.
Purée à la Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

Poissons.

Saumon à la Reine Mary des Ecossais. Sauce Tartare à la Guy Fawkes.
Truite à la Mme. Tussaud.
Filets de Sole à la Charles II.

Entrées.

Riz de Veau à la Houqua.
Chaufroid de Cotelettes de Mouton à la Richard III.

Relevés.

Poulardes à la Richard Cœur de Lion.
Quartier d'Agneau à la Roi gai Henry VIII.
Pommes de terre à la M. Scarlett.

Rôts.

Canetons à la Tom de la Pouce.
Pintades à la M. Bower.
Salade à l'Oliver Cromwell.

Entremets.

Asperges à la Loushkin.
Célestines d'Abricots à la Chère Petite Lucy.
Demoiselles d'Honneur à la Belle Lydia.
Café noir à l'Executioner.

This is as far as Miss Pennyback got; she did not venture upon the details of an elaborate dessert, leaving these and certain other delicacies as surprises for the guests. The wines were left to speak for themselves, which they were well able to do.

Sir Rowley, Flip of the Odd, and the maids, with shining faces and in their Sunday clothes, waited at table, and Henry VIII was so pleased with the menu that he remarked, with a joyous glance at Queen Elizabeth:

"By our Lady, we have never been more bountifully served!"

Belinda was leaving the room with her arms full when the remark was made, and there came to the ears of the guests a sudden crash of crockery, which caused Lucy to exclaim, "Oh, dear!" but her papa, like the good host he was, took no notice of it. Mirth and joy prevailed in the hearts of all except Richard III, whose nature was too sinister to join in the hilarity, and Lorimer Grimweed, who, despite that he had partaken of every course, was not quite easy in his mind respecting Mme. Tussaud. One toast only was proposed. Queen Elizabeth rapped upon the table, and all eyes were turned upon her. She raised her glass.

"To our dear Lucy and Lydia, sweet health and fair desires."

The enthusiasm was immense. Lucy's face was rosy-red, and it grew rosier-redder when she was called upon to respond to the toast. But to her great relief, Lydia at that moment rose to her feet, and bowing gracefully to the assembled company, looked around the table with a beaming smile, waited until the cheering had ceased, and then simply said:

"Thank you!"

All the glasses on the table rang out in musical applause, and Lucy's papa, with tears of



"'AND THIS MENU,' EXCLAIMED HENRY VIII, 'IT LIKES US WELL!'"

joy shining in his eyes, said under his breath, "Bless the dear girl! Bless *both* my dear girls!"

"Grimes! what a dinner I 've had!" thought Lorimer Grimweed. "It must have cost old Scarlett a little fortune."

Mme. Tussaud gave the signal to rise from the table.

"We will go all together to the drawing-room," she said, "where Harry Bower has a little entertainment for us."

They did not dare to dispute the old lady's commands, so they one and all trooped into the pretty drawing-room, wondering on the way what kind of amusement Harry Bower had in store for them. The white sheet he had hung at one end of the room stimulated their curiosity as they seated themselves in the chairs which had been placed for them and began to chatter as ordinary people do in a theater before the performances begin. Their chatter ceased when the room was darkened, and Lydia, who had seated herself at the piano, began to play soft music. Then there flashed before the astonished eyes of the celebrities the pictures of a magic lantern. Exclamations of wonder and delight escaped their lips.

"By our Lady!" exclaimed Henry VIII. "Harry of the Bower is a magician."

Great was the enthusiasm of Queen Elizabeth when upon the curtain there suddenly appeared the figure of Shakspere, which she vowed was a faithful presentment of her dear poet, "in his habit as he lived"; and when this was followed by a picture of Hermione garbed as a statue, she murmured:

> "'Oh, thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
> As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!'"

Still greater was her enthusiasm when dainty Ariel appeared, and Lydia sang, "Where the bee sucks, there suck I."

"'T is the old time come o'er again," murmured the fond queen.*

Harry Bower had provided a splendid collection of slides, and he had selected these especially for Queen Bess. Artful young man! With the majority of the company the most popular were the dissolving views, winter melting into spring, spring into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter with the snow falling, and the moving pictures, conjurers throwing balls, girls skipping, the flower in the flower-pot changing to a Turk's head, and the clown jumping through a hoop. Great stamping of feet, clapping of hands, and amazed exclamations of delight greeted each fresh tableau.

Harry Bower wound up his entertainment with the pictures which described the death and burial of poor Cock Robin, and to hear the celebrities joining in the chorus to each verse was something to be remembered:

> "All the birds in the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
> When they heard the bell toll for poor Cock Robin."

It was most affecting; and, indeed, several of the celebrities wore expressions of grief.

When the last chorus was sung and Cock Robin comfortably buried, the lights were turned up and they had games — "London Bridge is Falling Down," "Nuts in May," "Hunt the Slipper," "Musical Chairs," and others with which they were highly diverted. Not the least popular were the kissing games, in which Henry VIII came out in great force.

"Oh, dear," thought Lucy, when he caught her in his arms, "I 've been kissed by a king! But how rough they are!"

Then followed songs. Queen Elizabeth sang a love ditty, Henry VIII a hunting song, and Tom Thumb stood on a chair and gave them "Yankee Doodle." Of course Lucy and Lydia were called upon, and they sang very sweetly. Lydia's song was quite new, and this is how it ran:

> "Sweet Nature, good-morrow;
> Good-morrow, fair dame!
> The birds are awak'ning
> And praising thy name,
> The east is aflame.
>
> "The green earth lies smiling,
> Aroused from repose.
> How gentle, how coaxing
> The morning wind blows!
> 'T is courting the rose.

*Note for scholarly young readers (others may skip it). Her Majesty's allusions to and quotations from "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest" will settle the dispute as to the dates of the production of these plays — for surely in matters of importance occurring during her reign Queen Elizabeth is a final authority.

"Young life is awakened,
And ceases to dream.
See how the light dances
On yon silver stream,
With sunshine agleam.

"Oh, life, of thy gladness
And joy I will borrow!
Laugh, laugh, all ye woodlands,
And chase away sorrow.
Sweet Nature, good-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GOOD-BY AT THE DOOR.

THE clock struck ten, and Lorimer Grimweed for the last hour had been shifting uneasily in his chair. All this nonsense of singing and games had greatly annoyed him.

"Lucy dear," said Mme. Tussaud, "it is time for you and Lydia and your papa to get to bed."

"But what will *you* do?" asked Lucy. "It must be very uncomfortable sleeping in those horrid schoolrooms. Of course we have n't beds enough for all of you, but you and the ladies can sleep with Lydia and me, and we have got the spare room ready."

"We shall not need it, Lucy. Do as I tell you, and leave the rest to me. Do you all lock your doors when you retire?"

"No," answered Lucy, wondering at the question.

"Very good. Get you to bed."

Lucy did not hesitate. "Papa dear," she said, "you are so sleepy that you can hardly keep your eyes open. We are all going to bed."

"But our friends here — " he stammered.

"Will take care of themselves," said Mme. Tussaud. "We can do that, I think. We were not born yesterday."

There was no disputing that. Ah, how many thousands upon thousands of yesterdays had passed away since they first opened their eyes upon the world!

"Such a pleasant evening!" said Mme. Tussaud, as she wished her host good night.



LYDIA RESPONDING TO THE TOAST.

And, "Such a pleasant evening!" murmured the celebrities, as they did the same. "Thank you *so* much!"

"Come along, papa," said Lucy, handing him a chamber candlestick.

"Before you are twenty-four hours older," whispered Mme. Tussaud to him, "you shall have the new lease of Marybud Lodge, duly signed and sealed."

Lucy looked around upon the celebrities. "Oh, what a wonderful day!" she thought. "What a wonderful, wonderful day!"

Modestly and gracefully she and Lydia bade good night to their friends.

"Good night, fair Lydia," said Queen Elizabeth. "'Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end.' Good night, dear Lucy. 'Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.' Dost truly love me, child?"

"Truly, truly! With all my heart, dear queen!"

Elizabeth stooped and touched Lucy's cheek with her lips. The sweetest look of loving thanks shone in Lucy's eyes as she curtsied to the great queen.

Mme. Tussaud accompanied the sisters out into the passage.

"Shall we see you early to-morrow morning, dear Mme. Tussaud?" asked Lucy.

"No one knows what to-morrow will bring forth," answered the old lady. "Should I not be here, you will know where to find me. Well, upon my word, here is Harry Bower! Now, pray tell me, what does *he* want? A good-by at the door?"

With a roguish smile she turned her back upon the lovers.

It was rather singular, but certainly appropriate, that Queen Elizabeth's voice should be heard from within the room, saying:

"'Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I could say good night till it be morrow.'"

"There, there," said Mme. Tussaud, confronting the blushing Lydia and the happy young man, "do you hear what her Majesty is saying? Away with you, Harry Bower." She drove him gently back into the room, and, tenderly embracing the girls, promised that their horror, Lorimer Grimweed, should not trouble them much longer.



"LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN."

"When Lydia and Harry are married," she said, "I should like to be at the wedding, but I fear it will be impossible. Do not forget me, children."

"Do you think we could if we tried?" they said, throwing their arms round her neck. "And do you think we are going to try?"

She watched them till they were out of sight. They blew kisses to her as they went.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOW MME. TUSSAUD DEALT WITH MISS LUCINDA PENNYBACK AND MR. LORIMER GRIMWEED.

IT was while the good nights were being exchanged that Miss Pennyback adopted a bold course of action. She had been greatly excited by the remarkable incidents of this remarkable day, and so intense was her curiosity and her desire to witness what else might transpire that she squeezed herself into the smallest possible space, and kept in the background, hoping thereby to escape the eye of Mme. Tussaud; and taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, she slyly retreated behind a conveniently placed screen, where she remained unseen and, as she believed, unnoticed. But it was not alone her curiosity to witness the further proceedings of the celebrities that induced her to take this step. There was another reason, which she deemed of the greatest possible consequence, and which had thrown her into a state of delightful agitation. Earlier in the evening Lorimer Grimweed, when he and she thought no one was observing them, whispered into her ear the following soul-stirring words:

"I should like to speak to you privately before I leave Marybud Lodge to-night. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you."

Now what did this mysteriously confidential remark imply? This gallant young man — she thought of him as a young man, though he was nearer fifty than forty — had something of the utmost importance to say to her! And he had not made the remark aloud in an offhand manner, but had whispered it, actually whispered it, mind you, with his lips so close, oh, so very close to her ear! What *could* this imply? Was it possible that she had supplanted Miss Lydia in his affections? Was it possible that he intended that *she* should be the future Mrs. Grimweed instead of Miss Lydia? As she crouched (in rather an uncomfortable attitude, but what did that matter?) behind the screen she dwelt with rapture upon the delightful prospect. "Be still, my fluttering heart!" she whispered to herself. "Oh, my Lorimer — my noble, peerless Lorimer!"

But nothing escaped the watchful eye of Mme. Tussaud. She had seen Lorimer Grimweed whisper into Miss Pennyback's ear, she had seen that lady's sly retreat to a place of concealment. Mme. Tussaud was quite content; she even smiled. The real business of her visit and that of her celebrities had yet to be accomplished. Lydia must be released from the odious attentions of Lorimer Grimweed, and the new lease of Marybud Lodge must be signed; and in order to achieve these victories it was her intention to make Lorimer Grimweed sensible of the consequences if he dared to defy her. She had no doubt of her success, for who could resist the power of her magic cane?

When, therefore, she returned to the room she was pleased to observe that Miss Pennyback was still behind the screen, and she immediately prepared for action. Rapping smartly upon the table to stop the chattering of her celebrities, she thus addressed them:

"My celebrities, in the pleasures and enjoyments of the day we have said nothing of the task to perform which we journeyed to this delightful retreat where our dear Lucy and Lydia reside with their papa. Before we started I informed you that we were going into the country upon an affair of chivalry. We came here to rescue a fair damsel in distress, a mission which the chivalrous heart of England has ever gladly undertaken. You have not, I hope, forgotten my words."

"Nothing that falls from thy lips, Mme. la Tussaud," replied Henry VIII, with kingly dignity, "is likely to be forgotten by the Majesty of England. By the holy rood, what we came hither to perform, that we *will* perform. Our knightly word was given. Who breaketh his knightly word is false to his order, and shall himself be broken and dishonored. When the great King Alfred invested William of Malmesbury with a purple garment set with gems, and a Saxon sword with a golden sheath, it was no idle ceremony he performed. He bade his grandson remember that knighthood and chivalry were one, and that he must never be deaf to the plaint of a demoiselle."

"Thus spoke Segur, our garter king of arms," said Queen Elizabeth. "In the blood of knightly men run fealty, modesty, courtesy, self-denial, and valor. We wait to hear what further thou hast to say, madame."

"An if any here oppose thee we will deal with him," said Henry VIII.



"'MR. GRIMWEED — LORIMER — PROTECT ME!' SCREAMED MISS PENNYBACK." (SEE PAGE 828.)

"Our royal cousins speak our thoughts," said Richard Cœur de Lion. "We are of one mind."

He looked around, and all the celebrities nodded their heads and said: "We are of one mind."

"'T is well," said Henry VIII. "Proceed, Mme. la Tussaud."

"What is all the fuss about?" thought Lorimer Grimweed. "What do they mean by their damsel in distress?"

And Miss Pennyback, hidden behind the screen, inwardly congratulated herself upon her cleverness, and eagerly awaited what was to follow.

"We trust, madame," said Richard Cœur de Lion, "that the fair damsel you refer to is not that sweet child, Mlle. Lucy."

Mme. Tussaud did not reply, but held up her hand.

"Pardon, Richard, a moment," she said. "Assembled here as we are in solemn council, we must have no interlopers. Do you all agree with me, celebrities?"

"We all agree," they answered, as with one voice.

"No eavesdroppers or spies," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Eavesdroppers and spies!" roared Henry VIII. "An we catch any we will make short work of them."

Guy Fawkes rubbed his hands; Richard III's eyes gleamed; the Headsman raised his ax.

"Restrain yourselves, my celebrities," said Mme. Tussaud. "Our only desire is that justice shall be done."

As before they answered, "Justice shall be done."

Then Mme. Tussaud, in a loud voice, said:

"Miss Pennyback, come forth."

The screen trembled, and all their eyes were turned toward it, none with greater eagerness than those of Richard III and the Headsman.

"Do not give me occasion to repeat the lesson I gave you this morning," said Mme. Tussaud, sternly. "It is n't a bit of use hiding behind that screen. Lucinda Pennyback, come forth."

With tottering steps, and with a face into which she vainly strove to throw a brave expression, Miss Pennyback presented herself.

"Ha, ha!" cried Richard III. "A spy upon our royal council! We pronounce sentence! Executioner, to thy work!"

"Mr. Grimweed — Lorimer — protect me!" screamed Miss Pennyback, running toward him. At the same moment, the Headsman stepped nimbly forward, and with a sweep of his ax was about to strike when Mme. Tussaud touched both him and Richard III with her magic wand, and they became transfixed. Lorimer Grimweed, who showed no disposition to protect Miss Pennyback, who by this time had managed to get between him and the wall, gazed at them in fear and amazement. Their glaring eyes and motionless attitude filled him with terror, and he had what is called "the creeps" all over him.

"We can do without violence," said Mme. Tussaud. "As you perceive, Mr. Grimweed, we have at our command other means as effectual. I hold a power which none dare brave, and neither noble nor commoner shall defy my commands with impunity."

"Might I suggest the torture-chamber, madame?" said Guy Fawkes. "I have had some experience."

"No, nor that. I can manage the lady alone. Miss Pennyback, you heard me speak of spies and interlopers. In the business we have to do your presence is not needed. Lucinda Pennyback, go to bed!"

But Miss Pennyback, relieved from the terror inspired by the sentence pronounced by Richard III, and by Mme. Tussaud's statement that she would have no violence, and not having observed Lorimer Grimweed's disregard of her appeal for protection or his own frightened aspect, mustered sufficient courage to say in faltering accents:

"I am not accustomed to be ordered to bed, madam."

"Whether you are or not, you will obey. You will not? Very good."

Once again the magic cane was used, and Miss Pennyback, with arms outstretched, was fixed and motionless.

"Oh, grimes!" groaned Lorimer Grimweed. "This is awful! This is something awful!"

"You made the remark to me to-day, Mr. Grimweed," said Mme. Tussaud, "that seeing 's believing. Speak to her, and satisfy yourself that she has no more sense or feeling in her than a block of wood."

"I 'd r-r-rather n-n-not, if you w-w-would n't m-m-mind," he murmured, with chattering teeth.

"Oh, I don't mind. It is for those who defy me to mind. But I will give her one more chance." And with another touch of the magic cane Miss Pennyback was restored to consciousness.

"Where am I?" she exclaimed in a faint tone.

"Where you ought not to be, where you have no business to be," replied Mme. Tussaud. "Now, listen to my orders. You will retire to your sleeping-apartment, lock your chamber door, and get to bed. If you stir from it until eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will petrify you for an indefinite period of time, and then goodness knows what will become of you, for no one but myself can bring you back to life. Possibly the authorities, discovering you in that state, will set you in a glass case and put you in the British Museum. Take your choice."

One last feeble appeal did Miss Pennyback make to Lorimer Grimweed: "Mr. Grimweed!" But seeing that the magic cane was stretched toward her, she shrieked, "I will obey — I will obey!"

"Make your obeisance, and go," said Mme. Tussaud.

Shaking like an ill-set jelly, Miss Pennyback bent low to the celebrities, and tottered from the room.

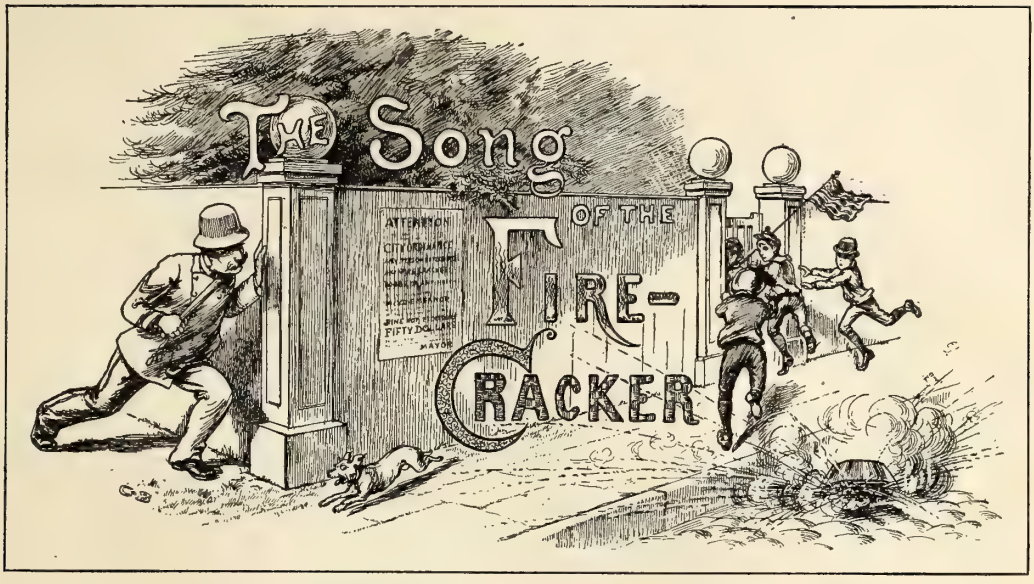
"If you will excuse me," said Lorimer Grimweed, in a cringing tone, "I will also retire. It is really time for me to get home."

"You will remain," said Mme. Tussaud. "Our business is now with you."

"Oh, but really, now," he protested, but collapsed when Henry VIII roared:

"Silence, varlet, or we will make short work of thee! Mme. la Tussaud, at your pleasure you will proceed with the indictment."

(To be concluded.)



By Ada Stewart Shelton.

With a fizz! and a boom! and a bang!
With a bang! and a boom! and a fizz!
Oh, this is the song the fire-cracker sang,
With the boom! and the bang! and the fizz!

"From the farthest of far-away lands,
From the land of the rice and bamboo,
By the cunning Chinee with his dexterous hands
We are molded and fashioned for you.

"Would it seem like the Fourth of July
Without our explosion and noise?
Oh, the men on parade march quietly by,
But the crackers belong to the boys.

"There 's no need for the sun to arouse
All the world on this Fourth of July;
For *we 're* up and we 're off, though the grown folk may drowse;
We awake the whole land when we try."

With a fizz! and a boom! and a bang!
To the very last sizzle and sigh,
Oh, these are the words that the fire-cracker sang:
"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!"

LLOYD'S LUCK.

By Fred Lockley, Jr.



HEN Lloyd's father told him that he had sold the farm, and that they were going to spend the summer camping out, Lloyd was very much delighted. His father and two other men had formed a partnership and were going to spend the summer in mining. They bought their provisions and mining outfit, and loading them in two wagons, they started. Lloyd's father and mother, with Lloyd and the provisions, were in one wagon; in the other were the two partners, with the picks, shovels, gold-pans, and the lumber for sluice-boxes and rockers.

When, after several days' traveling, they arrived at the place where they intended to mine, the men cut down some trees, and in the course of a week built a log cabin. They had planned to work a "placer claim." It had been mined long ago, when gold was first discovered in California, but not very thoroughly. Lloyd liked to watch the men shovel the dirt into the sluice-boxes and see the swift muddy water wash the rocks and coarse gravel out at the other end. They found the "dirt" was not very rich, and some days when they made a "clean-up" they would find a very small quantity of gold-dust in their riffles, less than half an ounce for a whole day's run.

Lloyd soon grew tired of watching the men work: he wished to do some mining all by himself; so his father, one evening after his own work, made him a little rocker out of the thin light boards of a dry-goods box, and every day Lloyd would play he was a miner. Finally he carried his rocker up the stream nearly a quarter of a mile above where his father was working.

One of the men had called to him, "Hello, rocker, where are you going with that boy?"

Lloyd looked back and said, "We 're going up the creek to find a claim of our own."

"Well, go ahead, and good luck to you!" they called after him.

Lloyd did not find much "color" along the creek, so he carried his rocker up a dry gulch that led into that stream.

Next day Lloyd dug till his hands were blistered and his back ached. He had been digging a hole where the ground was wet and soggy, so that he could get water to rock with. When he went back next morning he found that the hole was nearly full of muddy water that had seeped in from the spring. There was enough water to run the rocker for some time.

In one place at the lowest part of the gulch, near where his rocker was set, a rock cropped out a few inches. He did not know it at the time, but he had gone to the best place possible. A few inches below the surface he struck bed-rock. It was quite irregular. He took his shovel and scraped the rock, piling the gravel beside his rocker. He threw a shovelful of dirt into the hopper, dipped up some water, and started to rock. When the dirt and gravel had washed through the hopper, he lifted it off to throw away the coarser gravel and rocks that would not pass through the holes in the sheet-iron bottom of the hopper. As he did so he noticed a pretty rock he had thrown out. It was white, with yellow streaks in it. He found several more pieces, and put them in his pocket to ask his father what they were. He did not know that he had found some very rich gold quartz, but when he lifted up the hopper and saw a line of yellow along both of the riffles on the upper apron, he was enough of a miner to know that he had found rich pay dirt. The gold-dust was coarse, some of it being as large as grains of rice. He went to the camp and got a gold-pan so that he could clean up the rocker.

That night, when the men came to supper, Lloyd's mother said to her husband:

"Well, how did you do to-day? Did you have a good clean-up?"

Lloyd's father sighed and said: "No, little woman; I am sorry to say that our pay dirt is running out. I am afraid we made a mistake in not sticking to the farm.

"Well, Lloyd, how did *your* clean-up turn out?" his father asked.

Lloyd brought out the gold-pan and the pretty rocks, and handed them to his father. When the men caught sight of the coarse gold dust and nuggets in the pan, and the pieces of rich gold quartz, you should have heard them shout.

"Where did you find that?" they excitedly asked. "Come and show us!" And without waiting for supper they started for the place. Lloyd could hardly keep up with them, they walked so fast.

When they got to his rocker Lloyd showed them where he had shoveled up his dirt. Taking his pick, his father struck the rock that cropped up in the bottom of the gulch. He picked up a fragment that was broken off and looked at it. It was quartz heavily veined with gold. He handed it to his partners, and caught Lloyd up, tossed him in the air, and said:

"Our fortune is made! You 've found the ledge from which all the placer gold on the creek has come."

The men broke off several pieces of quartz and then covered up the outcropping ledge.

It was pretty late before any one went to sleep in camp that night. Next day one of the men drove over to the nearest town with a wagon, to buy picks and shovels, fuse and blasting powder. They called the mine "Lloyd's Luck," though his papa said it ought to be called "Lloyd's Pluck," because he had worked so hard. Several mining experts for big companies had assays made, and it proved a very valuable claim. Indeed, so valuable was it that in the course of a month Lloyd's father, who had all along felt that the life of a mining camp was too rough for his wife, sold out his share to his two partners, and, with Lloyd and his mother, returned to their farm, which they were now able to keep up as it never had been before, and to send Lloyd to college as soon as he became old enough to enter.



WATCHING THE AFTERNOON EXPRESS.

THE HARPY EAGLE.

By J. M. Gleeson.

One of the treasures and I think the greatest pet in the National Zoo in Washington, D. C., is the beautiful harpy eagle. So far as I know, this is the only one in a zoölogical collection, and I doubt if a finer specimen could be found in his native jungles in Central and South America.

For good behavior generally, and dignity of deportment, he is the model captive bird; nor is this merely the result of the taming influence of long captivity, for he has always been so, and you can see in his face that he could not well be otherwise. I know of no other beast or bird that can look at one with a more keen, intelligent, and searching expression; and he has never been known to make the wild, futile dashes against the bars of his prison that is characteristic of other eagles.

I must mention right here that, for reasons interesting only to scientists, he is really not accepted as a true eagle, as he possesses some of the attributes of the buzzard family; but to all appearances he is royal clean through, and when he draws himself up and raises his crown-like crest, he looks it completely.

Visitors sometimes make many strange mistakes when reading the signs attached to the cages. The polar bear is read and accepted as "parlor bear," and the harpy eagle as frequently is called the "happy eagle"; and I fancy that he is as happy as a bird can be. The interest he displays in everything about him is wonderful. Once I was painting a life-sized portrait of him, and when it was nearly completed I chanced to place it against the opposite wall in such a position that he could see it; this was purely accidental on my part, for I had never seen an animal notice in any way a drawing or painting. He noticed it at once, and fixed on it such a look of intelligent wonder and inquiry that I was filled with amazement. He thrust his head forward, then tilted it to one side, then to the other, exactly in the manner of people in looking at a picture; finally he jumped down from his perch and hopped over to the front of the cage to get a nearer look.

He was known to the Aztecs by the name of "winged wolf," and it is said that they used him for hunting purposes, as the falcon is used in Europe; and I can well believe it, for his beauty, intelligence, and high courage eminently fit him to be the servant and companion of man. He does not hesitate to attack game three times his size and weight; peccaries, monkeys, young deer, badgers, almost anything that moves in his native jungles, is his legitimate prey. His strength must be very great. No other bird possesses such powerful legs and feet. In my drawing I purposely selected a position rarely taken by him, in which they are fully exposed.

In size he equals any of our eagles. The wings are long and powerful; the tail is long and rather square; the head looks large on account of the crest and ruff which surround the face; the beak is very heavy and hooked, of a bluish color tipped with black; the eyes are deep-set and of a dark hazel color, the pupil, which is rather small, being black. The head, face, and upper part of neck are a rich gray. About the lower part of the neck and running into the breast-feathers is a broad collar of grayish black, which is the color of the back wings and upper surface of the tail. Many of the wing-feathers are edged with a thin line of white, giving a beautiful scale-armor effect. The breast-feathers are snowy white, one feather laid over another in a soft, fluffy manner. The upper parts of the legs are covered with soft gray feathers marked with thin semicircles of black; the legs and feet are lemon yellow; and the huge, horn-like claws are black; the under surface of the tail is almost white, broken by broad bars of black.

In a free state his cry is said to be loud and harsh, but in captivity I have never heard him make any sound.



THE HARPY EAGLE.

Drawn from life for St. Nicholas by J. M. Gleeson.

THE INDIAN BOY AT SCHOOL.





They brought him away from his prairie home,
From his comrades so wild and free
From the games and sports that were his delight,
And the plains where he longed to be;
For they fain would conquer his savage tastes,
And they hoped he might be beguiled —
Though an Indian boy — to follow along
In the trail of the white-man's child

How tame to him were the quiet haunts,
And the hum of the study hour,
When he longed on his bare-backed steed away
O'er the level fields to scour;
Or to poise himself on a giddy height
Where no white man would dare to go,
And send his arrow with fatal aim
To the deer in the vale below!



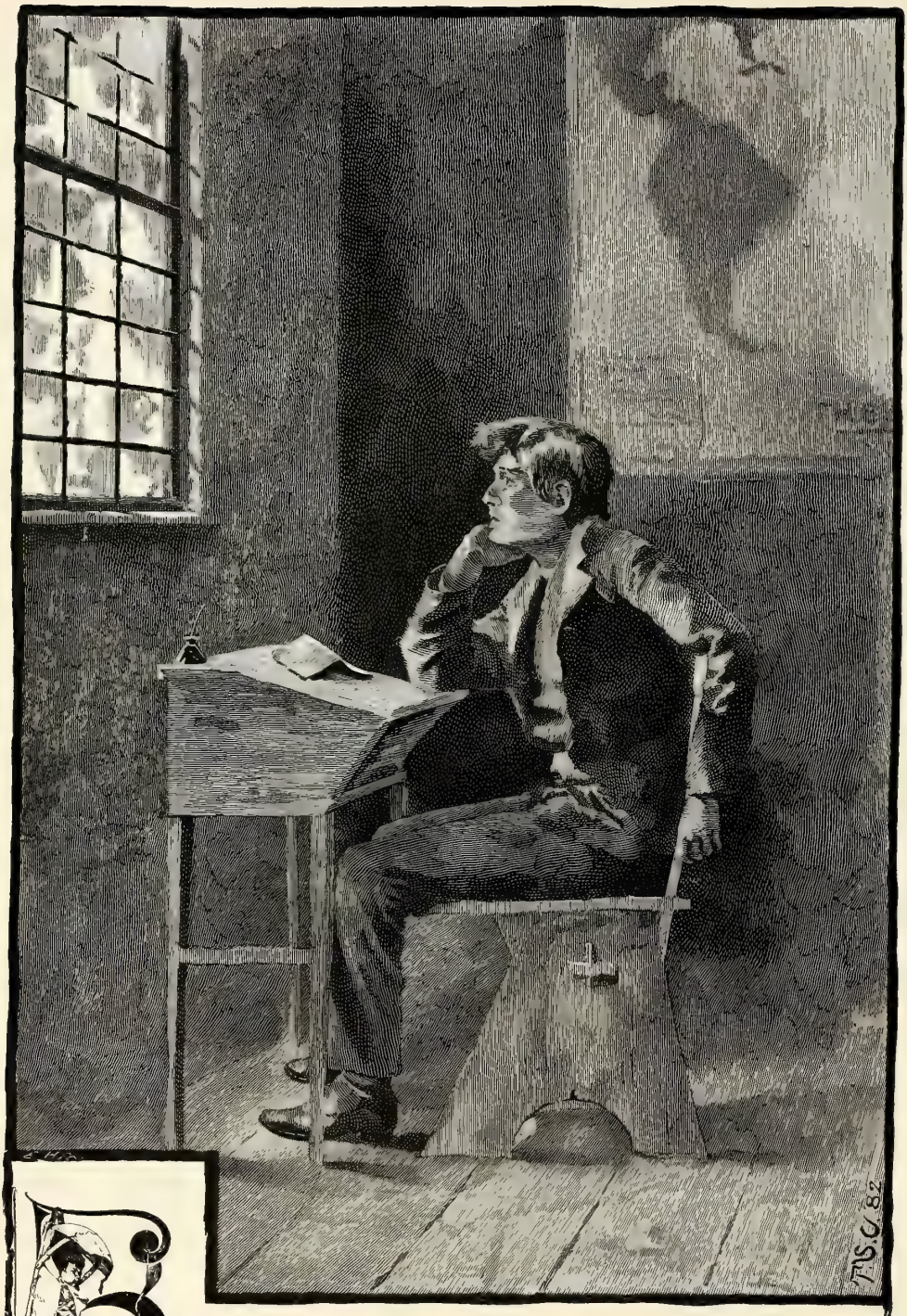


His people were warriors brave and strong!
His father a Ponca chief!
And many a scalp he had thought to win
Himself, in a warlike fief;
And now as he tossed on his narrow bed
His slumbers with dreams were rife
Of the tomahawk, and the deadly spear,
The arrow, and hunting-knife.





The humdrum lessons, the daily drill,
The training, were far too mild
To suit the taste of this savage boy,
This fierce and barbaric child;
And though he daily pursued his tasks,
And daily his lessons spelled,
The spirit within him, still unsubdued,
Each hour at his lot rebelled.



He longed as he sat at his dreary desk
To return to his distant home,





To flee from the spiritless, paleface ways
And — again a wild boy — to roam
In the pronghorn chase as in earlier years
— The years that were all too brief —
For his heart was the heart of an Indian brave
And the son of a Ponca chief.



One of Uncle Joey's Jokes



By Valentine Roe



JOHN HANCOCK GREENE was five years old, and had a grievance. His sister, Mariannina, was half-past six. It was Fourth of July, and all the other boys had fire-crackers, but Johnny had none.

But though there were no fire-crackers, there were six packages of torpedoes that Uncle Joey had bought for him and Mariannina. At first Johnny said he would take but one package; torpedoes were only for girls, anyhow. Like a martyr he singled out the smallest bag, and put five into his sister's pinafore. Sadly the two went out into the back yard.

"We 'll take turns out o' mine first, Ninny," said he. "First I frow, den you.

"P'r'aps, after all, we 'd better keep the bags all sep'rate," Johnny went on to say. "I take half the bags, and you take half."

But even with this careful management the torpedoes were soon gone.

Suddenly Mariannina had an idea. She picked up the torn cover of one of the exploded torpedoes. It was common white tissue-paper. She examined its contents. The torpedoes seemed to be made of sand and salt and things.

"Johnny," cried she, "supposing we *make* some torpedoes!"

"I don't believe dey 'll torpede," answered Johnny, gloomily.

"We can't tell till we try," said Ninny. "I 've got plenty of tissue-paper that came in the box with my beautiful wax doll."

"Oh, yes," said Johnny; "but what 's de stuffing made of?"

"What should you think it was?" asked Ninny.

"Looks like sand and gravel," replied Johnny. "But sand has n't got any fire-bang to it, 'cause I 've frowed it ever so many times."

"Perhaps red pepper would help," suggested Ninny. "Anyway, I 'm going to get some."

"You 'd better get bofe kinds of pepper!" cried Johnny, as Mariannina ran into the house.

Ninny soon returned with spice-box, scissors, and tissue-paper.

Ninny cut and Johnny mixed. Both children began to sneeze.

"Supposing it went off wiv a bang while I was mixing it," said prudent John Hancock. He turned his head and mixed at long range.

"First we 'll twist up two, just to try," said Ninny.

But just as they had finished the two, a curly head appeared above the high fence. The head belonged to Angelina Thurston; the children knew very well that she was standing on the rain-barrel.

"What you doin'?" she called.

"Oh, just making torpedoes," answered Johnny.

"Gi' — gi' me one?"

"I could n't exactly *give* 'em away," responded Johnny.

"Pooh!" said Angelina. "I don't believe they 're any good, anyhow!"

"Don't let 's fire off any till she 's gone," whispered Mariannina, "'cause if anything should happen that they would n't be good, she 'd laugh at us. Let 's make more."

Soon there was a fine large pile of beautifully formed torpedoes, looking for all the world like those you buy in the store.

"Now, then," said Mariannina, her cheeks red with excitement, "let 's try 'em. You try first."

She held her breath, and had her fingers ready to stop her ears. Johnny straightened himself, took aim, and furiously hurled one of the largest torpedoes against the stone. Alas and alas! It fell as noiselessly as a snowflake.

"It does n't torpede," said Johnny, plaintively.

He tried another, and another, with the same result. Those plump and beautiful torpedoes, half filling the little cart, were — failures!

Mariannina wept. But the dinner-bell rang and they went in.

Now all this time Uncle Joey, hidden behind the library blinds, had been chuckling quietly to himself. Still smiling, Uncle Joey opened the door of the library closet. On the top shelf were two packages of torpedoes, intended as a pleasant surprise. Uncle Joey slipped out into the yard and put them in place of the torpedoes the children had made.

After dinner the children went again into the shady yard. The little cart with its little load of torpedoes was still there. John Hancock picked up a torpedo, sighed, and let it fall. *Bang!* To his immense surprise that torpedo was a success! He tried another, and another. Oh, joy!

Then appeared Angelina on the rain-barrel.

"See our torpedoes?" cried Johnny. "Smell 'em? Hear 'em?" And he threw three together.

"I say, will you give me a cent's worth?" asked Angelina.

She tossed down a cent, while Johnny, standing on a soap-box, gave her five torpedoes.

Then Isabel and Amabel, the Bolton twins, sauntered into the yard. They had a cent between them; and seeing Angelina's purchase, they too wished to buy. Johnny sold them a cent's worth.

"Made 'em ourselves," he said airily.

"How did you do it?" asked the twins, in awe.

"Oh, it 's easy," answered Johnny. "Just take sand and salt and red pepper and black pepper, and twist 'em up in paper. I could do it wiv my eyes shut."

Johnny, intent upon proving to the twins the ease with which torpedoes could be made, mixed more "stuffing"; Mariannina cut two covers; and there were now two brand-new home-made torpedoes, one for Isabel and one for Amabel.

"Aim, fire, bang!" shouted Johnny. Isabel and Amabel obeyed. A painful surprise awaited them. The little white balls dropped as gently as kernels of popcorn.

Then Uncle Joey had to come out and set all things right in the eyes of everybody. When the truth was known, and Angelina and Isabel and Amabel found they had bought common store torpedoes, they objected.

"I only bought 'em," said Angelina, "'cause I thought they were home-made."

"So did we," added the twins.



ISABEL AND AMABEL.

"All right," said Uncle Joey, kindly; "bring the torpedoes and you can have your money."

"But we 've fired 'em all off."

"Well," replied Uncle Joey, "I suppose I shall have to pay you out of my own pocket." But as he had no change smaller than five-cent pieces, he was obliged to give five cents to Angelina, and five to the twins. Then it occurred to him that it was rather cruel to leave out John Hancock and Mariannina; so he gave five cents to each of these.

"Now," said he, looking around at the little group, "I hope everybody is satisfied."

But no! Isabel Bolton, the smaller of the twins, lifted up her voice and wept; for Amabel had taken charge of the Bolton five-cent piece, and Isabel's little fat hand was empty; and Uncle Joey got out one more five-cent piece to dry her tears, and then all was right again.



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

SEA-LIONS SWIMMING RAPIDLY, CATCHING FISH, AND SWALLOWING THEM WHOLE.

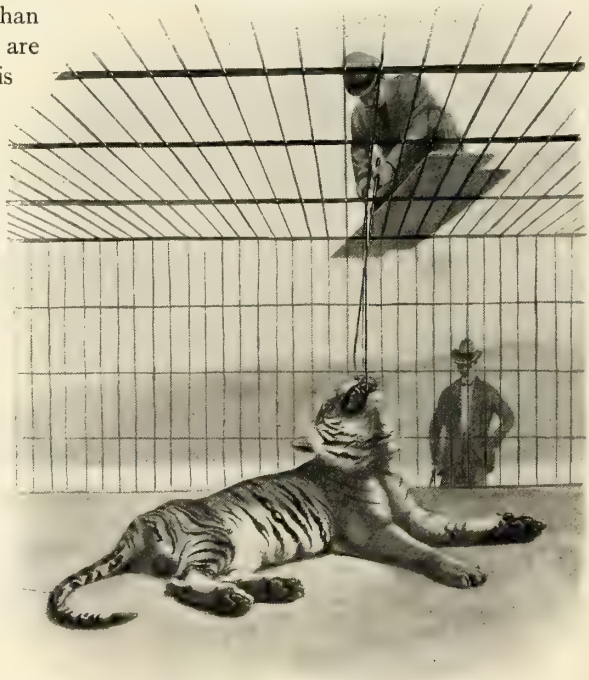
OBSERVATIONS AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO.

THOSE who are constantly associated with animals at a zoo see many comical and interesting sights, and keepers of such places have many stories to relate.

The sea-lions are very much "smarter" than their appearance suggests, and while they are always interesting, their method of feeding is one of the most amusing things in the gardens. The keeper brings to the edge of the pond a pail of fish, which average perhaps a foot in length, and flings each one as far out as he can, when the sea-lions, with amazing rapidity, swim to get them. I think that I have never yet seen a fish strike the water, as a lion catches it before it has time, and swallows it head first.

The sea-lion reminds one of a swift torpedo-boat, since he makes a similar "bow-and-stern wave" when he darts through the water. I am much interested in the art of swimming, and I felt curious to know how this expert manages to stop so suddenly. I find, upon investigation, that he does it by a quick downward turning of the fore flippers, with an extending of the hind ones, when the resistance of the water brings him up pretty short.

In this particular zoo is a very beautiful tiger, said to be the largest one in captivity. But if he would only move about as if he felt at home, and not be so dignified, we should be better pleased with him; yet the poor creature is excusable, because he has dys-



A NOVEL METHOD OF ADMINISTERING MEDICINE TO A TIGER.

pepsia, and his sufferings make him cross. One day the keeper decided to administer a dose of medicine, so with the bottle and a whip he climbed to the top of the cage. Was that tiger cross? You would have thought so if you had seen him throw back his great head and snap at the whip. The keeper, after enraging him, poured a little medicine down the lash, which he gradually withdrew, until in its place there was a tiny medicinal stream, at which the tiger kept biting and snapping, too much surprised, it seemed, to distinguish between whip and liquid. When he turned away his head the medicine was poured over his paws, and when he had licked them clean that day's treatment was completed. The difference between that dinner and the dessert was not great.

H. B. BRADFORD.

SOMETHING ABOUT ROCK-SALT.

IF you could get upon the back of a great bird and float far away over the southwestern part of our country you would see many strange and wonderful things. One of the most interesting of these is a vast desert which it would take days to cross if you had to walk. Sandy valleys and low mountain ridges of bare rock extend as far as you can see in every direction.

In this desert a whole year sometimes passes without any raindrops falling. The sun shines from a sky which is almost always clear, and in summer it beats down so fiercely that it seems as if it would burn up the earth.

Few people live in this desert country, for there are no streams of water, and the springs are so many miles apart that one has always to carry water when a journey is undertaken. Everything needed to eat has to be brought hundreds of miles. Peculiar plants which need very little water grow in the sand, but there are no trees. Animals and birds live there, but most of them seek the shade and are out of sight during the long, hot days. Some of the animals are very strange creatures, fitted to go for weeks and even months without any water other than that within their own bodies.

In the center of one of the most lonesome and dreary portions of this desert there is a cabin standing all alone. From a little distance it seems to be made of blocks of rough stone, but if you will look at these blocks closely you will find that they are clear and glassy. These are curious rocks with which to build a cabin. What can they be? They are not ice, for there is no water here, and, besides, ice would quickly melt under the hot sun.



A CABIN MADE OF PIECES OF ROCK-SALT.

Break off a piece and touch it to the tongue, for a taste may tell what you wish to know. You find that there is a taste, and that it is of salt. The cabin is made of pieces of salt—rock-salt, we call it, because it is quarried in solid pieces like rock. The walls, the fireplace, and the chimney are of salt. The framework of the roof alone is of wood, and this is hidden upon the outside by a layer of earth. This strange cabin is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

We all know how quickly salt dissolves when it is wet. The cabin has been built many years, but there is so little rain in the region in which it stands that the cabin is in as good condition



CRYSTALS OF ROCK-SALT.

as when first built. All that the rain has done to the cabin is to dissolve enough of the salt to cement and make one solid mass of the pieces in the walls. This has taken place in much the same way as the freezing together of blocks of ice after being exposed to the warm sun of a winter day.

Years ago some prospectors discovered a bed of salt here, and built the cabin to live in while quarrying the salt. They found at last that it cost too much to ship the salt out of the desert, and so abandoned their work.

If you could scrape off the sand from the broad valley in which the cabin stands, you would find the bed of salt extending perhaps for miles and looking for all the world like a frozen lake such as you enjoy skating upon. What a quantity of salt there is! It would supply the whole world for thousands of years.

The valley in which the salt lies is a real basin, for the land is higher all about. If the basin were filled with water the water could not run away. Once the basin was full of water, but it was long, long ago. The land in this part of southeastern California was not then as high as it is now. The Gulf of California reached many miles farther north, even to the basin where the salt cabin stands.

Then the earth began to rise, as though some giant below were lifting it. By and by the ocean ran back and left this rising land, but lakes remained here and there in the low places.

Through many years the water slowly dried up, passing away, as invisible little particles, into the dry air; but the salt which it contained—for you must know that all sea-water is salty—could not escape in this manner and so was left. At last, after the water was about gone, there remained a thick layer of glassy salt in the bottom of the basin. Then the winds blew and carried sand from the deserts about and hid the most of the salt from sight.

This is the story of the salt cabin and how one bed of rock-salt was made. In other parts of the world there are beds of rock-salt buried hundreds of feet below the surface. They have to be reached by deep shafts, which look much like wells.

HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS.

THE HONEY-BEE'S FOOT.

A WONDERFUL case of adaptation is shown in a honey-bee's foot, which consists of claws and a pad (called a pulvillus). Projecting from the lower side of this pulvillus are numerous hairs called tenent or holding hairs, which secrete a clear, sticky fluid that enables the bee to walk on smooth surfaces. The pulvillus may be used or not, as desired. When the bee is walking on a rough object the claws only are used, and the pulvillus is folded and turned upward (Fig. 1).



FIG. 1. WALKING ON A ROUGH SURFACE. PULVILLUS, OR PAD, THROWN BACK.

On a smooth surface the claws are turned down and backward and only the pulvillus is used (Fig. 2), and when the foot is to be removed the pulvillus is loosened by being rolled up from the edges, as you would remove a plaster—only, in this case, much more quickly. Cheshire, in his excellent book on "Bees and Bee Keeping," says: "The bee can fix and release each foot at least twenty times a second."

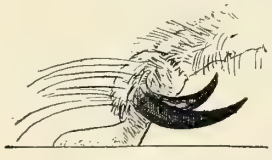


FIG. 2. WALKING ON A SMOOTH SURFACE. PULVILLUS IN ACTIVE USE, CLAWS THROWN BACK.



A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. HERBERT C. WILSON, PHOTOGRAPHER OF GOODSELL OBSERVATORY.

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH LIGHTNING.

Any boy or girl who has a camera and a good stock of patience may secure a photograph of lightning. The patience is needed in waiting for the lightning. When a thunder-shower comes at night, keep a sharp lookout for an opportunity to secure your picture. You cannot get a picture of lightning during every thunder-shower. Clouds or a heavy downpour of rain often conceals the flash from view, and we have "sheet-lightning." It is useless to photograph this, but you may by its light get an interesting picture of the landscape. When the sharp "chain-lightning" comes, select a window from which you can see it well, or, if it is not raining, go out of doors and set the camera on the tripod focused as for a distant view and pointed toward that quarter of the heavens in which the lightning is most frequent. The diaphragm should be set to the largest opening that is ever used, the slide drawn, and the lens uncovered as for a time exposure. Then follows a wait of one, two, five, or even twenty minutes, until a bright flash comes within the field of view of the camera, when the lightning takes its own picture. Then cover the lens, push in the slide, and you are ready to try again on a fresh plate.

Oliver P. Watts.

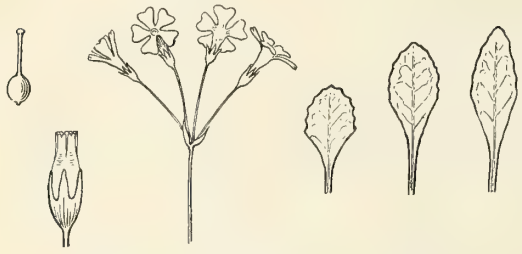
Mr. McFarland took the second photograph on this page with a 5 x 8 camera from an open window in his sleeping-room. A thunder-storm awakened him at night. He left the plate exposed for several hours.



A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. M. McFARLAND.

A LITTLE ARCTIC TRAVELER.

SEVERAL thousand years ago a little traveler was stranded in the northeastern part of the United States in a strange land, and with none of its friends near.



SKETCHES OF THE PARTS OF THE SUBARCTIC PRIMULA.

This little foreigner was a tiny plant, the subarctic primula, and you can easily guess that it was left behind by the great ice-sheet of the glacial period which at that time covered this region.

As the climate grew warmer, and the ice melted and receded, we all know that it left in its wake lakes and rivers that had never before existed, dug out gorges and formed waterfalls, and scattered all manner of glacial deposits.

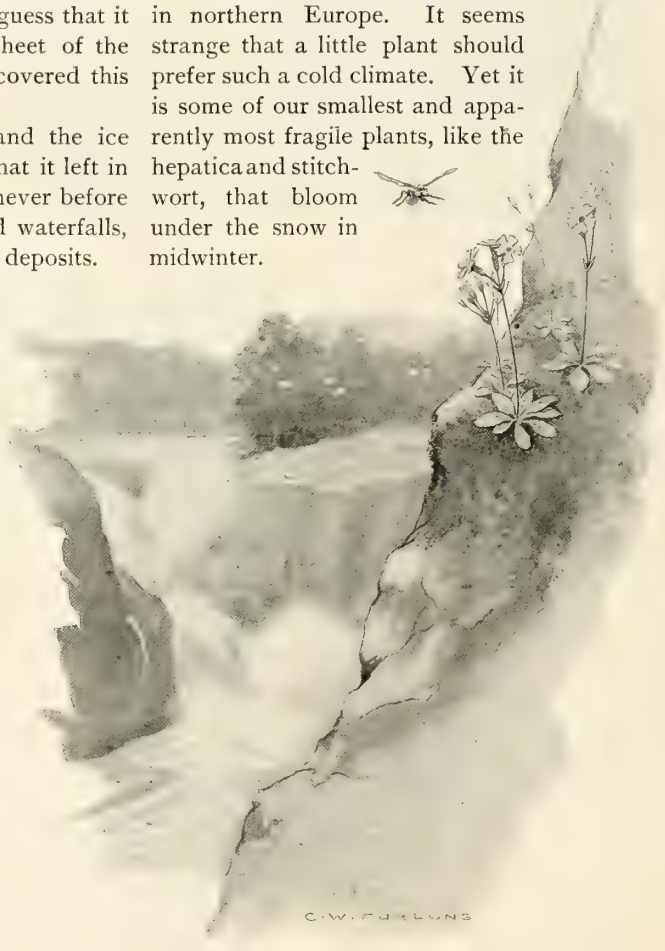
And it also left behind it, in these strange new surroundings, this delicate little plant of the primrose family.

The great mass of animal and plant life which survived the ice-sheet gave up its struggle for existence; but the sturdy primrose persevered and began looking about for the most natural place it could find for a home, finally deciding upon the shaded wet walls of the ravines then forming. It set bravely to work, making the best of its surroundings and adapting itself to them. This member of the primrose family closely resembles the rest in appearance, with the exception of being smaller; but only those of us who live along certain wet banks from Maine to Greenland, and west to central New York, Michigan, and the Northwest Territory are privileged to meet this particular species, and only from about the middle of May to the middle of June.

As they modestly cling to the dark, mossy rocks far up the south side of the gorges, sheltered from the sun and cooled by the spray, the delicate appearance of the masses of tender plants bearing the tiny pink star-like flowers gives us little idea of the rebuffs this plant has encountered and the hardships it has endured to become a little naturalized citizen of our temperate zone. EVA E. FURLONG.

You will find further descriptions of this little plant in the botanies under the name dwarf Canadian primrose (*Primula Mistassinica*).

The plant also occurs in places in northern Europe. It seems strange that a little plant should prefer such a cold climate. Yet it is some of our smallest and apparently most fragile plants, like the hepatica and stitchwort, that bloom under the snow in midwinter.



THE "LITTLE ARCTIC TRAVELER" GROWING ON THE SIDE OF THE LEDGE ABOVE THE FALLS.

"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW"

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

SOME MONKEYS CAN SWIM.

St. Helens,
Hastings, England.

Dear St. Nicholas: I saw in Nature and Science a query asking if monkeys can swim. Although it has been answered, I thought your readers might like to know that the monkeys of Bombay, India, will swim out to vessels anchored there for bits of food given to them by the sailors.

Yours very truly,
Freda M. Harrison (age 11).

WAS IT A METEOR?

Weathersfield Center, Vt.

Dear St. Nicholas: I like your Nature and Science department. I live on a farm. One day in April my sister was transplanting some plants on the piazza, and I was standing near. We heard a rumbling sound, which I thought might be a lumber-wagon going along the road. This noise continued for a few seconds. When it stopped we saw a column of something which looked like light smoke or fog rise from the ground about a quarter of a mile away. It was about as thick as a man, and rose straight up ten or fifteen feet or thereabouts, and went out of sight. We did not see or hear anything more, and, after waiting a little, I went down to the place. The place is a rather swampy mowing which we do not plow. It is quite rough, and has small trees and bushes scattered about in it. There are woods beyond, with a brook, which is about four feet wide and averages about nine inches deep, running through it. The "smoke" rose on the north side of a clump of elm-trees which were about ten feet tall. I did not see anything unusual at the place. Can you explain this?

Your interested reader,
Augustus W. Aldrich (age 16).

Apparently a small explosion of gunpowder would explain the phenomenon of the column of smoke and the noise. On the other hand, precisely such rumbling sounds, followed by a trail of smoke, attend aërolites or meteors, and it is quite possible that such was the case in the present instance. Observers generally estimate aërolites and smoke-trails as being near at hand, when they are really many miles away.—Professor Cleveland Abbe, Weather Bureau, Washington.

VARIATIONS IN LEAVES.

Oakland, Cal.

Dear St. Nicholas: I was making some pictures of leaves, and I noticed that my pansy leaves were all different. I have made four different kinds on a piece of paper and am going to send them to you.

Deborah Dunning.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I wish to know why three different kinds of leaves grow on the same stem; will you please tell me? I inclose you a sample. Good-by.

Your friend, T. Allen Mills, Jr.



VARIOUS FORMS OF LEAVES ON ONE BRANCH OF SASSAFRAS.
Note that the three forms are distinct in the small as well as in the large leaves.

Some plants and trees have each leaves of the same general type. Yet even among these a close examination will reveal the fact that no two are exactly alike.

Other plants and trees have leaves of two or more distinctly different types. Perhaps the most common and marked example is in the leaves of the sassafras. On one branch may be found three distinctly different designs—the solid form with unbroken outline, the "mitten" form, and the "three-pronged" form. Note the variations in size in relation to the best lighted parts of the tree or plant. Note also variations in the veinings and markings.

Examine also the leaves of tulip-tree, mulberry, and other trees with respect to variation. If you find any two exactly alike in size, outline, and veining, please press them and send to Nature and Science.

THE OSTRICH-FERN.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We were all very much interested last spring in watching the growth of a row of tall "river-ferns," as they call them, which grow in front of our piazza. They grow here in great numbers along the Housatonic, and had been planted near the house before we came here. Their growth seemed to be like ordinary ferns till just a little while ago, when some curious sprouts came up in the middle of each plant. One would imagine them fronds, except that they do not grow on the spiral. The ferns themselves are very tall—the largest I have ever seen.

These shoots are of a dark, disagreeable olive green, do not spread prettily, and are very thick and ugly. Do brakes act this way? for the plants seem much too large to be real ferns of a temperate climate. Inside the sprouts are tiny seeds (perhaps spores). We should all be glad to hear an explanation in your Nature and Science department.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH C. PORTER (age 15).



THE FERTILE FRONDS SOMEWHAT RESEMBLE OSTRICH-PLUMES.

The fern you describe, and of which you sent liberal specimens, is the ostrich-fern (*Struthiopteris Germanica*). The common name is due to an imagined likeness of the fronds to an ostrich-feather. This fern is the tallest of Eastern American ferns, and by many regarded as the handsomest.



THE OSTRICH-FERN BY THE RIVERSIDE.

In the illustration at the left our artist has represented the characteristic form and growth of these beautiful ferns by the riverside. The straight fruiting frond is shown in the center of each clump. It is these fertile fronds that resemble ostrich-plumes.

In "Our Ferns in their Haunts," Clute says of this fern:

It is at its best in the wet, sandy soil of a half-shaded island or river shore, and in such situations puts up

magnificent crowns of fronds that often reach a length of seven feet. In the northern United States there are many jungle-like thickets of this species in which a man of ordinary height may stand and be completely hidden.

A STORK'S NEST ON A CHIMNEY.

STRASSBURG, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The storks usually come to Strassburg in the first or middle of spring, but last year they were unusually early, coming the beginning of March. They are gradually becoming extinct. They build their nests on the tops of the tallest chimneys of Strassburg, as is shown in the photograph I inclose herewith. Last year there were thirteen nests. These nests are high and basket-shaped. One that we looked at from the top of the Cathedral has three young ones in it. The full-grown storks are about the size of a small turkey, although their bodies are very slim. The storks have long thin red legs and long red bills. Their feathers are white and the wings are tipped with long black feathers that wave like fringe when they fly. Their tail-feathers are black. The storks are very tame and we see one or two nests in all the tiny villages of Alsace. They fly away every year in October, returning to the same nests; but if any nest is destroyed by accident, they make a mournful sound, and fly away, never to return. The peasants believe the storks bring luck, so no one would wilfully destroy a nest.

Very respectfully,
BESSIE PARKER FRICK (age 11).



THE STORKS AND THEIR NEST ON THE CHIMNEY.



A PHŒBE'S NEST ON THE OVERTURNED COVER OF A DINNER-PAIL.

ROSLINDALE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to know about a nest built by a mother phœbe in a very queer place? It was in a shed, where one window was broken, so that the bird could fly in and out. There was a tin pail hanging on a beam. The last time the pail was taken down, the cover was put on upside down, and the phœbe built her nest in it, one side of the nest resting against the beam. The farmer who found the nest was very careful not to frighten the mother away, and there are now four little birds in it.

ELAS W. STONE (age 12).

The phœbe's favorite location is underneath a bridge, or in a rocky bank by a brookside.

THE POISON OF THE COBRA.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me what cobras' poison is made of that makes them so much more deadly than other snakes.

Your interested reader,
THOMAS MCKEAN DOWERS (age 10).

The venom of the cobra contains an ingredient not well known that acts upon the nerves. Its effects are rapid and difficult to counteract. This ingredient exists in the cobra's venom to a greater extent than the other substances that make up the poison. The poison of the viperine and crotaline snakes (the rattlesnakes, copperhead, moccasin, etc.) contains but a small percentage of this nerve-destroying (or paralyzing) element. The poison of these snakes acts principally upon the blood, and in consequence its action is slower.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY ELIZABETH M. T. WOOD (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

We talk and think of the relics that mark the events of old,
And many a silent story these voiceless things have told;
They tell us of heroes gallant, of many a siege and fight,
And illustrate their phantom tales with phantom pictures bright.
The Liberty Bell is cracked and old; it can no longer ring;
Without associations it would be a useless thing.
Yet on a summer morning still, a day in hot July,
The sun was shining on the streets, the river sparkled by,
When suddenly upon the breeze a bell rang loud and free;
In every note rebellion spoke, each note was liberty!
They rang it till its side was cracked, just as we see it now.
The housewife at her spindle heard, the farmer at his plow.
And that is why this ancient bell is treasured and preserved,
Like many another storied thing that has its country served.

The drawings this month were both good and numerous. We have had to make smaller reproductions of them than usual in order to get a fair representation in numbers. Some of the pictures are from old friends and their work shows continued improvement. Indeed, among these are drawings so good that it would be very hard to point out their faults.

Next to the drawings this month rank the true stories of dog heroism, and it is the editor's regret that more of these cannot be published. The fine intelligent dog that saves life, often at the risk of his own, is something we never cease to admire, and the story cannot be told too often.

One of the very best of these stories is one that we do not print as written, because three different members sent it in from Cleveland, where the remarkable incident occurred, and all told it so well that to print one would not be fair to the other two. This was the story:

A little curly-haired dog awoke one night to find smoke in the room where he had been sleeping. Immediately he ran to the bedroom of his master and pawed and scratched on the door until it was opened, when he plunged in and by every means he knew made it plain that something was wrong. The fire being discovered, the owner of the house and his family hurried out to a place of safety, forgetting the noble little dog. A window had been opened from the top in the master's room, and the draft had blown the door shut before the little animal, who waited until all were out, could make his escape. An effort was made to save him, but it was too late. One of the reports says that a little headstone now stands in the corner of the yard, and upon it is carved:

HERE LIES CURLY
A
DOG HERO
WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN
SAVING SIX.

Surely no hero ever more truly deserved to have his memory kept alive in the hearts of his debtors.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 55.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Elizabeth M. T. Wood** (age 12), Sayville, L. I., N. Y., and **Helene Mabel Sawyer** (age 12), 611 N. 4th St., Keokuk, Ia.

Silver badges, **Joseph R. Gousha** (age 14), De Kalb and Main streets, Norristown, Pa., and **Dorothy Walker** (age 14), Bawtry, Yorkshire, England.

Prose. Gold badges, **Elizabeth R. Eastman** (age 17), 33 S. High St., New Britain, Conn., and **Ruth Kinsey** (age 14), "The Glencoe," Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Martin Janowitz** (age 15), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., **Alice G. Peirce** (age 11), 54 Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J., and **Margaret F. Grant** (age 10), Armdale, N. W. Arm, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Drawing. Cash prize, **F. Miles Greenleaf** (age 17), 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb.

Gold badge, **Adelaide Durst** (age 15), 1911 W. Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, **Irene Gaylord Farnham** (age 11), Box 511, Laurium, Mich., **Jessie C. Shaw** (age 16), Box 837, Honolulu, H. I., and **Dorothy Longstreth** (age 13), cor. Penn and Knox streets, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Photography. Gold badges, **Gertrude Harris Reazor** (age 15), St. Mark's Rectory, West Orange, N. J., and **Harry Lefeber** (age 13), 84 W. Main St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Silver badges, **Heyliger de Windt** (age 13), Winnetka, Ill., and **Helen Seaman** (age 9), 290 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Mallards," by **John V. S. Bloodgood** (age 14), 56 W. 37th St., N. Y.

Second prize, "Deer," by **G. Herbert Duncan** (age 14), 92 Walmer Rd., Toronto, Can.

Third prize, "Coot's Nest," by **Katharine Monica Burton** (age 13), Highfield, Gainsborough, England.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Jennie Milliken** (age 16), 111 State St., Portland, Me., and **L. Arnold Post** (age 14), Stanfordville, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Juniata Fairfield** (age 9), 24 Cottage St., Ware, Mass., and **Marie B. Townsend** (age 7), Bolivar, Mo.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Marian A. Smith** (age 14), 2018 Hawthorne Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Mary R. Adam** (age 15), 16 W. Housatonic St., Pittsfield, Mass., and **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich.



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY GERTRUDE HARRIS REAZOR, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

TO THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY HELENE MABEL SAWYER (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A METAL thing thou art, and yet a shrine,
A lifeless object, yet one which creates
A throb of life within each human heart
That knows thy name, and what thy voice hath done.
This nation's progress thou hast watched, these years;
Hast seen its strife, hast witnessed all its woes;
Hast seen it thrive, expand, in liberty,
And then at last achieve its mighty name.
Never has man so great a task fulfilled
As this which thou hast done—this wondrous work
Of giving strength to men downcast, oppressed,
To meet the worst in freedom's mighty cause.
And now that peace has come, thou hast thy share,
For never more thou 'lt need—we hope and trust—
To send thy song of freedom o'er the land,
Or witness such another bloody strife.
And so rest on, creator of a race!
Thy worthy life should end in well-earned peace.
Rest, for thy work is done, thy task fulfilled,
Thy mission wrought, thy mighty tongue at rest.

A DOG HERO.

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A GOOD many years ago, when my mother was a young lady, there was a flood in the small Massachusetts town where she lived—not a very large flood, but one which carried away a number of buildings in the lower part of the town near the river.

My mother's home, being on higher ground, was not reached by the flood; but one of her little Sunday-school scholars, Johnny Scheip, was less fortunate. His home *was* flooded, and had it not been for the bravery of Johnny's dog, his baby sister would have been drowned.

The faithful dog, when the water reached the house, drove the frightened little chicks and their hen mamas on to the top of the hen-coop. Then he ran to the baby, and, catching her dress in his mouth, he dragged her hurriedly, yet with great care, down to the water's edge. Then, carefully holding her head above water, he half waded, half swam, out to the now floating hen-coop, and laid her gently upon it.

This novel craft with its strange crew sailed swiftly downstream, passing floating houses, chairs, tables, and every kind of furniture. All sorts of debris filled the river around it, yet it came into collision with nothing.

It floated safely on, baby and chickens quite wet and frightened, but unhurt, until finally the brave dog, swimming with the rapid current, pushed it ashore.

There he stood guard over his charges through the long night, the baby sleeping quietly with her head against the dog's soft body. And there Johnny found them all next morning, safe and sound.

How thankful the Scheips were to see their darling, whom they had given up for lost, and how proud they were of her rescuer, I can only imagine; but I am sure *I* should have been proud of such a hero.



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HARRY LEFEBER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY DOROTHY WALKER (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHEN the flowers are in the meadows
And the west wind whispers by,
When the whole bright world is singing
With the skylark in the sky,
When the streamlet murmurs softly
As it flows along the dale,
And each hedge is crowned in glory
With the hawthorn blossom pale,
Then our work seems dull and dreary
And we wish the clock to say:
"'T is time to ring the liberty bell
And put your books away."

A DOG HERO.

BY RUTH KINSEY (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

HE did n't save any one's life, or rush into danger at the risk of his own, but day in, day out, submitted to all sorts of indignities. He belonged to some friends of ours and his name was Seal.

Near our camp were some natural tubs, worn out of solid granite by the constant rush of the water.

It was our great delight to drag the poor dog up to these and souse him under. Up he would come, puffing and blowing, trying to scramble up the sides; but we had no mercy, and would push him under again and again.

As he was settling himself for a nap, we would grab him and dress him up in doll clothes, with a sun-bonnet on his head and a tight ribbon sash trailing in the dust. In these he would wander around until they were scraped off on some tree.

When we went to hunt pine-knots, Seal was hitched to a box without wheels; in this we stuffed all the heavy knots, and compelled him to drag it over stumps and stones to camp—grunting and complaining, but never offering to bite.

There was a large boulder near camp, which we would climb; its sides were steep, and it took practice to get up. How we ever conceived the idea of hoisting Seal up there, I don't know—but we did. I took his front legs, while Elinor hoisted from behind, and, pulling and scraping, we got him up. It was hard work for all concerned, but Seal took it philosophically, and jumped off as soon as he was fairly up.

In a deep crevice between two rocks we would push him, and stand at the opening and watch his frantic rushings to and fro. When we got tired of standing there we let him out, and he would lick our hands to thank us.

After the execution of King Charles, we would pretend that Seal was the unfortunate King, and would maul him unmercifully, and then tie him in the hammock and swing him in spite of his howlings.

Through all this he never lost his good nature, and was always ready for whatever came next, far nobler than his cruel tormentors.

He that ruleth his temper is greater than the mighty. If this applies to men, why not to Seal?—whom I consider a true hero.



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HELEN SEAMAN, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 17).

(*A Former Prize-winner.*)

RING out, great bell!
Thy story tell
Of liberty!
Not low nor sad,
But full of glad
Solemnity.

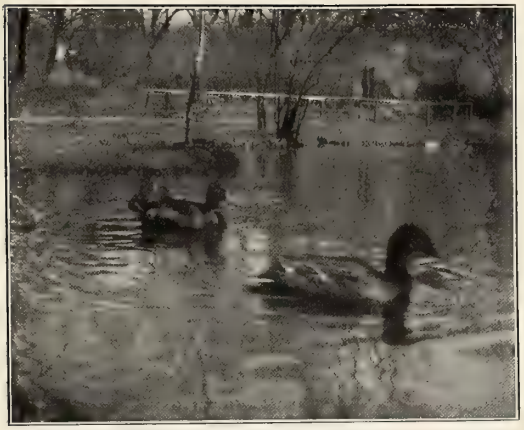
Ring loud! Ring long!
Proclaim thy song
Triumphantly!
The nation hears,
And, answering, cheers
Exultantly.

A DOG HERO.

BY MARGARET F. GRANT (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

AT Cow Bay, Halifax County, Nova Scotia, Rover, a Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Mosher, one day did a wonderful act. It was a stormy day; the surf was high, and from the lighthouse the watchman saw a small schooner dashing against the rocks, and being too rough to launch the lifeboat it seemed as if the schooner



"MALLARDS." BY JOHN V. S. BLOODGOOD, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

was doomed, but suddenly a bright idea struck them. Seizing hold of a long rope, they gave one end to the dog, and taking hold of the other end themselves, they pointed to the schooner. Rover seemed to understand. Dashing bravely into the water, he made for the schooner. Sometimes it seemed that he would be drowned; but no, he was up again, and plunging bravely on, he reached the schooner. The sailors took the rope from Rover, and tying it to the schooner, they went back on it. Rover swam back. The dog was promised a gold collar, but died before he got it. This happened about nine years ago.

OUR HEROIC LEO.

BY ALICE G. PEIRCE (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ONCE our mother owned two dogs. One was an Irish setter named Leo, the other a black English setter named Prince.

They were deadly enemies, and very jealous of each other.

If any one paid more attention to one than the other they would fight, and growled every time they saw each other.

One day mother was out driving, and Prince was running behind the carriage, when a ferocious bulldog ran out from a house close by and bit at him.

Of course that started a fight. It was a hard one, and Prince was getting the worst of it.

Leo was out with them, too, and had run quite a distance ahead up a steep hill.

Turning, he saw Prince was in a fight and getting the worst of it.

He ran back down the hill as fast as he could go, and, dashing into the fight, bit and tore at the bulldog.

The owner of the bulldog was standing near, and did all he could to stop the fight.

At last it was stopped, but Leo had saved the life of Prince, his enemy.

He knew; he lived right with him in the family; so he risked his own life to save his enemy's, and I think that was very brave and heroic.



"COOT'S NEST." BY KATHARINE MONICA BURTON, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

TO THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY JOSEPH R. GOUSHA (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ALTHOUGH thy tongue is now quite still,
And thou dost swing no more on high,
Thou hast a mission to fulfil
To generations passing by.

Thou mutely speak'st of heroes dead,
Who bravely for their country fought,
Of battle-fields with blood all red,
Of liberty so dearly bought.

Thy silent task is to teach all
That they shall guard, with all their might,
Their free, strong nation at the call,
And keep the glow of freedom bright.



"DEER." BY G. HERBERT DUNCAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

CONCERNING LOST BADGES.

As we have often announced, we will replace the regular League badge, free, in case of loss or injury.

We regret to say, however, that many prize-winners have lost their gold and silver badges, and have written to see if they could not purchase others in place of them.

In some instances and on certain conditions we have granted the request of the losers, but we cannot continue to do so. Prize-winners must value their honors enough to preserve them with such care that loss is well-nigh impossible, and if loss does come the gold and silver badges must hereafter be counted among those vanished things which *cannot be replaced.*

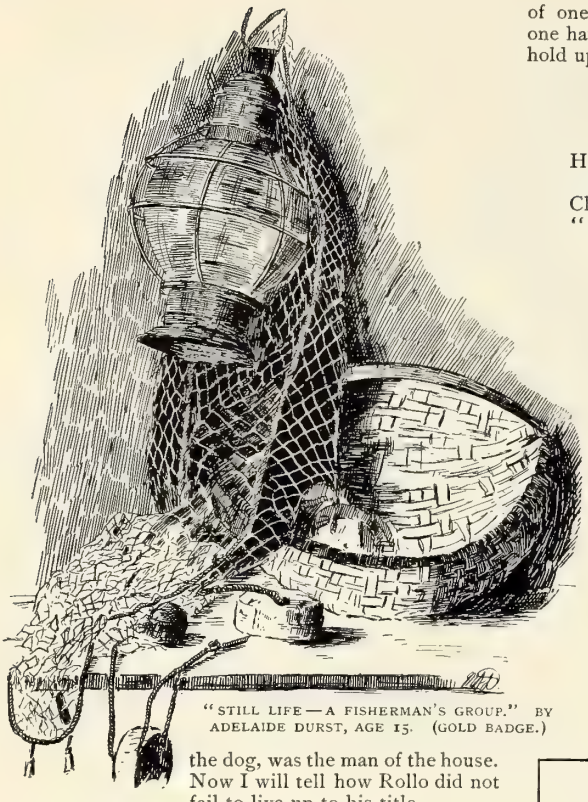
A DOG HERO.

BY MARTIN JANOWITZ

(AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

LITTLE Esther longed for a dog. So one day father brought one home —the cutest little terrier you ever saw. In a short time they were friends. Often they played housekeeping—Esther being the mother, a doll named Caroline the child, and Rollo,



"STILL LIFE — A FISHERMAN'S GROUP." BY ADELAIDE DURST, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

the dog, was the man of the house. Now I will tell how Rollo did not fail to live up to his title.

As we were sleeping, one night last summer, we were all awakened by a loud barking.

This aroused us.

Smoke greeted our nostrils as we came into the hall. It was pouring up the stairway in huge volumes. We knew what had occurred: Rollo had awakened us, for the house was afire! Half dressed we ran out into the street, which was fast filling with spectators. As we stood there shivering from the cool night wind, Rollo came running to us. Seeing Esther crying, he looked at her a moment, and then, before any one could stop him, he dashed into the burning building. Probably he was gone a minute, but it seemed an age before he returned. We saw there was something in his mouth when he approached us.

He ran up to Esther and laid it at her feet. Can you guess what it was? The doll, Caroline! Then you ought to have heard the crowd cheer! 'Rah after 'rah went up!

After the fire was out, there being no very heavy loss, we entered the home of one of our neighbors, Esther carrying her dog in one hand and with the other trying to carry the doll and hold up her little dress.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 14).

HARK to the clamor that spreads o'er a city!
List to the sound of a clear, ringing call;
Cheer after cheer the glad tidings reëcho:
"Brave independence and freedom to all!"

Swaying aloft in a high ancient steeple,
First to declare that the people are free,
Pealing the news to both country and city,
This is the bell that proclaims liberty.

Over and over it tells us the story—
Triumphant people exult in the sound:
"Free! we are free! Independence forever!"
All unjust tyranny dashed to the ground!

Now comes the struggle, a wrong to be righted;
Battles we fight, by our brave heroes led.
Glorious Union,—the pride of our nation,—
Know you the cost of the years that have fled?

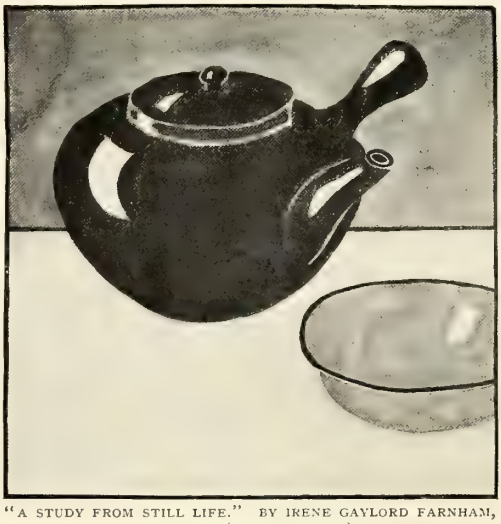
History's pages will tell us the story—
Fresh may it ever be kept in our minds!
Carefully, then, the old bell let us treasure:
Past deeds and present together it binds!

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a League badge and instruction leaflet, free, upon application.

A DOG HERO.

BY ALICE HARMON PEAVEY (AGE 15).



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY IRENE GAYLORD FARNHAM, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A FRIEND of mine, who lives on the coast of Maine, owned a large St. Bernard —a beautiful dog and very smart. He ran errands and played with the boys most of the time, and often went on long walks with them.

One day he started for a walk with a small boy of six. He was often with this boy, and seemed to think that it was his duty to take care of him.

On this particular day they were exploring the wharves, when they went out on the breakwater. The boy was playing on the edge when he suddenly jumped or fell off. The current, which was very strong, carried him down through the Narrows. The dog jumped into the water and swam to save his friend. He reached

the boy, and tried to swim to land, but was carried down by the current. The people on shore, seeing them, launched a boat and soon reached the dog, who was bravely holding up the boy. The men took the boy in the boat and started for the shore, thinking that the dog was able to swim there himself; but the current was too much for him, and he was carried out to sea and has never been seen since. The boy reached land safely, and is very grateful to his faithful friend.

MY GOOD-TIME DRESS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

SOME say I look best and am sweet as a rose,
Very dainty and nice from my head to my toes,
When all in my very best gown I am dressed.
But some people like my yellow one best;
It has queer little buttons all down the back,
And a ruffle of white and a plaiting of black,
And it 's 'most as good as my Sunday dress,
But you see mama got it for ten cents less.
And some people say—they don't all agree—
That my new blue muslin looks best on me;
It is tucked and ruffled and edged with pink,
And the minister likes it a lot, I think.
But the one I like is n't any of these;
It 's the one I can play in and do as I please,
And it 's just as common as common can be,
And nobody says it looks pretty on me:
But I 'd give all my best ones, and more, I guess,
If I could just live in my good-time dress.

A DOG HERO.

BY ANNETTE MACKAY (AGE 12).

ONE evening we were sitting round the fire, for it was a cold, rainy, ugly night, when we heard a little scratching and whining at the front door. I ran and opened it, and saw a poor, cowering, tiny Scotch terrier. I took him in and put him down by the fire, and ran to get some milk, which he lapped up eagerly. The next morning when I went to inquire about him I found that one of the gardeners had seen a farmer pass who picked him up and carried him off. We felt sorry to lose him. But that evening we heard another scratching. I ran to the door, and there was Midge, with a heavy rope eight feet long hanging behind him. His tongue was out and he was panting badly. I again took him in and petted him. The next morning a man appeared and demanded the dog, saying that he was his. We all felt so sorry about it that we decided to buy him.

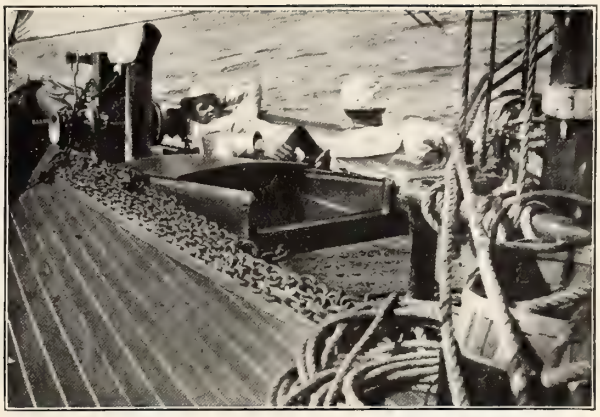
He was a dear little dog and very clever. On one occasion when a man went into a store, leaving his horses and sleigh outside, Midge saw the horses start to trot away. He jumped and caught the reins. He was dragged several yards, but he stopped the horses.

Another time old True, a large dog who was very old and blind, was lying in the avenue leading up to the house, when a large carriage drove up. Midge saw it coming and ran forward. Catching True by the tail, he tried to drag him away, but sleepy True would n't move. The coachman, seeing Midge's kind intentions, turned out.

Midge was the most important little dog I ever saw. He always ushered the horses out of the stable with loud barking, jumping up and down before them, sometimes turning a somersault in his excitement. Then he always went with the carriage.

Once when he was out with my aunt he ran ahead and then came back barking hard and jumping up and down, trying in every way to make the horses stop. My aunt, who had great confidence in him, sent some one ahead to see what was the matter. They found a bridge was broken away, and if they had gone down there they would probably have been killed.

I think Midge was a hero and ought to be remembered, don't you?



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY HEYLIGER DE WINDT, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A DECORATION FOR JULY." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

A DOG HERO.

BY MILDRED STANLEY FLECK (AGE 9).

DUDE is a very affectionate and intelligent dog. I don't know of what breed he is, but he is some kind of big, fat, woolly poodle, tan-colored, with flapping black ears—not at all heroic-looking. Somebody even called him a sponge. Nevertheless Dude is a hero, sponge or no sponge, and every old miner in Cripple Creek knows that.

About five or six years ago there was a bad cave-in at the Half Moon Mine, imprisoning five men, one of whom was Dude's former master. There was a small opening, enough to admit air, but not sufficiently large for a man to go through. It was believed that it would take several days to reach the imprisoned miners, and the question was how to get food to them. Dude's master shouted out, "Go get my dog. He will bring it to us." So Dude was brought, and for nearly a week he crawled back and forth through the narrow passage, carrying food

and drink, and never attempting to taste a morsel of it himself. At length the men were rescued and Dude was the hero of the hour. Dude is now living in the lap of luxury in Golden, feasting on custard-pie and grapes, and when he dies it will not be too much to carve for his epitaph, "Beloved by all who knew him."

A DOG HERO.

BY BERTHA H. FRASER (AGE 13).

MR. and Mrs. Lowell's three little girls were playing on the wharf of their summer home, which was situated on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario. The water was quite deep in that spot, but the mother and father were near at hand to see that no harm befell their darlings. The little ones played contentedly for some time, but finally Marjorie, the youngest, ventured too near the edge, and tumbled with a splash into the calm depths.

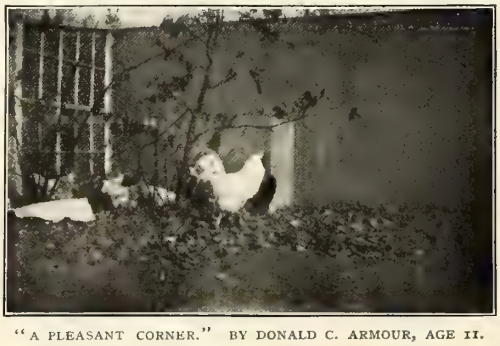
The parents sprang up and rushed to the wharf. But they were not quick enough. Waif, their beautiful Scotch collie dog, was before them. The noble animal jumped into the water, caught the neck of the child's dress in his mouth, and rescued her from a watery grave.

Of course the dog was petted and made much of. He loved candy, and a generous share was given to him, to his great delight. Marjorie was taken to the house, where she donned dry garments, and they thought that danger was over.

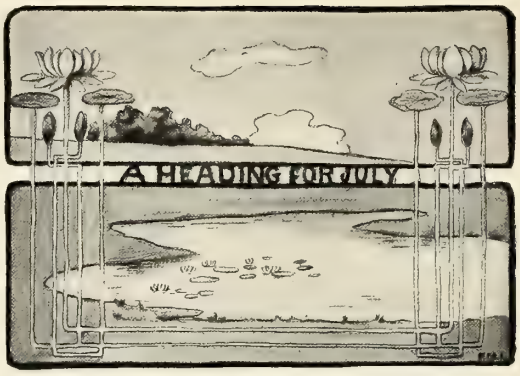


"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.

But more was destined to follow. The next day the children went, as usual, to the wharf, with Mr. Lowell accompanying them. For a time all went well. Suddenly, however, without a note of warning, Waif dashed into their midst and deliberately pushed one of the little girls over the edge. He immediately rescued her before the dazed gentleman could collect his scattered senses, and laid her at her father's feet. She was carried home at once, and the dog followed, crestfallen that his master did not pet him for his brave deed. He was given no candy that day, but received, instead, a severe scolding. This had the desired effect, for Waif never again attempted to gain extra pettings and portions of sweetmeats by that ruse.



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY DONALD C. ARMOUR, AGE 11.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY FRANCES LICHTEN, AGE 14.

A DOG HERO.

BY FRIEDA H. TELLKAMPF (AGE 13).

A FEW houses away from ours there lived a family who kept a fox-terrier named Gippy. He was clever and watchful, and every night would guard the house faithfully. One night he was wandering around the house, as usual, seeing if all was well. When he reached the dining-room a cloud of smoke rushed out and nearly suffocated him. He ran to his master's room (fortunately the door was open), jumped on his bed, and barked furiously. Soon the whole family was aroused, but not a moment too soon, as the flames were fast eating their way to the bedrooms. He had saved them all, and as a reward he wears a little gold medal on his collar with the following words engraved on it:

"This dog, named Gippy, has saved a family from a sure death in the flames."

Don't you think this was a dog hero?

A DOG HERO.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBÍ AYMAR (AGE 16).

IF you ever travel among the mountains of Corsica you may come upon the home of Fedele, a trusty dog who, by a curious coincidence, was named after that virtue which would later on render him famous and perhaps enable him to find a place in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS.

Fedele loved his master and the donkey Ferrajolo better than anything else. It was all through Ferrajolo that Fedele became a hero; for, you see, Fedele was not ambitious: he did this noble action only because he loved his master and his friend, which makes it all the more beautiful—at least, so it seems to me, but I am no judge. Let us continue.

One day Fedele woke to find the house in great commotion. Ferrajolo, the donkey, had disappeared. The servants searched everywhere for him, but he could not be found. At the close of day matters stood the same as in the morning and the prospect was not encour-

aging; but it was less so when the next day dawned and Fedele was gone also. The search was finally given up as hopeless, and when three days were gone by nobody thought of Ferrajolo and Fedele but to mourn for them. But what do you think happened on the fourth day? Through the loggia came the dog, Fedele, and close on his heels trotted Ferrajolo, with a rope tied round his neck and hanging loose at his side.

When the rope was examined it was found that Fedele had gnawed it apart from another piece, which perhaps is still fastened to the place those thieves had selected as the most suitable for their purpose.

My mother can answer for the truthfulness of this story, as at the age of seven she became acquainted with both Fedele and Ferrajolo.

N. B. In Italian *Fedele* signifies faithful, *Ferrajolo* smith, *loggia* an open gallery.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 15.

A DOG HERO.

BY MARION LOGAN KEAN (AGE 10).

In our family once there was a black shepherd dog named the Black Prince. He was very handsome and lively, but the nicest thing about him was that he was a very kind dog.

Whenever he heard a little child cry he would cry too, and would lick the child's hand. When visitors came to the house who had been kind to him, he would leap up with joy.

He would try to keep the cross dogs away, but welcomed the well-behaved dogs.

He lived on the campus of Central University in Kentucky.

One day he saw some of the college boys laughing together, and heard some distressed cries of one of his fellow-creatures. He ran to the rescue, and found the boys trying to tie a tin can to the stranger dog's tail.

Prince attracted so much attention by his sympathy for the poor victim that the college boys captured *him* instead, and tied the can on *his* tail, while his fellow-dog ran away without even saying "thank you."

A DOG HERO.

BY HENRY REGINALD CAREY (AGE 13).

In a pretty little village on Cape Cod there lived a parrot and a dog. The parrot, the pest of the neighborhood, was called Kakareeko, from the unknown word which he continually spoke. He was allowed to fly loose in the woods, one of his wings being cut, and often turned up in the most ridiculous places. The dog, who went by the name of Toby, was a white poodle, famous in the neighborhood for his swimming ability, sometimes following a small rowboat for hours.



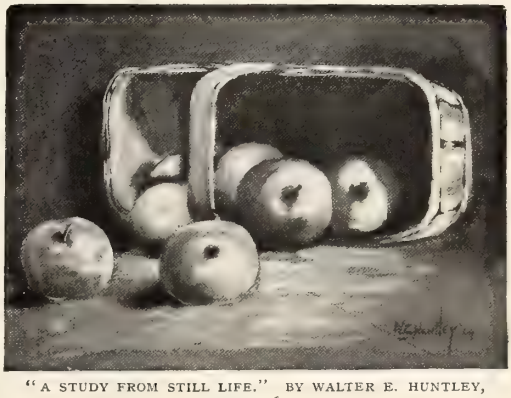
"A PIGTAILPIECE FOR JULY." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 11.

One day the parrot took it into his head to fly out to sea; but one of his wings being clipped, it was not very strong, and at last the poor bird sank into the water exhausted. The poodle, however, was near at hand, and, when he saw his friend Kakareeko drowning, he rushed to the rescue. When he reached him, the excited bird jumped upon his back, and during the whole journey homeward continued to screech his name with great vehemence. On nearing the shore, the two were seen, and were immediately rescued by a rowboat. Every one was delighted at the dog's bravery, but hardly so delighted at the result.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY EDNA MEAD (AGE 16).

In the year 1381, the peasants of England, little better than slaves, rose in rebellion against unjust taxation.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY WALTER E. HUNTLEY, AGE 16.

The tax they most wished to escape was that levied on the head of each person above a certified age. Many of them had barely enough for the necessities of life and must starve if they complied.

The collectors were brutal men, and one day one of them spoke insultingly to the daughter of one Wat Tyler, a blacksmith.

The father, enraged, struck the man a blow with his hammer, killing him instantly. This deed was the spark which kindled the smoldering flame of discontent, and from that moment the peasants revolted. Forming themselves into a band with Tyler at their head, they marched toward the capital.

London was not then what it is now. One was not of the "city" unless he dwelt within "Temple

Bar." Outside that line, what is to-day part of the great thoroughfare was then an expanse of fair meadows.

In one of these meadows, called Blackheath, the insurrectionists made their camp, and, after destroying much life and property, sent a message desiring to see the king, Richard II, who was then a lad of sixteen. Though only a boy, he had a brave heart, and, accompanied by a few attendants, he set forth from the Tower (where he had taken refuge) to meet the peasants.

When Richard arrived at Blackheath, Tyler stepped forward, grasped his bridle, and began to parley in such insolent terms that Walworth, Mayor of London, unable to contain his wrath, drew his sword and struck the rebel leader dead. The populace, seeing their leader fall, prepared to take revenge, when the king, bidding his retainers remain behind, rode forward alone into their midst.

There was a moment of silence while Richard, with fearless countenance, began to speak.

"Are ye angry at losing your leader, my good people?" he said. "I am your king: I will be your leader."

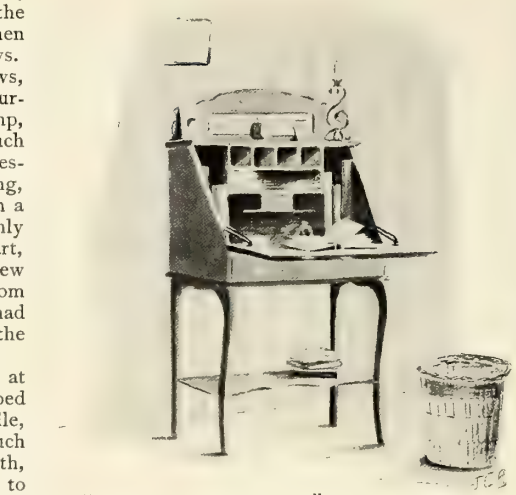
Overawed by his presence and gentle bearing, the mass wavered a moment, then lowered their weapons in submission. Richard asked their wish, and when they replied, "Freedom," granted it, and they dispersed in peace.

Poor Richard! His later life was sad enough! But whenever I think of that deed I forget the man and see only the young king turning away the wrath of his people with a gentle hand and ruling them with love.

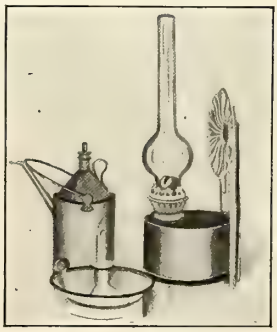
MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM A. R. RUSSUM (AGE 13).

THERE are many daring incidents recorded in the annals of our native land at the time when the thirteen colonies, planted along the Atlantic, were struggling with might and main for liberty and independence. One that I especially admire, and which remains a fine example of American courage, is Israel Putnam's bold plunge down the rocky steep at Horse Neck. His men had been forced to retreat, the enemy were hard on his heels, and there seemed to be no hope of escape. As he was racing along on his noble steed he saw on one side of the road a steep and rocky slope. Ten to one it was instant death; yet, rather than yield to his pursuers, he turned his horse's head toward the slope. Without a moment's delay the daring animal left the road, bounded on to the rocks, and, as chance would have it, escaped with himself and his brave rider wholly uninjured, while the British soldiers, dumfounded, halted at the roadside and dared not follow.



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY JESSIE CANDEE ARCHER, AGE 16.



"STILL LIFE." BY ETHEL MESSERVY, AGE 14.



"JULY." BY ANNIE COOD HUTCHINGS HUTCHINGS, AGE 9.

LETTERS.

WINSTED, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had our chapter, which is No. 622, one year now, and have taken in two new members, Mabel Girard of Winsted and Alice Cone of Hartford, Vt. At first we called our chapter "The Wild Rose Chapter," but we have now changed it to "The Rosa Natura Chapter," which is the Latin for wild rose.



"JULY." BY ELSA CLARK, AGE 9. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

On our anniversary night, which was January 27, we all met at our President's house, made candy and played games. We had a fine time.

We meet every two weeks at the different members' houses, and enjoy our meetings very much. We are reading "A Comedy in Wax" aloud at the meetings and are very much interested in it. We are wondering how it will end. We have a paper which we call "The Mystical Gazette." It is read at the first meeting of every month, and consists of poems, stories, advertisements, and local items. We all contribute something and greatly enjoy hearing it read. We do not sign our own names to our contributions, but have each taken a name.

We were going to give a private entertainment this month and had decided to act "Deaf Uncle Zed"; but one of our members has gone to Colorado, so we cannot carry out our plans, but we may find some other to act.

Yours truly,
GLADYS MANCHESTER, Secretary.

FORT SCOTT, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was visiting my aunt out in the Zuni Mountains, in New Mexico, about a year ago, and I am going to try to describe to you one of the most curious things I saw while I was there.

My aunt's home was in a little mining camp called Copperton, just at the foot of "Tip Top" Mountain. One day we went on a picnic, and we started in the afternoon. We had to take plenty of provisions, as we were going to be gone several days. Toward the end of our journey we came to a large hole in the ground. Off of that there opened a smaller hole shaped like a cave. We could hear the wind blowing, and an icy cold breeze came out of it. I put my hand in it, but I had to take it out again very quickly, as it was so cold it would have frozen. Outside it was very warm and we could see nothing but sand. Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, your loving reader,

MARGARET PENNIMAN (age 11).

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This summer I am going to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada, where I was last summer. It is directly opposite Fort Niagara, where my great-grandfather was stationed during the War of 1812. You can imagine how interesting it is to see the place where one of my relatives was stationed.

When you print the League Notes again, I would like to have a correspondent about my own age (16), who is interested in collecting postal cards. I have just started, and so far have just forty; some are used and others are not.

I hope I shall get a prize for either the picture or the story I sent in, as I have gotten on both Honor Rolls.

I have a friend who corresponds with Alleine Langford, who won a gold badge for verse in the April number.

I am your devoted reader,
EDITH M. ANDREWS.



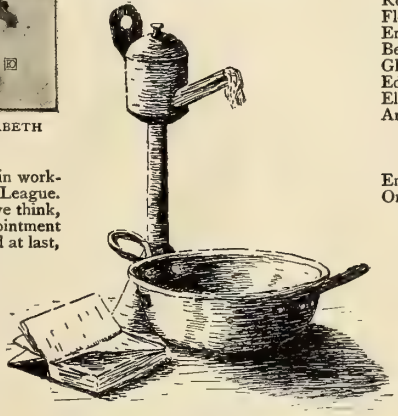
"JULY." BY DOROTHY LONGSTRETH, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"STILL LIFE." BY ELIZABETH OTIS, AGE 16.

SAWKILL, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The St. Nicholas League has proven to be just what thousands of bright boys and girls need in their homes. Of my own beautiful prizes, I can say that I value them far more when I think of the weary months of waiting before the glad news came at last that — I had won! In the future I may win "greater and higher achievements," but still the happy memories of other days will come thronging to me — memories of the pleasant hours spent in working for the St. Nicholas League. Oh, if you only knew what we think, how we feel, when disappointment comes month after month, and at last, when the goal of our struggles is reached, we know that patience and perseverance have taught us the well-known lesson, "It is worth while to keep on." I am very fond of poetry (my lovely badges and cash prize were awarded for that), and I think your poems are even better than your stories. I remember one of your verses that says,



"STILL LIFE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 11.

"Though tangled hard
Life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it."

Some days when it seems just as if everything goes wrong, I find that some lines just like those are what is needed to "straighten things out." But I must stop chattering and say good-by now. I am sending a little Easter booklet, wishing every League member, too, the happiest of Easters.

Your loving friend and appreciative reader,
MABEL C. STARK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to extend toward you my sincere thanks for the pretty silver badge, received Saturday. I was most agreeably surprised, not expecting it anywhere near so soon. I also wish to thank you again for the gold badge received last June. Every one who has seen it declares that it is a most beautiful pin, and I need not tell you that I think exactly the same.

I think I can safely say that it is the St. Nicholas League to which I am indebted, as much as anything else, for any improvement in my pictures. The League's competitions brought me to understand that if I wished my work compared with others' I must make a great improvement in the character of it.

Wishing you long life and success, and hoping others may be thus benefited, I remain

Yours truly,
JOHN S. PERRY.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Mary E. Ross, Phœbe Wilkinson, Katharine Oliver, Berta Branch, Harriette Kyler Pease, Harold G. Breul, Marion Thomas, Anna Zucker, Frances Raymond, Katherine Lee, Dorothea M. Dexter, Louisa F. Spear, Charles M. Jackson, John V. S. Bloodgood, Alleine Langford, Laura Gardin, Hazel Dixon, Fannie Crawford Golding, Lucile Dolman, A. Brownie Samsell, and H. J. Simons.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Doris Francklyn
Mabel Fletcher
Robert L. Wolf
Florence Du Bois
Emily Rose Burt
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Gladys Edgerton
Edith J. Minaker
Elizabeth McCormick
Arthur Perring Howard

VERSE 2.

Emmeline Bradshaw
Ona Ringwood
Lydia Starr Ferguson
Gertrude I. Folts
Helen Spear
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Natalie D. Wurts
Robert E. Dundon
Amalia E. Lautz
Richard H. Phillips
Mary Travis Heward
Juliette Gates
Doris Neel
Jacob Schmucker
Clara P. Pond
Mildred Andrus
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Corolyn Bulley
Mary Van Wormer
Lucile D. Woodling
Marguerite Weed
Arthur K. Hulme
Nathalie Mary Hensel
Bernice Brown
Emmet Russell
Dorothy Carson
Delia Ellen Champlin
Leone Bashfield
Catharine H. Straker
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Katherine Lee
Harold R. Norris
Gerald Jackson Pyle
Adelaide Nichols
Sophie Jacobson
Coit U. Fanning
Katharine Goetz
Marguerite W. Watson
Eugenie B. Baker
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Tracy M. Kugler

PROSE 1.

Cyril B. Harpster
Kenneth W. Payne
Elsie F. Weil
Helen W. Kennedy
Alice R. De Ford
Frances Lubbe Ross
Betty Millet
Frieda Hug
Ivy Varian Walshe
Altje Ahrens
Helen Mabry Boucher Ballard
Beatrice Lang
Emma L. Jones
Edward Graeme Allen
Janet E. Stevenson
Marion Phelps
Isabella McGhee Tyson
Isabel D. Weaver
Martha Olcott Willis
Frances Renshaw Latzke



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY PERCIVAL WHITTLESEY, AGE 12.



"JULY." BY MARY DANIEL GORDON, AGE 10.

PROSE 2.

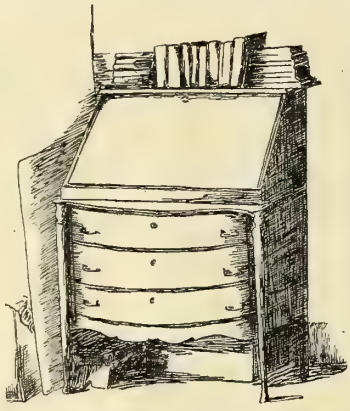
Ruth F. Eliot
Phyllis M. Clarke
Alice M. Perkins
Carrie M. Vehlen
Fern C. Patten
Lucile Doty
Eloise E. Garstin
Theodore Posner
Dorothy Stoddard
Helen J. Simpson
Daisy Errington Brettel
Kathleen Seagraves
Jeannie Read Sampson
Mary Nimmons
Bernard T. Ellis
Elizabeth Parker
Margeree W. Pitts
Ethel Dickson
Douglas L. Dunbar
Ruth McBride
Harriette E. Cushman
Katharine G. Thomas
Julia Ford Fiebeger
Jessie Robertson Maclaren
Dorothy Elizabeth True
Sarah Brown
Catherine Flint
Alice du Pont
Albert T. Case
George Warren Brett
Jean Ellerlie
Hilda M. Ryan
Annie Dunlap
Katrina Van Dyck
Dorothy Gardiner
Madeleine H. Webster
Hazel Rotholz
Emily N. Steuart
Evelyn Wilcox
Susan J. Appleton
Francis Leeming
Harding Wilcox
Frances Brookman
Charles Greenman
Agnes Lee Bryant
Lucile Dolman
Fannie J. Frank
Laura Portmann
George S. White
William Hays Ballard
Dorothy P. Phillips
Samuel Merrill Foster
Chester T. Swinnerton
William Barton Marsh

DRAWINGS 1.

James Rowland Joiner
Margaret A. Dobson
Nancy Huntly
Robert E. Andrews
J. H. Daugherty
John D. Butler
Josephine J. Cooke
Eleanor Mason
Ruth Jenkins
Isabella Holt
Lena Towsley
Harold Breul
Helen L. Wilson
M. McKeon
Herbert Martini
Miles S. Gates
Philip Little
Margaret Wrong
Katherine Maude Merriam
Alpha H. Furley
Melville C. Levey

DRAWINGS 2.

Elizabeth Bacon Hutchings
Ida Waters
Hugh Spencer
Meade Bolton
Cordner H. Smith
Mildred C. Jones
Maisie Smith
Gretchen Neuburger
Minnie Gwyn
Caroline Latzke
Doretta Oppenheim
Carl Lohse
Marjorie Verschoyle
Fannie Crawford Golding
Wesley R. De Lappe
Bessie Townley Griffith
Helen Stevens
Muriel Ivinney
Helena B. Pfeifer
Robert W. Foulke
Zena Parker
Marion K. Cott
Florence Webster
Constance Ellen Whitten
Fred Graham
Sidney Moise
Jacob Bacon



"STILL LIFE." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 12.

Bertha V. Emmerson
Charles J. Novey
Ruth Caldwell
Will Herrick
Carolyn Fisher
Genevieve A. Ledgerwood
Anna Skidmore
Margaret Spence Smith
Charlotte Waugh
Ethel Irwin
Edward Poppert
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Edith A. Jordan
Hermann Louis Schaffer
Lauren Ford
Bessie R. Wright
Felix Nicola Gayton
Louise Gleason
W. Earle Fisher
Helen D. Huntington
Vernon M. Dodge
Alice Wangenheim
James Benedict
Eric Ferguson
Walter Burton Nourse
Vieva Marie Fisher
Benjamin Hasselman
Stuart Crandall
Helen F. Jones
P. M. Shaw
Dorothy C. King
Clinton Brown
Esther Cooke Cowell
Walter C. Hoban
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Eunice McGilvra
Margaret Josenhans
Alison L. Strathy
Mildred Scott
Margaret S. Gamble
Warford E. Rowland
Grace F. Slack
Edith Wallace Palmer
Leland H. Lyon
Margaret Rhodes
Mary A. Woods
Marcia Gardner
Juliet Borden
Marguerite Rutlege
Hazel Elwell
Marion Decker
William C. Engle
Julian Tilton
Mary Cooper
Margaret B. Richardson
Jeannette Irvin
Ridgely Marshall
Marguerite Jervis
John Sinclair
Harold F. Elliott
Isobel H. Blackader
Donald W. Campbell
Henry Wickenden
Catherine Leland
Robert McGregor
Gladys Bigelow
Horatio Raymond
John R. Boyle
Dorothy Decker
Charlotte St. George Nourse
Dorothy Holt
H. Walter Blumenthal
Carolyn Hutchings
Laurence De Can
Irving L. Beach
Mildred Wheat
James Barrett
Elizabeth Fishblate
Queenabelle Smith
Marguerite McCormick
Louis Hastings
Winifred Jones
Julia E. Halleck
Charles Cohen
Elinor Colby
Paul M. Brunig
Herbert W. Landau
Alma Elllingson
Emily W. Browne
John A. Helwig
Evelyn Oliver Foster

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

C. L. Barnwell
F. Scholle
Louise Van Dyck
R. Dana Skinner
Mary W. Woodman
Adelaide Gillis
Ruth P. Brown
Elsa Hempl
Freda Phillips
Rosalie Day
Philip A. Burton
Frank W. Reynolds
John Gatch
Harold Madman
Roger S. Hoar
Donald Jackson
Dorothy Arnold

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

J. Arthur Richardson
Samuel D. Robbins
Charlotte Spence
Herbert H. Bell
Florence R. T. Smith
Drayton Burrill
Edith M. Andrews
Margaret Scott
Canema Bowers
Elizabeth Morrison
Helen Schmidt
Dorothy C. Saunders
H. J. Simons
Edith M. Gates
Floyd Godfrey
Alice Walton
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Karl M. Mann
Bonner Pennybacker
Morrison N. Stiles
Alec B. Morris
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Harold K. Schoff
Florence Short
Helen Le Roy Miller
Henry B. Duncan, Jr.
Aubrey Huston
Kathleen Bertrand
Stella J. Underhill
Dan Heald
William D. Stroud
Marguerite Hunt
Alice Garland
Olive A. Granger
Donald F. Cranor
Elsie Wormser
Benjamin D. Hitz
H. Ernest Bell
Paul Wormser
Gertrude M. Howland
Margaret W. Colgate
Madeleine Harding
Vincent M. Ward
Josephine W. Pitman
Mildred Francis
Kenneth Tapscott
O. R. Turner
Mary Louise Russell
Gladys Summerhays
Abraham Weintraub
Charles S. Smith
Archibald S. Macdonald
Marjorie Martin Blatchford
Fred W. Bell

PUZZLES 1.

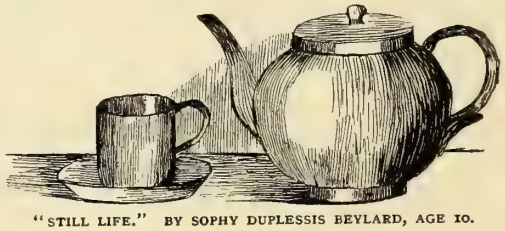
Samuel Loveman
Maurice Bejach
Oscar C. Lautz
Charles W. Hubbard, Jr.
Florence Doane
Nellie C. Dodd
Gretchen Neuburger
Janet Rankin
Elizabeth Berry
Hazel Dixon
Francis Bassett
E. Adelaide Hahn
Gerald Smith
Benjamin L. Miller
W. G. Curran
Sybil X. Basford
Elsie Kimall Wells

PUZZLES 2.

Alice Knowles
Donn W. Pittman
T. S. Barnes
Elizabeth Burrage
Rebecca Chilcott
Anna Michener
Carrie Gordon
Mary Ross
Kenneth Simpson

NOTICE.

Sometimes it happens that names are printed incorrectly on the Roll of Honor. Usually this comes from the names being badly written on the contribution. Every name should be written or printed very plainly.



"STILL LIFE." BY SOPHY DUPLESSIS BEYLARD, AGE 10.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 736. "R. W. B." Hattie Carmichael, President; Mary Foley, Secretary; six members. Address, Pembroke, Hants Co., N. S., Canada.

No. 737. "C. D. M." Harvey Deschere, Secretary; two members. Address, 334 West 58th St., New York City.

No. 738. "Jolly Six." Grace Braley, President; Alice Cone, Secretary; six members. Address, Hartford, Vt.

No. 739. Robert Burtt, President; Mercy Waterman, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, P. O. Box 6, North Paterson, N. J.

No. 740. "The Lyric." Walter Mulvihill, President; Walter Baur, Secretary; six members. Address, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

No. 741. "T. H. S." Leah Van Ryser, Secretary; six members. Address, 5523 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 742. "Nature and Science." Gail Bridges, President; Agnes Peterson, Secretary; four members. Address, 1342 Roach St., N. Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 743. "St. Nicholas League Chapter." Charlotte Nimmons, President; Wanda Warrens, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

No. 744. Anthony C. Bennett, President; Charles A. Roth, Secretary; number of members not given. Address, 142 Bradhurst Ave., New York City.

No. 745. "Miskodeed." Irene Farnham, President; Mabel Hooper, Secretary; seven members. Address, Laurium, Mich.

No. 746. Josephine McMartin, President; Marion Decker, Secretary; three members. Address, Johnstown, N. Y.

No. 747. "St. Gabriel's Chapter." Florence Slocum, President; Doris Nee, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

No. 748. "Little St. Nick Club." Alma Rothschild, Secretary; five members. Address, 69 East 84th St., New York City.

No. 749. "Etjo Lued Vazé." Edith Mansell, President; Ethel McDowell, Secretary; six members. Address, Mount Pleasant, Mich.

No. 750. "T. T. T." Marion O. Chapin, President; Eleanor R. Chapin, Secretary; five members. Address, 76 Porter Place, Montclair, N. J.

No. 751. Frances Rhoades, President; seven members. Address, 333 W. Eighth Ave, Columbus, Ohio.



"A PLEASANT CORNER." BY FRANCES MAULE, AGE 16.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 58.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 58 will close **July 20** (for foreign members **July 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for October.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Return."



"A PLEASANT CORNER — ARCH OF TITUS." BY FULVIA VARVARO, AGE 16.

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate "When Grandmother (or Grandfather) went to School."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Old House."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Landscape Study" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for October."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.



"TAILPIECE." BY MARGARET REEVES, AGE 7.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRESPONDENT'S QUESTION. A LADY who has shown especial interest in this department suggests this question: "If you were going to camp out for a while in the woods, and could take but one book for amusement, a book you had read before, which one would you select, and why?" Probably it is her idea that a book to be read under these circumstances would be one of excellent quality and one sure to be worth the trouble.

THE MEANING OF "VACATION." IT is easy to learn from the dictionary that our English word "vacation" comes from the Latin "vaco," to be empty; but when one tries to go farther back to find the origin of the word, he soon finds himself stopped by the simple statement, "root" unknown. It seems to belong to a family of words of which some members are familiar — the adjective "vague" and the noun "vagabond" may be relatives, the verb "wag" also. The general idea back of all of them seems to be, to wander, to leave the regular, straight path, and to make little excursions here and there without a constant object. If this is correct, a vacation should be given up to a change from your regular pursuits, even in reading, which may be taken as a hint to leave the well-trodden paths in Bookland, and seek for new regions in that ever-delightful country. Perhaps you and your friends have been on differing tours, and might exchange experiences to advantage.

SUMMER READING. BOOKS of travel, especially the stories of the great explorers, will be found to have an outdoor atmosphere especially suited to the vacation days. Livingstone's great missionary journeys, alone in Africa, are especially good; and Stanley's, while more adventurous, are likewise excellent reading. If the warm days incline you to the Arctic regions, you will be glad to know more of Dr. Kane, of Dr. Hall, of Tyson, of Peary, of Nansen, and of d'Abruzzi. No boy who likes stories of adventure, daring, and hardship can find better stories than these *true* stories told in the books by and about these men.

CHEAP BOOKS. IT would have to be an extraordinary book of which you would say, "I 'd give my eyes to read that book!" And yet in reading poor books, poorly printed on poor paper with blurred type, it is certainly true that you are paying with some of your eyesight for each page you read. This is a matter in which parents and teachers should be on their guard in the cases where young readers may be careless. But ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls ought to be wise in this matter for their own sake. Your eyes are too valuable to be blunted on dull books. Refuse to read poorly printed books, and publishers will bring out good ones. They must follow the taste of readers, and in books for young people they must follow the taste of young readers. So it is a matter you have under your own control.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. EXCLUDING the books that every one knows about, who will send a list of the best books for girls of from eight to fourteen years of age? They need not necessarily be about girls, but should be such as will be attractive and helpful. We should be glad to have the help of our girl-readers in making up a list of the recent books best suited for their libraries. Tell what the books are, and why you recommend them.

DO YOUNG READERS ENJOY POETRY? WE should be glad to hear from our young readers whether they do or do not enjoy poetry. Do they make the work of poets part of their "reading for pleasure"? It is to be supposed that all of you know some favorite poems, or like occasionally to hear poems read aloud; but how many of you choose a volume of Longfellow or Lowell, Bryant or Whittier, when in quest of "something to read"?

Letters come to this department telling of books read, and containing lists of favorite volumes. Poems are mentioned, now and then: but it would be interesting to know your frank opinions as to whether you find poetry entertaining, or *always* prefer a good book in prose.

THE COST OF A COMMA. No doubt many of you have heard of that odd genius Sir Timothy Dexter — the one who made a fortune by sending a cargo of warming-pans to the West Indies. He was impatient about punctuation, and at the end of one of his books printed several pages full of punctuation-points, telling his readers they could "pepper and salt the books as they chose"! He would not have been a good lawmaker. A law was drawn up in this country admitting free of duty "all foreign fruit-plants," etc. The clerk who copied it changed the hyphen to a comma, thus, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc., and the original law was so written when passed by Congress. Until Congress met to change the law, foreign fruits came in free, and the Government lost some $2,000,000. The story is told in an article printed some time ago in the "Outlook." If the facts are correct, this is probably the most expensive comma in history.

A GUIDE-BOOK TO BOOKS. As soon as you think you are old enough, get for yourself some good handbook, manual, or primer of English literature, and make use of it to inform yourself about the books you read. This will help to place them in their true relations to one another. A good encyclopedia rightly used will serve nearly as well. Just as a guide-book is useful both to tell about places you see and also to suggest new trips, so in the manual of literature you will have glimpses of new fields of reading, possibly of such a nature as will please you better than those more familiar.

We shall be glad to hear from our readers what books of this sort they can recommend. For young readers the smaller books are probably the most suitable. There are many books that naturally belong together, and each helps the reader to appreciate the other; and the manuals help to find these.

THREE WAYS OF MAKING YOUR LIBRARY. As you go through life, you will get books now and then, and your library will be in constant growth if you take care of it. There are three ways in which you may guide the growth of your home collection of books: 1. You may collect everything — that is inclusiveness. 2. You may collect a little on each of many subjects — that is selection. 3. You may collect all you can find on some one subject — that is specialization. So says the president of a Massachusetts library society. But for young readers it will no doubt be wisest to be a follower of the second method, that of selection. When you are sure of your taste it will be time enough to specialize.

For a young reader almost the worst plan nowadays is the first. It is impossible to read everything that comes in your way; and it is a very fortunate thing this is so.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES. THOMAS JEFFERSON was the author of the well-known saying about counting ten before speaking in anger; it is one of ten rules he drew up for his own guidance. They are not often printed, and some of our readers may be glad to see them:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of having eaten too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! 9. Take things always by the smooth handle. 10. When angry count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

"BRUNO," "CARLO," AND THE REST. WE should be glad to print in this department a very excellent though brief article of, say, 300 words about some of the favorite dogs told of in good books. There will be no prize offered for this article beyond the honor of having it printed. Send it in before the end of August, please. Many great authors have loved dogs and written delightfully about them. Let us know about the praise of dogs by great authors. By the way, did Shakspere say anything concerning dogs?

"TABLE OF CONTENTS" AND "INDEX." TELL us the difference between "Table of Contents" and "Index," and let us know what is the purpose of each. Some people use these interchangeably. Do they sometimes resemble one another? It is said that this is one of the topics explained in lectures to school-children, and we should be glad to have the views of ST. NICHOLAS readers upon it.

THE LETTER-BOX.

VACHERIE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I live on a sugar plantation in Louisiana. I have just begun to take ST. NICHOLAS, and like it very much.

I am going to try for one of the League prizes next month, and I hope to get it. Your interested reader,

HELOISE PATOUT.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have a dear little fox-terrier puppy. Her name is Peggy. She is brown and white, with a little black nose. She and my cat, named Betty, both eat out of the same saucer. We had an African parrot, but we sold him, and also two alligators; they died. We have another dog, named Happy. In the summer I live at the shore, and have plenty of box-turtles. I must close my letter now. Your devoted reader,

MARION REYNOLDS.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS would be interested to hear about my black kitten. He is the prettiest kitten I have ever seen, but he is quite big now. He sleeps a good deal of the time, but he is very playful when awake. He comes into the parlor and plays with the curtain. Then he sits on a chair, and I pull the curtain up, and he bites at it. I am very fond of him, more than are the others in the family. I think he likes me best, too, for I pet him a good deal. I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS, and am always glad when it comes. My cousin Willie borrows it, and he, too, is glad when it comes. I fear I am making my letter too long, and, hoping ST. NICHOLAS will never cease, I say good-by.

I am, your affectionate reader,

ESTHER H. ALDEN (age 10).

HUNTINGTON, L. I.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though I have been one of your warmest friends for three years, I have never aspired before to the honor of seeing my letter printed in the Letter-box.

I have a little brother two years old; he always likes to get hold of you and tear your covers off.

I also have a large tiger-cat, who sleeps most of the time.

We have thirteen little chickens and fifteen hens.

You were a present to me by a dear aunt of mine. I like the "Comedy in Wax" very much.

I enjoy the letters in your dear old Letter-box very much.

Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, one of your many Long Island friends,

DOROTHY CHASE.

CORONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not taken you quite a year yet, but just lately became a member. I enjoy you very much. I am so anxious for you each month! I like the stories that others write very much; so as I have not seen any from here, I thought I would tell you about my vacation.

Last year our school closed June 5, and in about three weeks we went to the great summer and winter resort, Coronado Beach. I had a nice time playing in the sand.

We visited different places of interest while there. One thing I enjoyed most was the Japanese Tea Garden. I had teased mama to let me ride the burros; so one day she consented, and we went to the stable and hired a couple. Mama's burro's name was Teddy Roosevelt, and mine was Aunt Jane. We had to go up a hill, and Teddy balked. About that time a street-car came along and frightened me, so we took our burros to the barn, to ride no more. They had such a nice swimming-pool for children that I did not go bathing in the ocean.

I will now tell you about my pets. I have a dear little kitten. Sometimes I dress it up in my doll clothes. It looks too cute! It is very playful. I call it Sixy, because it has six toes on each foot, instead of four. I have a pug dog. His name is Wrinkle. He knows a few tricks, and will perform for some candy.

Your loving reader,

IONE CASEY.

Interesting letters, which the lack of space prevents our printing, have also been received from Susan Talmage, Margaret Gaillard, Grace Horney, Virginia Howard Sothern, Doris Taylor, Howard Webster, Olive Burns.



HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY!



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Horse, camel.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. N. 2. Net. 3. Never. 4. Ten. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Pit. 3. River. 4. Tea. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Nut. 3. Rumor. 4. Top. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Tot. 3. Roger. 4. Ted. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Pot. 3. Robin. 4. Tin. 5. N.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Whittier, Channing. Cross-words: 1. Wavering. 2. Thinking. 3. Spinning. 4. Partners. 5. Counters. 6. Clannish. 7. Charades. 8. Cavalier.

AN ARAB SAYING. Man is four. The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool — shun him. The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple — teach him. The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep — waken him. The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise — follow him.

CUBE AND INCLOSED SOLID SQUARE. From 1 to 2, Baltimore; 1 to 3, Bethlehem; 2 to 4, Euphrates; 3 to 4, moonbeams; 5 to 6, clearness; 5 to 7, Caribbean; 6 to 8, sagacious; 7 to 8, narcissus. Central words: 1. Clear. 2. Akkra. 3. Remit. 4. Issue. 5. Beams.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. St. Nicholas. 1. Fe-stoo-ny, soot. 2. Re-peat-er, tape. 3. Ro-tun-da, nut. 4. Pu-ni-sh, in. 5. Ci-rcul-ar, curl. 6. Xi-pho-id, hop. 7. So-loi-st, oil. 8. Po-lari-ze, liar. 9. Ca-ram-el, arm. 10. Tr-eas-on, sea.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Washington; 11 to 20, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Warrants. 2. Manumits. 3. Designed. 4. Machines. 5. Grimaces. 6. Unearths. 7. Gratiano. 8. Stupidly. 9. Stoppage. 10. Mainsail.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Marian A. Smith — Grace Haren — "Chuck" — Nessie and Freddie — Joe Carlada — Doris, Jean, and Ernest — "Allil and Adi" — Jo and I — "St. Gabriel's Chapter."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from M. L. Stout, 1 — F. S. Rice, 1 — A. P. Keasbey, 1 — Maria and Mercedes, 1 — F. M. Webster, 1 — E. Moses, 1 — P. B. McCoy, 1 — M. J. Overbeck, Jr., 1 — M. Walker, 1 — G. B. West, 1 — Erma B. Mixson, 2 — E. B. Whittemore, 1 — E. Jordan, 1 — H. E. Elwell, 1 — M. Armatage, 1 — "Beany and Hans," 7 — A. Michener, 1 — M. Bunyan, 1 — H. B. Kell, 1 — A. and T. Elkinton, 1 — Bibicha Dalbey, 1 — V. S. Flad, 1 — Eleanor Wyman, 9 — H. Godwin, 1 — "Teddy and Muvver," 9 — A. B. T., Winston-Salem, 1 — G. Gerson, 1 — R. Garland, 1 — M. M. Thieriot, 1 — N. Denison, 1 — E. D. Fanning, 1 — "Rodum and Maddie," 6 — D. Clarke, 1 — C. E. Hodge, Jr., 1 — Harriet Bingaman, 7 — F. Barkan, 1 — A. Frieder, 1 — S. J. Lawellin, 1 — Robert Hammerslough, 4 — E. Roovaart, 1 — Helen and Evelyn Patch and Mother, 9 — B. F. Campbell, 1 — A. Michel, 1 — M. Alderson, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 8 — Louise Fitz, 8 — R. Alexander, 1 — Frederica R. and Lawrence M. Mead, 6 — Paul Deschere, 9 — Walter F. Cook, 3 — C. C. and F. H. Anthony, 9 — W. A. Lang, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 7 — M. S. Huntington, 1 — E. W. Palmer, 1 — G. H. Williams, Jr., 1 — P. Twitchell, 1 — L. M. Griswold, 1 — Edmund P. Shaw, 2 — Mary R. Adam, 9 — E. Taylor, 1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in flower, but not in tree;
My *seconds*, in soldier, but not in free;
My *thirds* are in sunrise, but not in day;
My *fourths*, in October, but not in May;
My *fifths* are in watchman, but not in gun;
My *sixths* are in earth, but not in sun;
My *sevenths*, in monastery, not in bell;
My *eighths*, in confess, but not in tell;
My *ninths* are in junk, but not in shop;
My *tenths* are in prude, but not in fop;
My *elevenths*, in library, but not in book;
My *twelfths* are in yeast, but not in cook;
My *wholes* both delight Young America.

MARIE B. TOWNSEND (age 7).

HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

THE following words (of unequal length) are the names of famous men. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of the man who "laid the foundation of all that is noble and beautiful and useful in the history of the Middle Ages."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous writer of the Elizabethan age. 2. The great prophet of the Arabs. 3. A famous Greek philosopher. 4. The reputed founder of the Russian monarchy. 5. A celebrated Roman general and dictator. 6. A celebrated English poet of the sixteenth century. 7. An ancient poet whose birthplace is claimed by seven cities. 8. An English naval hero of the sixteenth century. 9. The discoverer of the Philippine Islands. 10. A celebrated Florentine poet. 11. The son of Philip of Macedon. JENNIE MILLIKEN.

ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell a famous holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The act of igniting. 2. Rare. 3. To wave. 4. Saluting. 5. Received with favor. 6. A mishap. 7. Destitute of knowledge. 8. A fish resembling the herring. 9. A large wooden platter. 10. Uncertainty. 11. Stiffened in process of laundering. 12. Liberal. 13. Any substance administered in the treatment of disease. 14. An unmarried man. 15. Juvenile. ELEANOR MARVIN (League Member).

CHARADE.

My *first* was noted for capacity,
And busy numbers fill my *last;*
My *whole* records, with due veracity,
The dusty annals of the past.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a great poet and my finals spell one of his plays.

Cross-words: 1. A reflection. 2. One of the books of the Bible. 3. Motion. 4. The rank below that of baronet. 5. Undivided. 6. More deliberate. 7. Parts of a flower. 8. To enroll. 9. A continent. 10. To take a reverse motion. 11. A continent.

DOLLIE CUNNINGHAM (League Member).

A MAGIC SQUARE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



Start at a certain letter in the bottom line, proceed in any *diagonal* direction, and spell

1. The date of a great celebration.
2. What it commemorates.
3. The name of a great general connected with it.
4. The name of a man from Virginia who made the motion in Congress.

Begin at a certain letter in the top line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell

5. The name of the man from Massachusetts who seconded the motion.
6. The surname of the man who wrote a famous document.
7. The name of the man who first signed it.

Each letter is to be used but once. From E in the bottom line one could go to E or C, but not to W, A, or J.

JUNIATA FAIRFIELD.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

The middle letter changing here
Will make these transformations clear.

1. A lazy man becomes a fish;
2. A boat an emblem, if you wish.
3. Twelve dozen you will find ere long
   A meadow growth so fresh and strong.
4. And this salt-peter all can see
   Becomes a flowing river free.
5. The sandy shore will make a seat;
6. A leader's staff is changed to meat.
7. A germ becomes a steeple high;
8. A company, a little pie.
9. And next, in place of warmth or zeal,
   You 'll find metallic plates of steel.
10. A bet was made, or so 't is said;
    Now 't is a cake most thin instead.
11. A box for tea, of tin or wood,
    Is changed to something sweet and good.
12. And heavy breathing you will find
    Proves a sad thing to feathered kind.

MARY ELIZABETH STONE.

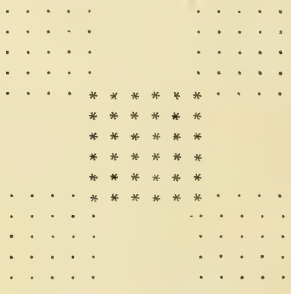
CHARADE.

My *first* is a letter small,
Though 't is very commonly used;
My *second*, a kind of animal;
(When you guess it you 'll be amused!)
My *third* you do when your tea 's too warm,
And you *should*, when you drink iced tea;
My *fourth* is an article, short in form;
One more hint and you 'll have the key:
My *fifth* is a verb we employ —
Some writers, instead, say "eschew."
My *whole* means — mark well, every boy! —
Liberty! Guess me, now do.

NAN REARDEN (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. To confuse. 2. Salty. 3. Pointed. 4. To scoff. 5. A mythical monster.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. A place of sacrifice. 2. Huge. 3. A narrow path. 4. Nimble. 5. To let again.

III. Central Square: 1. That which abates. 2. To scold. 3. Rightly. 4. A peculiar combination of pulleys. 5. A negro. 6. Taps again.

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. Starwort. 2. Gave light. 3. Garments worn by ancient Romans. 4. To decree. 5. Reposes.

V. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. Auctions. 2. Lessen. 3. A machine for turning. 4. An anesthetic. 5. Prophets.

L. ARNOLD POST.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in fife, but not in drum;
My *seconds*, in onion, but not in plum;
My *thirds*, in absurd, but not in false;
My *fourths* are in lancers, but not in waltz;
My *fifths*, in participle, not in noun;
My *sixths* are in feathers, but not in down;
My *sevenths*, in Slavonic, but not in Flemish;
My *eighths*, in defect, but not in blemish;
My *ninths* are in jerk, but not in twitch;
My *tenths* are in opulent, not in rich;
My *elevenths*, in recollect, not in know;
My *twelfths* are in yeast, but not in dough;
My *wholes* are three things that belong to July:
I am sure you can guess them, if only you 'll try.

MARION THOMAS (Winner of a Gold Badge).

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LADY BETTY DELMÉ AND HER CHILDREN.

(From a mezzotint by Valentine Green of the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. SEPTEMBER, 1904. NO. 11.

BRITTANY, THE LAND OF THE SARDINE.

BY HUGH M. SMITH.

OF the host of American boys and girls who are fond of the well-flavored and wholesome French sardine, probably very few know anything about the country where the sardine is caught and prepared, or realize how many thousands of boys and girls depend on this little fish for their very existence.

The fish is named from the island of Sardinia, in the Mediterranean Sea, about whose shores it abounds. But the word "sardine" has no local meaning now, for it is applied to various kinds of small herring-like fishes in different parts of the world. Maine, Florida, California, Chile, Japan, India, New Zealand, and France have their own peculiar sardines. The most important and best known sardine, however, is that of France. It is found from Sweden to the Madeira Islands, but is most abundant on the south coast of England (where it is called pilchard), in the Bay of Biscay, and in the Mediterranean. The little fish is especially numerous and important on the shores of the ancient French province of Brittany, and it is of the sardine industry of that country that I wish to give you a few glimpses in this article.

Brittany occupies the northwest corner of France, but will not be found on most modern maps, as it ceased its separate existence as a province more than a century ago. It is a wild and rugged country, inhabited by a hardy people who for many centuries have followed the sea, and to-day are more extensively en-



A BUSY LITTLE BRETON MAID.

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A SARDINE FISHERMAN'S HOME.

gaged in fishing than in any other occupation or than any other people of France. The world-wide reputation of the canned French sardine is due to the fine quality of the fish itself and to the care and skill employed in catching and preserving it. While the cod, mackerel, herring, tunny, lobster, oyster, and many other animals are taken, the tiny sardine is the leading product, and contributes more than any other kind of sea food to the fishery wealth of France.

The men who follow the sardine fishery have no other occupation. Most of them are very poor, and, as they usually have large families, they must fish actively in order to make a living; and their wives and daughters are obliged to work in the sardine factories to help support themselves. The boys, when quite young, go



DAUGHTERS OF A BRETON FISHERMAN.

out in the fishing-boats with their fathers or elder brothers, and soon learn the ways of the sardines and the methods of fishing; while the girls accompany their mothers into the factories, and, with their nimble fingers and quick wits, readily learn how to cure and pack the little fish. Even when fishing is at its best, the fisherman's lot is unhappy; but when the sardines fail to visit the coast in their usual numbers, as in 1902, the condition of the fishing people is serious, and they sometimes are brought dangerously near to starvation.



OFF TO THE FISHING-GROUNDS IN THE EARLY MORNING.

The schools of sardines are found on the coast during almost the entire year, but are caught in largest numbers during summer and fall. While the fishing is going on there is a continuous round of activity in the coast towns.

The boats, each with a crew of five or six men, sail early in the morning, often before daybreak, in order to be on the grounds when the fish begin to feed. When the fish are found, the nets are put in the water, the captain of the boat stands in the stern to give directions and to throw the bait, and the men are alert to do whatever may contribute to the success of the day's fishing.

The nets are made of very fine twine, and are stained with a blue dye to preserve them and to render them less conspicuous when in the water. They float in an upright position behind the boat, being supported by corks and weighted with stones.

When the boats are among the fish, the captain casts bait in such a way as to induce the schools of fish to run into the net in their haste to reach the food. This method of fishing with bait is used to a slight extent in other countries and other fisheries, but is nowhere so extensively carried on as in the sardine fishery of Brittany.

The bait is chiefly the salted eggs of the codfish, and comes in barrels from Norway, Newfoundland, and America. It is a curious fact that the sardine fishery of France should be dependent on the cod fishery of distant lands, and that a scarcity of cod eggs in those countries means a poor sardine catch and a serious time for the fishermen. As the bait is expen-

sive, it is usually diluted or eked out with peanut meal.

When the hungry fish rush against the nets, their heads go through the meshes before they realize that there is an obstruction, and when they attempt to withdraw, the twine has slipped behind their gills and they are caught fast. Nets with fish are not allowed to remain long in the water, but are hauled quickly, and the tiny fish kets, carry them ashore, and deliver them to the factories, where they are soon put through the canning processes.

The fish are first beheaded, then soaked in strong brine, and spread on wire grills to drain and dry; they are next cooked in boiling oil, packed in cans of various sizes and shapes, covered with oil, and finally sealed and placed in a retort, where, under great pressure and



A BRETON PEASANT'S STONE COTTAGE.

are shaken or picked out and carefully stored to prevent crushing or decay. When the fish have disappeared or the boat is well filled, the sails are set and the men start home, each crew striving to reach port first in order to get the best prices.

After the captain has sold the catch to the highest bidder at so much per thousand fish, the men count their fish into small wicker bas-

heat, their cooking is completed and their bones softened.

Of the hundred sardine canneries now operated in Brittany, more than fifty are in the two towns of Concarneau and Douanenez; but the real headquarters of the industry are Nantes and Bordeaux, where are the companies which own or lease most of the factories.

Stone is cheaper than lumber for building



THE YARD OF A SARDINE FACTORY, SHOWING SARDINES DRYING ON GRILLS.

purposes in Brittany, so that the sardine factories, as well as the dwellings of the fishermen, are nearly always constructed of solid masonry. The canneries are usually large low buildings, surrounded by a wall and often inclosing a courtyard, where the sardines are dried in fair weather. From fifty to three or four hundred persons, mostly women and girls, are employed at good wages in each factory.

A Brittany sardine town in the height of the



A BUSY SCENE IN THE CANNERY.

season is the scene of great activity, and affords the foreign visitor sights of peculiar interest. As soon as the fishing-boats are seen returning, crowds begin to gather on the quay; and the factories blow whistles or ring bells to summon their women and girls, who are seen hurrying through the streets in their odd, picturesque costume—short dark skirts, glistening white linen caps and collars, and clumsy wooden shoes.

As the boats arrive and begin to discharge their catch, the crowd on the quay is increased by thousands of fishermen in coarse blouses and flat cloth caps, with trousers rolled up and feet bare or in huge wooden shoes. Above the commingled noise of waves and tongues is heard the incessant characteristic rattle of wooden shoes on the stony pavements. As the boats are unloaded, the nets are hauled to the tops of the tall masts to dry; the dock gradually becomes deserted; and the final scene is an intricate mass of boats and masts, with a maze of blue netting and strung corks waving high in the air in graceful festoons.



BACK IN PORT AND DRYING THE NETS.

PETER PUFF-AND-BLOW.

Up rose old Peter Puff-and-Blow,
And puffed and blew the whole night long,
Determined to let people know
How fresh he was, how stout and strong.

But though he was so strong and stout,
And bawled and blustered through the gloom,
He could not puff the night-light out
That swayed and flickered in my room.

The goblin shadows leaped and fell;
The night-light, flickering to and fro,
Burned on till dawn and served me well,
In spite of Peter Puff-and-Blow.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY ALIX THORN.



In an apron of blue by the sand-heap she sits,
And she makes the most wonderful pies.
She follows the brooklet that sings as it runs,
All under the sweet summer skies.
And mischievous breezes will linger, I ween,
To ruffle each wild yellow curl.
She croons a soft song while the hours slip along:
She 's a glad little morning girl.

But when three o'clock comes, then behold what a change!
She wears a white frock, ruffled too.
She walks up and down in the very front yard,
And her slippers are shining and new.
In a prim golden row, not a hair out of place,
Can be seen every round shining curl.
Oh, long seems the time, and so slow drags the day:
She 's a sad little afternoon girl.





THIRTEEN.

By Lucy Foster.

You see, there 's Daisy and Geraldine
And me,—I 'm May,—and we 're each
thirteen;
And Daisy and Geraldine both say
That now we are too grown up to play
With dolls any more! And I think it 's mean—
It 's perfectly *horrid* to be thirteen!

They 're *glad* to give up their dolls. But I
Can't see any possible reason why
We should n't play with them one more year—
(And my Angelina is *such* a dear!)
Well, at last I know what people mean
When they say it 's unlucky to be thirteen.

When I told mama, she shook her head
And kissed me tenderly as she said:
"You 're standing with very reluctant feet,
Dear May, where the brook and river meet;
And yet, perhaps, 't is a golden mean
'Twixt childhood and girlhood when one 's
thirteen."



"Kibun Daizin"
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By Gensai Murai.

(Begun in the July number.)



"Wanizame-Kozo"
(Shark-Boy)

Chapter V.

THE BATTLE OF STONE MISSILES—THE MONKEYS' PANIC.

Having stayed that night at an inn, Bunkichi hastened on his way along the Hama-Kaido, or the "shore road." When he came to a lonely spot in the road, he saw a man in the distance, scantily clad and apparently making preparations for hanging himself. On ran Bunkichi and caught hold of the man, asking him at the same time why he had come to such a pass as to attempt an act of suicide.

"I am a certain Kichidayu, a native of Sakai in Izumi Province, and a sailor," answered the man, while tears stood in his eyes as he spoke. "I was in charge of a ship of one thousand *koku*,* and on my voyage to Yedo with a cargo of *sake*† my boat was wrecked off this coast, and the crew of eighteen all told, as well as the whole of the cargo, were lost. Fortunately I was washed up on the coast while I was holding fast to a piece of board, but having been terribly knocked about, I can hardly drag myself along. Besides, the loss of the ship, the cargo as well as the crew, overpowers me with such a sense of disgrace and wretchedness that I thought I would rather die than go back to my native town."

Bunkichi, while he was listening to the sad account of the wreck, surveyed the man from head to foot, and perceived many severe bruises, which—with his frank and honest manner of speaking—seemed to prove the truth of his words.

"I quite sympathize with you in your misfortune," said he, "but, my man, your dying will not bring back the ship which was wrecked nor the men who were lost, so I think it would be better for you to keep yourself alive and atone for your loss by succeeding with your next venture. But without money you can't even go to a doctor, so allow me—"

Taking out five pieces of silver and putting them in the hand of the sailor, he continued, kindly and soothingly, "With these get a doctor at once, my man."

The captain, as he looked into Bunkichi's face with an expression almost of worship, said: "You are the kindest man I ever came across in spite of your apparent youthfulness. As long as I live I shall not forget you, and some day, perhaps, I may have an opportunity to repay you for your goodness to me."

While he said this, tears rushed from his eyes—for he was overcome by a sense of gratitude and joy.

Bunkichi, having taken off his *haori*,‡ said to the man: "Put this on, though it is not sufficient to protect you, and come on with me to my next stopping-place." Though the seaman was reluctant to accept so generous an offer, Bunkichi urged him, and, giving him a helping hand, led the man along to the next village, where they found an inn into which they went. There a suit of clothes was purchased for the sailor, and the lad recounted the story of the wreck to the old woman, the keeper of the inn, and asked her to send for a doctor, who, on arriving, did whatever he could for the poor man.

Bunkichi, who thought it likely he might be of more service to the sailor, said, in answer to his question: "I have no house of my own,

* Forty thousand gallons. † A kind of Japanese liquor. ‡ A Japanese upper garment.

but you will find me if you ask for one Bunkichi at the Daikokuya, a cloth establishment at Kumano. You, being a sailor, are sure to find any amount of work if you go there; so please look me up. I am in a hurry; I can-



"GIVING HIM A HELPING HAND, BUNKICHI LED THE MAN ALONG TO THE NEXT VILLAGE."

not stop here longer. On my way back from Osaka I shall call upon you. If you are well before then, you had better go to Kumano and wait for me there."

Thus kindly holding out hopes of helping him in the future, he gave the old woman a sum of money for the nursing of the sailor, and hurried on his way.

Going on from one hotel to another, and resolving to lose no time, Bunkichi at last arrived in the city of Osaka. As he had received a letter of introduction from his master to a certain wholesale merchant of the city, with whom the Daikokuya had dealings, he went to this merchant and asked for the articles he had been commissioned to buy. The head of the house, acquainted with the *wanizame* affair by the letter, did everything in his power to assist Bunkichi, and the transaction went off smoothly and quickly. After he had sent off the fishing-tackle to Kumano on board a ship, he spent a few days in sight-seeing as well as in observing the ways in which big merchants carried on their trade. Having thus spent four or five days here, Bunkichi once more took the same road home, and on the way inquired at the inn after the captain whom he had left there. To his great joy, the sailor was well on the way to recovery; so he gave the man some more money for his further needs, and hastened on to Kumano-Ura, having promised to meet him again there.

On the day following that on which he had taken leave of the sailor, he came to the hilly roads near Kumano. This part of the country was noted then, as it is to-day, for the production of oranges. All over the hills he saw orange-trees in abundance, and there, strange enough, he heard a great noise of screaming and chattering. He hastened his steps in the direction of the noise. Lo, and behold! Hundreds of monkeys, uncountable, had drawn a circle around three men whom they were pelting with a shower of stones. These wretched men, as they were apparently unable to withstand the stone missiles of the monkeys, had pulled their overcoats, or *haori*, over their heads and were crouching under an orange-bush, apparently in despair, for they were doing nothing but crying for help.

As the animals apparently thought it great fun, they kept on showering stones as quickly as they could pick them up, and it seemed probable that the three men would have fallen victims to the monkeys but for Bunkichi. When he saw how things were going, quick as thought he picked up a lot of pebbles from the wayside and filled both his spacious sleeves and his front pocket as well. Thus well armed, on he rushed to the monkey army and pulled out of his pocket the pebbles one after another, throwing them at the frisky creatures. The mon-

keys, as they screamed and chattered, at once confronted the lad, but perceiving him pull out stones from his breast, they tried to do the same. But of course they had no pockets with stones in them, while Bunkichi fired his missiles thick and fast. The beasts in their rage began to pull off the hair from their breasts and throw it from them, while their monkey-chatter grew louder and louder as their pain increased.

Bunkichi, who could not suppress his laughter, contrived, as it were, to discharge the missiles from his breast while actually bringing out the stones from his sleeves. As the monkeys drew closer to him, still pulling off their hair, the three men were now given time to breathe. They at once came out from their hiding-place, and, scolding the monkeys, began to pick up stones to help in their turn their deliverer in his stand against them.

The youth cried out, as he quickly perceived their action: "No, no! Don't *pick up* stones! If any of you have the instruments for striking fire, set fire as quickly as you can to the dry grass." The men did as they were told, and as the wind fanned the fire the smoke and flames soon spread over the ground. The army of monkeys, thinking the day was lost, set up a great chatter and, jumping from tree to tree, disappeared.

The men, now recovered from their fright, and having put out the fire, thanked Bunkichi and said: "We are most grateful to you, sir. If you had not come we should almost to a certainty have been stoned to death by the monkeys."

"It was a narrow escape, was n't it?" remarked Bunkichi. "But I am curious to know —did you not throw stones at them first?"

"Yes," replied the men, with animated expression.

Bunkichi could not help smiling as he thought of how they had acted, and said: "You know monkeys are foolish animals and try to imitate whatever others do."

"You seem to know everything," said the men, who were much struck by his wisdom. "But where have you come from?"

"I live at Kumano," was the reply, "but was brought up at Kada-no-Ura, so I know about monkeys, as we have plenty of them there."

Then the leading one of the three, making a polite bow, urged Bunkichi, saying: "I am the owner of this orange farm, and my home is not far from here. Please come to my house."

On the way thither he asked the boy his name and where his home was.

"I am one Bunkichi in the establishment called the Daikokuya, at Kumano," was his frank answer.

The host, having well observed the lad's face, said: "Ah, that 's why I thought I had seen you somewhere. Then you are that widely famed Mr. Wanizame-Kozo—the Shark-Boy! The people in this neighborhood owe you a great debt of gratitude, because all the fruits produced here in this part, oranges among other things, when they are sent either to Tokio or to Osaka, must first be sent to Kumano-Ura to be shipped to those cities. But ever since the appearance of that monster in the harbor all the shipping trade had come entirely to a standstill, and we had to send our fruits to other ports by a roundabout way, which was a great nuisance to us; whereas, owing to your wisdom and courage, we can now send our cargo to Kumano as we did before."

After a pleasant visit of an hour or two, Bunkichi was about to start. The host stopped him for a minute and brought out a little packet of money, and, placing it before him, said: "This trifle is only a token of my gratitude to you. Please take it." Looking at it from the outside, it certainly seemed no trifle; but the lad firmly but politely declined to accept it, saying: "You have no need to thank me." And he would not take it, in spite of the host's earnest entreaty. At last he said: "I don't wish to receive any recompense from you; however, I have one favor to ask if you will grant it me. I am thinking of trading on my own account before long in various articles, and if I come here some day to buy oranges, will you deal with me?"

"You make a very modest request," answered the host with ready assent. "I will supply you with a cargo as cheaply as possible at any moment you send me the order, and as to the payment, I shall be in no hurry for it, and you may pay me whenever you like. I can supply you with thirty thousand boxes of oranges from my

own farm; and there are many more farmers in the neighborhood who will be glad to supply you if I let them know that you are the Wanizame-Kozo. At least I can assure you I will fill your order, however large it may be."

With many thanks Bunkichi took his leave, and he was back in the Daikokuya that evening.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT HAZARD—A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

THE cargo of fishing-tackle which had been sent from Osaka had already arrived there and was awaiting his return, so Bunkichi took his goods to the fishing villages round about Kumano for sale. The people vied with one another in buying them, on account of their being sold by Mr. Shark-Boy. Owing to the price of tackle being much higher then than at other times, as a result of the scarcity of the supply, he made such a good sale that the profit doubled the cost of his outlay.

Taking care not to waste the money thus obtained, he next opened a trade in oranges, buying them at a cheap rate from the owner of the orange farm and retailing them at Kumano when the market value was high. By this means he made another good profit; still he stayed on in the Daikokuya as his temporary home, and applied himself to business. Thus by the end of the next year he had saved several times the amount of his original capital.

Meanwhile Kichidayu, the sailor to whom he had given kind help, came to him after he had completely recovered. Bunkichi asked the master of the Daikokuya to employ him. He consented, and committed to him the management of a big ship in the capacity of captain.

Now Kichidayu's devotion to Bunkichi was so great that he was ready to sacrifice his own life for his sake if occasion should arise. "I admire your determination immensely, and as I owe my life to you, you may count on me for any assistance in my power," said the sailor to the boy one day.

Bunkichi rejoiced on hearing this and said, laughingly, "When the time comes in which I shall make my fortune, such property as the Daikokuya possesses I will create in ten days."

Four years had passed, during which time Bunkichi had done well in his business, trading in various articles, and a portion of his profit he now and then distributed among the poor people in the district. He was now eighteen years of age. It was the autumn of the year, and from the beginning of the month of October a westerly wind had been blowing many days. As a consequence, the shipping trade at Kumano-Ura was entirely stopped. Yet a cargo of oranges bound from Kii Province for Yedo* was accumulating at Kumano-Ura and began to rot away on account of the warm climate of the province. From Yedo had



"HUNDREDS OF MONKEYS HAD DRAWN A CIRCLE AROUND THREE MEN WHOM THEY WERE PELTING WITH A SHOWER OF STONES."

* The old name of the great Japanese city now called Tokio.

been received vain messages by the *hikiaku*, or running postmen, urging them to send up the oranges, the necessary fruit for the *Fuigo Matsuri*, or bellows festival, which was then at hand. Yet the sea became rougher every day as the wind grew stronger, while the frowning autumn sky hung overhead. The people could not possibly put out any ship nor do anything but stare and grumble at the rough sea and the lowering clouds.

Every day Bunkichi went down to the seashore also, and looked at the dark sky as every one else did, yet he alone had a certain expression of suppressed joy in his face. The others said, "We hope this stormy weather will come to an end soon," while he answered, "I hope it will do nothing of the kind."

They were surprised at this and said, "Why, what 's the matter with you?"

"Who can tell?" he answered, laughing. While he was thus engaged in bantering talk, Kichidayu, the sailor, came to look at the condition of the sea. On seeing him the lad beckoned him aside by a tree and said: "Kichidayu San, when do you suppose this wind will cease?"

"I wish it would stop soon," he answered, "but it does n't look like it, I fear."

"No; I shall be greatly disappointed if it stops within two or three days."

"Well, there 's not much chance of its doing so," was the sailor's answer.

"That 's good," the boy replied. "Before it stops what do you say to having a sail in a boat from here to Yedo? It would be fine, would n't it?"

Kichidayu stared at Bunkichi in astonishment and said: "Don't joke, please. If we were to put out a boat in this rough sea, it would capsize in no time."

"That 's just where the interest lies. Would n't Kichidayu San like to try it for once?" said the lad, while the other replied, laughing, "Don't carry your joking too far!"

Bunkichi became serious. "Kichidayu San, I 'm not joking. If it was an east or a north wind it would be difficult, of course, but being a west wind, it 's a fair wind toward Yedo, however strong it may be, and so there is no reason why we should not be able to get to Yedo."

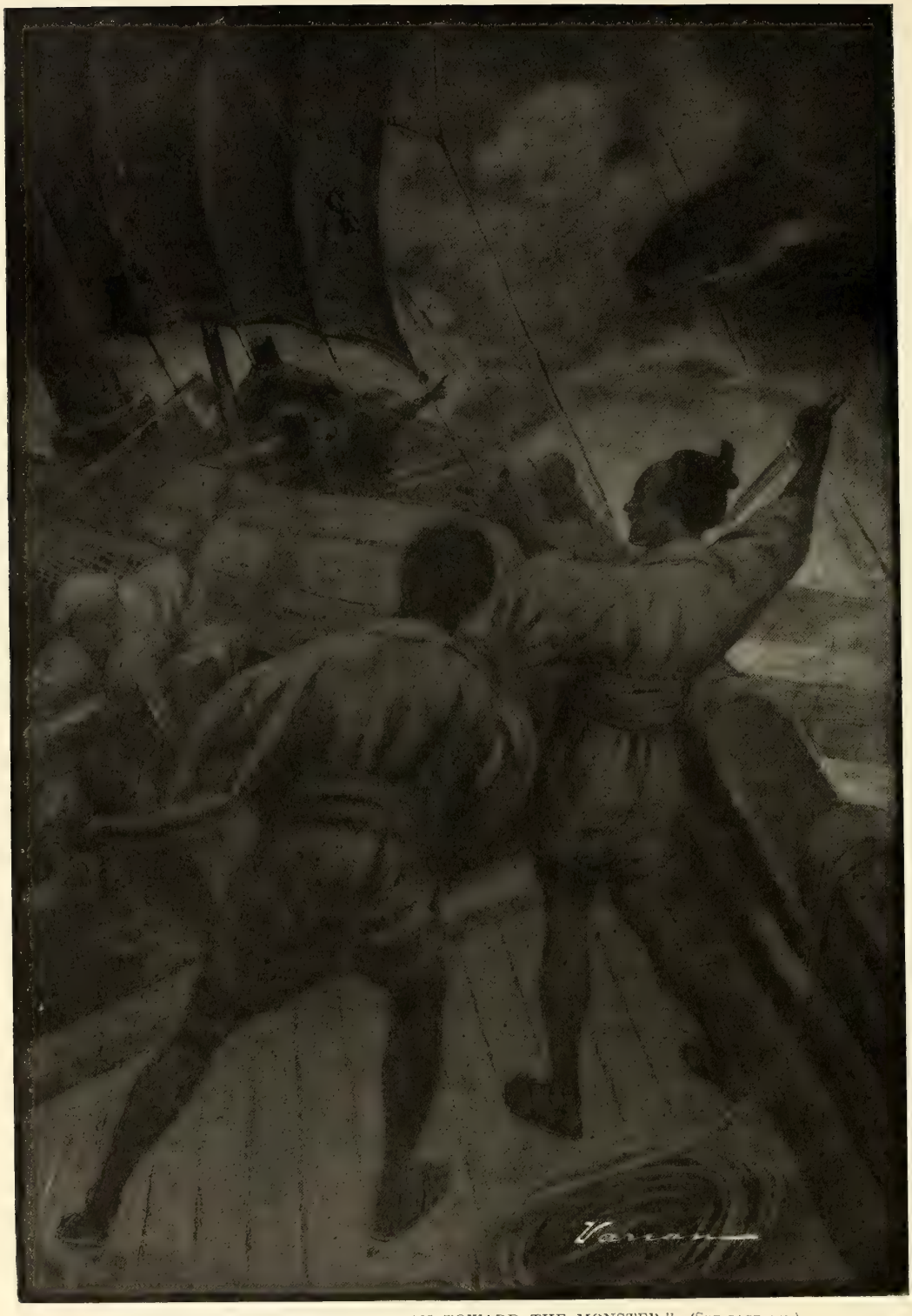
Kichidayu, who thought that Bunkichi was saying rather a strange thing, answered: "If we should have good luck, I don't say that it 's impossible; however, I do say it could only be a question of good luck."

"That 's just where the interest lies," said the lad again. "One can do anything that others can do — but it 's a fine thing for a man to go to a place when others can't go. Kichidayu San, the time has now come to make that fortune of money of which I told you once, because in Yedo the price of oranges, which are one of the necessaries at the bellows festival, has gone up ten times higher than at other times, on account of the scarcity of the fruit. Here, in this port, where the oranges have accumulated because they can find no customers, the price has gone down ten times lower than the rate at which they usually sell. So, if we can buy at a price ten times lower than the usual rate, and sell at a price ten times higher than the usual rate, naturally a hundred *rio* will make ten thousand *rio*. There is n't likely to come such a good chance twice in a lifetime. As to the ship, I will ask the master of the Daikokuya to let me have a big one, and if he does, will you captain it for me? I intend to take out in it a large cargo of oranges for Yedo while this bad weather prevails." The lad thus for the first time revealed his ambitious scheme.

Kichidayu folded both his arms on his breast in contemplation. Then, as he lifted his head, he said: "I will make the attempt — yes, even to Yedo, for your sake; I don't grudge even my life. What if my ship gets wrecked? I don't care. But are you thinking of coming on board?"

"Of course; if I don't go, the business can't be effected," said Bunkichi. "Trading is the same as a battle. In one of the battles of old, the warrior Yoshisune set us an example by attacking the army of the Hei clan in the province of Shikoku by sending out the war vessels from Daimotsuga-Ura on a stormy night. If we lose courage in such weather as this, we cannot possibly accomplish any great scheme. We shall enter upon it resolutely. Should we die, let us die together; but if I gain my object I will handsomely reward you.

"We shall have to offer sailors ten times their usual pay," continued Bunkichi; "you may



"HE DREW HIS SWORD AND RAN TOWARD THE MONSTER." (See page 979.)

then, perhaps, find fellows who will be willing to come. Will you be responsible for finding them?" So saying, he gave the captain money for the purpose, and having intrusted the matter to him, at once went home to the Daikokuya and saw the master.

"Danna," said he, "among your ships the oldest is that *Tenjin-maru** of one thousand *koku* burthen, is it not?"

The master, who was somewhat startled by the abruptness of the question, said, "Yes, she is getting to be an old vessel now and I am thinking of breaking her up."

"Will you sell her to me?"

To which the master answered, "If you want her, I don't mind making you a present of her; but what use will you put her to?"

"I 'm thinking of taking a cargo of oranges to Yedo," was the lad's reply.

"When the bad weather is over, I suppose," said the master.

"No; while this stormy weather is prevailing," was the reply. The master was startled, but, gazing on the boy for a moment, merely remarked: "What an extraordinary idea!"

After a little hesitation, Bunkichi drew nearer to the master. "Pray, master, sell her to me," said he; "I am again going out on a trading battle."

Then the master understood his real intention and said: "Well, if you are so minded, you may not be afraid of this storm; but the *Tenjin-maru* is in any case a dangerous ship for this weather, so I will lend you one which is more seaworthy."

"No, no, thank you, sir; I have no wish to borrow," replied the lad. "This undertaking is a matter of fate. If I am wrecked on the way out I cannot give your ship back again; so I shall not borrow things of others, for I wish to do everything with my own capital."

The master knew the boy's nature and made no further objection, but said: "Very well, I will sell it to you. You will surely succeed. Come back again laden with treasure!"

Chocho, the master's daughter, who was now sixteen years of age, overheard the conversation between the two and was much surprised, and expressed her anxiety as well as her sorrow in her face, and said: "Does Bunkichi go to Yedo in this storm?" The mother, too, longed to stop him, but could not well interfere, because her husband had already yielded his sanction to the boy's scheme. She only said, loud enough to be heard by both, as she answered her daughter: "Yes, Cho, it is most dangerous to go out to sea in this great wind and storm!" To which the girl responded: "Yes, mother!"

Bunkichi, having paid the price of the *Tenjin-maru* to his master, went to the wholesale stores which were best known to him and bought up their oranges. The merchants, as they were sore oppressed by the rotting of the fruit, were in the state of "panting blue breath," as they say. Bunkichi, in a somewhat offhand manner, said to one of them: "Do the oranges rot every day?"

"Yes, every day we are much troubled about it; they rot away continually. Already half of the stock we have is spoiled; if it goes on at this rate, within another ten days our whole stock will be lost."

Whereupon the lad said: "Are you really prepared to sell them at whatever price you can get for them?"

"Oh, yes, gladly; for how much better would it be to sell even at a loss than to pay for throwing the rotten stuff away!"

To which Bunkichi answered: "If that is the case, I will buy from you at sixteen *mon* per box as much stock as you have."

The merchant was rather taken aback at the reply, and said, "Is n't that *too* cheap?"

"But if they rot away, you will get nothing. I am not over-keen to buy," said the lad, coldly; "so if you don't wish to sell, we need not have any further talk."

"Just wait a minute," and the merchant stayed the lad as he was about to leave. "I will sell at sixteen *mon* a box if they are for you, and if you will buy up my whole stock."

"Yes, the whole lot," said Bunkichi. "I will buy as many thousand boxes as I can put into a large ship." Thus he bought up the whole stock of that store and then went on to another, buying up the whole stock of each at a very low price. Then he sent a man to the orange farm and collected some more.

* A Japanese junk.

Having procured a large stock, he put it all on board the *Tenjin-maru* so that, albeit the ship was one of a thousand *koku* burthen, its keel sank deep into the water.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEA-GIANT APPEARS.

As Captain Kichidayu sought for sailors by holding out to them promise of wages ten times more than they could get at other times, he soon picked up six sturdy fellows who did not set much value on their lives. Thereupon he reported his success to Bunkichi, who was rejoiced over it, and said: "Then all things are ready now; we shall settle to start in the morning, and I will send to the ship ten pieces of long square timbers. You will place them crosswise on the ship and attach to their ends heavy stones so that she will not upset easily," he continued, with his usual audacity and resourcefulness. "For I have heard that the ships which sail about those far-off islands, Hachijo and Oshima, and the like, are fitted out in this way and sail in safety even in heavy storms. That is why in Yedo they call those island-ships 'sea-sparrows': the weight being on both sides of the ship, they never upset."

Kichidayu was much struck by his keen observation, and said: "Truly, it did n't occur to my mind that those ships are fitted out as you say, but now I recollect having seen them off the coast of Izu Province. As they are thus constructed they never capsize, however much they are washed over by waves."

"Now, Kichidayu San," Bunkichi said, "this ship is called the *Tenjin-maru*, but our going out to sea this time may mean going to her destruction, so let us change her name into *Iurei-maru*, or ghost-ship, and let us imagine ourselves to be dead men by putting on white clothes. Thus nothing that may occur can scare the crew; for, being 'dead' men, they can have no fear of death."

The captain agreed with him, saying: "That 's a splendid idea!"

The captain returned to his abode in high spirits and told to the six seamen what the lad had said, and they all readily agreed to the plan, and were so stirred by the lad's courage, that they were ready to face any dangers or fears that might come to them.

Bunkichi at once ordered a man to paint, on the sail of the ship, "*Iurei-maru*" in large Chinese characters, and at the cloth establishment of the Daikokuya he ordered eight suits of white clothes.

"Bunkichi," inquired the master, "what is the use of those eight suits of white?"

Bunkichi laughed as he answered: "We may all be dead men before long, if we go out to sea in this storm. The chances of surviving are few, so we are already dead in heart. I have named my ship *Iurei-maru*. We are going to dress in white with the *zudabukuro*,* and we shall stick triangular-shaped papers on our foreheads, as they do for the dead."

"What horrible things you do!" exclaimed the wife, while the daughter, Chocho, with sudden inspiration, said: "I will sew your white suit for you."

"I am most grateful," replied the lad, "but I have already ordered others to do it for me."

"Please let me do it," said the girl. "It may be the last—" and at this Bunkichi consented with thanks.

The master, who seemed to have prepared beforehand, ordered *sake* and a set of little dishes of eatables to be brought forth, and then remarked: "As you have settled to start tomorrow I intend to offer you a congratulatory feast in advance, hoping that you may arrive at Yedo and have good luck and make a great profit."

At last the morrow came, and early in the morning Bunkichi bade farewell to the men of the Daikokuya and put on his white suit, which was made by the daughter of the house, and went out to the sea-shore. The master, as well as his wife, with their daughter, Chocho, and all the employees in the shop, followed him in order to see him off. Having heard of his departure, some of the townspeople with whom he was acquainted, and those poor people who had received his alms, flocked together from the four corners of the town to bid him good-by.

Having bade farewell to the people, Bunkichi entered a small boat and soon got on

* The purse tied round the neck of the dead at a burial service in Japan.

board of the *Iurei-maru*. Those who came to see him off, as they stood round the shore, raised their voices, calling out for Bunkichi, lamenting his departure. Bunkichi gave a signal for the anchor to be weighed and the sail to be hoisted; then the ship soon stood out to sea. Both the men on the shore and those on board the ship waved their hands till their forms had become indiscernible, while the ship, driven by the strong west wind, soon became lost to sight among the big waves.

Though the *Iurei-maru* had her sail up only seven tenths of its whole length, she sailed on eastward with the speed of an arrow, owing to the strong wind. In a very short time she passed the Sea of Kumano, and then soon was in the Sea of Isè. As she came to the noted Yenshiu-nada on the evening of that day, the wind grew stronger and the rain came down in torrents. As the huge waves, mountain high, came rushing from the far ocean and the ship was tossed like a tree-leaf, the crew felt as if they were flung down into the abyss of darkness when she got into the trough of the waves. Those six robust men, who had hitherto worked with steady and fearless courage, suddenly gave in before this state of the sea and lost all heart for labor. Nevertheless Captain Kichidayu, as steady as ever, ran about here and there, stirring the crew up to their work.

Among the eight men all told, the one most unaffected by the dreadful state of the sea was Bunkichi, the Wanizame-Kozo, and he, with the captain, lent his helping hand to the tired crew, calling out occasionally: "Hurrah! This is fine! We shall get to Yedo within the next day. Work hard, all of you, and you sha'n't want for pay!" And then he doled out money to the crew, who were encouraged by this and braced themselves up and labored their best.

Meanwhile night fell and the storm continued. Though nothing was visible to the eyes, the awful sounds of the waves, and the wind, which shook masts and rigging, deafened the ears; and the heaven and the earth seemed to be swallowed up by the waters.

By degrees the crew's courage began again to fail, and one of them muttered: "This is just the sort of night for some big monster like a *wanizame* to appear!" To which another said, "Yes; I feel a bit nervous, too."

"Come, men; a little more perseverance!" shouted out Bunkichi. So saying, he again gave them an extra wage and continued, "You fear the *wanizame*, do you? I rather think the *wanizame* will be afraid of me because I 'm the Wanizame-Kozo. Take heart, all of you! Don't be afraid!"

The men were cheered up and said: "Truly enough, you once killed the *wanizame*. We need n't be afraid! Now, all right, sir; we 're rid of our fears!"

However, their courage was of but short duration; when they gazed at the dark, angry sea they again lost heart, saying: "But, sir, what shall we do if the *umi-bozu** comes up—if it is true, as the people say, the monster lives in this ocean?"

Bunkichi, as he gave them a scornful smile, stood up with his dagger in his hand and said: "I 'll sweep him down with this sword if any such creature makes his appearance."

Just then the man on watch suddenly shrieked: "Ah! the sea-giant has come!" And he ran back toward the stern, while the others were frightened out of their wits and ran down into the cabin, where they drew their heads back between their shoulders and held their breath in fear. Bunkichi looked toward the bow. Sure enough, a big undefined dark form rose at the front of the ship, about ten feet in height. He drew his sword and ran toward the monster. As he swept the giant down with his sharp weapon, he laughingly returned toward Kichidayu, who stood by the mast.

"What was that?" Kichidayu asked Bunkichi, who answered, still smiling: "It did look like a round-headed giant, but really it was only a column of mist which came floating in our way. That 's what they call the 'sea-giant,' I suppose, and in their fright they fancied it was coming on board to seize them."

Kichidayu, who was much surprised at Bunkichi's courage, said: "Indeed! I understand now how you could kill the *wanizame*, by the courage you have just shown, and which I cannot but admire. To speak the truth, I did n't feel very bold myself when I saw that big dark

* An imaginary giant of the sea.

form, but I screwed my courage up so as not to be laughed at by you."

As the crew had not yet come out of their cabin, Kichidayu called out: "Now, men, come up; your master has killed the giant. Come, quick, quick!"

The crew trooped out at this, and said: "Truly we heard a shriek a little while ago!" At which Kichidayu muttered, "Fools!"

During the night, however, they got over the Sea of Yenshiu in this manner, and in the very early morning of the third day they were entering the Bay of Yedo. Gradually the sea was becoming much smoother, too.

"We are safe, master. We can be quite at ease in our hearts!" said one of the men. "Ah! I see the headland of Haneda there. Beyond that there 's the Bay of Shinagawa. If we go forward at this rate we shall be at Yedo by dawn: I feel safe now. But I felt that I would be eaten alive when I saw the *umi-bozu* at the Yenshiu-nada Sea."

Then Bunkichi said, as he laughed: "You don't know what you are saying. We have been all along dead men in white suits, and for dead men to have been alive is an absurdity!" Then all, for the first time, burst out into merry, hearty laughter.

Captain Kichidayu turned to Bunkichi, saying: "Master, what a voyage! In a couple of days and nights we sailed the distance which takes about ten days at other times. That we have come here safely through this storm is due to your contrivance of laying the timbers crosswise on the boat. But for that we should certainly have capsized." Then he turned to the sailors and added: "What say you, my men? Is there any one who could beat him in wit or in courage?"

"No, there 's not another like him," all replied in one voice. "He killed the *wanizame* as well as the *umi-bozu*, and so long as we are with him there is nothing on earth to be dreaded. Please sir, employ us under you for years to come. We shall never again play cowards as we did, sir!"

Bunkichi replied: "I fear you would never face the *umi-bozu*." To which they could say nothing, but scratched their heads in silence.

Though the wind was still high, after the storm through which they had fought their way out, the inland seas seemed to them "as smooth as matting," as the saying is, and soon after dawn all hands on board the *Jurei-maru* arrived safely at Yedo.

At that time in Yedo the orange merchants, in spite of the stress of weather, had been eagerly awaiting orange-ships from Kishu Province every day, on account of the nearness of the bellows festival. And this was the only ship that did not disappoint their expectations. When the ship's arrival was known, the joy of the merchants was beyond description, and soon this popular song immortalized the happy welcome of the orange-ship:

On the dark sea beholden
A sail, a white sail!
Whence does it hail?
From Kishu's far shore
It brings precious store
Of oranges golden.

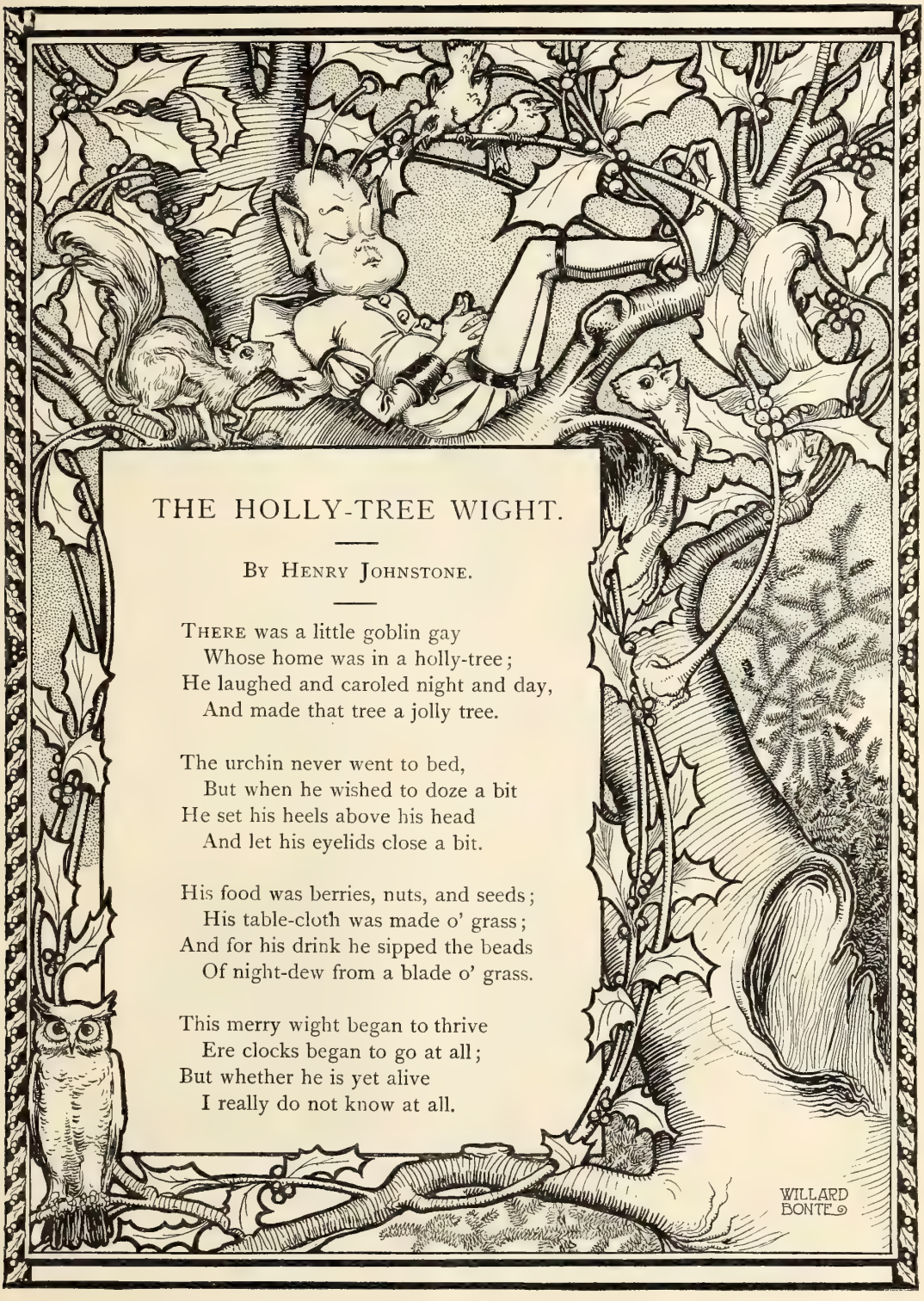
(To be continued.)

"YOURS SEVERELY."

(*The Letter of a Five-year-old.*)

By Edith M. Thomas.

Once more she dipped her pen in ink,
And wrote: "I love you dearly."
"And now," she said, and stopped to think,
"I 'll put, 'I 'm
Yours severely.'"



THE HOLLY-TREE WIGHT.

By Henry Johnstone.

There was a little goblin gay
Whose home was in a holly-tree;
He laughed and caroled night and day,
And made that tree a jolly tree.

The urchin never went to bed,
But when he wished to doze a bit
He set his heels above his head
And let his eyelids close a bit.

His food was berries, nuts, and seeds;
His table-cloth was made o' grass;
And for his drink he sipped the beads
Of night-dew from a blade o' grass.

This merry wight began to thrive
Ere clocks began to go at all;
But whether he is yet alive
I really do not know at all.

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

By Hannah G. Fernald.

In the morning he 's a pirate, with a cutlass and a gun,
And we tremble at the flashing of his eye;
His name, as he informs us, is an awe-inspiring one:
"Lord Ferdinando Roderigo Guy!"

By ten o'clock our pirate has renounced his gory trade;
In armor now, he has a lance and shield;
He gallantly advances to defend a helpless maid,
And we know that bold "Sir Launcelot" has the field.

And next, a skulking savage, he is lurking in the hall,
Most alarming in his feathered war-array;
But he graciously assures us he will answer if we call
"Hiawatha Mudjekeewis Ojibway!"

As "Horatio Nelson Dewey" he 's an admiral of parts,
And last in all his catalogue of names
Comes the very simple title under which he rules our hearts,
For when he 's sound asleep he 's merely "James!"





BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER VACATION.

A CITIZEN OF THE DEEP.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

To walk the bed of the deep as you or I walk upon the land is the every-day life of the hero of this workaday story. It is over thirty years since Alfred Pahlberg made his first plunge as a diver. No man, it is said in diving circles, has spent more time at the bottom of the sea than this doughty Norseman. When a lad of seven he shipped before the mast. It was the dream of his boyhood to see the New World, amass a fortune there, and then go back and live out his life in his beloved land of the viking. How much of that dream came true, his is the story to tell. The life of a sailor thirty years ago, however rich in adventure, was no royal road to fortune. Two dollars and a half a month was all that the Swedish sailor boy could earn when he faced the New World to find the turning-point of his career aboard a schooner, engaged in hauling stones to build that marvel of the last century, the Brooklyn Bridge.

"The first time I dived," said Pahlberg, "was off Race Rock Lighthouse, when Captain Scott was laying the bed-rock. I shall never forget it. I was scared to death. It felt as if I were being smothered between two feather-beds. I wanted to come up at once, but pride kept me down. I was afraid my companions would laugh at me and call me a coward.'

From two to four hours is the average time a diver stays under water without being hauled up. Pahlberg has often worked seven hours

without signaling to be lifted. He knows of but one man who has beaten the record—his master outdid him by half an hour.

"I am always ready," said Pahlberg, "to go down at any time, day or night, in storm or calm. When once the forty-pound iron helmet is fastened down tightly over the shoulders of the rubber suit, into which I slip through the opening in the neck; when the weights of sixty pounds each are suspended from the chest and back; when my feet are incased in iron shoes weighing twenty pounds each; when the air-hose is fastened to the pipe in the back of the helmet, and I take the leap, I feel that my life is at the mercy of the man at the life-line. Yes, it's dangerous; but so accustomed does the diver become to the peril that he rarely thinks of it."

For eighteen years an old pearl-diver had the care of Pahlberg's life-line. He went with him everywhere. He was an old man, and he knew the sea by heart, and never grew indifferent to his awful responsibility. Since his death, however, Pahlberg accepts the service of any "life-liner" who may happen to be at hand.



AT WORK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.

"When a diver first strikes the bottom," Pahlberg said, in answer to my question, "it's like entering a dark room—all is densely black, then by degrees shapes begin to stand out, and soon everything grows distinct and familiar.

"Like most divers, I prefer to dive at night. It is better for the eyes. Sudden passage from the dark of the bottom to the light at the surface of the sea is injurious to the sight. As soon as the helmet is removed, a bandage is put over the eyes for some moments. Without this precaution, sight might soon be destroyed."

One of the most curious, inexplainable things to divers is the fact that it is through the sense of touch, rather than that of sight, that they are able to identify objects under water.

Before attempting to raise a vessel, the diver learns the class to which she belongs. The expert is familiar with every detail in the construction of all kinds of water-craft. He carries to the bottom in his mind's eye the picture of the sunken vessel, and when he finds her, he measures every part with his outstretched arms and hands. He can tell upon which side she lies, whether she struck fore or aft, and the nature and extent of her damages. Every fact he records in his memory. It is his only tablet. When he signals to be hauled up he has almost as accurate and detailed a report to submit to the authorities as if hours had been spent in figuring it out upon paper.

"Only a very few vessels are wrecked nowadays," said Pahlberg. "The average is thirty-five a year. More care is exercised of late years in the construction of vessels; then, too, light-houses have multiplied.

"It is strange how the habits of childhood cling to a man," mused the old diver, with a twinkle in his wonderfully clear blue eyes. "I have never got over the habit of putting my finger, when I hurt it, into my mouth. Often, in blasting rocks or mending a hole in a vessel, I hit my finger. To ease the pain, I at once raise it to my mouth, only to be reminded that my face is hid behind the little iron-barred glass window of the helmet through which my eyes look out. The heavy gloves which we are obliged to wear from October until April are very cumbersome, and make work slow and awkward. It is always very cold at the bottom of the sea, especially in winter. Before I put on my diving-suit, I dress in as heavy flannels as if I were about to go up to the Arctic regions, and, I tell you, they are none too warm. When the fiercest storm is raging above, we never know it below. The bottom is undisturbed."

Pahlberg has dived as deep as a hundred feet. He knows of but one diver who has gone deeper—his old life-liner, who had often dived one hundred and eighteen feet in pursuit of pearls.

"The fish and I are pretty good friends," he continued. "Frequently in blasting rock I have killed small fish, which the larger fish would eat out of my hand. I have never been troubled with sharks. I have talked with divers from

all parts of the world, and never met but one who had. So persistently did a shark pursue that diver that he was forced to hide several hours in the cabin of a ship to escape him."

Most of Pahlberg's diving has been confined to the Maine coast and within a circuit of a hundred miles from New London, Connecticut, where he occupied a pretty land home, and lived in comfort with his grown-up family. Like all men whose lives are passed close to nature, the old diver is as simple and unaffected as a child. When not toiling at the bottom, he is with his family in the cozy home, rich in treasures rescued from the sea. Ships, full-rigged brigs, cleverly carved out of wood and painted by his own hands and mounted in deep glass-covered frames, adorn the walls, while no other man in the world, perhaps, has just such a library as this Swedish diver. It consists of some fifty-two volumes, all of his own writing. They contain the record of the hours, covering quite twenty years, that he has lived at the bottom of the sea. During the first year he noted the oddities of the deep, the queer fish and vegetation, and the impression they made upon him; but as he grew familiar with old ocean's secrets, he ceased, unhappily, to record his experiences, and the later volumes are confined almost wholly to a record of place, ship, days, hours of toil, and earnings. At first he wrote in Scandinavian, but as he acquired English his mother-tongue was discarded. Often has the master diver importuned his master disciple to make a copy of that unique and wonderful record of unrivaled endurance with the under waste of waters.



PAHLBERG, THE DIVER, IN COMPLETE ARMOR, AND HIS "LIFE-LINER."

"Some day I will go over the books," smiles the old diver. "They will tell to within a very few hours how much of my life has been lived under water."

He could not recall a day in twenty-seven years that he had failed to dive. Allowing five hours to a day,—and he does not hesitate to assert, without consulting his record, that the average will far exceed that,—the hero of this workaday story has lived, to date, at the bottom of the sea some 50,000 hours—equal to 6250 days of eight hours each, or nearly twenty-one years of the average working-days.

THE PURSUIT OF THE CALICO CAT.

By Caroline M. Fuller.

"Oh, say, come out and see the rabbits try the new house!" called Franklin under the sitting-room window, and everybody but grandmother hurried out into the yard.

There were two rabbits, — a black one with white spots, and a white one with yellow spots, — and they were called "Mercurius Dulcis" and "Overture to Zampa." Franklin had found the first name on one of his mother's medicine-bottles, and admired it; but Mrs. Bun was always called Dulcie for short. Overture was a fine big fellow with muscular sides, and a louder stamp of the hind leg than any other rabbit in the Rabbit Club. Indeed, Franklin had been made president of the Rabbit Club just because of the size and strength and sound of Overture's feet. Even "Beansy," Jones's white rabbit Alonzo, was as nothing beside him.

Kenneth ran after his mother, Beansy went home, and Franklin went into the shed to get his tool-chest, for the door of the cupola needed loosening.

"Let me hold Stamper while you fix the door," Eunice begged, for, being Franklin's sister, she naturally regarded Stamper in the light of a nephew. (Stamper was Overture's "club" name.)

"No, sir; he 's all right; he 'll stay there," said Franklin.

"But he 's trying to get out at the cupola, Franklin. I can see his ears coming upstairs."

Franklin sawed away, but did not reply.

"Franklin, he *is* coming out."

"Oh, go play with your cats!" said Franklin, impatiently, and before Eunice could make him look around, Stamper was off across the yard.

"Head him off! Head him off!" called Franklin, as he saw the scudding of a white tail. "Round by the alley! Quick! Quick!"

Eunice ran as fast as she could, but before they could stop him, the rabbit had dodged under a barn and disappeared.

"Oh, thunder!" said Franklin. "We can't ever catch him now. How in the world did he get out?"

Eunice went through a little struggle with herself, and then said: "He — I was holding him just a minute, Franklin. You see, he was 'most out himself, and so —"

"You did n't try to hold him after what I said!"

"Yes, I did."

Franklin might have understood how hard it was for her to tell this, but he did n't, and said angrily: "Eunice, you 're a mean, meddlesome girl, and you shall never even touch one of my rabbits again!"

Eunice turned and went into the house without saying a word, but Franklin heard a pitiful wail when the door was closed, and thought: "Hm! serves her right!"

He spent the rest of the morning looking for Stamper and putting "Lost" signs, with a description of the rabbit, on all the barns in the neighborhood. But he did not expect to find him again; and luncheon that day was not a cheerful meal, for Franklin had lost the finest rabbit in the whole club, and all through the carelessness of a little girl.

As he sat out under the tree, after luncheon, Weejums picked her way daintily down beside him, having come out for her daily airing. Weejums was the lovely tortoise-shell kitten who had come to Eunice the previous Christmas, in the top of a stocking, with a lace ruff around her neck and a pink candy elephant tied to her hind foot. She had been so little then that there was scarcely room on her sides for all her beautiful tortoise-shell spots, but now she was nearly full grown, with the longest whiskers, and the sweetest purr in the world.

The temptation to make her jump proved too much for Franklin, and he shied a small chip at her so neatly that it passed directly under her, tossing the sand about her feet. Weejums gave a wild *meow!* and tore into the alley.

"Come back, Weej — here, here," called Franklin, good-naturedly, for teasing animals was not usually a fault of his. But he was cross to-day, and had not Eunice lost his rabbit?

He put down his knife and went out into the alley to bring Weejums back; but at that moment something terrible happened. A baker's cart, followed by a fierce dog, jingled into the



"SHE HAD COME TO EUNICE THE PREVIOUS CHRISTMAS, IN THE TOP OF A STOCKING, WITH A LACE RUFF AROUND HER NECK.

alley, and the dog made a dash at Weejums. Franklin ran for the dog, and Cyclone, their own dog, who happened to come around the house just then, ran after Franklin. Poor Weejums could not see that the second dog was a friend, and did not recognize Franklin in the boy who was chasing her. She left the alley and dashed across the street into a vacant lot, where there were three other dogs. They gave a yelp of delight and joined in the pursuit, followed by several small boys, who rushed along after Franklin, shouting, "Hi, there! Sick her! Sick her!"

In a few minutes every boy and dog in the neighborhood was on Weejum's trail, and Franklin could not stop long enough to explain to them that he himself was not chasing her. The hunt came to an end when she vanished under some tumble-down sheds, many blocks away from home.

Franklin did not go home after this, but wandered around the neighborhood wondering what he should do if she did not come back.

"What do you mean by chasing my sister's cat?" he asked fiercely of one of the small boys who followed him.

"Aw, go 'long! You were chasing it yourself," was the insulting reply. And Franklin realized that he could never make them believe anything else.

"Pshaw! all cats come home," he thought. "She 'll find her way back all right. But rabbits are different."

He took a car home and looked eagerly at the front porch, half expecting that Weejums would be sitting there waiting for him with a forgiving smile. But she did not appear, and he went all around the alley again, calling her in beseeching tones. Suddenly, under the corner of a neighbor's shed, he saw something white move, and went into the house to get a saucer of milk.

"I s'pose she 'll be afraid to come to me now," he thought, and the thought hurt, for Franklin was not a cruel boy.

He set the milk down very carefully near the place where he had seen the white thing move, and presently it hopped out with a great flap of the ears and began to drink. But it was a white thing with black spots, and its name was Stamper.

At that moment Eunice and her mother came through the gate, having just returned from shopping.

"Stamper 's come home," Franklin shouted before they reached the steps.

"I thought you told Eunice there was no chance of that," said Mrs. Wood, kissing Kenneth, who had run to meet them.

"Well, I did n't think there was," said Franklin, shamefacedly. "But Eunice need n't have cried." He suspected that his mother had very little admiration for boys who made their sisters cry.

"There was n't one chance in a thousand," he added; "and I would n't have caught him then, you see, if I had n't had the milk."

"What were you doing with milk?" asked Eunice, suspiciously.

Franklin did not answer, but looked so uncomfortable that Mrs. Wood changed the subject; for she made a point of never asking one of her children embarrassing questions before the others, and this was one reason why they loved her so much.

After supper there came a loud thump at the side door, and Franklin, who was studying in the parlor, heard a delighted shout from Kenneth. Then Eunice came running in with a smile, and, taking Franklin's hand, said: "I 've got something for you, to make up for having hurt your feelings this morning."

"But Stamper 's come home," he said, giving her a rough little hug. "And I can't take any present from you now, Sis; so run away and let me study."



"THEY WERE SITTING ON EUNICE'S DRESSING-TABLE — THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF LITTLE MALTESE AND WHITE RABBITS THAT HE HAD EVER SEEN."

"I told her I thought you would n't care to," said Mrs. Wood, looking relieved. She was so glad that Franklin felt he did not deserve a present; although, of course, she could not know yet just why.

"But you *must* come and look at them," insisted Eunice. "They 're in my room."

So Franklin went to look, and "they" were sitting on Eunice's dressing-table — the most beautiful pair of little Maltese and white rabbits that he had ever seen; and all his life long he had wanted a Maltese rabbit!

"Those did n't come from the bird-store, I bet," he burst out in delight, quite forgetting that he was not to keep them.

"They came from the farm of the father of a boy who works at Taylor's," said Mrs. Wood, smiling affectionately at the boy's delight. "The bird-store rabbits were worthless."

"You 're just a brick, mother, and so is Eunice. But I can't take these little fellows — I really can't. Eunice must keep them herself."

"Eunice will feel hurt if you don't keep them," said Mrs. Wood.

"Oh, but there are reasons why I can't,"

said Franklin, desperately. "I don't want to tell before the kids."

"Well, they can be my rabbits for to-night, then," said Mrs. Wood, in her quiet way, "and to-morrow we'll decide to whom they really are to belong. I shall feel very proud, I assure you, to own so beautiful a pair of rabbits, if only for a single night."

Eunice, who had missed being greeted by Weejums, was walking through the house calling her pet. But no distant *purr-eow* answered to her call, and no tortoise-shell tail waved a greeting from the top of fence or shed.

Mrs. Wood turned to Franklin and asked him if he had seen anything of Weejums, and Franklin told her the whole miserable story, or nearly the whole; for of course the children came running in to interrupt.

"Don't tell Eunice," his mother said quickly. "It would make it so much harder for her if she thought you had anything to do with it."

So Franklin did not tell, but he never liked to think afterward of the days that followed. Eunice went around with a white face, while Kenneth almost tore his clothes to shreds crawling about under barns and fences. The loss of Stamper had been sad, of course, for rabbits are attractive; but Weejums was like one of the family.

Eunice wrote out an advertisement to be put in the paper:

LOST.—A little girl's tortoise-shell cat, with pink toes and a sweet face, answering to the name of "Wee-je Wee-je, kim-um-sing."

And Mrs. Wood put it all in except the "Kim-um-sing," and adding, instead, that there would be a reward of two dollars to any one who returned the cat to her home.

This notice appeared for three days, and on the fourth another one followed it:

In addition to above reward, offered for return of the above tortoise-shell, will be given two fine, fat, handsome rabbits, in splendid condition, with one palatial, airy rabbit-house, eight rooms, staircases, cupola, and all modern improvements.

F. Wood, Esq.

Mrs. Wood smiled as she read this, although her lips trembled, and she thought: "That must almost have broken Franklin's heart."

The next day Kenneth was walking along the road when he saw some boys looking up at a tree and throwing stones; and he caught his breath as he heard a most unbird-like *meow!* from among the branches.

"Say, what kind of a cat is it?" he asked of a ragamuffin who was preparing to throw an ancient apple.

"Caliker cat," said the boy. "Up there. See?" And he closed one eye to take aim.

But Kenneth had recognized the animal. "She is n't calico. She 's tortoise-shell!" burst out Kenneth, turning red with delight. "She 's our Weejums, and I 'm goin' to take her home."

"Oh, she 's your cat, is she?" asked the boy, dropping his apple and looking dangerous. "Your cat — when we chased it up there? Say, you better run home to your ma-ma, little boy. D' ye hear?"

"Don't have to," Kenneth responded.

"Caliker cat," sneered the boy, insultingly. "Caliker, I say. Old caliker cat!"

"Tortoise-shell," insisted Kenneth, politely but firmly.

The boy doubled up his fists with a snort of rage,— he was bigger than Kenneth,— and —

But we will not describe what followed. Some eye-witnesses declare that a very lively, if not very "scientific," tussle followed, in which Kenneth, in spite of his gentle bringing-up, showed a familiarity with fisticuffs that would hardly have pleased his mother even if she *had* admired his courage and grit, which were worthy of a better cause.

We shall record only the outcome of the encounter, which was that the larger boy saw the error of his position and finally acknowledged that the animal *was* a "tortoise-shell," as Kenneth had suggested.

"He 's licked him! He 's licked him! Give him the cat," called a larger boy who had strolled up while the fight was in progress. And all the others drew away from the tree while Kenneth coaxed Weejums down with a voice that she recognized, although she would never have known his poor bruised little face. And, to crown all, just as he had taken the precious cat fondly in his arms, who should come whistling up the street but Franklin!

He understood the situation at a glance, and striding up to Patsy McGann, seized him by the shoulder, saying: "Did you lick him? Answer me! Did you lick that little fellow?"

"Naw, he licked me; an' just on account of that old caliker cat you was chasin' the other day."

"What kind of a cat did you say it was?" he asked, turning to Patsy.

"A cal — I mean turtle-shell cat," said Patsy, sullenly, walking off with his friends.

Franklin took Kenneth in at the back door and washed his face before letting any one see him. Then they walked triumphantly into the parlor, with Weejums on Kenneth's shoulder.

Eunice was practising at the piano, with Mrs. Wood beside her, so they did not see Weejums until Eunice felt a little purring face against her own, and screamed for joy.

The affair with Patsy McGann was explained by Franklin to his mother, who gently but firmly made clear to her youngest son the unwisdom of trying to prove one's self in the right by the argument of a fist.

"Mother," said Franklin, later in the afternoon, "may I have a moment with you in the parlor — in *private?*"

"Certainly. No, Eunice, you and Kenny are not to come."

"Well, dear, what is it?" she asked as he drew her down beside him on the sofa.

"Mother," he said gloomily, "I 'm going to give Kenny my rabbits. 'T was in the advertisement, and I promised."

"Oh, but Kenny did n't see the advertisement, and I would n't give away the rabbits, Franklin dear."

"Yes, mother, but I promised, you see."

"That was in case a stranger should find her. But Kenny is such a little boy. And I know he honestly would n't want you to give up the rabbits you 've had so long."

"Well, then, I 'll tell you; there is one other thing that must be done," said Franklin, after a pause.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Wood, sympathetically, guessing at his meaning. "I 'd thought of them, but then I remembered how much you 'd always wanted a Maltese — "

"Don't speak of it," said Franklin. "I have n't decided yet."

It took him all the morning to make up his mind; but when Eunice and Kenneth went in to dinner, at each of their plates stood a head of lettuce scooped out in the middle, and from the center of each green frill peered the round face of a little bunny.

"The Maltese ones!" said Eunice, with a gasp, and Kenneth turned quite pale with surprise.

"Yes," said Franklin, solemnly tucking his napkin under his chin, "they 're for you!"



ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST.

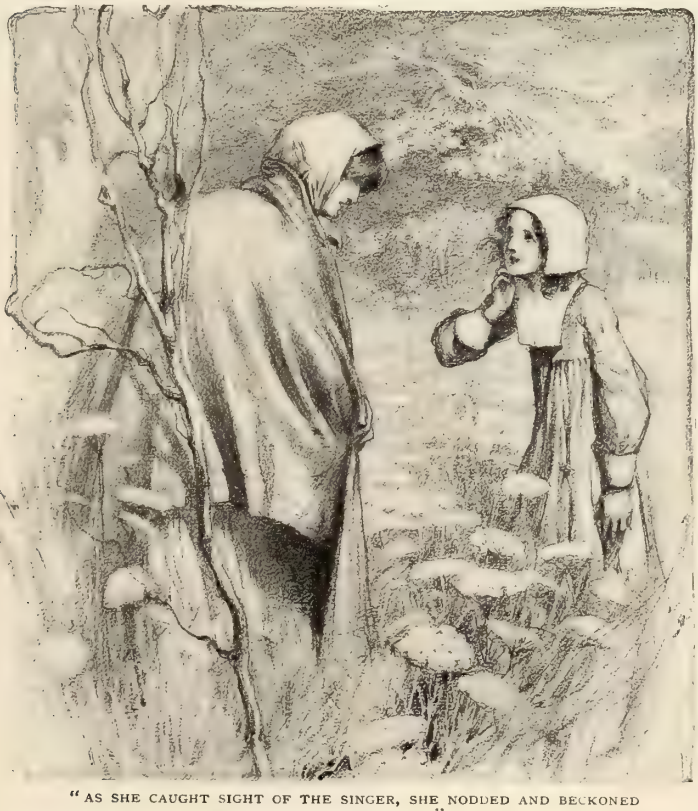
By Mary Constance Du Bois.

(*Begun in the August number.*)

Chapter III.

DAME HESTER'S WAY.

She was a poor, bowed, hunchbacked creature, wrapped in a tattered cloak, and carrying a burden in her arms. Her hood had slipped back, and a mass of black hair fell all about her swarthy face. As she caught sight of the singer, she nodded and beckoned Elinor toward her.



"AS SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE SINGER, SHE NODDED AND BECKONED ELINOR TOWARD HER."

"It vas a brave song zat, mon enfant." The voice was soft and musical. "God save King Sharle! You are for ze king? Ah, good, good! My leetle lady has zen a lofing heart. She take peety on a poor vanderer." She gave the child an earnest look.

"What would you of me?" asked Elinor, rather frightened by the deep, bright eyes fixed upon her.

"See, now — ve are two poor voyageurs, my man and I. Ve lose our vay in ze fields. Zen I find zees pass. Tell me, vare do it lead?"

"To the highway, about a mile from here."

"Ze highvay! Ah! 't ees from zare ve come. Ze soldiers — ah! so many, so fierce, so terrible! I fear me, and ve hide. My man he lie in yonder field and vatch till ze road be clear. Mais moi. I haf so grande fear; I hide me here in ze forêt. Ah!" She started violently as a crashing sounded in the underbrush.

It was only Fox coming back from a squirrel hunt. The born enemy of vagabonds, the dog made a barking rush at the ragged figure. At the noise a small head was lifted from the folds of the woman's cloak.

"A baby! Oh, let me see!" cried Elinor. "Down, Fox, down! Be still, sir!" as the little one gave a sleepy, whimpering cry.

Now Elinor had been half afraid that the dark, bright-eyed stranger was a witch. The sight of the baby reassured her. It was only a gipsy mother with her child.

"Hélas! He ees so tired, so hungry — my poor leetle boy. He haf journey so far, and it grow late. Ah, vare shall my bébé sleep to-night?" She sighed wearily as she gently



"SHE HURRIED BACK AND GUIDED THE LITTLE PARTY TO THE HIDING-PLACE." (SEE PAGE 995.)

rocked the child to and fro in her arms. "But zese soldiers — how come zey here? You know?"

"Some prisoners escaped," Elinor explained, "and the soldiers were hunting them away down to Dover. But two of them they could not catch. They were Royalists, too, and I warrant the soldiers are mad with rage about it. Oh, I hope the poor souls are safe!"

"Ah, true. Mademoiselle ees Royaleest! I know it from her song."

"Ay, I 'm for King Charles — I care not who knows that," said Elinor, with a proud little toss of her head. "But all at home are Roundheads. Those soldiers are mine uncle's own men. They were supping at our house but now. I trow they 'd take *me* prisoner, too, if they heard my song!" and she laughed mischievously.

The woman smiled and nodded, as if she quite understood. Then, seating herself on a stone, she drew Elinor to her.

"Voilà, ma petite. My man and I, we are sairvants to a grande dame — a great lady. Our meestress ees a Royaleest, too. Ah, poor lady, how she has suffered in zees cruelle var! She ees gone, my meestress, on a journey, far, far avay. And I — I go to seek her. Hélas! 'T ees a long, long vay!"

She looked sadly down at the child on her lap. The baby, who had wakened rosy and smiling, was now making friendly advances to Fox, holding out both chubby little hands, with no thought of fear. Fox, sensible dog that he was, seemed to realize that his mistress's friends ought not to be his enemies. His growl gradually subsided, his tail began to wag, at first uncertainly, then very hard; and finally, lifting a moist black nose to the small face, he offered a kiss of peace with his soft red tongue. Dimpled cheeks covered with berry-stains, big dark eyes shining out through a tangle of brown curls — a real little gipsy was this merry two-year-old. Cooing with delight, the baby clasped its new play-fellow fondly round the neck, and Fox, having learned that the more one was throttled the more one was also loved,

submitted in the friendliest way. Elinor was soon down on her knees beside the laughing child, playing with the silky curls, and calling baby a dozen loving pet names.

Suddenly the great, dark eyes looked up at her, and the little one lisped, "No, no. P'incess! P'incess!"

"Ay, Pierre," said the mother. "My leetle boy's name ees Pierre."

"No, no — no boy. *P'incess! P'incess!*" and the little face began to pucker.

The woman laughed. "Ay and no, 't ees all vun to my bébé. Mais oui, Pierre. Here in Eengleesh zey call heem Peter."

The child looked with baby gravity at the two faces. Then, doubling up a dimpled fist, it patted its ragged frock with a still more emphatic "No, no — *P'incess!* Do 'way!"

"What does he mean?" asked Elinor.

Laughing again, the mother pressed the baby close in her arms, kissing it again and again.

"Pauvre petit, he know not how to say he vish hees supper. Ah, how late it grow!" She glanced at the lengthening shadows.

Elinor started. "Good lack! What will Aunt Hester say? I must go home at once; indeed I must."

"No, no; leaf us not yet, I pray. Stay — ve know not vare to seek shelter zees night."

Elinor, who had shrunk at the first sight of the woman's forlorn, misshapen figure, was now looking at her in wonder. The cloak had fallen back, showing more plainly the tattered dress and the poor, deformed shoulder. Yet in the dark face there lay a strange beauty. When she spoke, her voice was low and sweet; and when she smiled, her eyes grew deep and soft and full of light.

"Tell me, are zare no Royaleests, like my leetle lady here, zat vould shelter us till ze morning?"

Elinor shook her head. "No; the whole town is rebel. Let me see — you could come to us when the soldiers are gone. Aunt Hester might take you in, only she cannot abide French folk. She says they bow the knee to Baal. Some of the village folk might — no, there are the soldiers again! If you fear them so —"

"Ay, zat I do!"

"They 'll be at the inn to-night; you 'd surely meet them. Stay! There 's Martha Rose — *she* 's nigh here. If I coaxed her —"

"Non, non! I dare not. Beggars find a cold velcome. Voilà! zat black-visage leader—'t ees heem I fear. He lead hees men from door to door, and demande alvay, 'Came zare no voyageurs zees vay?' Eh bien! zay point us out, and he take not our vord zat ve are innocent. No, I trust not ze enemy's mercy." She rose. "If zare be no more loyal hearts like you, mademoiselle, I go my vay. Adieu, my kind leetle lady. Ah, but how can I? So foot-sore, so fatigue! I travel since early morning — I carry Pierre on my back. I can no more!" She sank down again as if faint with weariness.

Baby, too, seemed to feel that something was wrong, and began to fret in a tired way. Elinor stood silent, frowning thoughtfully. The fanciful little girl had often played at hiding a Royalist coming to her for protection. But the fugitive was always a gallant Cavalier, usually an earl, who vowed to wed his fair rescuer when the king should return to his own. And yet, would she not be proving her loyalty even by helping two faithful servants on their weary way?

"I have it!" she cried at last, clapping her hands. "'T is the very place! I always hid him there — the earl, I mean. Oh, never mind!" as she saw the woman's look of amazement, "it was only play. Come, we must make haste, or Aunt Hester will guess there 's something amiss. I 'll tell you about it as we go."

The traveler's hesitation yielded to Elinor's earnestness, and she followed her guide along the brookside path. They had not gone far when a bird-like whistle sounded through the trees. The woman stopped, listened, and putting her hand to her mouth, answered with a long, cooing note.

"'T is François's call," she explained.

The next moment the bushes on the other side of the brook were parted, and a dark figure appeared on the opposite bank. After an exchange of signals, he came to them across the stepping-stones in the bed of the stream. It was fortunate that no spies were lurking near by, for a third vagabond was too much for Fox's feelings as a watch-dog of honor, and it was some minutes before his furious barking could be quieted. At first François evidently regarded

Elinor with some distrust; but a few words in French from his companion seeming to reassure him, the party went on its way along the winding path, crossing the brook on a narrow footbridge, and finally leaving the grove for the open meadow. Before them rose a gently sloping hill, on the crest of which were the clustered buildings of Bradford Grange. This sight seemed to startle the travelers, and the woman turned with anxious eyes to Elinor, who hastened to explain her plan.

Chapter IV.

A refuge.

The history of the Grange was a varied one. Hundreds of years before, a small chapel had been built on the summit of the hill. Close to this a priory had afterward risen, which continued to be the home of a brotherhood of monks until the days of the Reformation. Then, like countless other monasteries, it had been ravaged, its inmates scattered, and the beautiful building, now half ruined, had been given with the adjoining lands to a favorite courtier of King Henry. From the hands of this spendthrift nobleman it had passed into those of Sir Nicholas Bradford, an ancestor of the colonel. The ancient priory was then transformed into a comfortable manor-house, surrounded by a group of farm-buildings. A large part of the cloister had been torn down, and the stones were used for constructing new sheds and storehouses.



When the young squire, Richard Bradford, became a convert to Puritan doctrines, the place was still further changed in appearance. Except for the massive pillars here and there supporting a stately arch, one would hardly have imagined that the barns and stables had risen on the ruins of the old priory church. Not a fragment of carving or stained glass was left to recall to Protestant minds the place of worship of former days. One building only remained almost unchanged. This was the oldest of all, the chapel, which opened into what had once been the main building of the church. Although no sign of decoration was to be seen, its roof and walls were still standing. In winter it was used as a shelter for the sheep, while in summer it was the favorite play-house of the children by day, and the imagined haunt of fairies, ghosts, and hobgoblins by night. When the shadows fell, Elinor visited it only in fancy, and then in company with her fugitive earl.

Here she purposed to hide the wanderers.

"And look you," Elinor said to the anxious Frenchwoman, when the plan had been told, "the soldiers would never think of searching *our* land for the Royalists."



They had crept cautiously up the hill, ready at the least alarm to sink down behind some protecting bush or rock, and were now in the orchard on the slope farthest from the house.

"And I haf nevair yet ask my leetle lady's name," the woman suddenly said.

"Elinor — Elinor Arden. I know not what name to call you by," the little girl added shyly.

"Marie — call me juste Marie. Eh bien! Mademoiselle Eleenore, poor Marie vill nevair forget ze kindness of her leetle lady. Ah, if she could but do some sairvice in return! Ven ve come safe out of zees danger, and I find my meestress again, ah, zen I tell her of ze loyal demoiselle zat stood our friend in ze time of need."

It was decided that, while the others waited in the orchard, Elinor should go forward alone and watch for an opportunity to lead them to

their refuge. Finding both garden and outbuildings deserted, she hurried back and guided the little party to the hiding-place.

At the eastern end of the farm-buildings stood the old chapel. Its gray stone walls were covered with ivy, its unglazed windows half hidden in the clustering vines. On one side was a small doorway, so low that François had to bend his head as he entered. Even with her companions Elinor could not help shivering at the gloom within. The dense blackness of the corners made her feel that weird objects were really lurking there. It was certainly a dreary shelter for the night.

"Ah, how dark it is!" Marie's voice shook a little. "Yet a light might betray us. Ve are really safe here?"

François meanwhile was investigating the shadowy nooks, to be sure that no one lay concealed. Baby alone was untroubled, having dropped off to sleep.

"I dare not wait longer," said Elinor, at last; "but tell me if there 's aught you need, and I 'll try to fetch it for you when no one 's watching."

The travelers had with them the remains of a dinner of bread and cheese, and François had filled a flask with water from the brook. A drink of milk, should the baby wake hungry, was all that they needed.

"And at daybreak to-morrow I 'll fetch you some breakfast," Elinor promised.

"The bon Dieu bless my leetle lady," whispered Marie, as the child turned to go.

A heap of fresh hay had been thrown on the old chancel floor, and on this the weary woman now lay down, with the sleeping baby nestled close in her arms. François stretched himself in the doorway to guard them while they slept.

Elinor had hoped to beg a cup of milk from the dairymaid, but, in crossing the kitchen-yard, she was spied by Rachel from an upper window. Rachel must have called the news to her mother, for the next instant Aunt Hester's head appeared at another window, and the truant was sternly beckoned indoors.

"Elinor Arden, what doth this loitering mean?" her aunt demanded. "Look at the clock — it is thy bedtime already! Thou shouldst have been in nigh to an hour ago. Didst not come by the road? Ay, I thought so. Playing in the field! Mayst well hang thy head! I tell thee, child, this idling must cease once and for all."

As a matter of fact, Elinor's long absence had caused Mistress Bradford some qualms of conscience for having sent her niece from home while the enemy might still be abroad. Perhaps this increased her annoyance when the wanderer returned. Elinor was ordered to bed in disgrace. There was no hope of escape, for she shared her cousins' room, and Aunt Hester followed her to tuck the little sisters into bed for the night.

Soon after she had left, the door was opened softly, and Miriam stole into the room. Dear, kind-hearted, careless Miriam! She had her own difficulties under Aunt Hester's iron rule, and was apt to look upon Elinor as a comrade in misfortune.

"I meant not to be naughty — really and truly," whispered Elinor, as Miriam, guessing that something was wrong, put a comforting arm about her. "And I 'm so tired, and oh, so hungry! for I went off without my supper."

"Dear heart alive! Ye poor, starved lamb! Wait a bit, and I 'll fetch ye your supper."

"Oh, do, dear Miriam, pray. And a sup of milk — most of all I 'd like some milk."

First making sure that Rachel and Elizabeth were sound asleep, Miriam slipped away, and in a few minutes returned with her hands full.

"'T is what was left of the soldiers' supper. I had scarce time to snatch it up ere the mistress came," she explained in a delighted whisper, setting down a generous piece of pasty, the remains of a loaf, and a cup of milk.

Elinor hugged her gratefully. There would now be no need of an early morning's raid on the larder, with a troubled conscience afterward. She would eat only a part of the bread, and then, when all the household was asleep, she would carry the rest of the food to her friends in the chapel. The long summer twilight was fast fading, and it took all her courage to think of crossing the deserted courtyard. She was more than ever convinced that the chapel was ghost-haunted.

"I must!" she told herself. "I must! But oh, I wish *he* were there instead!" She was

thinking of the earl — he would have protected her.

Her small share of the supper was soon eaten. It would still be a long time before she could venture out. How tired she was, and how heavy her eyelids felt! She threw herself on her bed to wait until all was silent.

The next minute — surely it was the next minute — Elinor started up, rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, as a pale pink light shone across her face. She turned to the window. The eastern sky was all aglow. It was morning. Still half dazed with sleep, she stared about the room. There, on a chair by the bedside, the last night's supper was laid. She looked penitently at the cup of milk as she thought of the poor baby waking hungry in the night. Maids and farming-men were already about their morning's work, and it would be no easy matter to carry the provisions unnoticed; yet she must do her best to make good the lost time. After a little thought she went softly to her cousins' bedside, and assured herself that they were still fast asleep; then she took from the cupboard her long, brown, woolen cloak. Wrapped in this, she was covered from her neck to her ankles. Next, she tucked the remains of the bread under her arm, and, with the plate of meat-pasty held tightly in one hand, and the cup in the other, she stole out of the room.

Chapter V.

what the morning revealed.

It seemed as if the mowers would never go off to the fields, nor the cows be driven to the milking-shed; but at last the way was clear, and undisturbed she reached the chapel. Baby was evidently demanding breakfast, for she heard the sound of smothered crying as she passed beneath the chancel window. No one answered her soft knock, and slowly and cautiously she pushed the door open, fearing to startle her friend; but even the grating of the rusty hinge seemed unnoticed through the wailing of the hungry child. François, she saw, was no longer on guard. She stepped inside, looked, and stood in silent wonder. Marie was kneeling beside the bed of hay, her arms clasped round the little one; and the early sunlight, flooding the chancel window, shone like a halo about her head. Was this the same poor, hunchbacked wanderer? Her face, bent close to the child's, was hidden by her dark, falling hair; her kerchief had been removed and her bodice loosened for her night's rest, leaving bare a white neck and shoulder; and what had been the hump — a bundle of rags — now hung at her side!

The baby's sobbing ceased for a moment, and through the stillness Marie's voice came in gentle, cooing tones. "Hush, darling, hush! Fret not so. Ay, thou shalt soon be a princess again."

"Princess!" Did Elinor herself repeat the word? Perhaps — for the woman turned with a startled look, and rose in haste to her feet. Straight and tall and queenly she stood, with the morning brightness all around her. Elinor gazed at her as one in a strange day-dream, for the majesty of that height and bearing was all the more wonderful in contrast with the forlorn and tattered dress; and, although some art had stained that cheek and forehead brown, the throat beneath was white as pearl.

"The milk — I have it. I 'm so sorry — the supper — last night — I could not help it! Oh, what — who *are* you?" stammered poor Elinor, almost believing that her fairy godmother had appeared.

"How camest thou, child? I heard thee not! The door — is it fast?" It was no longer the Frenchwoman who spoke. "Ah!" She glanced at her shoulder, from which the bundle of rags had slipped.

"Princess!" was all Elinor could say.

"P'incess! P'incess!" piped the baby voice.

"Here is thy breakfast at last," said the woman, hastily, as the provisions were brought out from under Elinor's long cloak. "Come, give it him at once," she commanded, taking the child in her arms.

When baby was quite happy over the bread and milk, Marie drew Elinor down beside her on the chancel step. After hearing how the weary little girl had fallen asleep against her will, and how she had that morning escaped,— "I see thou art to be trusted, my little faithful," she said. "Now harken, but speak low.

Art sure no one is nigh? Thou seest I am not what I seemed last night. Nath'less, remember this: while danger lasts, to you and to all I am Marie, and the child is Pierre."

She lifted Elinor's face in her hands, and looked earnestly into the frank blue eyes.

"Ask me no questions, but remember this: if thou standest faithful to us, and keepst our secret well, then wilt thou most truly serve thy king."

The little Royalist's heart was beating very fast. Just then some playful sunbeams tangled themselves in baby's curls, encircling the child-head with a crown of ruddy gold. It came to Elinor with a joyful thrill. "Pierre" was a princess — the daughter of her king! She had heard the story of the fall of Exeter, and of the baby princess, whose two years of life had been passed in that loyal town, and who, after the surrender, had been carried away to a palace guarded by the rebel soldiery. This was all that she knew; yet in her mind there was not a shade of doubt — her tiny guest was a royal child. In one instant Elinor was on her knees before the little one, covering the dimpled hands with kisses.

"Oh, let me hold thee just once!" she pleaded. "My princess! My princess!" She could not help the loving whisper.

Marie smiled, and baby seemed to understand, coming to her at once, and nestling down contentedly in her loyal arms.

It was now time for Marie to think of her own breakfast.

When Elinor wondered why François was not there to have his share, she was told that, while all was yet silent about the Grange, the faithful servant had left his post at the door and gone out to make sure that it was safe for them to continue their journey.

While Marie was making ready for the departure, Elinor and her little princess had a frolic in the soft hay. They heaped last night's bed into a mountain, and baby, climbing to the top, lay kicking her little bare pink feet, and crowing merrily. Suddenly there came an earthquake, whereupon her Royal Highness and the mountain fell over together in a heap. And as often as the delighted baby wriggled out from under the mountain, Elinor buried her again up to her chin, until nothing could be seen but the rosy face and blinking, laughing eyes. Next it was Elinor's turn, and baby fell upon her with a triumphant little shout, tossing the hay all over them both. Poor Elinor's curls were now mercilessly pulled, and wisps of hay were poked into her mouth. As she lay there, the willing slave of royalty, she could feel the small teasing fingers creeping softly over her neck.

"Oo-ooh!" They had found something hidden under a white kerchief, and now baby spied a bit of the crimson ribbon on which the buckle was hung. One sharp tug, and out came a beautiful toy, surely meant for the princess herself. The little clinging hands would not give up the treasure, and Elinor, to avoid being nearly strangled, was forced to untie the ribbon from her throat.

"A jewel!" cried Marie, turning, as Elinor was showing how the new plaything could sparkle in the light. "How didst come by it? These are fair gems, truly! They can be no strict Puritans here, if thou mayst wear such a trinket."

"'T is my father's keepsake. He said whenever I looked at it I must think always how he loved me." And then something in Marie's face drew from the girl the whole story of her father and of his parting gift.

When it was all told, the lonely feeling that had so often come over her seemed to be comforted away, for she felt loving arms around her and tender kisses upon her cheek.

All too soon those happy moments came to an end, as the door was cautiously opened and François appeared. The dark-faced, wiry little Frenchman was all a-quiver with excitement over the news which he brought.

When she had heard his report, Marie turned to Elinor, saying hurriedly, "The soldiers are ridden away westward, nigh the whole body of them. We must away with all haste while the road is free, for two at least are left behind, and François fears the rest may still return."

Elinor suddenly felt a sense of sadness and disappointment. Here was a chance for the fugitives to go on their way in safety. A few minutes more and the burden of their welfare would be lifted from her own poor little

shoulders. It would break her heart if harm should come to them; and yet — she was ashamed to own it to herself — she wished the soldiers had not gone so soon. She had found friends, and longed to have them stay. The lonely feeling came again, a homesickness that made her heart ache.

She was a fanciful child, who often roamed in a dream-world of her own, far away from the matter-of-fact people about her. Forgetful of her tasks and errands, she would join the fairies in their midnight revels on the green, or sail in a phantom ship over the sea to lands unknown and wonderful; again, in robes of state, visit royal palaces; or even, in these troubled days, picture herself as no longer a little maiden, but a noble Cavalier winning the victory for the king. No one understood the dreamy little girl. She had tried in vain to make her cousins "see things" as she did; and, had Aunt Hester guessed her niece's thoughts, they would have displeased her quite as much as mere wilful idleness. Now her whole heart went out to this new-found friend, who was more beautiful, more kind and gentle, than any heroine of her fancy, and to her "own little princess," as in her thoughts she would always love to say. They were going far away, and what chance was there that Elinor Arden would ever see such friends as these again? She felt a sudden longing to share their wanderings with them.

"What is 't, my child? Art so fearful for us?" asked Marie, noticing the troubled face.

"You go so soon," sighed Elinor. "Oh!" she burst out, her lip quivering, "shall I ever see you again?"

"Dear heart," answered Marie, bending once more to kiss her, while the girl's arms went lovingly round her neck. "Heaven grant we may indeed all meet again in happier times! And then" — she looked toward baby with a smile — "may this little one thank thee for thy trusty service."

Now everything was ready for the journey, and only the princess was unprepared to go. She knew the meaning of that hump and cloak, and Marie, coming to take her, was met with a most determined "No, no, no! — do 'way!"

What! Leave this best of playgrounds, and the new friend, who brought one bread and milk when one was hungry, and wore beautiful toys around her neck, only to spend another long day at that exceedingly tiresome game of beggar child? It was not to be thought of. But Marie was in haste to be off, particularly as just then the sound of voices warned them that the men had returned to the stable. Baby was caught up against her will, and, to add to her woes, found that the new plaything — that shining buckle — was, after all, not her own. Elinor had amused the little one by tying the gay ribbon about her neck. As Marie now removed it to give it back, baby stretched her eager little hands for the jewel, and, finding it out of reach, broke into a wail of disappointment. What should her guardian do? Each moment the crying might betray them. But the sobs changed to a soft gurgle, and a smile came through the tears, as Elinor hung her keepsake once more about the baby's neck.

"I 'll go with you in the fields a little way," she said, "and weave her a daisy chain; then she 'll not cry if I take the buckle."

Marie hid the jewel among the tatters of baby's frock. Then she told Elinor to go out as noiselessly as possible, and see whether or not they might safely venture on their way.

Chapter VI.

SPIES.

No one was to be seen about the chapel. The farm-hands were at work in a distant field, and the cattle had been driven from the milking-shed. Turning toward the house, Elinor stepped out from behind the stable wall, and then stopped in dismay, for the two little sisters, hand in hand, were tripping across the greensward. It was too late to run away, for at that moment she was seen. Two pairs of eyes grew very round, and two little mouths formed themselves into two astonished "ohs!"

"Nell, Nell — oh, Nelly! What is it?" they panted, both in one breath, as they ran to join their cousin. "Why are you out so early? Is it a secret? Oh, Nell, *do* tell us!"

"We 've found you out! We 've found you out!" cried Bess, prancing with triumphant glee.

"I know it 's a secret, and we 'll not let you go till you tell us," added Rachel.

Then Bess put in: "I woke up first and found you gone, and I told Rachel, and we dressed, and — "

"Bess! Rachel! Go back! It 's too early," was all poor Elinor could say.

"Oh-o-oh!" Rachel gave a little shriek. "Why, Elinor Arden! look at your frock!"

Then, for the first time, Elinor glanced at her skirt. All down the front were stains and splashes of rich brown gravy from that juicy meat-pasty.

"And your hair — it 's all full of hay!"

"Well, what if it is? Yours is in a pretty snarl, I can tell you! And your frocks are all awry. Best go back at once — *please* go."

"I 'm *not* a telltale! And I 'll tell mother!" whined Rachel, almost in tears.

Elinor's temper had gotten the better of her; now she saw her mistake. "I meant not to vex you, Rachel dear," she said. "Only," she could not help adding, "*I* 'd never go creeping after *you* like a pussy-cat!"

"And *I* 'd never be so selfish — " Rachel began.

"Hark! I hear Miriam. She 's calling you." And Elinor tried to push her cousins toward the house.

"We care not," said Rachel. "If she wish us, she can come and fetch us. You 're just trying to be rid of us, but we 'll not stir a step — so there! Ah, Nell! *Do* tell us."



"'NELL, NELL—OH, NELLY! WHAT IS IT?' THEY PANTED, BOTH IN ONE BREATH."

"Nay, that will we not — not till you tell us the secret! Oh, Nell, what *is* it?"

"Indeed, I 'll not tell you a word — not when you come sneaking and spying after me so! 'T was not fair play!"

"'T is not fair play keeping secrets all to yourself!" retorted Rachel. "We 've as much right to know as you — so now! You 're a real crosspatch, Elinor Arden!"

"I 'm not a crosspatch, nor a telltale, either, like some folks I might mention!"

A helpless feeling came over her now — the struggle to escape, with the sense that she was bound fast to the spot, while knowing that every moment was precious to the fugitives.

"Rachel, Bess, listen!" She laid a hand on a shoulder of each cousin, and her voice became pleading. "I 'd tell you if I could — really and truly; but I can't, because — because I *can't* — not now. But if you 'll stop teasing, I 'll promise to tell you by and by."

"By and by! When you 've kept all the fun

to yourself — crabbed old thing!" And Rachel petulantly shook free her shoulder.

"Nay, then; if you *will* have it, go to the hay-loft and look for it," cried the artful Elinor.

Elizabeth turned at once, pulling her sister by the hand; but Rachel hung back. "I don't believe it 's there at all," she said. "You did not come from there. I know! it 's in the sheep-cote. Come, Bess."

But Elinor blocked the way. "Stay! Oh, *do* stop! See now, I 'll tell you what I 'll do. If you 'll be good, and not go peeping and prying and tale-tattling, I 'll — I 'll — I know! I 'll save you both my honey-cake, every day at supper, for as long as you will."

Rachel wrinkled up her little nose disdainfully.

"And next time we have plum-tart, I 'll give you my share. Come!"

"Plum-tart!" cried Elizabeth. "Oh, Nell! May n't we have *that* every time, too?"

"Ay, so long as you keep your word and tell nobody."

"You promise to tell soon?" asked Rachel.

"I 'll tell you sometime — as soon as I may. And you know I keep my promises. Come, that 's my honey-sweet coz!"

Elizabeth's heart was melting at the thought of cakes and tarts, but the older sister shook her head.

"And I 'll tell you a fairy-tale every night, when we 're abed!"

"Mother says 't is wrong listening to idle tales," was Rachel's prim response.

"Then why d' ye always harken when I tell you them?"

"Nay, Rachel; just one fairy-tale — a real long one, Nell," pleaded Elizabeth.

"Good lack! there comes Miriam!" exclaimed Elinor. "She must not hear. Oh, be quick! say you will."

"Now you 'll be fetched in, too." Rachel brightened at the thought. "Um-m — we-e-e-ll — y-y-e-es!"

Elinor followed up the victory with a kiss. "Now I promise, on my word and on my honor," she said; "and you promise, too."

"On my word and honor," chirped Bess.

"Word an' honor," mumbled Rachel, still rather sulky.

"For pity's sake, children, what make ye out here at this hour?" was Miriam's greeting. "Did ye not hear me calling ye, high and low? I feared to rouse the house. The like o' this I ne'er did see. Off and away at dawn, the three of ye — and all as wild as gipsies! Whatever hath bewitched ye? And the sight ye are! Lackaday, Mistress Elinor, if ye 're not the sorriest of all! Fie, what a frock! Come, dearies, come! Into the house, quick, ere the mistress find ye."

"Nay, prithee, Miriam, just one moment," begged Elinor. "Let me go — I must! I 'll be back directly."

"And call down a fresh chiding on both our heads? I trow not! Hark ye, Mistress Elinor, dear. Come like a good child, and let Miriam comb out that shameful hair, and make ye tidy,—'t will not be long,—and then ye 'll be free to run where ye will."

There was no help for it. To refuse would only rouse Miriam's suspicion, and Miriam, she knew, loved gossip, and in the matter of secrets was hardly more trustworthy than Rachel or Bess. The only hope was to escape while her cousins, in their turn, were being dressed and could not steal out after her. So, much against her will, she followed the others into the house.

Meanwhile hints of the secret were continually slipping out.

"We 'll have plum-tart!" hummed Elizabeth. "Plum-tart and honey-cake!"

"Hist, Bess! that 's no way to keep a secret," Rachel warned her sister.

And poor Elinor was glad to hide her burning cheeks in her shower of tumbled curls.

What was that sudden clamor of voices? Miriam dropped the comb and hurried to the window, and Elinor sprang up with a fast-beating heart. Men and maids were assembling on the greensward. A cry escaped her as she saw in the midst of the gathering François, Marie, and the child, guarded between two soldiers. Hardly knowing what she did, she darted past Miriam, past Aunt Hester, out of doors, and up to the edge of the group.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COUNTY FAIR.

(The descriptions and photographs are from a county fair actually arranged by girls and boys last year.)

By Joseph Henry Adams.

You see, it started in this way: The real annual county fair was held in September, just before the boys and girls went back to school, and, accompanied by their parents, they attended



OPENING THE FAIR — THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

the fair at least once, some of them twice, and a few of them three times, and even then they did not have enough of it. So it was proposed by some of the older boys that they hold a county fair of their own.

Of course there was a great deal of preliminary work to be done in the way of printing tickets, making show-cards and price-marks for articles, as well as selecting the "grounds" and arranging the locations for the various attractions.

Fifty tickets were issued, and, as school had begun again, the entire lot was sold out on Friday preceding the first fair day, but that did not limit the attendance, and nearly as fast as the tickets were collected they were resold at the gateway, having been marked to show how many times they were thus resold. They were printed on stiff cardboard, with a rubber-type hand-press, and duly signed by the treasurer to give them the stamp of genuineness.

Then the construction of the "catch-pennies" and the "free shows" required time, so that nearly three weeks of afternoon labor were devoted to the work.

It was decided that all the "attractions" should be well made, so they would last for another season, and for that reason care was taken to make each article as strong and durable as possible.

Two o'clock was the hour at which the gateway was to be thrown open to the wondering crowd; and at which time it was announced that there was to be a balloon ascension, with others to follow, and that parachutes were to drop from the balloon as it ascended.

The balloon and parachutes were ingeniously constructed from tissue-paper, wire, and cardboard.

A stiff paper pattern was cut for the balloon sections, sixty-five inches long, twelve and a half inches wide near the top, and three and a half inches wide at the bottom, as shown in Fig. 1 (next page). From this pattern twelve pieces of colored tissue-paper were cut and pasted together at the edges, care being taken to use only a very small quantity of paste, that the whole affair should be as light as possible in order to rise quickly and carry the parachutes.

A hoop of light iron wire twelve inches in

diameter was made for the bottom of the balloon, and braced with two cross-wires twenty inches long, at the ends of which small hooks were bent to hold the parachutes. Six inches above this hoop a smaller one, three inches in diameter, was braced with wires, and two or three fine wires were drawn across this hoop to form a basket in which a cotton wad rested, as shown in Fig. 2.

The cotton was saturated with wood alcohol, and after the balloon had been inflated with hot air, the waxed string hanging down from the cotton was lighted, and the fire creeping up the string ignited the alcohol on the cotton and made a fire within the balloon, which kept the air heated for some time after it had been released.

The parachutes were of tissue-paper fifteen inches in diameter, and from six threads were suspended square baskets constructed of paper, in which two little cardboard men sat opposite each other in two of the corners.

Fig. 3 shows one of the baskets, and Fig. 4 the men, both of which were cut from a single piece of cardboard and painted.

Four of these parachutes were hung on the projecting hooks at the bottom of the balloon by means of cotton-thread loops, and were released by waxed-string fuses which the boys lighted just before the balloon was released.

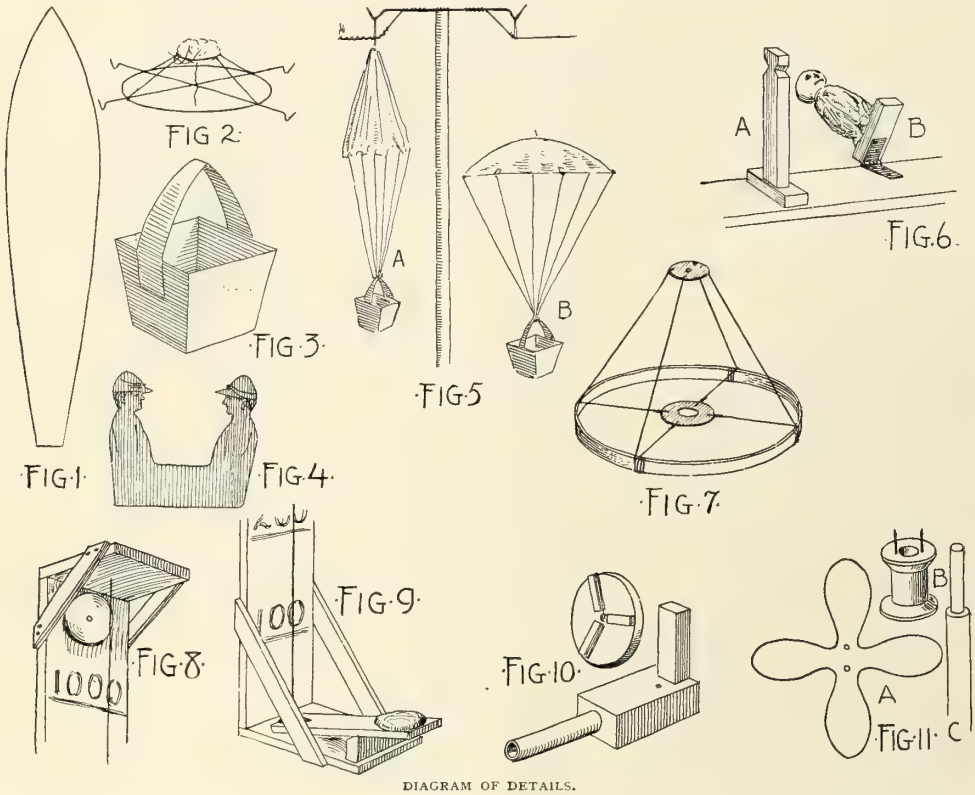


DIAGRAM OF DETAILS.

The fuses were wound round a piece of thin wire attached to the hook wires of the balloon, and, being of four different lengths, the shortest one released its parachute first, the others following in succession.

A hanging and a released parachute are shown in Fig. 5, where A gives a clear idea how to fix the fuse wire and hang the parachutes on the hooks, and B shows the descending parachute.

Located conveniently near the entrance to the grounds, the candy and cake booth was presided over by one of the girls.

Next in line came the lemonade and peanut stand, in charge of another of the boys' girl chums — a popular one to be sure.

"Sambo," with a fierce expression, was a favorite attraction. He was strapped to a clothes-post, where he presented his face to the spectators, who, for one cent, could have five shots at



"SAMBO"—"FIVE SHOTS FOR ONE CENT!"

him from a distance of five or six yards, to break, if possible, the clay pipe in his mouth.

The one who successfully performed the feat with a solid rubber ball provided for this purpose, and at the proper distance from the pole, was given a ticket for one cent's worth of entertainment or refreshments.

Sambo had a thick muslin head stuffed with excelsior, on top of which an old hat was sewed fast, and his face was painted with water-colors by the art committee of the fair. His body was composed of an excelsior-stuffed coat and pair of old trousers, and below the trousers nothing was required, for he was supported by the straps that held him to the post.

Sambo had to be remade and restuffed before each fair day, as the terrible pommeling he was subjected to by the more muscular boys twisted him all out of shape.

At one side of the fair grounds "Divo" was ready to loop the loop in an automobile. Divo was a cardboard monkey in two pieces glued together, and his arms were fastened to the steering-gear of the scorching-machine with tacks. This was one of the free exhibitions at the fair grounds, and was liberally patronized, as all free shows at a circus generally are. The perilous trip was made on an average of every half-minute.

The chute and the loop were made — on a sixteen-foot board — of thin strips, a cheese-box, and cardboard cut and accurately fitted, so that the wheels of the little car would not run off.

The loop was made from the thin side of a cheese-box, sandpapered smooth, then nailed to the long board, and braced with wires to hold it in place. The hills at the end of the slide were of stout cardboard tacked to the board, and properly braced with under-pins composed of small blocks of wood.

The road-bed was two and a half inches wide, and protected at each side by a stout cardboard wall half an inch high, which held the automobile on the track. The long chute had walls made of narrow strips of wood in place of cardboard, which were stronger for that part of the road on which the car traveled the fastest. The cardboard joints in the wall were carefully made, and strips of paper were glued at each side to prevent the wheels of the car from catching on them.

The entire road-bed and walls were given a coat of shellac to protect them against moisture, and also to strengthen the cardboard parts; and after the shellac was thoroughly dry, the surface of the wood-and-cardboard track—for its entire length—was carefully sandpapered.

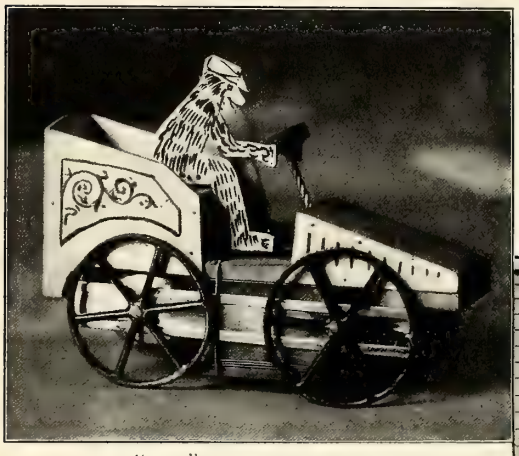
The automobile was made from an old tin wagon having iron wheels; and by the proper

use of wood, strips of tin, and cardboard the complete car and monkey were made, as shown in the illustration.

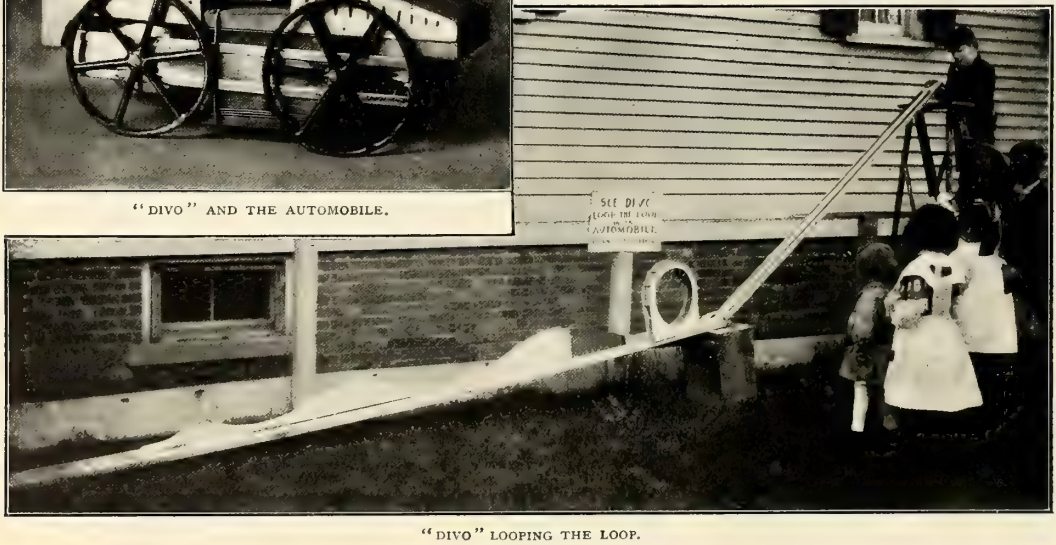
Under the car and midway between the axles a lump of lead was wired fast. This was necessary to insure the complete revolution of the car, for if it was not fairly heavy it might not turn over and come out of the loop upon the track beyond.

The lead weight gave the car momentum, and consequently more force to hold it to the track as it turned over inside the circle.

The length of the automobile was six inches. The steering-gear (which was only a "make believe" one) consisted of a steel-wire nail



"DIVO" AND THE AUTOMOBILE.



"DIVO" LOOPING THE LOOP.

with a steering-wheel cut from a section of a broom-handle in which a hole had been made for the nail to pass through.

It was a comical sight to see this little car descend the grade with the monkey pitched forward, and, a moment later, see the automobile turn over inside the loop and pass out and over the three hills with perfect ease.

One of the star attractions was the "doll-rack." Five shots for a cent tempted the boy who prided himself on being a line shot, but the marks were so deceptive or the aim so poor that frequently a small boy's five shots were more successful than the "dead sure" aim of the "crack" pitcher of the baseball nine.

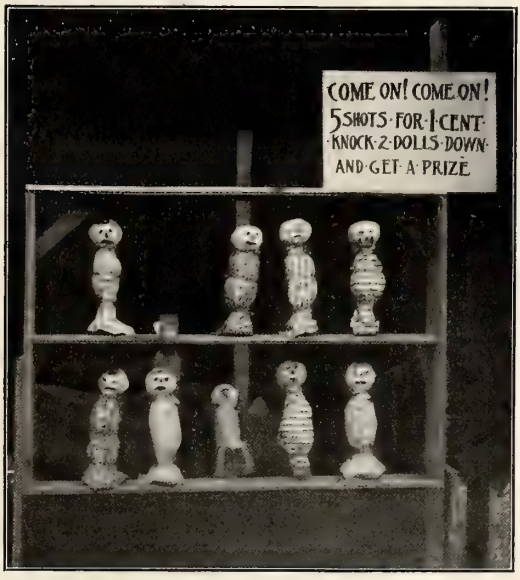
Two dolls down gave the marksman another five shots or a prize, and this feature kept in business until the closing moment of the fair.

The doll-rack was made of three boards four feet long and six inches wide, and the sides were thirty inches high, making each doll-compartment fourteen inches high. The dolls were made of paper and rags bound to a stick, which in turn was nailed to a short stick that acted as a base or foot. This base was hinged to the shelf, so when hit a doll would fall over backward, and could easily be set up again, but would not cause others to fall at the same time. (See Fig. 6.)

Attached to the fence, and but a short distance from the rack of dolls, a small table supported a "wheel of fortune" made from a barrel-hoop, a broom-stick, and some wire.

This wheel kept up a lively spinning all through the fair time. Everybody drew something, as there were no blanks, and the best prize was a cent's worth of toys, candy, cake, peanuts, or a choice of various things in the tray of goods provided for the wheel.

It was an easy matter to construct this piece of paraphernalia, and only the very simplest materials were employed in making it.



THE "DOLL-RACK."

A barrel-hoop of smooth, flat wood was arranged with a hub of tin about four inches in diameter, and held in place with four wires drawn taut and wound round the hoop. A hole in the center of the tin hub admitted the upright stick on which it revolved. Another round disk of tin two inches in diameter was cut for the top bearing, and from this piece wires suspended the hoop. A small hole was made in the center of this disk through which a nail would pass. A broom-stick whittled nearly to a point was inserted in a hole in the square table or ledge made for the wheel, and in the top of the stick, at the whittled end, a steel-wire nail was driven, which held the upper disk in place at the top of the pole.

Fig. 7 gives a clear idea of the construction of this wheel, which can be seen in action in the illustration at the bottom of this page.

The table was divided off into four sections, a corner representing a section; and they were numbered from 1 to 4, and on section 1 the prize was placed, while on the other three sections small wares such as peanuts, candy, or a piece of cake rested to console the spinner who was not fortunate enough to have the marked part of the wheel stop at No. 1.

Another feature of the fair that kept the small boy working was the "record pole," at the top of which a gong could be rung by the boy who was sufficiently muscular to hit the trip-board hard enough to send the weight up to the 1000-mark. This afforded the "strong boy" and the "little fellow with the big muscle" a good opportunity to see how strong they really were, and when, occasionally, the gong sounded at the top of the pole, the proud thumper stepped up for his prize, to the envy of the boys who had tried and failed.

The record pole was made of a sixteen-foot plank eight inches wide and one and a half inches thick. At the top a shelf six inches wide



THE "WHEEL OF FORTUNE."

was attached and supported by two strips of wood to act as brackets, as shown in Fig. 8; and



THE "RECORD POLE."

at the bottom a foot was arranged and braced with side strips, as shown in Fig. 9. On this foot the fulcrum was arranged on which the trip-board rested, and which, on being hit with the heavy mallet or maul (that was made of a piece of kindling-wood and a curtain-pole), threw the weight up the wire that was stretched tight between the foot-board and bracket-shelf at the top of the pole.

The block that traveled on the wire was a piece of wood two inches in diameter and three inches long, having a hole bored through it with a gimlet so that it would travel on the wire easily.

Cross-lines and numbers from 100 to 1000 were painted on the board, and the whole affair was attached to the fence with a few steel-wire nails, which held it securely in place. The fulcrum was nailed fast to the foot-board, and the trip-board was attached to it with hinges. The foot-board under the trip-board was padded with an excelsior and cloth pad, and another one was arranged on the trip-board, where it was hit with the maul.

This pad protected the woodwork from the harshness of the blow, and acted as a spring.

The trip-board was hung so that about two thirds of it was on the side toward the weight, and the remaining third afforded a surface to be struck by the maul.

It was interesting to watch the weight in its eccentric actions on the wire, for sometimes a small boy's rap would send it up to the gong, when a larger boy's strike failed to send it above the 500-mark.

Among the toys and fancy articles that were sold on the tables were some ingeniously constructed things that the boys and girls had made. The girls dressed dolls of all sizes, from small china ones, that sold for one cent, to large ones worth at least twenty-five times more.

Then there were pencil-holders; cases that folded and rolled up for school things, and tied with a ribbon; sachet-bags; pen-wipers; dolls' clothes; small pin-cushions; and innumerable things for dolls' wear, and other knickknacks.

The boys made finger drums from cardboard boxes, and twisted a short stick in an elastic band, so that an end of it would bear on a cardboard head. By tripping the end that projected on the side of the drum, the stick would fly back and hit the drum-head with a noise

very similar to that of a drum. After a few minutes' practice with the fingers it was an easy matter to imitate the regular drum taps.

Telephones were made of cardboard boxes and string, and bean-shooters of elastic, leather, and wire crotches, although shooting with them was prohibited within the fair grounds.

Some of the most ingenious toys were the windmills, collapsible balloons, and high-fliers.

The windmills were made of short square sticks with a hole bored through them. One end was plugged and a piece of elder reed with the pith removed inserted in the other end to act as a blowpipe. A short upright stick was mounted at the plugged end, and on this the wheel was nailed.

The wheel was cut from the thick end of a broom-stick, making a thin round disk of wood on which three little pieces of wood were glued. A hole bored diagonally into the square stick under the blades of the wheel allowed the air blown through the elder reed to pass up through this small hole and cause the wheel to revolve rapidly.

Fig. 10 shows the parts of this little toy, and in the illustration of the toys the children made, a completed one may be seen.

The collapsible balloons were made of double thick tissue-paper, and were about ten inches in diameter.

They were made in the manner described for the large balloon, of sections of tissue paper glued together, and over each end where the points of the sections came together a round piece of paper was glued, in one of which a small hole was cut so the balloons could be blown full of air.

They were used to play hand-ball with, and a sudden gust of wind would blow them away, when there would be a lively scampering to recapture them.

The high-fliers were made of a piece of tin four inches in diameter, cut as shown in Fig. 11, A, and the ears were slightly bent as in the blades of a propeller.

Two holes were punched near the center and fitted the pins in the top of the spool B, which in turn was made to revolve at the top of the stick C by means of a top cord.

A quick pull on the cord wound around the spool would send the little flier spinning around, when it would leave the spool and roar up into the air until its slackening speed would allow it to descend.

Most of these little objects sold for a cent or two, and as they were all within the means of the average fair-goer, the stock on hand quickly dwindled, so that very few things were left over.



SOME OF THE HOME-MADE ARTICLES SOLD AT THE FAIR.

Almost any group of boys and girls could hold a county fair as these children did, and the money taken in could be devoted to something in which all the children are interested, such as a circulating library of children's books, the purchase of a stereopticon for winter evening entertainment. Some of the more clever of the boys with cameras could make pretty lantern slides from their plates of good subjects, while the young folk could easily devise other schemes in which all the children could take part and be equal owners.

THE GAY GRECIAN GIRL.

By Carolyn Wells.



"THIS QUEEN (BEING UP LATE AT PARTIES, PERHAPS) WAS ADDICTED TO TAKING OF AFTERNOON NAPS."

Miss Flavia Fulvia Flora Selene
Was a lady I 'm certain you never have seen;
For she lived far away and she lived long ago,
In the classical times of the Grecians, you know.

Now Flavia Fulvia Flora Selene
Was a young maid of honor to some noble queen.
The queen, I suppose, had a name of her own,
The which I 've forgotten, if ever I 've known.

This queen (being up late at parties, perhaps)
Was addicted to taking of afternoon naps;
And 't was Flavia's duty to watch as she slept,
And see that inviolate silence was kept.

This was not as easy as you might suppose,
For the queen would so often drop into a doze;
And if Flavia Fulvia failed to be there
A punishment dire was to fall to her share.

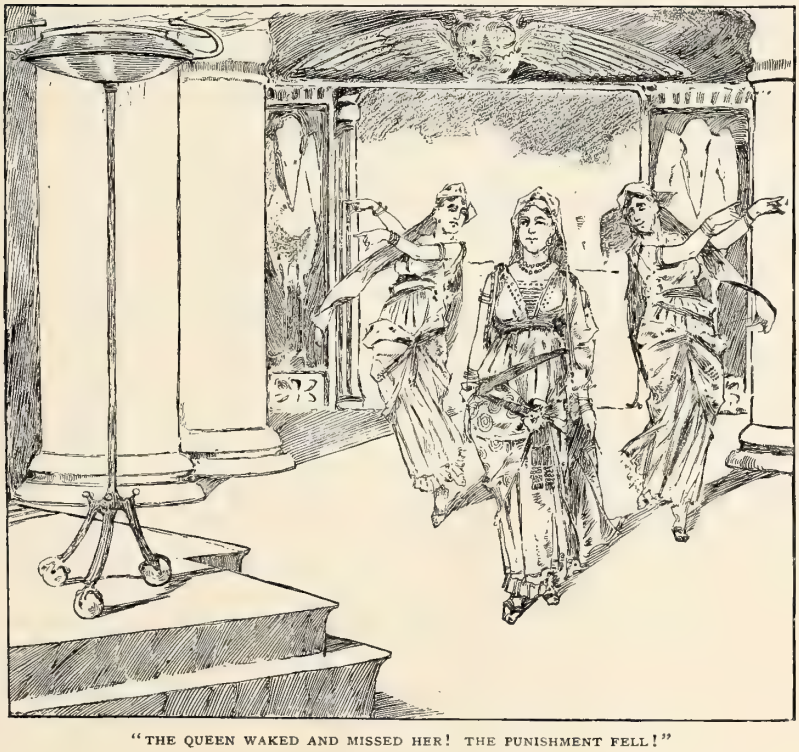
What this punishment was she had never been told,
But 't was worse than a chiding and more than a scold;
And in Flavia's mind fearful visions were rife
Of thumb-screws and galleys and exile for life.

But temptation came subtly and swiftly, alas!
The young Grecians were forming a new dancing-class,
And Flavia Fulvia wanted to go;
Inclination said "yes," but then Prudence said "no!"

The hour came. The queen was in sleep so profound
That Flavia Fulvia's heart gave a bound,
And she thought, "I 'll run over a minute or so,
And if she does n't waken she never will know."

Away to the dancing-class Flavia sped;
But as she went fearful thoughts danced in her head.
What doom would be hers if the queen *should* awake?
The pillory, ducking-stool, rack, block, or stake?

She danced with the rest. But, oh, dreadful to tell!
The queen waked and missed her! The punishment fell!
"And what *was* the punishment?" Well, I must own
That I have forgotten — if ever I 've known.



"THE QUEEN WAKED AND MISSED HER! THE PUNISHMENT FELL!"

THE CHILDREN OF ZUÑI.

By Maria Brace Kimball.

"Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
Oh, don't you wish that you were me?"

So says the well-fed, well-dressed, well-housed little Scotchman in Robert Louis Stevenson's rhyme. But I don't believe that the small Indians of Zuñi would care at all to change places with the little "me" of Edinburgh or New York. In their village of mud and stone, on the sunny plains of New Mexico, they have lived for centuries in perfect contentment. Fine houses, green parks, and merry streets would be nothing to them; hats and parasols, candies and ice-cream would make them stare; and mere cleanliness would only astonish them. Indeed, if they saw us washing our faces and brushing our hair every day, they would probably one and all cry out in Zuñi words:

"Oh, don't you wish that you were *me?*"



A ZUÑI FAMILY ON THE MARCH.

The little half-civilized children of Zuñi so aroused our curiosity that we drove through forty miles of sand and sage-brush, from the railroad at Fort Wingate, to pay them a visit. As the Indians do not provide for travelers, we took our hotel with us — tents, beds, and food — and camped just outside their village. The village looks like a huge beehive made of clay and stuck fast to the top of a sandy knoll. The hive is filled with a mass of cells—three hundred single rooms, placed side by side and piled in rows one on top of another. In each of these rooms lives a Zuñi family. There are no inside stairways leading from story to story, but if the boys and girls living in one

row wish to pay a visit to a house above them, they must go outdoors and climb a ladder. On the slope between the village and the Zuñi River are a number of small vegetable-gardens, each one inclosed by a mud wall. Zuñi has no inns, no shops, no saloons, not even proper streets, but only narrow alleys that thread their way through the strange town. As we walked through the village, all the world came out to see us. Girls and boys clustered on the roofs or sat on the ovens,—queer little cones of mud which seem to grow up out of the house-tops,—while fathers, mothers, and babies peered out from dark doorways, to stare at the visitors. When we had finished our tour of the roofs and alleys, we were hospitably invited indoors; even there the children followed us, and as we glanced up to a hole in the ceiling which served as a window, a girl's laughing face filled the opening. We must have looked strange enough in our hats and gloves and long skirts.

The Zuñi child spends his early days in a cradle. But a cradle in Zuñi-land does not mean down pillows, silken coverlets, and fluffy laces; it is only a flat board, just the length of the baby, with a hood like a doll's buggy-top over the head. Upon this hard bed the baby is bound like a mummy — the coverings wound round and round him until the little fellow cannot move except to open his mouth and eyes. Sometimes he is unrolled, and looks out into the bare whitewashed room, blinks at the fire burning on the hearth, and fixes his eyes earnestly on the wolf and cougar skins that serve as chairs and beds and carpets in the Zuñi home.

By the time he is two or three years old, he has grown into a plump little bronze creature, with the straightest of coarse black hair and the biggest and roundest of black eyes. He is now out of the cradle, and trots about the house and the village. When the weather is bad he wears a small coarse shirt, and always a necklace of beads or turquoise.

As he grows older, he adds a pair of loose cotton trousers to his costume, and, if anything more is needed to keep him warm, he girds on his blanket, just as his forefathers have done in all the three hundred years since white men first knew the Zuñis. His long hair, either flying loosely in the wind or tied back with a band of some red stuff, serves him both as hair and as hat.

His little sister, however, has a more elaborate dress. Her mama weaves it for her, as she does her own, in a rude loom. She makes two square blankets of black cotton, finishes them neatly across top and bottom, sews them together at the sides with red yarn, and the dress is ready to try on. It always fits perfectly,



A ZUÑI WATER-CARRIER.

as the part which forms the skirt is simply held in place by a sash, and the waist is made by drawing two corners of the blankets up over the left shoulder. The sash, woven in gay colors, is also the work of Mama Zuñi. A long, narrow piece of cotton cloth is draped from the other shoulder, and swings easily about, serving as pocket, shawl, or pinafore. In cold weather, moccasins, leggings, and blankets are also worn. These articles, too, are made at home. While the mother is the dress-

maker and tailor, the father is the family shoemaker. A few of the Zuñi girls have dresses like those of American girls. These clothes have come to them through the mission-school which adjoins the village.

The Zuñis have a language of their own — no very easy one for boys and girls to learn, judging from its many-syllabled, harsh-sounding words. They also speak a little Spanish, as does nearly everybody in New Mexico.



ON THE WAY TO FORT WINGATE.

The little Zuñis amuse themselves with running, wrestling, jumping, and playing at grown folks, just as civilized children do. They have their bows and arrows, their rag-dolls,—strapped like real babies to cradles,—and their shinny sticks and balls. The children also make themselves useful at home. The older girls take care of their younger brothers and sisters, and the boys tend the goats. There are large herds of goats belonging to the village, and they must be taken every morning to graze on the plain, and brought home at night to be shut up in the corrals, or folds, safe from prowling wolves.

The little children often go with their mothers to draw water from the village well, about a hundred yards from the houses. At the top of a flight of stone steps they wait, playing about in the sand, while their mothers go down to the spring. There the women fill the jars, then, poising them on their heads, climb the hill and mount the ladders to their homes. As all the water used by the village has to be brought to it in these *ollas* (water-jars), carried on the women's heads, it is not surprising that the boys' clothes are grimy and the girls have apparently never known what it is to wash their faces.

The *ollas*, which answer the purpose of family china and of kitchen-ware, are made by the Zuñi women from the clay of the river-bank. The wet earth is shaped by hand into jars of all sorts and sizes; the jars are then painted with gay colors, in queer patterns, and burned. It is a pretty sight, of an evening, to see the fires of the kilns dotted all over the terraces of the village. Each piece of pottery is shut up inside a little wall of chips, which are set on fire; when the chips are burned up, the article is baked and ready for use. The Zuñi mamas make not only the jars for family use, but also clay toys for the children, curious rattles, dolls' mocca-

sins, owls, eagles, horses, and other childish treasures.

The Zuñi has learned that American coffee and tobacco are better than Indian herb tea and willow bark. As he must have ready money in order to buy such articles, he has contrived various ways of earning a few *reales* (Spanish for shillings). When spring comes and the snows have melted, he collects the jars and bowls and trinkets that have been made during the winter, ties them up in the several corners of his blanket, and trudges off to market at Fort Wingate, forty miles away. Bows and arrows, and canes made from a singular cactus which grows near Zuñi, are also added to the stock in trade. If the Indian is lucky enough to own a burro, he and one of the boys mount the patient creature, while the family, big and little, with some of the neighbors, complete the party. Once in the garrison, the Zuñi family need only walk up and down to advertise their wares; the boys and girls help to carry the jars, while the babies follow. The group, with its bright blankets and gay pottery, soon attracts attention and sales begin on the sidewalks and verandas. Little is said by the Zuñi merchants, but when the bargaining is finished, they stand silent, waiting with a hungry look for the usual invitation to the kitchen. There, seated in a circle on the floor, they gratefully eat and drink whatever is set before them. Their store of words does not include "Thank you," but their faces brighten, and the older people politely shake hands with a "Bueno, bueno, señora" ("Good, good, madame"), while the babies munch and crumble their cake and cry for more, just as our own white babies do. The thoughtful mamas do not forget the miles of "home stretch" before the family, and wisely tuck away in their blankets the last bits of cheese and crackers.

When they have looked over the fort, tasted its bread and coffee, and sold their cargo, they cheerfully go home to their mud village and Indian habits. Old and young, they all are children, easily pleased, contented with things as they are, and quite certain in their own minds that the Zuñi way is the right way to live.

WHICH?

(*The Baby Soliloquizes.*)

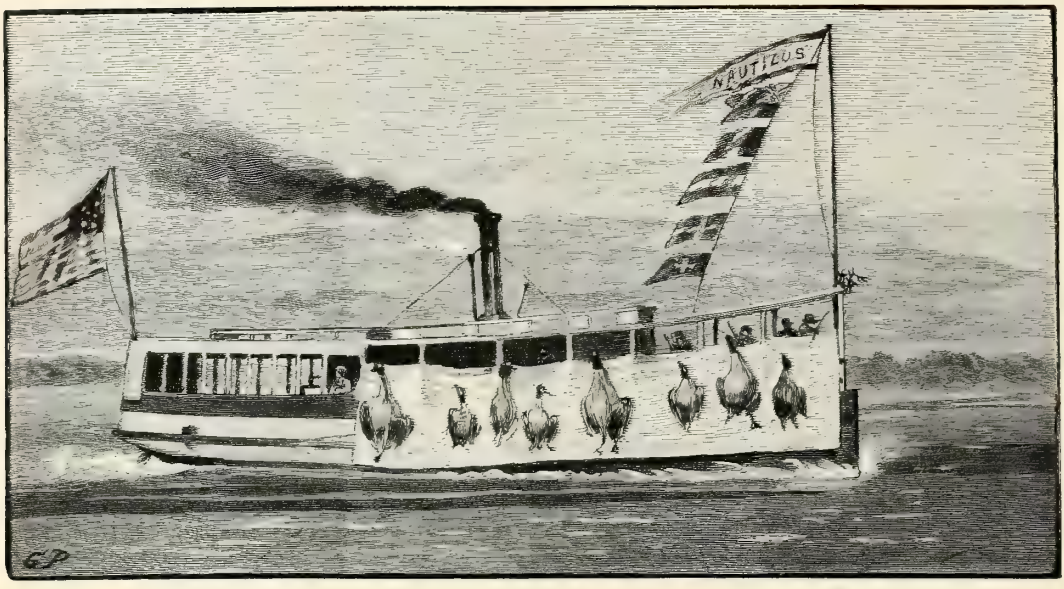
By John Kendrick Bangs.



Somebody whose first name is Pa came in my room to-day
And asked a lady he called Ma how much somebody 'd weigh;
And then he asked her if she thought May was a pretty name;
How soon some person could be taught to play some sort of game;
Why some one had n't any nose to mention; at what store
Somebody got the lovely clothes somebody always wore.

I 've looked about the room all day, in hopes of finding out
Who that somebody is that they all talk so much about;

And I 've concluded that that person certainly must be
The lady whose first name is Nurse, or else it 's little me.



A GOOSE HUNT BY STEAMER.

By Charles A. Zimmerman.

The stern-wheel packet *Time and Tide* and the propeller *Nautilus* were rivals for the passenger and freight traffic of the river St. Croix. Many amusing incidents took place in the hot and fierce competition for business when both happened to land at the same dock: one in particular I recall. During the excitement of an attempt at a simultaneous departure with the other boat, the captain of the stern-wheeler was asked by a passenger to "hold on a bit!" "*Time and Tide* waits for no man," was his lofty and prompt reply; but, espying at this instant a lady making rapidly for his boat, quickly and gallantly added, "and only *one* minute for a woman."

The boys of the St. Croix Valley were strong partizans and favored the little *Nauti*, for her timbers were of our own sturdy Wisconsin oak; besides, we had seen her grow from her keel upward on our dock at Lakeside, while the *Time and Tide* was brought from the Mississippi to share the profits. Well knowing that it was of vital importance for Captain P—— of the *Nautilus* to "pull out" promptly, we frequently helped "wood up"; this proceeding enabled our favorite to get quite a start over her powerful rival. It was but natural that the captain should entertain the kindliest feelings for his young friends; indeed, he often carried us free to neighboring towns when our business or pleasure required it.

One day during the month of October we heard the well-known whistle the captain was in the habit of using when he desired us to be on hand. We ran down to the wharf, expecting to see the *Nautilus* closely followed by her rival; but no other boat was in sight, and she landed alone.

"Boys," said the smiling captain, as he made fast the bow-line, "what would you all say to a goose hunt on the *Nautilus* to-morrow, bright and early? Her owners send her to you for that purpose, with their compliments."

With a hearty cheer we accepted his invitation, agreeing to be on hand fully armed and equipped. "Fetch along your linen dusters, light hats, a few sheets or table-cloths, and don't forget to bring your goose shot!" shouted

the captain while backing his boat out into the current.

We knew him to be an old goose-hunter, and felt sure he was able to bring us somewhere near the game; but as for hunting the wary bird with a steamboat, we all agreed he must be joking. Nevertheless we fell to preparing for the morrow.

"Why, my boy," said my big brother to me, "Captain P—— is making game of *you;* if he succeeds as well with the other geese you need not complain."

We found the little steamer there, and the decks cleared for action; the captain at the wheel, himself attired in white like the rest of us. Even Joe Rice, the engineer, with his long, old-fashioned musket, was a feeble imitation of a summer tourist.

We gathered about the captain while he explained that when passing Willow Bar the day before, it was literally covered with wild geese and ducks. "I took a sudden notion," said he, "to see how near I could approach without alarming them. We had n't a passenger aboard; the *Time and Tide* had 'scooped us' at Prescott. I hid behind the wheel and Joe kept out of sight in the engine-room. Would you believe it? — we ran this little craft within a rod or two of that 'raft' of geese before they took to flight.

"The thought struck me that it would be a very fine scheme to let you youngsters into the secret, for I knew you were fond of hunting, and when I mentioned the matter to the superintendent he at once, and quite willingly, gave his consent."

Daylight was appearing, and, in accordance with our leader's instructions, we tacked up the sheets and table-cloths about the forward guards of the boat. This furnished us an excellent breast-high blind behind which we could make observations unperceived. Our light hats and clothing blended well with the screens and color of the steamer.

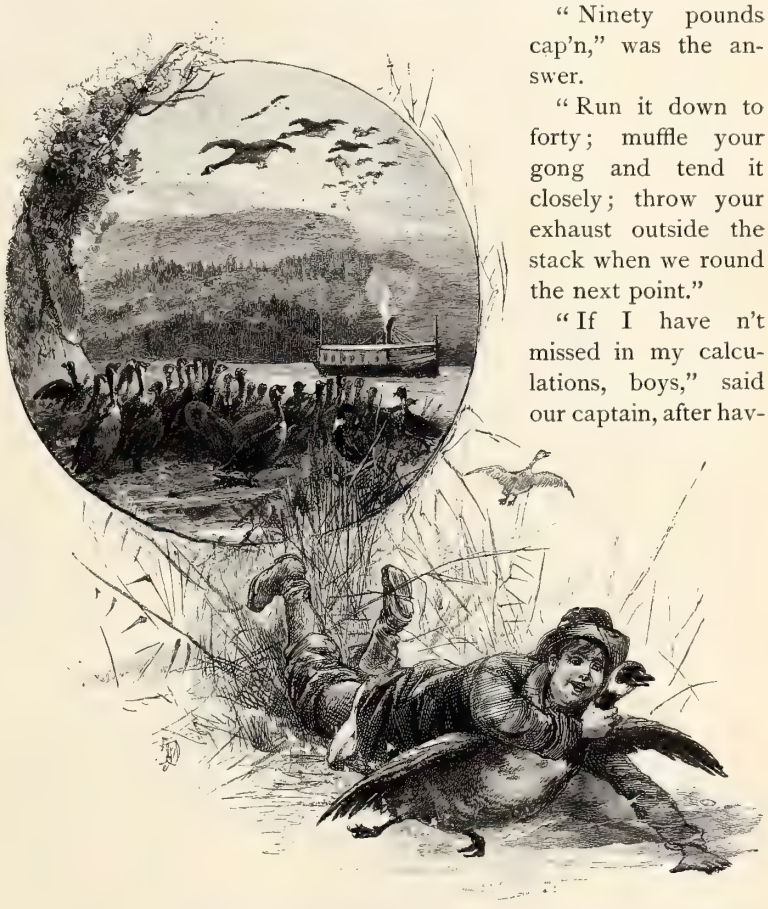
"How much steam have you got, Joe?" inquired the captain of the engineer.

"Ninety pounds cap'n," was the answer.

"Run it down to forty; muffle your gong and tend it closely; throw your exhaust outside the stack when we round the next point."

"If I have n't missed in my calculations, boys," said our captain, after having delivered himself of the necessary instructions to his factotum, "we shall be busy within the next ten minutes. Around that bold point or headland yonder is Willow Bar!"

Breathless with excitement, and with beating hearts, we stood behind our screens and put our guns in readiness. The stillness which at this early hour rested on the river was now broken only by the subdued puff! puff! of the exhaust, and even that died away presently; for Joe,



"IT WAS NIP AND TUCK BETWEEN JOE AND A 'WING-TIPPED' VICTIM." (SEE PAGE 1016.)

obeying the muffled signal, had "slowed down" his engine until we merely drifted with the current. The captain still held the wheel, and guided the steamer under the frowning cliff beyond which he had informed us lay the bar. A moment later its point was disclosed and we were in full view. To our great relief and joy, the bar was alive with wild fowl! Whether it was the keen frosty air or the presence of the game that made us tremble, it would be difficult to say; but you have heard of the deer-hunter suffering from buck-ague, and the fact remains (or I shall always believe) that we, that morning, suffered from *goose-ague!*

We had approached so near that we were able to distinguish the varieties of geese as they were quietly walking about or feeding, apparently taking no notice of our intrusion. Our pilot left his wheel and joined us, armed with a heavy double-barreled gun, and Joe followed his example, somewhat awkwardly handling his old musket, which was almost as tall as himself.

"Get ready, boys," whispered our leader, and the instantaneous click-click of our gun-locks followed the command. "Don't fire," he added, "until I give the signal; that old solitary gander yonder, some distance from the flock, is their trusted sentinel, and he is getting a little suspicious."

"We don't blame him, cap'n," put in Joe at this moment, anxious to say something.

"You 'tend to him," the captain continued, smiling, "and we will do the best we can with the near flock."

"This gun 's been loaded since the Fourth of July, and it will kick like a government mule, but I can stand it if the gander can," whispered the irrepressible Joe, bringing his gun to bear, as did the rest of us, on the birds. The captain's hand now sought the whistle-cord, and with a quick pull liberated the steam. At the shrill note every goose's neck on the bar was stretched upward in sudden alarm. Just then the report of our guns burst upon the startled birds, who instantly rose honking into the air, only to receive another volley with telling effect.

Dropping our guns, we ran pell-mell through the shallow water to retrieve our game. The lifting smoke disclosed a number of the huge birds fluttering upon the sand, and an exciting race followed for the "cripples," who were rapidly making for the water upon the opposite side of the bar. It was nip and tuck between Joe and a "wing-tipped" victim, and the race was only won by the engineer through a stumble which precipitated him upon the bird and into the water and sand as well.

Joe sent up a shout of triumph as he picked himself up, now completely wet and sanded. He was a thoroughly good-natured fellow, and said he did n't mind — "it only made him feel more gritty!"

"Joe, did you kill your gander?" shouted the captain, from the steamer.

"*Kill* him!" said the wag, assuming an injured tone. "I *saved* his life!"

"How do you make that out?" queried the captain.

"He got away when I got up."

At Frenchman's Bar, a few miles farther down the stream, we encountered another flock from which we took fair toll.

Upon our return trip the captain good-naturedly allowed us to hang our "bag" of game about the guards of the boat. And thus decorated, we created quite a sensation all along the river, but particularly at Lakeside, where the *Time and Tide* was taking in fuel.





FOLLILOO.

THE Princess Faire and the great Prince True
Were heirs to the throne of Folliloo;
And through the kingdom the rumor sped
That both were minded to choose and wed.
Now Folliloo was a land of ease,
And of curious laws and strange decrees,
And in royal weddings this rule was known:
"One from the people and one from the throne."

Dear to each other were Faire and True;
They were ever together, the people knew.
And they said, "He will choose the maid,
't is clear,
Most like the sister he holds so dear;
And she the man, we can all foretell,
Most like the brother she loves so well."
So with every maid 't was a constant care
To copy and quote the Princess Faire;
And with every youth that none should be
So like to the royal prince as he.

The prince and princess, wandering through
The loyal kingdom of Folliloo,
Found about them for weary days
Shadows and echoes of all their ways.
Girls who had else been fresh and sweet,
Such as a prince might gladly meet,
With a foolish smirk for an honest smile,
Weakly followed the royal style,
And painted their cheeks and dyed their hair
To match the colors of Princess Faire.

The boys might all have been manly men,
But not Prince True right over again;
And the princess sighed and cried: "Alas!
What if their wish could come to pass?
A dreary, weary world it would be
If people were all alike," said she.
"You are your noble self, dear True,
But they are neither themselves nor you."

Eudora S. Bumstead.

"LIMERICKS."

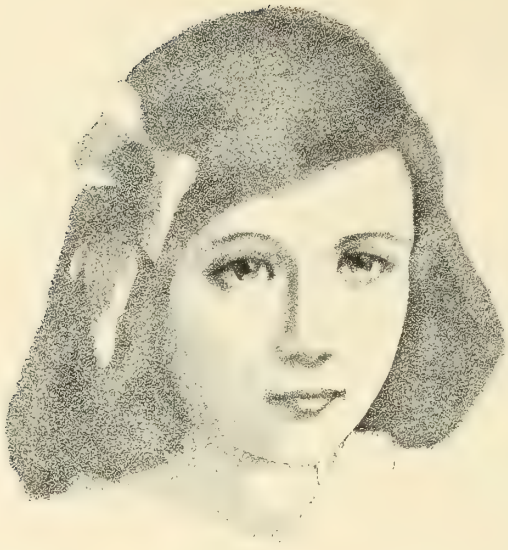
THE ACQUIESCENT SNAKE.

THERE once was a man who said, "Why
Can't I look that big snake in the eye?"
The snake said, "You can,"
And he looked at the man.
('Most any last line will apply.)

THE DISOBLIGING BEAR.

THERE once was a man who said, "Oh,
Please, good Mr. Bear, let me go;
Don't you think that you can?"
The bear looked at the man,
And calmly responded, "Why, no!"

Carolyn Wells.



NOTHING BUT A GIRL.

By S. W. Hovey.

Madge Winslow was walking up and down the cool, quiet piazza of the hotel, with Lady Jane Grey, her doll. She had been confined to her room for a week, but the day being pleasant, she was allowed to go out on the porch. Madge was enjoying a chat with her doll, when suddenly she heard a hearty laughing behind her. She gave a jump and turned quickly around. There stood her brother George shaking with merriment. Madge was too confused to speak. She flushed a deep red and said nothing. She would not have talked to her doll in that way if she had known any one was there, and, above all, her brother George. He was very fond of teasing her, and she was afraid she would never hear the last of her foolish conversation with Lady Jane Grey.

"I was only playing, you know," said Madge, in reply to his good-natured banter.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "girls are only made to play with dolls and toys, and sit around the house. You never heard of a girl getting to be a President or anything great. But come along, Sis; I won't tease you any more. What do you say to taking a walk after luncheon? Now that father and mother have gone, we have the whole afternoon to ourselves."

"That would be lovely!" said Madge, quickly, for she was not one to remember a grievance for very long. Poor Madge's feelings were often very much hurt by her brother's laughing at her, and teasing her, and telling her that, after all, she was "nothing but a girl."

They were staying in the White Mountains, and their parents had joined a party to ascend Mount Washington, leaving the two children in the care of Miss Nelson, their governess. Madge ran off at once to ask her if she might go for a walk with George.

"Where will you go?" said Miss Nelson.

"I don't know, but I think not very far."

So off they started. They romped as they went, now and then stopping to pick flowers or gather birch bark, which George promised to make into toy canoes for his sister. Finally Madge suggested that it was time to return.

"Why, we have n't gone a mile yet. And I 'm going up the mountain."

"What mountain?" said Madge.

"Mount Willard, of course. Where did you think we were going?"

"You did not tell me you were going there," said Madge.

"No, I did not. But I did not suppose you could have any objections to going up Mount Willard. In fact, I thought you wanted to go up very much."

"Let us wait until to-morrow," said Madge. "Perhaps father will come with us then."

"Oh, it may rain to-morrow, or something else happen," said George, impatiently. "Girls always do want to wait. Only think, Madge; this is our best chance, and they say the view is so lovely at the top."

Madge was puzzled. She felt it would be wrong to go any farther, but she was sorry to disappoint George, and she could not bear his ridicule, as he knew very well; so she allowed herself to be persuaded as he took her hand and drew her along in a coaxing way, saying: "Come, Sis dear, you are not going to spoil our fun. We 'll have a jolly time. After all, mother said we could go sometime, so we are all right."

George cut a good, strong stick, and presented it to his sister. "For snakes," he said, as he handed it to her.

"Nonsense, George," said Madge. "If I see any snakes, I will fly to you for protection. But thank you all the same; it is a beauty," she added, as she took the shining stick. "How delightful this breeze is! And oh, George, do look at those trees. What glorious coloring!"

They walked and climbed for more than an hour, and at last a turn in the road brought them within a stone's throw of the top of the mountain. The boy and girl started on a run, and soon were beholding one of the most beautiful views in the world.

"Is n't it almost time for us to be going home?" said Madge, presently.

George looked at his watch and replied:

"It is only a little after three, and father and mother will not get home until after five o'clock. Still, I think we may as well start."

As they walked along they noticed a path leading off to the right, and a sign-board bearing the words "Hitchcock's Flume" in large letters.

"Oh, Madge, this is that beautiful flume that those men at the hotel were talking about yesterday!" exclaimed George. "Let 's go. It will be no end of a lark, and we have plenty of time. Come ahead, Madge."

"Oh, George, we must n't! We ought to go home, and you know they said it was a very steep climb and dangerous."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said George. "It is not dangerous one bit. I wish you would n't argue every point all the time. It is just like girls. They always are so silly."

"But, George," pleaded poor Madge, "you know —"

"Come along, Madge! You are not going to spoil it all! It is n't dangerous — take my word for it; and if it is, I will take care of you and help you"; and he pulled her along.

Madge said nothing more. She did not dare to tell him how frightened she was as she looked down the steep and rough path, with loose stones and roots all along its sides. The children stepped carefully down, George giving Madge his hand over the worst places.

Suddenly George dashed ahead, saying:

"I guess this must be the place."

She looked down, and saw her brother standing on a bridge over a deep, rocky gorge. Madge was at his side in a moment. They were standing about midway over the flume. Looking up, it became narrower and narrower till the two sides met in a point; and looking down this deep, beautiful ravine, overhung by trees, at its widest point not more than fifteen feet wide, the view was glorious. Through the trees they could see over to the opposite mountain, a little stream dashing down its side the whole length; disappearing and appearing again, it looked like a narrow ribbon. Away down at the foot of the flume, she caught a glimpse of the railroad. Madge seated herself comfortably on the bridge, and was soon wrapped in silent admiration of the scene, while George walked farther on along the edge of the bluff.

She was still gazing at the enchanting view, when suddenly she was aroused by a loud cry or call. Where was George? She jumped up and looked around. The sight that met her eyes seemed to freeze her blood. There he lay on the ground, held down by the limb of a freshly fallen tree. She rushed forward, and fell on her

knees by his side, calling to him: "George, George! What is the matter?" She got no answer. She raised his head; he opened his eyes. She again asked: "What is the matter?"

He seemed rather surprised, and said: "I don't know. I guess it will pass off." He started up, but fell back with a groan of agony. "My leg! oh, my leg!"

Poor Madge was terrified. Alone in this dreadful wilderness, what should she do? She trembled all over as she saw that the hurt was very serious.

He had evidently been standing on the trunk of a birch which had projected out from the bank. Strangely enough, the roots of the tree were still attached to the earth some twenty feet or more above them. George struggled, but every movement was painful. Then Madge tugged at the heavy branch, only to find that she would have to lift the whole tree to release her brother. But something would have to be done, and done quickly.

After convincing herself that nothing could be gained in trying to lift the limb, Madge scrambled up the bank to see how securely the roots were holding. To her delight she found that the earth around the roots had been washed away almost completely, and that no doubt the tree would have fallen in the next heavy rain or high wind — so slight was the hold of the only remaining embedded root. Madge's active little brain began to work at this discovery.

Why not loosen the root entirely and let the whole tree, which was not a large one, fall of its own weight farther down the ravine?

The thought had no sooner occurred to her than she began to act upon it.

First assuring herself that in falling it would, because of the lower ground in that direction, roll *away* from George, she commenced to pick and pull the loose earth and stones from the root. This she found was not difficult, as the bank was hollow underneath and the earth yielded readily to the vigorous prodding of her alpenstock. But it was not easy work, and the little hands were well blistered when at last she was rewarded by hearing a crunching, tearing sound, at which she stepped back from the dangerous edge of the bluff. In a moment down crashed the tree, rolling over and lifting its imprisoning limb from George's leg with no further harm to him than if it had been a feather duster.

George, who had fainted, was unconscious of what was being done in his behalf. At the relief of the pressure on his leg he came to, and a few minutes later was rejoiced to see Madge bending over him.

"Dear brave old Madge, how did you do it?" was all he could say between twinges.

"Oh, it was n't hard," was the hearty answer. "And now I must go and get some one to help you. Stay here, dear George, and try to bear it."

She sprang up and flew along the path, leaping from stone to stone. It was the same dreaded path at which she had trembled coming down; but she did not think of herself now. She only thought of poor George at the foot of the path, of how he was suffering, and he had no one to help him but her. Her lips were set with determination as she flew along until she came to the road. Even then she did not stop, but rushed on. Then she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and wagon wheels and then human voices. It was a coach from the hotel! A turn in the road brought it in sight. It was full of people going up to the top of the mountain for the view. Madge called loudly, and waved her hand as they approached. A gentleman, seeing that she was in distress, jumped out, and kindly taking her hand, asked, "What is the matter?"

"My brother has hurt himself down by the flume. Oh, come to him, please, quickly!"

Another gentleman jumped out of the coach and said: "I will go with you, too. Can your brother walk?"

"No," said Madge; "he tried to, but it hurt him dreadfully."

After a few words together, the gentlemen took one of the seats out of the coach, and followed Madge down the path. She hurried along quickly, not thinking of the danger, and soon reached the place where poor George lay, but bravely kept from crying out. He was glad to see them, but he seemed afraid to have the men touch him. It was with much difficulty that they gently lifted him up, laid him on the seat, and climbed the steep path.

When the coach returned from the summit, they put the seat in its place, with George on it. Madge knelt on the floor of the coach and held his hand; no one could induce her to sit down. One kindly old lady invited her to sit on her lap; but Madge thanked her and remained with her brother, and they soon arrived at the hotel.

How Madge wished they had not gone up Mount Willard! If she had only refused, George would not have gone, and the accident would not have happened. How could she meet her dear mother? But there was no time for such reflections now. Their mother was quickly in the room, and greatly shocked at all that had occurred.

The doctor carefully examined the leg, and said that one of the bones was broken; but that the injury would not prove serious, and must be set at once.

As soon as the doctor left the room, Madge threw herself into her mother's arms and sobbed out the whole story of the afternoon's walk, casting no blame upon George, explaining how they had started for the walk without intending to go so far, and asking her forgiveness. George was too worn out with the fatigue of the walk and the discomfort of the accident to say anything, and was soon sleeping soundly.

But for days George thought over the events of that afternoon. He recalled how Madge had not wished to go without permission—she had asked him to wait until the next day; and then he thought how he had teased her by telling her that she was "nothing but a girl!" He now remembered how many times he had told her that, and how her face would flush, and she would immediately do whatever he asked. What a selfish brother he had always been! And as the events of the day passed through his mind, he remembered how promptly and bravely his sister had contrived to remove the tree from him and run for help after his fall, going over that path that had terrified her so at first, and all for him, and then explaining it all to their mother, casting no blame upon him. It was too much.

He resolved as soon as his mother came in to confess it all to her, and take all the well-deserved blame upon himself. He made up his mind that his sister needed a far better champion and companion than he had ever been to her. He firmly resolved that nothing was too good for the brave little girl, and that never again would he neglect her wise little counsels, or, by telling her that she was "nothing but a girl," try to shame her into joining with him in pranks that he himself knew would not be approved by their very best friends in the whole world — that is to say, by their father and mother.





TOM'S RETURN.

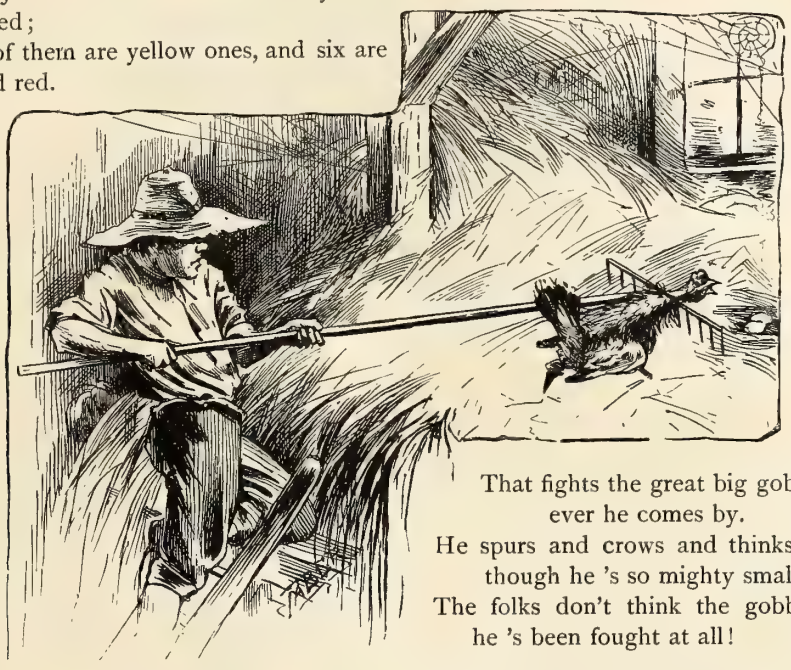
By W. C. McClelland.

Say, Fred, Tom 's home from Uncle Joe's. He lives on Sandy Creek;
Tom went down there last Saturday, and stayed about a week.
He says that Uncle Joe 's a most uncommon sort of man,
And that the miller says "few folks can bolt him to the bran."
I don't know what the miller means, but Tom he knows a sight;
And since he 's been to Uncle Joe's he says the miller 's right.

Tom says that Jim, the big hired man, one hot midsummer day,
Just tossed him clean up on a great big, moving load of hay.
He says that Uncle Joe has got some most surprisin' things
About his house and in his barns: he has a mouse that sings;
His oxen they can do big stunts besides "gee," "haw," and "whoa";
And he has a great long-leggèd horse that once was in the show.

You ask that horse if he likes oats, he nods; if you say "bread"
He knows the difference at once, and always shakes his head.

Tom says if uncle tells "Old Bones" to put back his left ear,
He 'll put the right one forrerd, an' I think that 's mighty queer!
And Uncle Joe has weathercocks on every barn and shed;
And some of them are yellow ones, and six are painted red.



He has a pet 'coon and a fox, a 'possum and a crow
That won't be friends with any one exceptin' Uncle Joe.
He 's got a hen that steals the eggs the other pullets lay,
And Jim's boy had to take a rake to keep that hen away.
And there 's a little banty fowl about six inches high
That fights the great big gobbuler whenever he comes by.
He spurs and crows and thinks he 's great, though he 's so mighty small
The folks don't think the gobbuler knows he 's been fought at all!

Aunt Annie blows a big tin horn to call the men to meals,
And Tom says "pie three times a day" puts ginger in your heels.
They 've dumplings too, and roasting ears, and doughnuts round and square,
And cider, and — oh, goodness me, I *wish* that I was there!





AMERICAN MEMORIALS IN LONDON.

By Julian King Colford.

Many American boys and girls visit Europe nowadays, but perhaps few even of these fortunate young folk are aware that the greatest of English cities contains memorials to five distinguished Americans: a President, a patriot, a poet, a preacher, and a philanthropist. These five great men are Abraham Lincoln, James Russell Lowell, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Matthew Simpson, and George Peabody—five names written high in the Hall of Fame, names immortal in life and letters, names forever illustrious in character and achievement.

The older boys and girls among St. Nicholas readers may be interested in a brief account of the London memorials to these famous Americans. This imperial city, moreover, seeks only imperial men upon whom to lay the wreath of her high honors. Therefore, surpassing honor and dignity rest upon the life immortalized within this throne-room of the nations; and the young life of the Western World has already put its stamp here in the five memorials to men recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as sages, statesmen, or benefactors.

"With charity for all and malice toward none"—these well-known words of the great, brave, sagacious Lincoln—appear in large lettering in the creed of Christ Church, Westminster Road. It is fitting, then, that the imposing tower of this superb structure, costing over sixty-two thousand pounds ($310,000), should be dedicated to the liberator of a race. Rowland Hill, whose name is linked with the world's great preachers, founded Surrey Chapel eighteen years before the close of the eighteenth century. Newman Hall was one of his successors, and under his leadership the church secured this splendid temple and center of Christian service. When the building was still in the hands of the architects, Dr. Hall conceived the idea of dedicating the tower to Abraham Lincoln, the martyred President of the United States; and to-day within the tower you may read the following inscription:

LINCOLN TOWER.

Inaugurated 4th July A.D. 1876, by
Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton Bart.
The memorial stone was laid 9th July 1874,
By the American Minister to this country.
The cost (£7000) was defrayed equally by English
and American contributions obtained by the
Rev'd Newman Hall LL.B.
It was built in commemoration of the abolition
of slavery effected in 1865 by
PRESIDENT LINCOLN;
And as a token of international brotherhood.
GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

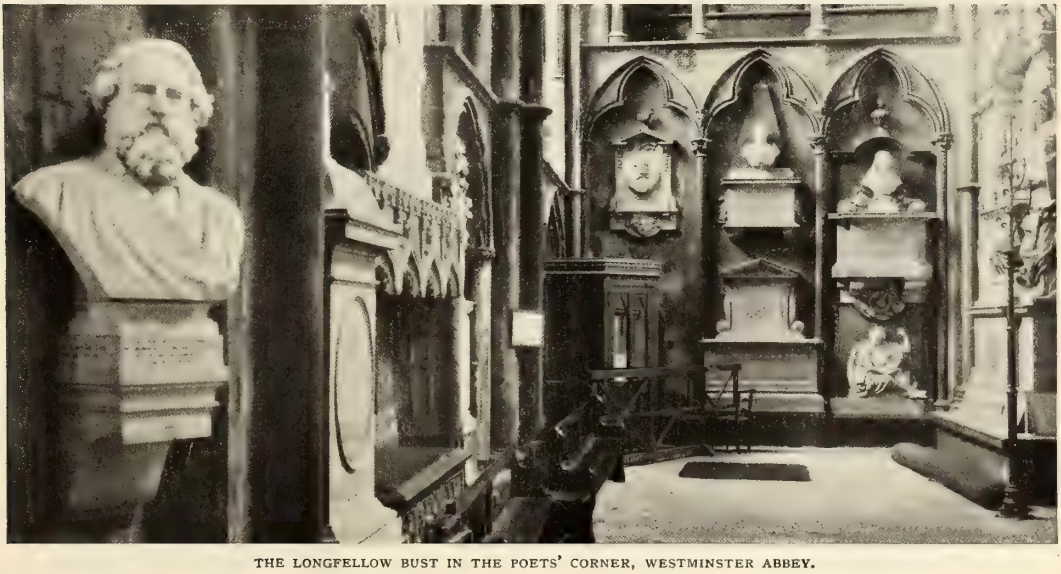
Following on from President to patriot, we make our way to Westminster Abbey, England's Temple of Fame. With a spirit of worship we pass through the old gray cloisters, whose jagged columns bear the marks of time, until we come to the chapter-house, the "cradle of all free parliaments," as it has been called. Here England's Parliament assembled for three hundred years; here the abbots and

monks used to sit in solemn council; here in later days the state records were kept.

On the right as you enter this historic hall, with its octagonal walls, a stained-glass window commemorates America's patriot-poet. There are four sections to this massive window. The left panel holds a shield borne by angels with the arms of the United States of America, angels bearing a shield with the arms of Harvard University, angels bearing a shield with the arms of the United Kingdom, angels bearing a shield with the arms of Westminster. The two subjects of the next section (to the right) are those of St. Botolph, and the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. The third panel holds a massive figure of Sir Launfal, the Angel with the Holy Grail, and Sir Launfal and the Leper. The last section contains figures of St. Ambrose and the emancipation of slaves. Below the level of the



THE LINCOLN TOWER OF CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER ROAD.



THE LONGFELLOW BUST IN THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



THE LOWELL WINDOW AND TABLET IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

window there is set in high relief the head of the poet, with the inscription:

This tablet and the window above
were placed here in memory of
James Russell Lowell
United States Minister at the Court of St. James
From 1880 to 1885—
By his English friends.

VERITAS.

Born 22 Feb. 1819
Died August 1891.

Great and noble and loyal as were Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, yet Lowell by his pen and voice did more than any other of America's great writers for the cause of Freedom. His "Biglow Papers," with their keen thrusts of Yankee wit and shrewdness, were a power in those stirring days; and he wrote also many fervid poems against slavery, including those ringing lines:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Lowell welcomed the battle-scarred veterans when they returned from the front, and his song lives on to-day, and for all time. He reached the climax of popular favor while ambassador to Great Britain. This high place was thrust upon him. He was selected as the one fittest man for the post; he obeyed the call, though, as he himself lamented, at the cost of literature.

Linked in fellowship, friendship, and song were Lowell and Longfellow. These men were neighbors in the home-land; they were, and are still, the two prime ministers of American poetry—gentle Longfellow, impetuous Lowell, master singers both.

So let us retrace our steps into the mysterious awe of the silent abbey, sublime in its stateliness, inspiring in the memories it recalls. Here we are surrounded by the names and the bones of the mighty dead. Grouped lovingly in the Poets' Corner are poets, dramatists, and authors. Here rest Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Macaulay. Amid this great assembly loving hands have placed a bust of Longfellow, the most widely known of American men of letters. And thus it is that Lowell and Longfellow are neighbors still. Here, too, within a few feet of the white marble face of the American poet who loved the sky and was alive to the tender influences of the seasons, they brought Tennyson—to hold silent companionship with his fellow-singer from across the sea.

Before we leave this hallowed place, let us read the chiseled words on the Longfellow bust:

This bust was placed amongst the memorials of the Poets of England by the English admirers of an American Poet. 1884.

Next, we must betake ourselves miles away from Westminster Abbey to the Nonconformist Chapel in City Road, founded and built by John Wesley in 1778. Those days marking the close of the eighteenth century saw the beginnings of the Methodist Church. When its great founder and preacher died in 1791, the number of Methodists had reached 119,000. When the Ecumenical Council was held in City Road, the old cradle of the church, in 1891, the number of its members had increased, within one hundred years, to the vast total of 24,899,421.

The old pulpit from which John Wesley preached is still used there. The interior, however, has been greatly modernized. Two of the columns supporting the gallery are contributions from American Methodists; and not long ago Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the American ambassador, unveiled a stained-glass window as a memorial to Matthew Simpson, one of America's greatest Methodist bishops. This memorial is the inspiration of Bishop Vincent and the Rev. Charles Kelly. The window was made in Munich, and in glorious colorings represents St. Paul preaching at Athens; at the lower left corner there is a head of Bishop Simpson. At the bottom of the window are the words:

Erected by American Methodists to the memory of Bishop Matthew Simpson. He was born June 21, 1811, and died June 18, 1884. He was a holy man, an eloquent and mighty preacher, and a great Bishop.

Bishop Simpson was a friend and adviser of President Lincoln, and his patriotism, fervor, and eloquence were ever active in the cause of the Union. His name and fame are cherished in Methodist hearts the world over. It is fitting, then, that his memory should be perpetuated in the earliest home of his church.



THE NONCONFORMIST CHAPEL, CONTAINING THE MATTHEW SIMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

And alongside the preacher we may well honor the great philanthropist. The right use of wealth becomes a benefit to the whole human

race; and George Peabody was indeed one of the greatest of philanthropists. He lived on both sides of the Atlantic; he wrought on both shores; and his name is held in honor by the toilers of two great nations. Born in a humble four-roomed, two-story house in Danvers, Massachusetts, a poor lad, he made his way from the clerkship of a grocery store to wonderful financial achievement. Finding a home and establishing a business on these far shores, his banking-house became one of the commercial features of the metropolis. It was Peabody who negotiated a sale of Maryland bonds when all other financiers failed, and then gave his commission (forty thousand pounds) to the State. It was Peabody who aided his home government when the red flame of war blazed on her fair fields. This man had a genius for making money; he had also a genius for bestowing it upon others. He lived for the glory of God and the good of his fellows. To Danvers he gave a library and equipment costing $250,000. Amid the awful stress of London's poverty his princely heart came to the rescue. Five hundred thousand pounds ($2,500,000) he expended for the housing of the poor of London. These buildings furnish nearly twelve thousand rooms and shelter some twenty thousand people. It was George Peabody who sent Dr. Kane after Franklin, lost amid the snows of the far North. Queen Victoria offered to make him a baronet and dignify him with other honors. The simple-hearted man said, "No; all I want is a letter from the Queen that I can carry back to my native land." The letter came, also a beautiful and costly miniature portrait of the Queen. For the enlightenment and upbuilding of the freed slaves of America Peabody gave seven hundred thousand pounds ($3,500,000), and the Congress of the United States voted him a gold medal.



THE STATUE OF GEORGE PEABODY.

On the 4th of November, 1869, he laid all earthly honors down. His funeral was held in Westminster Abbey, the highest earthly honor England can give the sons of men. The Queen

paid him the tribute of sending his body home in the British war-ship *Monarch*.

America opened wide her arms to receive the dust of her well-beloved son. In 1869 W. W. Story, the distinguished American sculptor, completed a marble statue of him. The Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII—unveiled it. This statue is located in the very heart of the world's mightiest city. The simple wording on the granite base is eloquent:

GEORGE PEABODY.
MDCCCLXIX.

His name is eulogy enough. As the poet says:

"And tongues to be his bounty shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead."

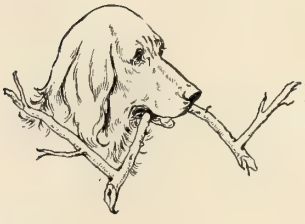
The fascination of these memorials, the veneration we feel for the men whose names they bear and whose character helped to shape the destinies of two worlds, brings us back to the glorious old abbey for a look at our loved Longfellow, and our hearts repeat his own familiar, oft-quoted and simple verse:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

THE KILLING OF STORM.

(*A True Story.*)

By Mabel Clare Craft.



"WHAT a stormy night that was!—with wind in gusts and the rain in splashes! We had heard a mournful cry in a deserted causeway, and at the door found a woolly puppy, rolled up like a hedgehog, very wet and shivery. But at last the long black curls dried out, the big overgrown feet spread sleepily over the hearth-rug, and the blue eyes closed in a puppy's glad dream.

The children fed him by hand on minced bread and milk, and soon his puppyhood waxed into doghood. In the daytime they coaxed him into the garden. One excursion up and down the stairs tired him so that he was glad to sleep for hours, and so was out of mischief. The cat, who was taller, towering over the newcomer by a head, abused him shamefully, and the children had to look sharp to keep her claws out of his eyes. For all of this the dog repaid her with interest, later on, when the tables of size were turned. When he came his neck could be spanned by a gold bracelet. At six months he had attained the dignity of a collar and tag, for he was now large enough to be attractive to the dog-catchers.

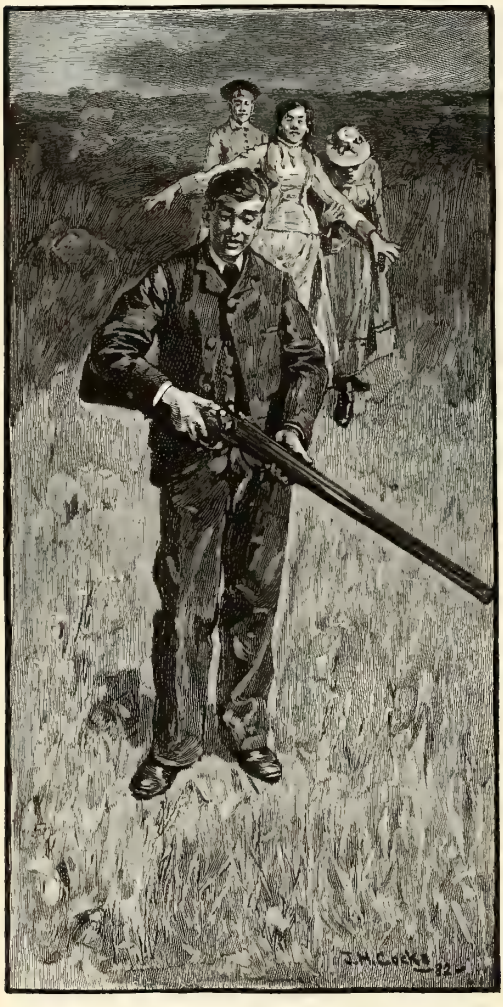
They called him Storm, because he came in one; and when he bit holes in the stockings and playfully tore the clothes from the line, or dug up the roses in his hours of ease, looking for a last week's bone at the root, and capped the climax of his mischief by chewing up the shawl a guest had hung before the fire to dry, his mistress thought him well named.

He was certainly a bouncing fellow. When the children were at school, he rode like a monarch on the seat of a coal-wagon, barking ferociously at all dogs afoot. But however far he was from home, he never failed to meet the children at the gate at three o'clock. He had a regular engagement, and a marvelous sense of time.

As years went by Storm reached the limit of his infirmities. He was so crippled that he could scarcely walk. In his sleep he groaned dismally. One day a family council was called, and it was decided that it was cruel to let poor old Storm live longer. All the dog-powders and remedies had been tried. There had been all

sorts of dog-cakes, and finally the family doctor had been called in.

The mistress declared that Storm's groans made her heart ache, but she hastened to add that she could not act as executioner. The boys made excuses to leave the room, and



"HE MARCHED UP BOLDLY TO WHERE STORM WAS LYING."

came back coughing ostentatiously. The neighbors were appealed to, and at last one with a sufficiently hard heart was found. This was the grown son of a farmer who lived too far away to have known Storm at all well.

He came down one morning armed with his father's double-barreled ducking-gun. He marched up boldly enough to where Storm was lying, but, stranger as he was to the dog, he could not withstand the pathetic look of appeal that came from the soft eyes of the faithful old animal. He lowered his gun and valiantly faced those few of his friends who had followed him to the yard because they knew his nerve would fail him in the end.

It was finally decided that poor old Storm should die by prussic acid. This was chosen because it was quick and certain, and the girl-messenger cried all the way to the drug-store and back. The druggist said that a single drop on the tongue would be enough—so deadly and powerful was the poison.

Storm was taken into the back yard, and we all fancied we could see the reproachful look in his eyes. He was being betrayed, and he knew it—we said.

A gulp, a swallow, and it was all over! Storm fell over at the feet of his mistress, and the tears were flowing down the faces of those who loved him. They wished with all their hearts that they had not done it, but had let him live out his days with all his aches and pains. They left him lying there, and walked around the house to find the prettiest place in the garden in which to lay him. They chose a spot where, as a puppy, Storm had loved to lie in the dappled shade. In half an hour the grave was dug, and they came back to bury Storm.

He was not there!

Instead of lying stiff and cold, he actually trotted toward them, briskly wagging his tail!

He pranced, he twirled, he pawed them. He frisked and leaped as if he were a young dog again.

And his family? They covered him with embraces, and all sat down and cried over the dog who had miraculously come back to life!

The neighbors are still trying to explain it. Most people think that the druggist made a mistake, or that he liked his little joke and did n't give us prussic acid at all. But if that is so, why should Storm have fallen over like a dead dog, and what became of his rheumatism? The druggist declares that it *was* prussic acid, and the family doctor declares that Storm took enough to kill a dozen horses. But certain it is that Storm did not know what was expected of him.

THE ENTERPRISING TAPIR.

(A nonsense jingle of the jungle, where good English "is n't spoke.")

By Laura E. Richards.

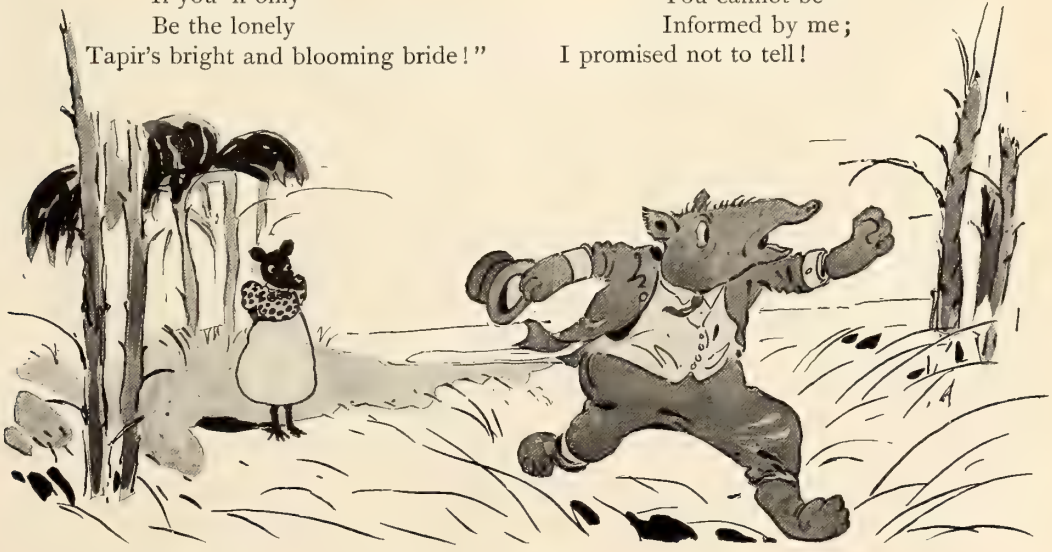


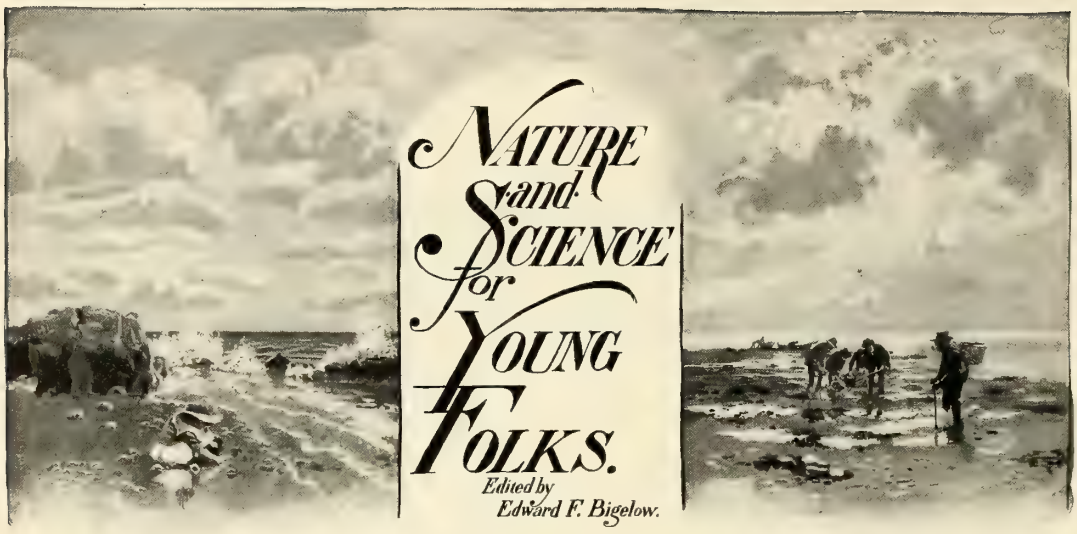
Once an enterprising Tapir
Started out upon a caper
Through the jungle, jungle, jungle
In the island of Ceylon;
And upon his joyous route he
Met a charming young Agouti,
And he said unto the beauty:
"Shall we fare together on?"

Said the enterprising Tapir,
"Life is fleeting like a vapor,
But 't would brighten, lighten, brighten
If I passed it at your side.
Oh, my charming young Agouti,
You shall live on tutti-frutti,
If you 'll only
Be the lonely
Tapir's bright and blooming bride!"

But the Agouti "did n't see it" —
Said "not much she would n't be it";
And she mocked him, shocked him, mocked him,
Till he felt inclined to faint.
And he raised an anguished clamor
At her woeful lack of grammar
When she said: "What! marryin' tapirs?
Well, I rather guess I ain't!"

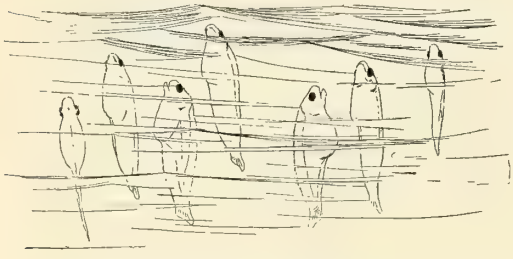
And his grief was so tremendous,
And his rage was so stupendous,
That he darted, started, darted
Through the jungle with a yell;
And perhaps the Gongo got him,
And perhaps the Shongo shot him.
You cannot be
Informed by me;
I promised not to tell!





"AS FLAT AS A FLOUNDER."

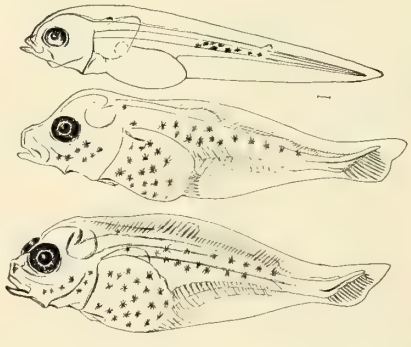
FLOUNDERS are among the commonest, best known, and most remarkable of salt-water fishes. While most abundant in northern



NEWLY HATCHED FLOUNDERS.
They are entirely transparent, except the eyes, and swim vertically, with the head toward the surface.

waters, they are found also in the temperate and tropical regions, and are so widely distributed that there is scarcely a sea-shore or bay anywhere in the world which does not have one or more representatives of the flounder family. The largest and most important of the flounders is the halibut, which attains a weight of four hundred pounds, and is much sought by the fishermen of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Norway, Japan, and other countries of the north temperate zone. The flounders are bottom-loving fishes, and pass most of their lives lying on one side, either on or partly buried in sand or mud, at depths ranging from a few feet to several thousand feet. As the food of flounders must always be sought above them, and as their enemies always come from above, these fishes would have no use for an eye on their under side, hence both eyes are on one side of the head. The under surface of the body, being out of sight, has no marked color, while the upper surface is richly pigmented, the shade and pattern of coloration corresponding with the nature of the bottom on which the fishes may rest.

The expression "as flat as a flounder" has become proverbial, but it does not apply to



THREE STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG LEFT-SIDED FLOUNDER.
In the bottom figure the right eye is seen coming around the front of the head to take its place beside the left eye.



THE YOUNG OF THE WINDOW-PANE FLOUNDER.

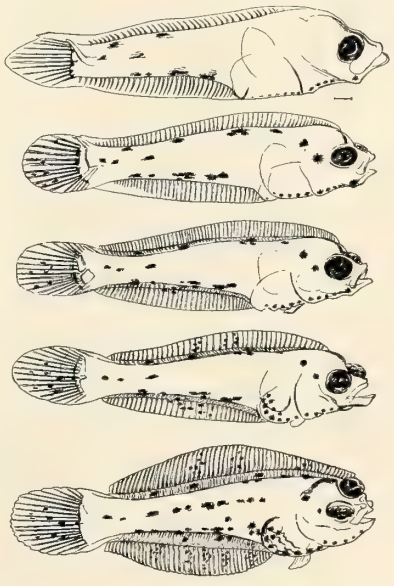
This is a left-sided species. In these figures the right eye has begun its passage across the forehead to the left side. The dark spot below the right eye in the upper figure is the left eye seen through the transparent head.

very young flounders, which differ so much from the adult ones that they can hardly be recognized as belonging to the same family as their parents. Most boys and girls are familiar with full-grown flounders, but very few of them, and few older people, know anything about the appearance of young flounders and the wonderful transformations they undergo. In spring and summer it is possible for young nature students to secure specimens of newly hatched flounders by dragging a fine-mesh net on sunny days when the water is smooth. Such specimens may easily be kept alive in dishes of salt water, and examined from time to time with a low-power microscope.

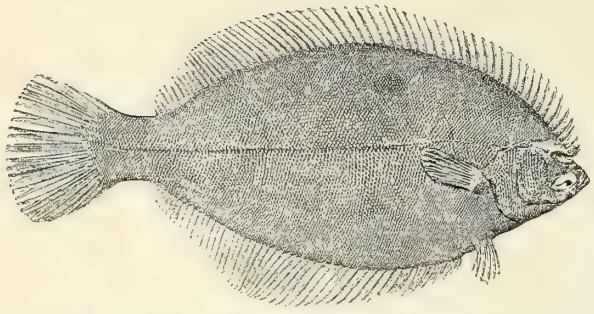
The flounders begin life as do ordinary fishes. When they first emerge from the egg they swim vertically, with the head turned upward. Their bodies are symmetrical, and their eyes are on opposite sides of the head. Gradually the position of the body changes from vertical to horizontal, and the fish remain thus for some time, swimming like ordinary fishes; but while still very small there is foreshadowing of the bottom life they are destined for, and they enter upon a series of remarkable changes. The most striking of these changes is in the position of the eye. The eye of one side or the other slowly but steadily moves over to the opposite side of the head and takes a place beside the other eye. In some flounders the eye moves around the front of the head; in others it moves directly through the head. This shifting of the eye's position is accompanied by a change in the position of the body, which ceases to be upright and becomes more and more oblique. The side of the body from which the eye is moving gradually becomes inferior to the other, until by the time the change of the eye is complete the fish swims with its blind side underneath, and this position is ever after maintained. The flounder then ceases its free-swimming habit and sinks to the bottom.

Some species of flounders are right-sided and others are left-sided. In the right-sided forms, the left eye moves to the right side, and the left side becomes undermost. In the left-sided species the opposite conditions prevail. It rarely happens that right-sided species have left-sided individuals, and vice versa. In a few species both right-sided and left-sided fish occur in about equal numbers.

Soon after hatching, the flounder's color begins to appear in the form of small star-shaped masses of pigment on the body, head, and fins. These increase in number as the flounder grows,



STAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG RIGHT-SIDED FLOUNDER.
Showing change in the position of the left eye.

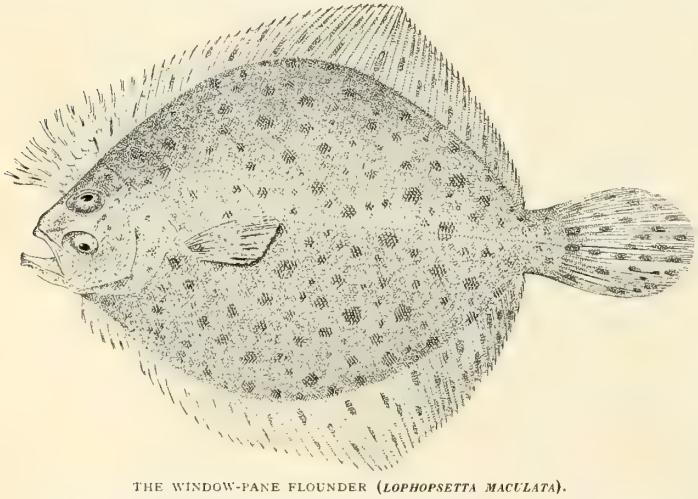


THE WINTER FLOUNDER (*PSEUDOPLEURONECTES AMERICANUS*).
A typical right-sided flounder of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and an important food-fish in New England and New York.

and finally run together and give to the fish its peculiar pattern of coloration. The pigmentation of the under side begins to disappear soon after the eye changes its position, and when the bottom-living stage is reached no color remains on the blind side of the fish.

U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. HUGH M. SMITH.

The flounder fishery is carried on chiefly during the winter and spring months, large quantities being taken. As a food-fish the winter flounder holds a very high rank; the flesh is white, firm, and of excellent flavor. Next to the halibut it is the most important flatfish of our Atlantic coast. This species has been more extensively propagated than any other member of the family. The United States Fish Commission obtains the eggs at Woods Hole, where its propagation fills in the time between the taking of the cod on the one hand and the lobster on the other. The number of fry hatched in 1900, at Woods Hole, exceeded 87,000,000, which were planted at various points along the New England coast.



THE WINDOW-PANE FLOUNDER (*LOPHOPSETTA MACULATA*).
A typical left-sided flounder of the east coast of the United States. It is called "window-pane" and "daylight" by fishermen because it is exceedingly thin and transparent.

MISS SUSAN FACING-BOTHWAYS.

From "Pilgrim's Progress" we learn that Mr. Facing-bothways lived in the town of "Fair-speech." Miss Facing-bothways seems a good name for this—or these daisies. Together, they intend evidently to see all there is to be seen; but how do they manage to face the sun after the manner of other daisies?

It is hard to tell whether they are good friends who mean to back each other up through life, or are enemies giving each other the "cold shoulder." Their success in blooming, however, shows that they are very good friends.



THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS.

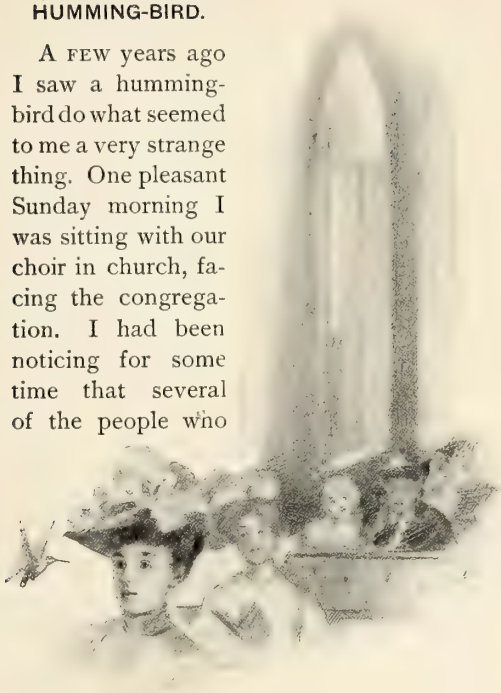
Goethe advised scientific men to study unusual and abnormal growths to find out how nature works. These flowers are already made up of hundreds of smaller flowers that have been packed into single heads and adapted to life in a community. Does this double community prove that in some future ages even the communities will unite and become a sort of nation? Will all daisies become one?

But, however that may be, the great puzzle is the one already mentioned—how can both face the sun, or how can either thrive without facing the sun? Who else has found these twin daisies?

TUDOR JENKS.

THE DECEIVED HUMMING-BIRD.

A FEW years ago I saw a humming-bird do what seemed to me a very strange thing. One pleasant Sunday morning I was sitting with our choir in church, facing the congregation. I had been noticing for some time that several of the people who happened to be seated near the windows were smiling and looking interested about something. As I glanced in their direction again I saw the innocent cause of their amusement, and did not wonder that they were not as serious and attentive to the sermon as usual.



THE DECEIVED HUMMING-BIRD.

It made the mistake of thinking that the artificial flowers on the ladies' hats were a real flower-garden, and very naturally went seeking for honey.

A humming-bird had come in at an open window, and, deceived by the bright flowers on the ladies' hats, was trying to extract honey from them, going from hat to hat all over the church, choosing the brightest-colored flowers. As I sat facing the people, I could hardly help noticing the start of surprise that several ladies gave when the little creature darted unexpectedly round to the front of the hat, where they saw it for the first time. There were natural flowers on the pulpit and organ, and the humming-bird visited them several times, getting, I hope, more honey from them than from those on the ladies' hats. The next day our minister's son found the poor little thing exhausted and nearly dead lying on a window-sill in the church. He took it home and fed it a little honey, and, when it got strong enough to fly, let it go to seek its home nest.

MARY AUGUSTA.

AN EGG-SHELL GARDEN.

IT is easy to have an egg-shell garden. Carefully cut off the end of the egg for about one third of its length, treating it with more respect than the cook does, for she breaks it in two in the middle by cracking it on the edge of the cup. Fill the shell with good earth, and plant almost any seed that you like. If the plant-food supplied in tablets by Nature and Science is used, the shells may be filled with sawdust or with gravel. Plants artificially fed in sawdust do not seem to require so many roots as when they grow in soil. With the limited space in the egg-shell, sawdust and the plant-food are therefore preferable to soil. It is not difficult to have plants grow in sawdust until they are more than two feet high, although there is so little space in the shell for the roots.

To support these unique, round-bottomed "flower-pots," it will be found convenient to have a board with holes bored in it just large enough to have the egg-shells set firmly, one in each hole. Don't get the holes too near together. Punch a small hole down through the shell for drainage.



AN EGG-SHELL GARDEN.

The egg-shells are filled with sawdust. The plants that grow so luxuriantly are corn, oats, millet, lupines, and sandy vetch. The last is the climbing plant in the rear.

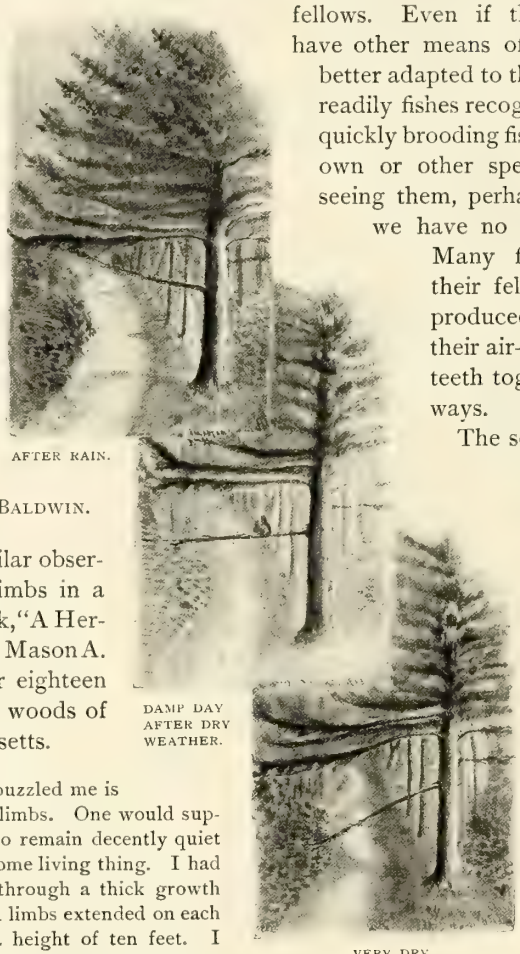
"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

MOVEMENT OF A DEAD BRANCH.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer in my daily walks through near-by woods I was in the habit of passing by a certain tree, and I noticed that in damp, foggy weather, or after a rain, I could pass under a dead branch which reached across the path without even bowing my head; but in dry weather I had to stoop quite low to get under it. The branch was on a spruce-tree, and grew on the tree at about the height of my head. Sometimes on wet days the spruce-trees would look as if they were being pulled up by their roots, so straight up would the branches be drawn. Can you explain the reason for this? Yours truly,

DOROTHY A. BALDWIN.



AFTER RAIN.

DAMP DAY AFTER DRY WEATHER.

VERY DRY.

I find record of similar observations on the dead limbs in a recently published book, "A Hermit's Wild Friends," by Mason A. Walton, who lived for eighteen years in a hut in the woods of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Another thing that has puzzled me is the behavior of dead pine-limbs. One would suppose a dead limb ought to remain decently quiet and not move about like some living thing. I had occasion to make a path through a thick growth of small pines. The dead limbs extended on each tree from the ground to a height of ten feet. I broke off the limbs so I could pass under them without trouble. After the path was completed it turned cold for two days. When I undertook to pass that way during the cold spell, the dead limbs were so much depressed that I was obliged to break the path anew.

I experimented on dead limbs at different times, and found it was a fact that lifeless pine-limbs will fall in cold and rise in warm weather. I am unable to give a reason for this movement.

Here is an excellent new field for observation. Professor Ganong, an eminent botanist, has recently discovered that movements of living branches are due to changes in temperature.

CAN FISH TALK?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can fish talk to each other? Please answer in Nature and Science. I have four goldfish. I like so to watch them. One day when I was changing the water, Silversides rubbed against my finger. GEORGE B. PATTERSON (age 8).

Fishes undoubtedly communicate with their fellows. Even if they cannot "talk," they have other means of communication that are better adapted to their needs. We know how readily fishes recognize their mates, and how quickly brooding fishes repel intruders of their own or other species. Something besides seeing them, perhaps some sense of which we have no conception, may do this.

Many fishes communicate with their fellows by means of sounds produced through the medium of their air-bladders, by grinding their teeth together, and in various other ways.

The sense of touch is highly developed in many fishes, and doubtless enables them to communicate. The sense of taste, located all over the skin in some fishes, in the fins in others, and the sense of smell, strongly developed in some forms of submarine life, also must be aids to communication.

These queer locations of the sense of taste have recently been very carefully studied.

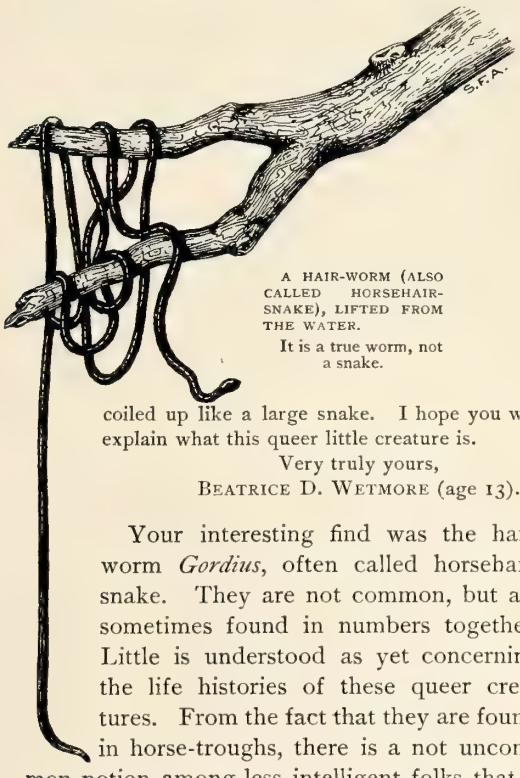
A WORM — NOT "A HORSEHAIR TURNED TO A SNAKE."

BROADMOOR, COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was wading in one of our mountain streams a few days ago, and would often reach in the water before me with a stick. As I lifted the stick from the water, a queer little black thing, about eight inches long, hung over the end. It greatly resembled a horsehair, being very little wider. As I first looked, I thought it was a piece of black thread, and was about to throw it back into the water, when one end moved a very little.

I then laid the stick on the bank and examined the

tiny snake closely. It proved to have a head about the size of the head of a pin, and once on the ground, it



A HAIR-WORM (ALSO CALLED HORSEHAIR-SNAKE), LIFTED FROM THE WATER.
It is a true worm, not a snake.

coiled up like a large snake. I hope you will explain what this queer little creature is.

Very truly yours,
BEATRICE D. WETMORE (age 13).

Your interesting find was the hair-worm *Gordius*, often called horsehair-snake. They are not common, but are sometimes found in numbers together. Little is understood as yet concerning the life histories of these queer creatures. From the fact that they are found in horse-troughs, there is a not uncommon notion among less intelligent folks that a horsehair thrown into the water will turn into a slender "snake." This, of course, is entirely incorrect. The worm has nothing whatever to do with a horsehair.

DO ANTS CALL FOR HELP?

ROXBURY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about some ants I saw last summer. I was out in the yard one morning, when I noticed some little black ants crawling along on the top of the fence. There were a great many of them traveling in both directions, and when one ant met another it would double itself up and stop an instant, just as if they were saying good morning to each other. While I was watching these interesting little creatures, I saw one that was walking along suddenly stop and seem to call for help. Several other ants came hurrying toward this one at once. They felt it all over and rubbed its head; then sent away one of their comrades, which soon returned with another ant, a doctor, I imagined. This one stayed a few minutes, then went away, while the remaining ants stood up straight around the poor helpless one and appeared greatly distressed. In a few minutes they carried this little ant away to their home. I suppose he must have died. This sounds like a fairy story, but it is true.

I should like very much to know why these ants double themselves up when they meet each other.

Your interested reader,
ELSIE FISHER STEINHEIMER.

Ants often get assistance, but by what means has not been discovered.

An ant will frequently leave its prize and search for the way to the nest, returning to the load when the way is found. If an ant makes a find that it cannot at all handle, it will often gnaw off a portion and carry it to the nest.

ANTS BORING IN WOOD.

CHICAGO, ILL.

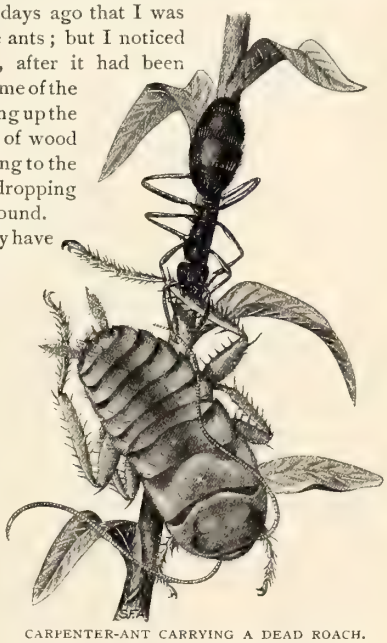
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking under some trees the other day, I saw that something which looked like sawdust was falling from a tree near me and covered the ground nearly a foot outward on one side of the tree. I thought that a branch had been cut off from the tree and that some of the sawdust was still being blown away.

As I looked up I saw instead some black ants. Most of them, I think, were over half an inch long. They were going in and out of two small crevices in the tree. I was immediately interested, and stopped to watch them. One after another they came from the two crevices, and, going out far enough so that the particles would not fall on the tree, they dropped them to the ground, and then went back after more.

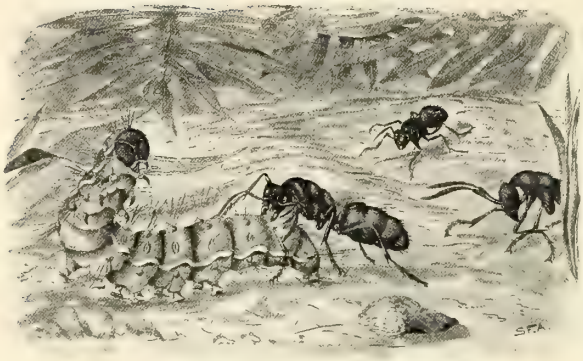
It was four days ago that I was watching these ants; but I noticed this afternoon, after it had been raining, that some of the ants were picking up the small particles of wood that were sticking to the tree and were dropping them to the ground.

They evidently have something that is sharp about them to be able to work into a tree. I should like to know what kind of ants these are and why they make their nest in a tree instead of in the ground.

I am glad that you have so interesting a Nature and Science de-



CARPENTER-ANT CARRYING A DEAD ROACH.
The ant will take it to the top of a weed in its efforts to locate the nest or to find the path to the nest. Upon reaching the top, after a deal of trouble, it will bring its burden down again on the other side of the weed.



AN ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A BIG PRIZE.

Black carpenter-ant attacking a caterpillar. Though this may prove too great an undertaking, even with assistance close at hand, the fearless ant never hesitates in making the attack. In a few minutes a dozen or more ants may swarm upon the poor caterpillar and tear it to pieces.

partment to which we may come with questions on these subjects. I hope that you will be able to tell me about the ants. Sincerely your reader,

Mary H. Ferry.

Ants are social insects, living always in a colony, and they frequently make their nests in beetle-borings in wood, and also are able to cut holes into wood.

ANTS CARRYING BABY ANTS.

Webster Groves, Mo.

Dear St. Nicholas: I want to ask you a question: Why do ants, when moving, always carry something white from one place to another, and, when they get there, go down in their holes and bring up a lump of dirt? Ants are sometimes more polite than we are.

Yours truly, Hugh Fellows.

The mother ant is the queen. She rarely leaves the nest. The building, preparing, or extending of the nest, the gathering of the food, and the caring for the young are carried on by the workers, who constantly labor for the welfare of the whole colony. The food generally consists of insects or other animal matter (and, with some species, of seeds and vegetable matter). When this food is collected the workers prepare and feed it to the baby ants, little white grub-like larvæ, which they also protect and move about as occasion demands. It is these grub-like larvæ that you describe as "something white."

ANTS DRAGGING INSECTS.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: When walking from school I saw an ant which had a big bug about three times as large as itself. The ant crawled backward and pulled the bug along by one of its many legs. It pulled it along the sidewalk for a few yards and then went into the grass, where another ant came and pulled it, while the other ant went, I think, for assistance, but none came while I was there. I think the ant that pulled the bug last was a mother, because it went fast, and as it was near dinner-time, she thought she would have to get something ready for her children. Sometimes she would have very hard times getting the bug over a stick, and sometimes I put it over for her. One time the bug fell into the gutter, and down went the ant after it. I guess that if she lost this bug she would be punished when she got home. From what I have seen of ants, I think they must be very strong for their size.

Good-by.

Katharine Brown (age 12).

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear St. Nicholas: While walking in Prospect Park the other day I saw something which might prove of interest to you and the young observers. A large ant was dragging away an insect nearly twice the size of itself. The insect, which looked like a bee, was attached to a splinter of wood about seven eighths of an inch long. The ant struggled with its burden, sometimes pushing and at other times pulling, until it had gone about ten feet across the gravel path. I now touched the ant with my pencil, and it ran away for a few minutes, but soon returned to its work and commenced to tug its prize in another direction toward a tree.

When it had reached the foot of the tree, it made its way into a small hollow space at its root. Here it was met by three or four other ants, and, with their help, it soon pushed the insect into a hole and followed it in. I saw no more of either the ants or the insect. Before pushing it in the hole, the ants took the splinter of wood from the insect. I like your Nature and Science department very much indeed.

Your observing reader,

Marion H. Tuthill (age 12).







IMMATURE ANTS.

Larva, pupa, and cocoon of the black carpenter-ant (*Camponotus Pennsylvanicus*).

Ants are the queerest combination of wisdom and foolishness with which naturalists are familiar. They do the brightest and the silliest things imaginable. When we study them closely, the manner in which they manage their affairs commands our admiration. But chance observations of some of their queer ways has



QUEEN OF THE BLACK CARPENTER-ANT (*CAMPONOTUS PENNSYLVANICUS*). (MAGNIFIED.)

brought the ant character and intelligence into ridicule. Mark Twain has written an excellent description of the foolish things that ants do:

During many summers, now, I have watched him [says Mr. Clemens], when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. . . . I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world,—when anybody is looking,—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No,—he goes anywhere but home. He does n't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away,—no matter, he can't find it. He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something which can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of it; he lifts it bodily up into the air by main force, and starts, not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down on the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him a moment, gets madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it, he must climb it; and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that it is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual in a new direction. At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from and lays his burden down. . . . After continuing this charmingly aimless work for some time and meeting another ant and fighting him about nothing, each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment and at the same time valueless enough to make an ant want to own it.

This, of course, humorously tells us only of the foolish doings of ants. Owing to the fact that ants have little or no sight, possessing only the sense of smell to guide them, they can have no broad knowledge of their surroundings and of direction such as bees and hornets have, and thus they depend on following paths to and from their nests. When away from these paths they must wander about to find them again, and if they have found a bulky prize this often means a series of laborious and seemingly needless adventures. They turn first this way, then that, come to an obstacle, and, having no information about its size, surmount it instead of going around it. Thus they will climb a weed or a fence-post, going up one side and down the other, taking hours in the effort, when an inch or two would have gotten them around it.

But from another point of view we may regard them as very wise little creatures. Ants have a colony organization superior to bees or, in fact, to that of any other animal, except man. Some species make war, or mutually observe conditions of peace with those of adjoining colonies. Others capture and keep slaves and depend upon their labor. Many kinds keep or protect herds of plant-lice for the honeydew. Others harvest crops of seeds; and one species has been observed to prepare the ground and plant the seed for the crop.



CARPENTER-ANTS ASSISTING (?) EACH OTHER WITH A DEAD SPIDER.

Each ant has its own notion as to the direction of the nest, and these ideas frequently differ. A good-natured tug of war follows, and little progress is made until the prize is torn apart or one ant becomes discouraged.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HUGH SPENCER, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

GOOD-BY!

BY MARY TRAVIS HEWARD, AGE 15. (*Gold Badge.*)

THE rose that swayed all summer long
Has fallen from its stem,
And hushed is now the linnet's song,
Yet we remember them.
The smile of many a summer sun
Still lingers in the sky,
But autumn weather has begun—
O summer days, good-by!

Now many another stranger face
Shall throng the school-house door,
And other maids shall take the place
Of those who went before;
And only the fast-fleeting years
Can tell the reason why,
For Time has changed the smiles to tears—
O happy days, good-by!

Now wintry looks the world to me,
And wintry blows the blast,
But in the golden dawn we see
The faces of the past.
The stream that looked so deep before
Now shallow seems, and nigh;
The ship is waiting at the shore—
O summer world, good-by!

THE incidents of the Louisiana Purchase accepted for League publication this month are all very interesting. Of course, they have been selected from many different sources; and some of them, no doubt, are purely traditional.

Here and there, also, may be found contradictions, for it is not possible to get precise truths about a matter, and the incidents relating to it, when so many years have gone by, and when so much even in the beginning was hearsay.

Yet the articles we have selected are in keeping with the known facts, and might have happened, even if they did not.

What we do know certainly is that the vast territory once called Louisiana, bought for fifteen million dollars, has become a land so rich that all the nations of the earth could not purchase from our country even a small part of it to-day.

In making selections of contributions for the St. Nicholas League there are several things to be considered. The League is a part of the magazine, and must be interesting, even to those who do not belong to it (and there are many such), yet who like to read the stories and poems and enjoy the pictures and other features. So, besides selecting for merit according to age, we must select for general interest and variety.



"PORTRAIT." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

In the Louisiana stories there were a number of authors who told the story of the purchase quite as well as any whose work was selected, but the stories chosen contained some little incident of especial interest which gave them preference. Selections for the big magazines are made in the same way. Merit, interest, variety, and (if written matter) length are all to be considered, as well as appropriateness to the publication. Many an

excellent writer or artist fails time after time because he does not consider the last-named, and offers pictures or stories or poems to just the wrong periodical, perhaps wondering why they are refused. Writing and drawing are professions (or trades), and there are things to be learned even by the most talented. It is the work of the League to teach these necessary details, and that is why the above is written, and that is why we have rules.

LEAGUE PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 57.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Mary Travis Heward** (age 15), Brighton Ave., Kearny, N. J., and **Blanche Leeming** (age 14), 221 Cedar St., Michigan City, Ind.

Silver badges, **Georgiana Myers Sturdee** (age 10), 248 State St., Albany, N. Y., and **Alice Trimble** (age 8), Moylan, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Margaret Minaker** (age 15), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada, and **Helen J. Simpson** (age 14), 396 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth R. Marvin** (age 12), 232 York St., New Haven, Conn., and **Margaret Bull** (age 10), Naugatuck, Conn.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Hugh Spencer** (age 16), St. Cloud, Minn., and **W. Clinton Brown** (age 15), 331 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

Silver badges, **Lydia Caroline Gibson** (age 12), Cove Neck, Oyster Bay, L. I., **Isador Levitt** (age 14), 1121 High St., St. Louis, Mo., and **Marjorie Hendershot** (age 6), 2555 Quincy St., Ogden, Utah.



"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY DOROTHY E. WEBER, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Photography. Gold badge, **Dorothy E. Weber** (age 15), 149 P St , Salt Lake City, Utah.

Silver badges, **Alice Wangenheim** (age 8), Hotel del Corona, San Diego, Cal., and **Mary F. Underhill** (age 12), 41 Summit Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Opossum," by **Mary Thompson** (age 12), Greenville, Del. Second prize, "Wild Geese," by **Grover T. Corning** (age 17), 58 Hamilton Ave., Lynn, Mass. Third prize, "Hoot-owl," by **J. Struthers Dunn** (age 13), 46 E. Sedgwick St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Mary Salmon** (age 16), Mt. Olive, N. J., and **Louise Fitz** (age 14), Peconic, L. I.

Silver badges, **Marion Pond** (age 17), Atlantic Hill, Nantasket, Mass., and **Marian P. Toulmin** (age 11), Haverford, Pa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Eleanor Wyman** (age 13), Nunica, Mich., and **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 14), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Knight** (age 13), Delphi, Ind., and **Florence Alvarez** (age 14), care Dr. L. F. Alvarez, Cananea, Sonora, Mex.

A NOVEL RANSOM.

BY HELEN J. SIMPSON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

In 1763 France, by a secret treaty, ceded to Spain that territory, then known as Louisiana, which lay west of the Mississippi River, together with the city of New Orleans.

When the French inhabitants found themselves under Spanish rule, they were considerably astonished, and some went so far as to rise up against the Spanish government.

The leader of these was Pierre de Valvier, a man of noble descent. Unfortunately (or, possibly, fortunately for his neighbors), Valvier was captured immediately.

Had Valvier been a single man, we might excuse him for this foolish attempt to become rid of Spanish rule. As it was, he had a wife and two children dependent on him for means of support. However, they loved him none the less for his rash imprudence, and, when word arrived that he was captured, great was the grief in the tiny cottage where dwelt the sole survivors of the once splendid family of Valvier.

Amette Valvier, Pierre's eldest, was a child of ten, and, strange as it may seem, she resolved to obtain her father's release. She lay awake that night considering various plans. Presently a happy thought struck her, and getting out of bed, she opened a drawer and took out a velvet jewel-case. This she carried to the window, where the moonlight streamed in brightly. The child opened the case and displayed several glittering and valuable jewels, which were strangely out of keeping with the humble appointments of the cottage.

As has been stated, the Valviers were descended from a long line of noble ancestry, and the jewels were the only relics of former splendor.

There was an antique gold bracelet, a pearl cross, a ruby ring, and a pearl necklace of extraordinary beauty.

This last Amette wrapped neatly in tissue-paper. She then replaced the other articles and crept into bed.

Amette was up betimes next morning, and, leaving a note, she set out for the Spanish headquarters, which she reached in a short time.

She was admitted into the governor's presence, and a smile gradually broke over that gentleman's countenance as the little French girl with dark, curly hair and snapping black eyes asked, in the most businesslike manner, if he would exchange Pierre de Valvier for the necklace.

The governor agreed, and father and daughter started homeward to gladden the hearts of their loved ones.

The pearl necklace has been carefully preserved by the governor's descendants, and is now in the possession of Ronald Tracy of Baton Rouge.



"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY ALICE WANGENHEIM, AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY MARGARET MINAKER (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MONSIEUR DAULAC stepped on to the wide piazza that ran the length of the long white house, and spoke quickly to his wife, a fair, dainty lady with high coiffure and stately mien. "The priest has told me, as I rode through the village, that all negotiations with Napoleon Bonaparte have been settled, and these," motioning to the wide fields of their Louisiana home, "no longer belong to dear France, but to America."

Madame clasped her hands in an attitude of despair. They were pretty white hands that had done little or no work save embroidering and painting. But why should Madame Daulac work? Was she not a "grand dame" of France, who had come over to this big, sunny land with her husband? And had she not half a hundred negroes at her command? She was, in truth, a little queen, and when she thought her small kingdom was to be taken from her no wonder she cried in dismay: "Ah, it cannot be! The cruel Americans will take from us our pretty home. That I cannot bear! Louis, oh, take me back to la France!"

"The Americans will surely allow us to remain at 'Maison Blanc' as before," he reassured her. Then, catching sight of the eager, upturned face of his little daughter as she stood by her mother's chair, he said, "And what will you do, *la petite?*"

The little maiden thought a moment. Her small oval face surrounded by a mass of golden hair and her aquiline features showed her a descendant of a lordly line.

"Sire," she said, dropping a low and graceful curtsy, "I will endeavor to be as good an American as my grandsires and grandames were French."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried her father, slapping his satin knee in delight and turning to his wife, "the child has answered her question well!" Then, bending over his daughter's little hand, he said solemnly, "A great and good country this is, and I, too, will endeavor to become here, as my fathers were in France, faithful and true to their land until the last!"

FAREWELL TO VACATION.

BY BLANCHE LEEMING (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

A CANOE moored in the marsh-land, where the grass grows thick and tall;
A paddle in the hollow, where the sunset shadows fall;
A skim across the waters in the gloaming of the day;
The white-throat sparrow's warbling of his sweetest minstrel lay.
And while I rest me, drifting with my dreams and with the tide,
I hear the crickets chirping from the gloom on either side.
To me 't is sweetest music of September and its lore,
These callings from the water and those answers from the shore;
So I drift and drowse and dream, and am joyous while I may,
Then sadly bid farewell to this my last vacation day!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE IN ST. LOUIS.

ELIZABETH R. MARVIN (AGE 12).

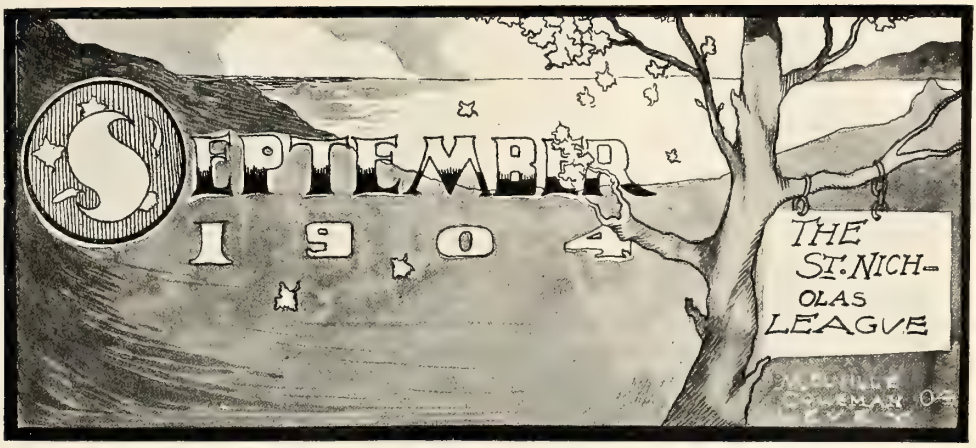
(*Silver Badge.*)

IN St. Louis something very exciting was happening. The Spanish flag had been taken down and the French flag had been put up in its place. Oh, the French flag —how the simple-hearted people loved it! There was much gaiety in the town that night—not that these people disliked the Spanish rule, but what could you expect of them? for they were French themselves.

But one afternoon, unnoticed by the people, four men came from across the Mississippi and went straight to the governor's house. They were going to give St. Louis into the hands of the Americans, and they were getting the papers ready to sign. Napoleon had sold Louisiana to the Americans because he needed money to carry on the war with England. In a little while the men came out from the governor's house and went down to the flagstaff, where they took down the flag which the French people loved so well.



"PORTRAIT." BY ALINE J. DREYFUS, AGE 13.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MELVILLE C. LEVEY, AGE 16. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

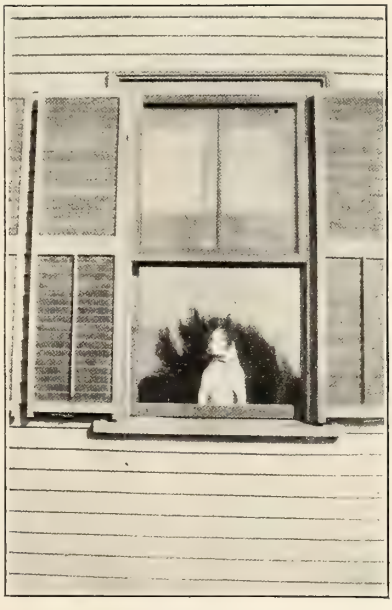
Then they put up the Stars and the Stripes, America's flag. Lo and behold! the colonies had made a leap across the Mississippi, and had now twice as much territory as before. The people were standing around the flagstaff in amazed groups, when suddenly three cheers came up from the crowd. But they were from the Americans, not from the French. Sadly the people filed away to their respective homes, for something great had happened and changed their lives entirely. If you had passed by on the street that night you would have seen them out on their piazzas, talking things over. These people had enjoyed a serenity ever since Pierre Laclede's settlement forty years before. But now everything was changed, for there was activity everywhere. There were discoveries being made, and the lead-mines improved, and many other things done for the good of the colony. The men thought it best to learn English, so gradually the old tongue died out. Everything is changed; the old houses are now gone, and there is nothing left to tell that St. Louis was once a French colony, except now and then you hear the French tongue spoken.

GOOD-BY!

BY GEORGIANA MYERS STURDEE (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GOOD-BY, good-by, O shady trees,
That I have loved so well.
Good-by, good-by, dear brooklet,
That gurgles through the dell.
Good-by, good-by, dear little nest
In yonder apple-tree;
How oft I 've climbed with eager feet,
And looked and gazed at thee!
I 'll have to say good-by to you,
And to the hill and lea,
For I am going far away
To lands beyond the sea.
My heart is very heavy
To have to part with home,
For I will travel far away
And through the world will roam.



"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY MARY F. UNDERHILL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

But though I leave my pleasant home
With many a tear and sigh,
I 'll be as happy as I can,
And bravely say, "Good-by!"

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

BY MARGARET BULL (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

OUR possession of that great territory lying west of the Mississippi, known to us as the Middle West and in 1803 as Louisiana, is due to the forethought of two men—Livingston and Monroe. It contains an area of 1,171,931 square miles—all of Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, part of Colorado, and really all of Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington—seventeen States and Territories in all.

In 1800 Spain secretly ceded Louisiana back to France. This was kept secret as long as possible, but when it did leak out the French settlers were delighted and felt sure that the great Napoleon would soon come. The Westerners were very indignant at this act, for now their farms were of no value because the Mississippi gateway was lost to them.

Napoleon's ministers and agents tried to show him how impossible it would be to hold Louisiana against the United States, as there was likely to be war and the United States would surely win.

It had been Napoleon's idea to build upon this continent a nation which would beat England on the seas; and so far as I know it has: but he thought of building a French colonial empire here.

Jefferson, then President, and a lover of peace, wrote to Livingston, then minister to France, and asked him to get Napoleon to sell New Orleans to the United States,

and even sent Monroe to his aid. Napoleon not only offered to sell New Orleans, but all of Louisiana, for $15,000,000; for he was a great statesman and a still greater soldier, and he saw that no matter how large his army might be, he could not hold land to which he had given up the key position.

Laussat, French colonial prefect in Louisiana, says that the justice in Louisiana was "worse than in Turkey."

On April 30, 1803, it was ceded to the United States, and on December 20, 1803, we took possession of it.

This purchase was sneered at very much. But surely we should be thankful to those two men for the prosperous territory we own, which is now celebrating its one hundredth anniversary by a wonderful fair at St. Louis.

GOOD-BY!

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

GOOD-BY, O happy summer,
As you go on wings of song,
With your daisies and your buttercups
A-bloom the whole day long.

Good-by, good-by, O summer;
And do you know the rill
That came from far-off mountain
A-trickling down the hill?

It came from wood and mountain,
And is on its way to the sea,
And will never, never come again
To visit you and me.

"Good-by!" the birds are saying,
And they will go away,
To come again next summer
And make as long a stay.



"SEPTEMBER." BY LYDIA CAROLINE GIBSON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

FAREWELL to thee, summer, and autumn, now welcome,
With elves and with fairies, a jubilant host.
They 'll deck thee, old oak-tree, and 't will not provoke thee
Of red and of scarlet to find thou canst boast.

The grass is all silver with dew, white and sparkling,
A curtain of hoar-frost bedecks each tall tree,
And autumn's bright flowers now fill summer's bowers
With pale-purple asters beloved by the bee.

We miss thee, dear summer, but autumn is lovely,
With brilliant dominion of goldenrod bright;
We will not forget thee, yet do not regret thee,
For all autumn's pleasures yield joyous delight.
Next year we will see thee, and hail thee with gladness,
But now thy successor holds revelry here;
We lift up our voices, for autumn rejoices
Because she is queen o'er the wane of the year.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE INCIDENT.

BY ADELAIDE WEBB-FRYAR (AGE 13).

A MEMORABLE incident of the Louisiana Purchase times was the hoisting of the American flag in New Orleans three days after Christmas, 1803.

Forty years previous, articles of peace were concluded in Paris, France giving up all possessions in America, save a few small fisheries and a couple of islands, England being granted all the country east of the Mississippi that formerly belonged to Spain.

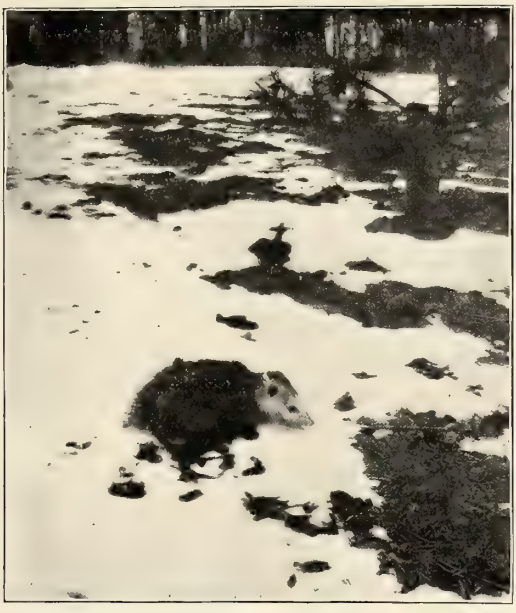
Spain and England had been engaged in war, the latter capturing Havana, which she exchanged for Florida.

In 1801, during Jefferson's administration, Spain closed the port of New Orleans to United States commerce. It was soon found that Louisiana had been receded to France.

The President at once made arrangements to purchase a strip of territory on the eastern bank of the Mississippi River, so the intercourse would not be interfered with.

The emperor did not wish to sell it, but there was war between England and France; a British fleet was situated in the Gulf, endangering the French possessions, so Napoleon I offered the territory called Louisiana—which included all west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains, more than a million square miles—to the United States of America for fifteen million dollars. Our minister to France hesitated about agreeing to such a proposition, because the Constitution was not prepared to buy new territory.

However, Louisiana was at last sold to the United States of America. The French in New Orleans did not enjoy it at all, and hardly realized what had happened until the Spanish flag was hauled down and the American hoisted in its place; there was great cheering among the American troops that had come with the flag. While the French loved freedom, they were fond of the pomp of kings, so joined in with "Vive Napoleon," but refused to recognize the flag. They danced and sang, made fun of the Americans, sang in French while they broke egg-shells filled with ashes over the soldiers' heads; the bonfires burned brightly along the river-banks; the men in the river-boats sang. This lasted nearly all night, but at daybreak all was quiet again.



"OPOSSUM." BY MARY THOMPSON, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A DREAM.

BY JULIA S. CLOPTON (AGE 9).

Sometimes I dream when I was young
And I 'd a-fishing go;
Sometimes I dream of grandpa's stream,
In which I used to row.
Sometimes I dream of meadows green—
The cows that graze therein;
Sometimes I dream of speckled Pol,
Who was our old lame hen.



"WILD GEESE." BY GROVER T. CORNING, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

FAREWELL.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 12).

Farewell to bright vacation days,
For school has come once more;
Farewell to summer's sunny rays
And nature's fairest lore.

Farewell to bright vacation days,
To playing hare and hound;
Farewell to all our romps and plays,
'Till Christmas comes around.

CONNECTED WITH THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY GERALDINE McENERY (AGE 15).

The years 1802 and 1803 are memorable ones in the history of our family. Great-grandfather Tillotson was then a middle-aged farmer, with a prosperous farm situated about a hundred miles from New Orleans.

In April, in the year 1802, when he was preparing the bateau for the yearly trip to New Orleans, he received news of the ceding of Louisiana by Spain back to France. However, this news did not change his mind, and a few days later he set out for New Orleans.

On the way they met several other bateaux belonging to neighboring farmers, and on the whole the trip was a pleasurable one. When they were approaching New Orleans they heard that the Spanish intendant had ordered the "right of deposit" to be withdrawn from the Americans. After coming this long way from Cressy, my great-grandfather was in no amiable state of mind when he heard this news.

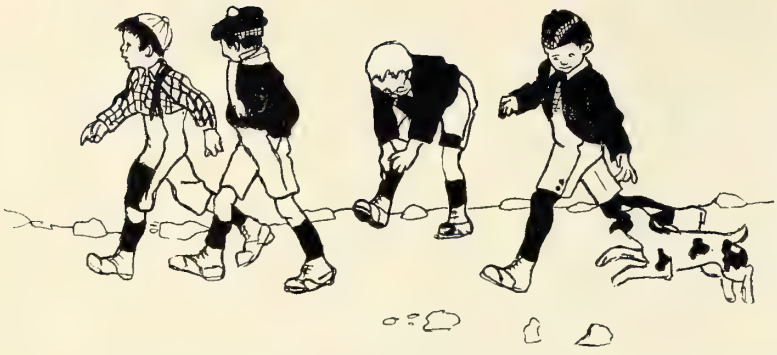
The settlers for miles around were put into a rage by this state of affairs, for their produce was now ready for market, and what other market could be reached but New Orleans? As my great-grandfather was well known in these parts he took counsel with the leading settlers as to what ought to be done. The outcome of these consultations was the sending of a delegation to Washington, with the demand that New Orleans should be seized by American troops.

My great-grandfather was to be the chief spokesman, but, as my grandmother's stories to me show, he found it very hard work. When they reached Washington, and the appeal was presented to Jefferson, he received them courteously, and although of course he could not accede to their demands, they were entertained royally, being invited to the White House on several occasions. But what always pleases me the most was that great-grandfather, with only one other delegate, was invited by the President to a private dinner, in which Mr. Jefferson toasted my great-grandfather.

As every one knows the outcome of this mission,—how Jefferson obtained the consent of Congress to buy New Orleans and a part of



"HOOT-OWL." BY J. STRUTHERS DUNN, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY ISADOR LEVITT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

western Florida, and how Monroe, with R. R. Livingston, United States minister to France, effected the purchase not only of this territory but the whole of Louisiana for $15,000,000,—I have no need to go into details.

BABY DOT'S GOOD-BY.

BY NATALIE D. WURTS (AGE 16).

By the little garden gate
  Austere sunflowers grow,
And bright hollyhocks look up,
  Stiffly, in a row.
Baby, ere she visits aunt,
  Wishes them good-by;
Tiptoes near, and whispers low,
  Gives a little sigh:
'Good-by, flowers; grow and grow,
  For I 'm comin' back, you know."

Dot is now a woman grown,
  Fair, and wise, and true;
Many miles away is she,
  Across the ocean blue.
Often on still summer days
  I pass the garden gate,
And the flowers, as I think,
  Still for baby wait.
"Good-by, flowers; grow and grow,
  For I 'm comin' back, you know."

THE PURCHASE OF LOUISIANA.

BY RUTH BOSWORTH (AGE 15).

JEFFERSON had been President for only a short time when the news came, "Spain has ceded Louisiana to France!"

What might not happen? They had heard of Napoleon before.

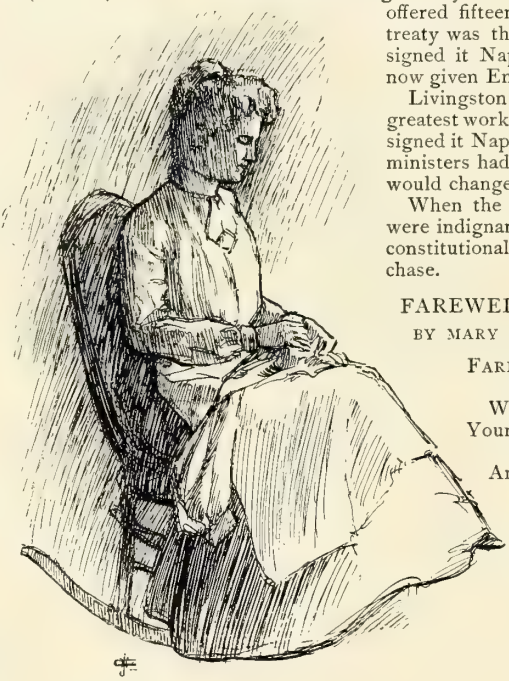
If he had possession of Louisiana could he not seize more if he chose? Besides this, the boats going down the Mississippi to trade at New Orleans had been stopped by the Spanish who had not yet left. What was the use of owning part of the house if another owned the front door?

President Jefferson sent Monroe to assist Livingston, our minister to France, in negotiations for the purchase of New Orleans from the French. But in the meantime France and England were preparing for war. Napoleon knew the value of Louisiana, but, fearing that England would seize it, he called a meeting of his chief advisers. They discussed the question all night. The next morning he asked Barbé Marbois, his chief adviser, for the latest news from England. He replied that they were making extensive preparations. "Then," cried Napoleon, "this is no time for irresolution. I *know* the value of Louisiana, but I renounce it. Begin negotiations immediately, and report each step."

Livingston was astonished when, shortly after, Barbé Marbois asked him, "What will you give for Louisiana?" "But," he objected, "I have authority for the purchase of New Orleans only." Monroe soon arrived, and as the French feared the English might capture it, and also needing money for the coming struggle, they offered fifteen million dollars, and the treaty was then signed. After he had signed it Napoleon declared, "I have now given England a rival on the seas."

Livingston said of it, "This is the greatest work of my life." After he had signed it Napoleon regretted it, and the ministers had to hurry away for fear he would change his mind.

When the people heard of it, some were indignant and declared it was unconstitutional, but most upheld the purchase.



"PORTRAIT." BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 16.

FAREWELL, SUMMER-TIME!

BY MARY E. PIDGEON (AGE 13).

FAREWELL, farewell, dear summer-time!
  With all your golden days,
Your dandelions and buttercups
  And fields of yellow maize,
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  With all your happy hours,
Your birds and bees and butterflies
  And all your pretty flowers,
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  How can we let you go?
For bees and birds and butterflies,
  Oh, we shall miss you so!
    Farewell!

Farewell, farewell, dear summer-time!
  Farewell, vacation dear!
We 'll let you go, content to know
  You 'll come again next year.
    Farewell!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY FERN L. PATTEN (AGE 17).

ST. LOUIS is the Mecca toward which all eyes are turned during these days. But while numbers of our Leaguers are gasping for air among the hot buildings, listen while I tell you of another little piece of this great purchase.

I will take you along a country road over which I often drive.

Starting from my own front gate, shaded by big, soft maples, we spin down the level road, past the orchard.

The cherries are vain in their bright June red; and the peach-trees are full of little green, woolly peaches, growing so close to the branch that they look as though they might have been glued there by hand. Now we are shut in by the osage-hedges bordering the road. How pretty they are in their glossy leaves!

Along the roadside are pink-and-white primroses. And there is a small patch of wild strawberries with a few ripe berries still left. Here the hedge is trimmed low, and a delicious breath is borne across from the field of red clover. From this small hill we have a clear view across the fields for over a mile. We could see farther, were it not for the hedges and groves. At one side is a field of flax, blue with its dainty blossoms, and also a field of wheat just turning yellow. On the other stretches away a large field of corn. See the heat-waves throb and shimmer over it.



"WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND." BY WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON, AGE 12.

One can almost imagine the corn is tiptoe to meet them.

We are coming now to Dry Branch. Its banks are covered with big trees—sycamore and oak.

How cool and woodsy the air smells, on coming from the hot sun! Up there on the topmost twig of the highest tree sways a redbird, calling:

"Pretty, pretty, pretty. Co-me. Co-me."

Now we are out in the sun again, and there is a district school-house, a fine, white one with a big bell in the tower.

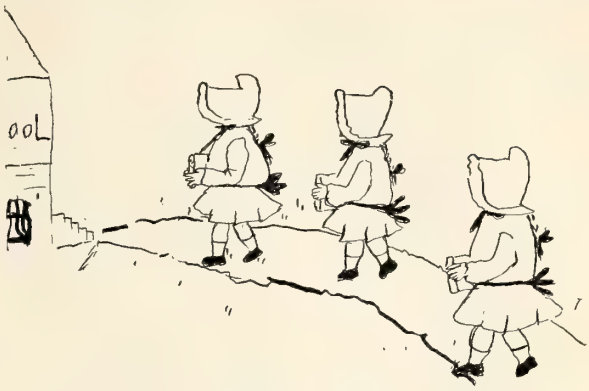
And all this is a tiny bit of the Louisiana Purchase—the land that caused so much debate and anxiety for the good men one hundred years ago.

"Shall we buy it?"

"Do we need it?"

"Will it ever be settled?"

If they could only have had a glimpse of what the great land was to be, how surprised they would have been!



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY MARJORIE HENDERSHOT, AGE 6. (SILVER BADGE.)

THE LAST FAREWELL.

BY MABEL E. FLETCHER (AGE 17).

(Winner of Former Prizes.)

DEAR home, good-by. Along your silent halls
The little, laughing children trip no more;
A spider gray has draped in black the walls
And spun a silver thread down to the floor.

Here by the threshold fairy ferns once grew,
And here the poplar, to our childish eyes,
Stood green and sharp against the shining blue,
And touched its swaying top against the skies.

Dear house, good-by. I know not what you think
As here you stand, so empty, bare, and tall.
House, can you feel it when the rafters sink
And plastering comes crashing from your wall?

My childhood's home—oh, never, never more
Will lights flash forth, or merry voices ring,
Nor hand of guest be on the sagging door!
Oh, can it feel, this empty, living thing?



"PORTRAIT." BY DOROTHY BERRY, AGE 12.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY MABEL DEAN (AGE 11).

LOUISIANA then belonged to France; for at that time the United States only reached as far as the Mississippi River. Now, as New Orleans stands near the mouth of the river, the French could say what vessels should go out to sea, and what should come in. We were like a man who owns a house, while some other man owns the principal doors to it. One man could stand on the steps, and if the other man wanted to go in he would have to pay. Jefferson saw that with the French holding it we could n't send our cotton down the river and across the ocean to Europe. He said that we must have that door, no matter how much it cost. After Thomas Jefferson became President he sent over to Robert R. Livingston (one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence) to see if he could buy New Orleans for the United States. Napoleon Bonaparte then ruled France. He said that Thomas Jefferson



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY W. R. DE LAPPE, AGE 16.

could have it, and Louisiana besides, for fifteen millions of dollars. President Jefferson thought that was cheap, so, in 1803, he bought it. Now we have twice as much land as before.

SUMMER'S FAREWELL.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Former Prizes.*)

NOT by the freshness of the morn,
Not by the gray of evening's gloom,
Not by the flowers early shorn,
Or silver rim around the moon;

Not by the leaves that strew our way,
Or rustle of the dying trees,
Not by the scent of new-mown hay
That comes to us upon the breeze:

Not by these signs alone I tell
That summer's bud and bloom have passed,
Though in my heart I know too well
That warmth and sunshine cannot last.

But yestere'en, upon the sky,
I saw a swiftly moving throng
Of birds, that through our meadows fly,
With joyous notes, the summer long.

And as I watched them, overhead,
Fade in the twilight chill and drear,
This message in their flight I read—
The summer 's gone and winter 's near!

THE LOUISIANA TANAGER.

BY ABIGAIL E. JENNER (AGE 12).

IN 1803 President Jefferson bought of Napoleon all the land west of the Mississippi, as far as the Rocky Mountains.

In 1804 he sent Captains Meriwether Lewis and William Clark to explore this unknown, vast, new region.

I have not time to tell of their wanderings across the prairies and through the great primeval forests toward the sea. My story is of how, on the sixth day of June, 1806, when they were camping in Idaho, they saw a gorgeously beautiful bird dart out of the bushes. It was black, yellow, and red.

The yellow in the sunshine, if they had but known, would have probably seemed to them an omen of the gold that lay beyond in what is now California. Small wonder they shot the beautiful thing and sent the skin to Alexander Wilson, who mounted it and gave it the name of the Louisiana Tanager.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League membership is free to all readers of the magazine. A badge and membership leaflet will be sent on application. The rules for competitions will be found on the last League page.

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY MELICENT ENO HUMASON (AGE 15).

FAREWELL, O summer bright and gay;
Farewell each warm and sunny day;
Farewell, sweet rose that blushes red,
And meadow grass with cobwebs spread.

Farewell, yon pretty brooklet fleet,
That dances on with twinkling feet;
Farewell, ye summer clouds up high,
That sail so peacefully the sky.

Farewell, O butterfly e'er bold—
How I shall miss thy glint of gold!
Farewell, each flower, bird, and bee—
Oh, no one knows how I love thee!

Farewell, each brook and leaflet dear,
For winter, bleak and cold, is near;
I 'll hold you all in memory
The winter through. Farewell to thee!

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY PERSIS PARKER (AGE 14).

WHEN, late in the winter of 1803, the rumor of the San Ildefonso treaty (commonly known as La Granja) was confirmed, President Jefferson and his cabinet were greatly alarmed. They knew of Napoleon's wonderful success, of his high ambitions, and also that it was his wish to reëstablish French claims in North America. It was decided that if the government could buy the two Floridas and New Orleans the danger would not be so great. Communications were at once sent to Livingston, our minister to France, to negotiate for this territory. Napoleon needed money to carry on a war with England, and decided to sell, not only the two Floridas and New Orleans, but the entire province of Louisiana, with the same boundaries which had been ceded to France by Spain in 1800. All influential men in France were opposed to the sale of this land; even Napoleon's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, opposed most vigorously this action. The morning of the 2d of May, the very day on which the papers closing the purchase were signed, Lucien and Joseph went to Napoleon, thinking perhaps they might influence him. Both went to the Tuileries, and reached the palace just as the First Consul reached his bath; however, their brother granted an audience, and listened to

them from the scented waters. Lucien reasoned quietly, while Joseph spoke rapidly and argued hotly. Bonaparte heard them in silence for a few minutes, then told them it was useless to say anything more, for nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. Joseph lost his temper and told his brother it would be best to keep his plan to himself, for he (Joseph) would lead the opposition in Parliament. This amused Napoleon, and he replied that it made no difference who opposed, he *would* sell Louisiana, and France, too, if he pleased. Within a few hours the papers were signed which made the province of Louisiana the property of the United States of America for the paltry sum of $11,250,000, and the United States assumed debts amounting to $3,750,000, a total of $15,000,000.

A DAY-DREAM.

BY EUNICE CLARK BARSTOW (AGE 15).

A CASTLE stands upon a hill;
Without all 's dreary, cold, and still.
Bright sunbeams fall upon the wall
Of this grim castle's banquet-hall,
With leaves and roses festal made—
A royal feast will soon be laid.
The hall 's now filled with joyous crowd,
And all, you 'll find, are justly proud.
On ivory chair I sit in state,
Two pages for my wishes wait.
Grand lords and ladies round me stand,
A great king sits at my right hand,
A knight—but what is this I hear?
"Come, dinner 's ready, daughter dear!"

ROBERT LIVINGSTON AND THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 12).

I FIND it very hard to "relate some incident connected with the Louisiana Purchase" that is not already generally known; for this purchase was such a great event in our history that there has been much written about it, and all its details have been told in the various ways of the many historians.

But there is one incident which, I think, is not so generally known as the rest, or, at least, I do not find it mentioned in as many different accounts of this great event.

The incident to which I allude is that Mr. Livingston advanced a part of the purchase-money.

While he was in Paris with Mr. Monroe, trying to purchase the island of New Orleans and the right of navigation on the Mississippi River, he met Robert Fulton, who was then working on his steamboat. Mr. Livingston had formerly been interested in this new mode of navigation, and after his meeting with Fulton he became more convinced of its powers. He felt strongly the importance of his country's owning the Mississippi River; and, as I have said, so much so that he willingly advanced a part of the money for the purchase.

Mr. Livingston had no idea how much good he was doing his country in buying the tract of land west of the Mississippi. His only idea was what could be done by steamboats on the river. This is plainly shown by what Mr. Hale (in his "Memories of a Hundred Years") quotes from a conversation between Livingston and Jefferson. He tells us that Livingston told Jefferson that he had already secured such promises that we could "recoup" ourselves and get back all our fifteen million dollars by selling again everything west of the river. But, thanks to our far-sighted statesmen, this was not done; and we still own this great middle country, which is the doorway to the West and its riches, and our Pacific trade.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose contributions would have been printed had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Frances Benedict
Margaret Stuart Brown
Mildred S. Martin
Doris Linton
Catherine H. Straker
Katharine Norton
Elsa Clark
Mildred Stanley Fleck
Elizabeth C. Beale
Eleanor R. Johnson
Naomi Hale Cook
Marguerite Stuart
Marguerite Borden
Olga Maria Kolff
Joseph E. Larkins
Dorothea M. Dexter
Lucia Beebe
Stella Benson
Ruth A. Wilson
Dorothy Kerr Floyd
Teresa Cohen
Gertrude Madge
Lydia Bigelow
Harold R. Norris
Josephine Whitbeck
Lawrence Johnson
Esther Hopkins
Helen Potter
Isabel D. Weaver

VERSE 2.

Alice Braunlich
Abigail R. Bailey
Katherine Kurz
Mary Frank Kimball
Wylda Aitken
Magdalene Barry
Dorothy Walcott Caldwell
Harriet R. Fox
Helen Read
Janette Bishop
Marguerite K. Goode
Maria Leonor Llano
Jacob Schmucker
Dorothy Kuhns
George Haig
Mary A. Wood
Thoda Cockroft
Helen Lombaert
May B. Flint
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Margaret Norton
Bernice Brown
Dorothy Ferrier
Mary Blossom Bloss
Helene Mabel Sawyer
Barbara Cheney
Joan Cotton
Frances C. Minor
Lucy Pedder
Helen Hudson
Edith Brooks Hunt
Margaret E. Grant
Helen E. Searight
Lois M. Cunningham
Frances A. Gosling
Florence G. Hussey
Josephine E. Swain
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Gladys Nelson
Margery Eldredge
Constance Whitten
Aurelia Michener
Frances Morrissey
Margaret Drew
Alice Pearl Blucher
Marjorie Wellington
Margaret Alleyne Starr

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Elizabeth Toof
Edith Hulberg
Hermann Schussler
Effie Geron
Frank Hertell
Berkeley Blake
Marjorie DuBois
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
Stella Elizabeth Roraback
Mary Hughes
Beatrice Adele Voorhis
Mary Louise Smith
Harry Funk
Lura Adgate Beckwith
Ray Murray
Allan Seymour Richardson
Leonora Branch
Carolyn Wood
Cornelia Needles Walker

PROSE 2.

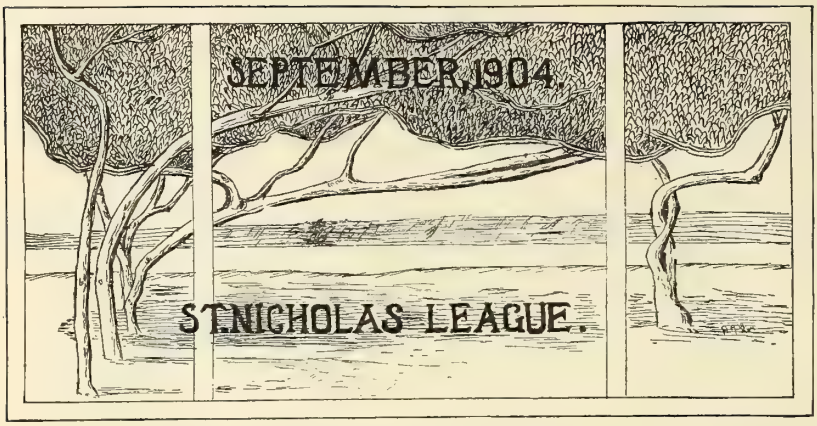
Dorothy Felt
Helen Hinman
Hubert H. Gibbs
R. Olive Hartt
Rachel Bulley
Marie V. Scanlan
Dorothy Cooke
Helen Lorenz
Beatrice Frye
Mary T. Palmer
Mildred Lillias Armour
Lillian Galloway
Dorothy Cummins
Kathryn E. Hubbard
Bessie L. Davis
Morris Gilbert Bishop
Clara R. Shanafelt
C. Hazel Martin
Elizabeth Love Godwin
Vincent Connolly
Louise Robert
Roscoe Brinton

DRAWINGS 1.

Mildred Curran Smith
Alice T. Wing
Margaret Corwin
Emily W. Browne
Herbert W. Landan
Lena Towsley
Margaret R. Richardson
Ruth Parshall Brown
Edwina Spear
Phœbe U. Hunter
Inez Marie Day
Ruth Felt
Marjorie Hubbell
Frances Keeline
Elsie E. Seward
Mabel Whitehead
Louise Robbins
Florence Gardiner
Anita Moffett
Julia Halleck
Rachel Wyse
Dorothy Barkley
Grace Noble

DRAWINGS 2.

Dorothy Ochtman
Helen M. Brown
Eleanor Hinton
Lucy E. R. Mackenzie
Minnie Gwyn
Ella E. Preston
Helen A. Fleck
H. V. Kinney
Margaret Spencer Smith
Harriet Park
Margery Bradshaw
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Eliza Stockton
John A. Ross
Anna Zucker
Muriel R. Ivinney
Bessie T. Griffith
Shirley A. Rich
Irma Jessie Diescher
Ethel Messervy
Stanislaus E. McNeill
Bertha V. Emmerson
Genevieve A. Legerwood
Martha E. Fleck
Olive Lane
Gladys Pattee
D. M. Shaw
Louise Gleason
Helena R. Flynn
Annette L. Brown
Mildred Willard
Ruth Evelyn Hutchins
Roger K. Lane
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Lawrence Straker
Blanche Cuthbert
Alex Seiffert
Susan J. Sweetser
Alice Delano
Gertrude Atwell
Arthur White
Frances Russell
Muriel Jewson
Sarah L. Coffin
John Sinclair
Margaret G. Rhett
Margaret Pilkington
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Carl Wetzel
Delphina L. Hammer
E. Mildred Snyder
Joan Spencer Smith
Eleanor Welsh
John Schwartz
Margaret McKeon
Mary Taft Atwater
Harriet Eager
L. Fred Clawson
Mary Scarborough



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER." BY HELEN WATERMAN, AGE 13.

Robert Hammond Gibson
Mary Helen Stevens
Walter Burton Nourse
Nancy E. Barton
Elizabeth Randall
Helen Drew
Lorraine H. Cornley
Dorothea Thompson
Mary Daniel Gordon
Frances Lehmann
Anne B. Richardson
Helen Whitman
Marguerite McCormick
Helen M. Baker
Louis Irving Beach
John Butler

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

H. Maynard Rees
Pauline Schaefer
Olive A. Granger
Bessie C. Hirsh
Fulvia Varvaro
Frank Damrosch
Eleanor C. Hamill
H. Ernest Bell
Dorothy Arnold

Gladys E. Chamberlain
William S. Doty
Lois Williams
Ethel Osgood
Melchior R. Beltzhoover
Margaret Adams
Janet Horatia
Otis Chabot
George Prochazka
S. B. Murray, Jr.
Hamilton Alport
Fred Scholle

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Horace J. Simons
Charles Jackson
Zeno N. Kent
Benjamin Hitz
J. C. McCune
Virginia Witmer
Kendall Bushnell
George William Gail
Phebe Hart Smith
Sidney Scudder
Clarence Simonson
Richard Dana Skinner
Donald Myrick

Muriel Ives
Walter Creigh Preston
Ruth Garland

PUZZLES 1.

Donald Baker
Alice Knowles
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
E. Adelaide Hahn
Doris Hackbusch
Mary E. Dunbar
Emerson G. Sutcliffe
Martin Janowitz
Phillip J. Sexton
E. Y. Dodsworth
Madge Oakley
Gretchen Neuburger

PUZZLES 2.

Florence Mackey
Helen Carter
Edward S. Greenbaum
Stanley C. Low
Richard Watson
Anna Zollars
Gertrude V. Trumplette
Margaret P. Dorsey

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 752. Lillie Schmidt, President; Hanna M. Douglass, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Summit Ave., Elmhurst, L. I.

No. 753. Edgar Kohlhepp, President; Armin St. George, Secretary; seven members. Address, 214 Bowers St., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 754. "The Cozy Corner Club." Elinor Gooding, President; Isabel Foster, Secretary; three members. Address, 10 Midde St., Portsmouth, N. H.

No. 754a. "Four-leaf Clovers." Sarah Fox, President; Zonee Adams, Secretary; four members. Address, 4225 North Stevens St., Tacoma, Wash.

No. 755. "Twister." Ruth Wright, President; Helen Barton, Secretary. Address, 16 Lexington Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

No. 756. Angela White, President; Rose Bergmann, Secretary; eight members. Address, Myrtle Ave., near Locust St., Corona, L. I.

No. 757. Frances L. Ross, President; Annie Highley, Secretary; three members. Address, Conshohocken, Pa.

No. 758. "Yellowstone," John Schwartz, President; Hazel Hill, Secretary; thirty members. Address, Billings, Mont.

No. 759. "Nimble Fingers." Beth Spring, President; Margaret Bull, Secretary; ten members. Address 253 Church St., Naugatuck, Conn.

No. 760. "Companions." Five members. Address, 145 W. 97th St., New York City.

No. 761. John Mullen, President; John Horgan, Secretary; five members. Address, 48th St., East Cambridge, Mass.

No. 762. Sophie Ruppel, President; Addie Morgan, Secretary; ten members. Address, Hoffman Blvd., Elmhurst, N. Y.

No. 763. "Mixed Pickles." Bessie Coat, President; Hazel Croft, Secretary; eight members. Address, Mason City, Ill.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have returned home from my trip abroad. I thought I would write and tell you about it. We had quite a rough voyage home.

We spent about six weeks in Hastings.

While I was in Hastings I visited the home of two other League members, Margery and Freda Harrison. I spent a very pleasant afternoon at their home. They have a beautiful home.

I liked Hastings very much, it is such a quaint place.

I like London very much.

While I was there I visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Mme. Tussaud's, the Tower of London, and various other places. We also visited Brighton, and various other places.

Of all the places we visited, I liked Hastings the best.

The scenery of Ireland is also very pretty.

In fact, I liked England very much. I think London is a very nice city.

It has many interesting places. They have no trolley-cars in London; they have busses and tramways. Neither are there such tall buildings as we have.

I hope this letter will be published, as a friend wishes a copy of ST. NICHOLAS with my letter in. Will you kindly publish it soon?

BESSIE MARSHALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You came to me as a present when I was sick. I take great interest in the League department and read it the first thing. I will tell you about the party given at the White House to the army and navy children. Our carriage was driven up to the east wing, and there we found a man whose duty it was to open the doors of the carriages; then we went into a large room where there were several nurses whose business it was to take charge of the children's wraps; then my sister and myself went up a long flight of stairs to another room, where we were introduced to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Next we went into a room where a souvenir was given to each child, after which we went into the State Parlor, where a concert was given by the Rodney boys of Chicago. Then we went to supper where was a large Christmas tree lighted up by red, white, and blue lights, and ate a delicious supper. Next there was dancing, but I did n't stay to it, so I went and got my wraps and we were driven home. Good-by!

From your devoted reader,

SUMMERFIELD MCCARTENEY (AGE 11).

WEBSTER, COLORADO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like to read the letters in your magazine and thought I would write you one.

I am a little boy eight years old. My little brother Cyrus and I live with papa and mama almost at the top of the Rocky Mountains, nine miles from Webster and 12,000 feet above the sea.

There has been about three feet of snowfall in the last two days. Cyrus and I had lots of fun snow-shoeing this morning. We heard mountain quail this morning and saw one sitting on a rock near the house.

They are white as snow in the winter and in the summer they are speckled and almost the color of the ground.

I will send a picture of a beaver house. The beavers have built this house and six or seven dams about half way between here and Webster.

One of your League members, EVERETT STREET.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about my trip abroad. I enjoyed myself very much. We spent about six weeks at Hastings, England. While I was at Hastings I spent a very pleasant afternoon at the home of two other League members, Margery and Freda Harrison.

I also had the pleasure of meeting their father and mother. They have a beautiful home. I liked England very much and should like to visit it again.

I think that London is a nice city. I should like to have stayed there longer.

I think Hastings a very beautiful place. It is near Battle Abbey, where the great battle of Hastings was fought. There are also the ruins of an old castle. I did not care much for Brighton. Eastbourne is a pretty place.

We had a pleasant voyage over. It was quite rough on the homeward voyage. From ELISABETH S. MARSHALL.

COPPER, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I was coming to school I killed a rattlesnake and he had fourteen rattles.

Our home is near the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Table Mountain and the Stanislaus River. There is an asbestos mine near our home. They make bricks and clothes out of it and it will not burn. The man that owns it says he will put up a mill to make clothes and bricks for San Francisco.

Your friend, WILLIE BOWIE.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Robert S. Platt, Christine Schoff, W. B. Huntley, Florence C. O'Rourke, Clarence George Questo, Nellie Foster Comegys, May Smith, Charles Irish Preston, Muriel C. Evans, Hazel Shrubb, F. G. Sutcliffe, Jean A. McGill, Dorothy Sturgis, Lorraine Ransom, Hervey Hubel, Gladys Carroll, Dorothy M. McBurney, Ida W. Kendall, Florence Elwell, Luzette Ryerson, and Clara B. Shanafelt.

KNOX, CLARION CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the May ST. NICHOLAS to-day. I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much that I can scarcely wait until it comes. I always read everything in it.

I was pleased to see my name was on the roll of honor. I did not expect to find it there. I know I make a great many mistakes, but I am determined to make my writings worthy of being printed, no difference how much work it may take.

I am not personally acquainted with any of the League members (except my brother Kenil), but I like to read the stories and see the nice work some of the children are capable of doing. It always makes me glad to see children gain prizes who have written stories before and not received anything for them. Some of the writings I liked best were written by Philip Stark, Alleine Langford, Ruth Peirce Getchell, Fred S. Hopkins, and Mabel Fletcher.

Your faithful reader,
TWILA AGNES MCDOWELL.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to Chapter 750 here.

We have agreed that every member must contribute every month to your League. If they don't they have to pay a fine of two cents. The money will probably be kept for the entertainments.

Besides the regular League badges we have special ones marked T. T. T. Club. We change officers every three months.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS: You do not know how much pleasure your League has given me, and I hope sometimes I can win the badges. I must close now.

Your loving little reader, ELEANOR L. HALPIN (age 11).

SAWKILL, PIKE CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Words cannot express my delight at receiving the longed-for cash prize. The long months of hard work and patient waiting have at last been rewarded by the best of success — my beautiful prizes, and what I needed far more — hearty encouragement. In this, the proudest moment I have spent at League work, let me thank you for the help and sincere encouragement you have given me. No other magazine can ever give me the pleasure in its pages that I will always enjoy in the best friend of my childhood — ST. NICHOLAS. Again thanking you for the beautiful prizes, I am Gratefully yours, PHILIP STARK.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On the 2nd of May our Chapter, No. 610, took a May Basket to the Children's Home.

The basket was a large one, covered with white crape paper with a rose border, and inside were boxes of crackers, candy, fruit, a bunch of Mayflowers, and a bunch of violets.

After taking it to the home, we went to one of the members' houses, had supper there, and played games till eight o'clock.

Our chapter has a great many new members and has had its name changed to "Thistledown."

We have meetings every Monday night and elect officers once in three months. Your very interested reader,
DOROTHY THAYER.

STONINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't think I can ever thank you for the prize and the pleasure it gave me. After I had sent the poem the days seemed each forty-four hours long, until at last came April, and then it was nearly May, and still no ST. NICHOLAS. I haunted the post-office, for down, way down, in a corner of my heart was a little, little hope — hardly a hope, merely a wish — that it might be printed even if I got no prize. When I really saw it printed with the magic words "Gold Badge" above it, I was so astonished and delighted that I knew then that I had never really hoped for even my name on the roll of honor. I cannot tell you all that it really means to me, for I have tried so hard for even a little success, and it does not seem possible that I have won the gold badge.

Thanking you again and again for your kindness, I am, as always,
Yours sincerely,
ANNE ATWOOD.



"A HEADING FOR SEPTEMBER."

BY KATHERINE HITCHCOCK, AGE 14.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 60.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 60 will close **September 20** (for foreign members **September 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Reward."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in Russian history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Home Again."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Playmate" and a Heading or Tailpiece for December.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

AFTER VACATION, NATURE BOOKS. MANY of you have been abroad in the world during the vacation months, and have possibly come back with plenty of unsolved questions in mind. You have been among the trees, the flowers, the birds; you have been on the shore or in the mountains. So now is the time to read with keenest interest those books that deal with the life outdoors. A list of some of the best of these was given in this department not long ago, and from that list you may select such as will answer your questions regarding your summer experiences. How many of you have ever dipped into White's "Selborne" or Walton's "Compleat Angler," to find out why these have ever been held dear by naturalists? Or how many have read the lives of Audubon, or Agassiz, or Wilson, or Darwin? These men were readers of the book of nature, and without their labors we might have fewer men telling about that glorious realm, "all outdoors," that book from which so many other books are written.

TRACING AN OLD QUOTATION. A YOUNG correspondent sends us the fruits of his research in seeking for the origin of the proverb, "All that glitters is not gold." Apparently he has convinced himself that looking for the first use of a popular proverb is a difficult matter. It is like tracing that road of which it was said that "after running into a wood, it changed to a foot-path, then to a squirrel-track, and ran up a tree!" — where, no doubt, it took a flying leap into some other tree, as the squirrels' highways will do. This young scholar found the proverb as early as 1300, when it was written "by Cordelier," "All is not gold that glisteneth in bed." But — who was Cordelier? We should be ashamed to inquire, except that he does not appear in any ordinary books of reference, and our young correspondent also failed to find him. Chaucer has the proverb in slightly changed form, and then Cervantes has it in the same form Shakspere uses in the "Merchant of Venice," changing "glitters" to "glisters." There are other uses of the proverb by Spenser, Quarles, and Gray, besides a number more mentioned in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

And this last authority, by the by, throws light on Cordelier, giving the name "freire Denise Cordelier," which shows that the Cordelier is not a personal name, but means that Denise was a member of the order of Cordeliers, established by Francis of Assisi, in 1223, a friar. Bartlett is an excellent authority on such matters, and it is often very wise to consult him first, since the book has been so often and so carefully revised that it is both very full and very complete. And if our correspondent wishes to know more about "Denise, Cordelier," he might go to some large library in Boston (he writes from Brookline) and see whether he can consult Wadding's history of the Franciscans — a book mentioned by the Britannica as very exhaustive. We must beg pardon for this item, but this department wishes to commend the use of reference-books by young people, for the wisest educators admit that the modern scholar cannot expect to carry in his head full information on every out-of-the-way subject. The books of reference are so much superior to even the best of our memories!

A SUGGESTION FROM A FRIEND. A YOUNG girl in Maine sends us a pleasant letter telling how some young friends studying to become public-school teachers decided to read books from lists recommended in this department. One brought "Water Babies," the book by Charles Kingsley concerning which there has been some discussion in these pages, and declared it to be "too foolish even for nonsense." Nevertheless "Water Babies" was read aloud by the little group, and at the conclusion the same critical young lady announced an entire change in her view. She said "it had been so delightful that every subject it had touched on or even hinted at had gained new interest for her." Here was a change indeed!

Our correspondent then says: "Could not 'Books and Reading' suggest *reading together* as a help to enjoying things other people like?"

To which we humbly reply that it so suggests.

Reading together often proves the old adage that "two heads (or more) are better than one." One will see one merit, another will explain away an apparent fault; and where two or three join in appreciation the effect is greatly increased. We advise little clubs or groups for reading good books together; but we also caution you not to be too severe in your rules. The love of good reading should cultivate the broad sympathy from which comes kindly tact. We must not leave this courteous correspondent's letter without borrowing the little bit of wisdom with which she concludes: "While we cannot all like the same things, it is well to cultivate a liking for as many good things as possible." The writer is hereby awarded a vote of thanks for her note.

HOW OLD IS MRS. GRUNDY? We often hear the expression, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" but few know who the critical lady is. If there ever was such a person, she must have been long dead, for she dates from an old play written in the eighteenth century. The title of the drama is "Speed the Plough," and it was written by Thomas Morton, an English dramatist. Mrs. Grundy, however, does not appear even there, being merely referred to by an old farmer annoyed by his wife's always wondering what this neighbor will have to say. As the play was produced over a century ago, we may all comfort ourselves by remembering that at least Mrs. Grundy's day is over.

WRITING YOUR COMPOSITIONS. Some young readers may be glad of a practical hint about "reading up" subjects when they have to prepare compositions. The hint is this: when you take notes, write them on separate slips of paper or such cards as are used in card-indexing. This plan has two advantages; it enables you to group your information together by putting similar notes on the same card; and then, when you come to the writing, you may change about your notes until you have placed them in the right order for your composition. This plan was recommended by Edward Eggleston after he had learned that it was easy to be "lost in one's notes." There is no need to buy the cards, as a small pad will serve every purpose by tearing off the leaves as you fill them or finish one part of your subject. Let the leaves be small or you will put too much on each.

PREFACES AND NOTES. It is to be hoped that you do not skip everything outside the mere text of a book. We admit that to a lover of Scott's stories it is discouraging to find one's self shut off from Chapter I by a thick hedge of Introductions, Prefaces, and so on, as the Prince was kept from the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy-tale. But you are more fortunate than he. He had no other way to enter the palace than by forcing his passage through the hedge, while you may leave the hedge until you have entered the palace, married the princess, and been established in your kingdom. In other words, you may read the story first, and then may turn back or forward to learn what Sir Walter would like to say in addition. In "Kenilworth," for example, you will find notes telling how Lord Leicester furnished the great castle where Elizabeth was so royally entertained with feasts, fairies, fireworks, and other gaieties. Postpone all these if you like, but do not skip them, or you will miss some incidents quite as interesting as any in the story itself. The notes to Scott's poems, too, are full of delightful bits. And the same truth applies to the works of many another good author; so do not omit the explanatory parts without at least a trial.

AN UNNECESSARY DISTINCTION. The two expressions "by and by" and "by the bye" are really derived from the same original word, and the words "by" and "bye" have the same general sense. But the spelling "bye" has long been used in the second of these phrases, without any real reason for the change. We should not speak of a bye-law or a bye-path, and yet many are careful to write "by the bye" and "by and by." In "good-bye" there might be some reason for keeping the final *e*, since it stands for the word "ye" in the shortened form of "God be with ye"; but where so much has been dropped, the *e* is hardly worth keeping, especially as the old meaning is seldom recalled.

WHAT IS THE DATE OF THIS YEAR? Of course you would say 1904; but if that is meant to denote the number of years since the Christian era, it is probably wrong. Look in some good authority and see if this year should not rightly be at least 1908. It is worth your investigation if it happens to be a subject you have not yet carefully considered.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WARREN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a number of years, but have never before written to you. I have a little black pony whose name is Tom. We ride and drive him a great deal.

I was much interested in "Denise and Ned Toodles," and am glad to renew their acquaintance. Ned Toodles would resemble our Tom in looks and actions to some extent. In the summer we stay on our farm, which is on the banks of the Allegheny River. Wishing you success, I must close. Ever yours,

MARY MCNAIR TALBROTT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in reading the letter from the little girl about the old monastery near the Euphrates River. She was nine years old and I am eight, but I have crossed the Euphrates River twice and I thought you might like to hear my story about the great river.

The last time I crossed it we spent the night at Kenur Khan, where the river makes a bend and enters the great rocky cañon before going over the great rapids. It is a lonely place, no houses or life of any sort in sight, only the rushing river and the dark gorge beyond. As we came in the early morning along the banks of the river to Isoglon, the place of the ferry, we passed a herd of one thousand buffaloes being driven up from Mosul to the north to be sold. The Arabs who were driving them, in their very picturesque costumes, on foot and on horseback, were as interesting as the buffaloes. One of the buffaloes was lame, and being near the steep bank of the river, the crowding herd pushed it in and it sank out of sight. It was so lame and seemed so weary that I think it was glad to find rest in the river.

These are not the same animals that we call buffaloes in America, but are like those we see in the pictures of life in India, and are more like great black oxen, only with longer heads and necks. They are used as beasts of burden everywhere in Turkey.

At the ferry there is a little Kurdish village of eighteen or twenty houses without a single pane of glass in the windows. In the winter they paste up sheets of oiled paper to keep out the cold and to give light. The ferry-boat is just like a great big dust-pan with high sides. It is made of rough planks rudely spiked together; the rudder is fastened to the high end of the dust-pan, with a pole for a handle longer than the boat itself. At the other end there is a great log to keep the water from washing in, and two large rough bars are fastened on either side near this log. The wagons and animals are driven in, and the passengers go on. The steersman mounts the little platform at the stern. The oarsmen take their places, and the boat moves slowly across. If it is very heavily loaded and the current carries it in crossing too far downstream, a rope is thrown out to a man on the bank and the boat is towed to the landing-place.

In winter when the river commences to freeze the boat often gets frozen in the ice that forms first near the shore, and the post and travelers have to wait sometimes four weeks for the river to freeze solid enough for the wagons and animals to cross. This ferry is in the main road between Constantinople and Bagdad.

Sometime I will write you some more of my experiences in the interior of Turkey, where my papa is United States consul and where I lived for two years. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS so much, and watch eagerly for its coming every month. Your faithful reader,

ROBERT AMES NORTON.

ANDOVER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A lady gave you to me for a Christmas present and I think it is a very nice one, for I enjoy reading them very much, and it does not take me long to read one through. I am very much interested in the "Comedy in Wax."

I have two pet kittens; one is yellow, black, and white, and the other is all black. They are very playful; the oldest one will play hide-and-seek if I hide in certain places.

I am in the eighth grade at school, and I am twelve years old. Your loving reader,

GERTRUDE BEATRICE RANDALL.

EAST HOUSE, KODAI KAUAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a Christmas present to me last Christmas. I love you. I think that you are the best magazine I have ever had. I like "A Comedy in Wax," and I think it is very, very interesting. Every time I come in from play I don't know what to do with myself, and then I see ST. NICHOLAS on the table, and off I run and settle down to read the most interesting magazine that was ever printed.

We have the two darlingest, sweetest kittens; one is perfectly white with about ten little black hairs in the middle of its forehead.

I learned how to ride a bicycle in twenty-six turns. By that I mean we have a tennis-court and my friend Pauline Jeffery taught me how; two or three times Pauline had to help me off and on, but after a while she said that I must learn how to get off, and I have learned.

Good-by; I must stop. Your very interested reader,

MARTHA M. VAN ALLEN.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little joke I thought the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would like to hear.

The teacher at school caught the children coughing when they wanted to speak to each other, so she said, "Any one that coughs will have to stay after school." The next day a little boy came to school with an awful cough, and of course the teacher kept him after school; but he said that he had an awful cough, so she let him off that time. I am nine years old. My name is

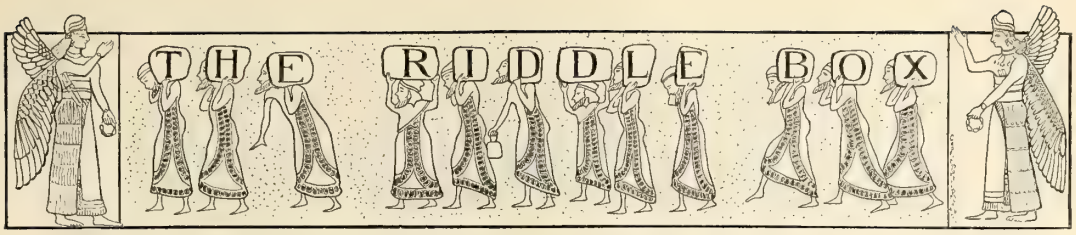
JANE BIRDSALL BANGS.

BATH, ME.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you are the best paper I have taken. My aunt gave you to me. My papa took you when he was a little boy, and he had his bound, and we read them.

I love to read the letters, and hear what other little boys and girls are doing.

I am going to take you as long as I can. I love you very much. Good-by. HELEN MOSES.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Mayor. 2. Above. 3. Yokes. 4. Overt. 5. Rests.

ZIGZAG. The United States of America. Cross-words: 1. Ottoman. 2. Achieve. 3. Central. 4. Unicorn. 5. Anemone. 6. Climate. 7. Attempt. 8. Earnest. 9. Edifice. 10. Mastery. 11. Itemize. 12. Amateur. 13. Attract. 14. Cremate. 15. Isthmus. 16. Oblique. 17. Afflict. 18. Blazing. 19. Amiable. 20. Evident. 21. Brevity. 22. Spirits. 23. Octagon. 24. Arbiter.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Polka. 2. Orion. 3. Litre. 4. Koran. 5. Anent.

ZIGZAG AND FINAL ACROSTIC. From 1 to 2, John Hay; 3 to 4, Emerson. Cross-words: 1. Judge. 2. Totem. 3. Hinge. 4. Enter. 5. Holes. 6. Ratio. 7. Yearn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Millions of merry harlequins, skipping and dancing in glee,
Cricket and locust and grasshopper, as happy as happy can be.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Constitution. Cross-words: 1. Sextant. 2. Equator. 3. Potency. 4. Trifler. 5. Epitaph. 6. Mention. 7. Boorish. 8. Espouse. 9. Reading.

CHANGED HEADS. Ulysses S. Grant, Andrew Jackson. 1. Us, as. 2. Low, now. 3. Year, dear. 4. Said, raid. 5. Sat, eat. 6. Ear, war. 7. Sack, Jack. 8. Sir, air. 9. Gap, cap. 10. Rid, kid. 11. Aërial, Serial. 12. Nat, oat. 13. Took, nook.

CHARADE. Pi-lot.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Jefferson, Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Journeyed. 2. Recommend. 3. Affiliate. 4. Shuffling. 5. Perpetual. 6. Shivering. 7. Treatises. 8. Flute-stop. 9. Companion.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Independence Day; 3 to 4, Thomas Jefferson. Cross-words: 1. Ignorant. 2. Unsought. 3. Undevout. 4. Remember. 5. Carapace. 6. Easiness. 7. Ejection. 8. Insnared. 9. Effected. 10. Infernal. 11. Bedecked. 12. Exterior. 13. Indorsed. 14. Cardamom. 15. Yataghan.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Frances Hunter — Dorothy Knight — Leonard C. Talpey — Benjamin L. Miller — Emily P. Burton — "Chuck" — "Allil and Adi" — Eleanor Wyman — Nessie and Freddie — Elizabeth Thurston — Harriet Bingaman — Paul R. Deschere — Lucille Craig Dow — Jean, Clare, and Roswell — Virginia Custer Canan — "St. Gabriel's Chapter" — Grace Haren — "Johnny Bear" — Florence Alvarez — John P. Phillips — George T. Colman — Eleanor F. Malone.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from M. Hoard, 1 — D. Nevin, 1 — G. D. Ferguson, 1 — H. G. York, 1 — L. Eisendrath, 1 — M. Harding, 1 — V. Martin, 1 — D. Mercer, 1 — E. Clement, 1 — Louise Chalmers, 2 — C. E. Hodges, Jr., 1 — S. Brown, 1 — No name, Marysville, 1 — H. Shaeffer, 1 — Marie Barringer, 5 — P. B. Noyes, 1 — D. Hungerford, 1 — M. Walker, 1 — E. Darden, 1 — M. C. Nelson, 1 — J. Metcalf, 1 — Polly and Peggy, 1 — Elinor M. P. Price, 1 — Florence Goldman, 3 — E. Moses, 1 — M. Saltonstall, 1 — M. C. Troy, 1 — J. S. Crandall, 1 — Arthur T. Cort, 6 — Myrtle Alderson, 6 — M. H. Peabody, 1 — F. H. Moeller, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 6 — Frederica and Lawrence Mead, 3 — E. F. Harrington, 2 — Lucile Doty, 1 — N. Gindrat, 1 — H. Bowman, 1 — A. G. Peirce, 1 — Euphemia Cruger, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. LAND bordering on the sea. 2. Possessor. 3. A feminine name. 4. To snatch. 5. Plants of the largest class.

ANNA C. HEFFERN (League Member).

CHARADE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* is in music — that much I 'll tell;
My *last* will sometimes be in trade;
And you don't want to buy or sell
Unless you know my *whole* is made.

MARY SALMON.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An infant. 2. The agave. 3. Part of a spoon. 4. Part of an egg.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A long stick. 2. Unreserved. 3. To loan. 4. Stops.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Cattle. 2. Anything worshiped. 3. A cozy corner. 4. Large deer.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Inactive. 2. An act. 3. A metal. 4. A whirlpool.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To pierce with a pointed weapon. 2. A narrow woven fabric used for strings. 3. Mimics. 4. Most correct.

MARGARET GRIFFITH (League Member).

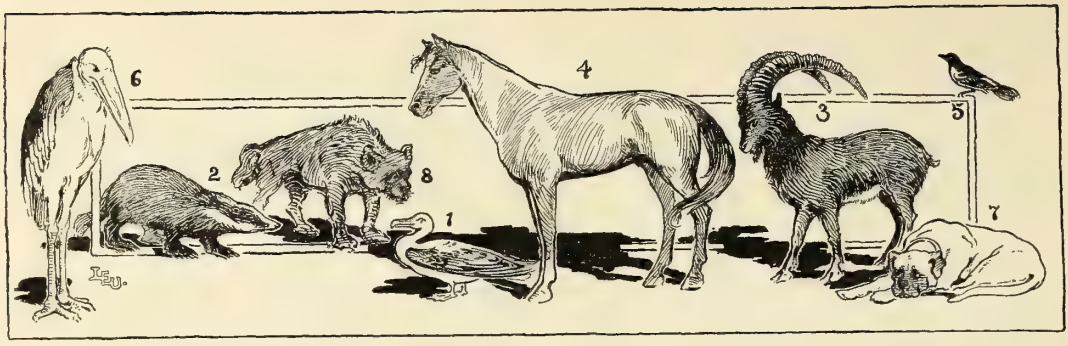
TRAVELING PUZZLE.

BEGIN each word with the final letters of the preceding word. Sometimes two letters are used, sometimes three. Example: Boston, once, centipede, Detroit, etc.

I went from Chicago to Venice one year,
And the fare that I paid was exceedingly dear.

1. A fairy that mischief can make.
2. What a doctor prescribed for an ache.
3. A dreamer of power.
4. A beautiful flower.
5. A blunder, perhaps a mistake.
6. A man skilled in eloquent speech.
7. The home of the sweet, juicy peach.
8. Very warm, I confess.
9. To involve in distress.
10. To judge well and kindly of each.

ANNA M. PRATT.



ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.

When the eight objects in the above picture have been rightly guessed, and the names written one below another in the order given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a holiday.

DIAGONALS.

(*Silver Badges*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. Cross-words: 1. A large peninsula of North America. 2. The calendula. 3. A month. 4. A feminine name. 5. Crouching. 6. A famous British dramatist who was born in September more than a hundred and fifty years ago. 7. Pertaining to a continent. 8. What Shakspere says is "for remembrance."

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, a holiday. MARION POND.

II. Cross-words: 1. A musician. 2. The Christian name of a woman who became famous during the Crimean War. 3. Temporary forts. 4. Puzzles of a certain kind. 5. To reclaim from a savage state. 6. A single, unvaried tone or sound. 7. Robbery. 8. A day of the week.

Diagonals, from 1 to 2, something dear to every American. MARIAN P. TOULMIN.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

The following words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first row of letters, reading downward, will spell a season, and the second row, reading upward, will spell a month.

Cross-words: 1. A coral island. 2. Long-continued practice. 3. A head-dress. 4. Unsightly. 5. To ponder. 6. Part of the neck.

CORA SMITH (League Member).

LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eighty-three letters and form a quotation from a poem by J. G. Saxe.

My 37-6-66-24-81 was the founder of the English novel. My 41-68-63-10-55-46 was a blind poet. My 73-21-13-48 was an English poet and essayist. My 72-40-57-51-16-30 was an eighteenth-century publication founded by 35-4-39-28-53-23. My 61-53-37-69-12-1-27 is the author of "Marjorie Daw." My 76-1-55-20-47 was a famous writer, and 29-60-74-3-5-8-70 was his most famous book. My 15-67-30-38-52-11 is a Southern writer. My 49-9-82-2-33-42 was an English lyric poetess. My 19-55-7-34 was a famous poet of the eighteenth century. My 56-62-78-36-1-58-80-17 was the literary partner of Beaumont. My 77-18-71-37-65 is a modern English novelist. My 25-32-59-51-37 was an American journalist and poet. My 44-21-83-26 64-75 was the name of the author of "Pride and Prejudice." My 45-31 is a conjunction. My 79-43-9-75-11-50-38 was a celebrated English poet of the sixteenth century. My 14-74-54-63-24-22 was an American poet and traveler.

CAROLUS R. WEBB (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

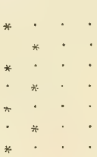
My primals name a State and my finals name its capital.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. A contrivance for admitting fresh air. 2. The chief river of Burma. 3. A monstrous bird of Arabian mythology. 4. Showy. 5. A phrase peculiar to a language. 6. A negative. 7. Pertaining to India. 8. To augment.

J. DONALD KINDERDINE (League Member).

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. Transpose bellows, and make deliberate. 2. Transpose forces in, and make the god of war. 3. Transpose moving with pain or difficulty on account of injury, and make flour. 4. Transpose a collar-button, and make powder. 5. Transpose duration, and make to give forth. 6. Transpose to spring, and make an entreaty. 7. Transpose a lineage, and make a small measure of land. 8. Transpose an entrance, and make a perfume. 9. Transpose a girl, and make among. 10. Transpose to ponder, and make large Australian birds. 11. Transpose unites firmly, and make situation.

When the transpositions have been rightly made and the words placed one below another, the zigzag (as shown in the above diagram) will spell the name of a Revolutionary patriot who was born in September, 1722.

LOUISE FITZ.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"CHAO CHAHNG STRUCK HIM A SWEEPING SIDE BLOW WITH HIS TRUNK." (See page 1064.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXI. OCTOBER, 1904. NO. 12.

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ANY one who thinks the elephant a slow, clumsy beast would have cause to change his opinion on seeing him at work along the rivers of northern Siam. The rainy season, which begins in April, is the time when the teak logs, cut during the dry season in the forests about the upper waters of the Menam River, are floated down to Rahang, where they are caught and rafted to Bangkok. Instead of red-shirted, spiked-shoed "river-drivers" such as handle the logs in their downstream journey to the sawmills on the Penobscot and Kennebec in Maine, the "lumber-driving" of the Siamese rivers is done by barefooted, half-naked men on elephants, and the "bone" labor and much of the thinking involved in the operation are done by the elephants.

The middle of June, some years ago, found the drive of teak logs that I was taking down the Me-ping River about half-way on its journey from the cuttings to Rahang. My crew consisted of twenty elephants with their Shan and Lao mahouts, or keepers, who drove the logs, and as many bullock-drivers, choppers, and men-of-all-work to attend to the camps and haul supplies. Boats were needless, for there was no water too deep or current too strong for the elephants, who went up and down the steepest slopes and over rocks like great cats as they patrolled the river, rolling into the current with heads, trunks, and tusks the logs stranded along the channel, or wading out into cataracts to break a forming jam. All these elephants were tuskers, except my riding elephant, Lala, and the biggest and strongest and most docile of all was Prahada's elephant, Chao Chahng, the



"STRETCHING BOTH FORE LEGS STRAIGHT OUT BEFORE HIM, HE WENT SLIDING DOWN THE SLOPE." (SEE PAGE 1063.)

chief, who stood ten feet high at the shoulder. Prahada was a northern Lao, a thorough *maw chahng*, or elephant-master, who, like all good mahouts, was on the best of terms with his animal, and I had learned that the two were to be depended upon to carry through the hardest jobs that by any chance might come up in the day's work.

In camping in the forest it was not unusual for us to find, of a morning, the tracks of some wild animal which had reconnoitered the camp during the night. Such a discovery excited no particular alarm, as the prowling beasts of Siam commonly avoid man, and the worst that was looked for from a tiger or panther was that he might spring upon a straying buffalo or goat. Hence it was the unexpected which happened, when a tiger one evening, with the whole camp awake, seized a man who had gone a few steps from one of the fires to fetch wood to replenish it. At his outcry and the sound of the tiger's growl, the Shans and Laos, realizing at once what was to be done, caught blazing brands from the fire and rushed to their comrade's rescue. A brand flung at the tiger struck him in the head, causing him to drop the man and sneak away in the darkness. The tracks of the tiger showed him to be a very large as well as bold one; but after his experience with the firebrand, he was not likely, so the men assured me, to venture into the camp again while fires were burning there. The man was not dangerously hurt, and we hoped that our troubles from wild beasts were ended, as they had begun, with this visit.

But we were not to be rid of the tiger so easily. He was lurking along our line of work on the river next day, as the alarm shown by the elephants on several occasions testified. When night came on and most of the men and elephants were back in camp, Prahada, who had been sent that day far upstream, had not returned. Presently the crashing sound of an elephant coming at full speed was heard in the forest, and soon Chao Chahng appeared in a state of great excitement, and Prahada was not on his back. He halted among the other elephants, and then we saw that his back was torn by a tiger's claws. I made up a searching-party, and by the light of torches we went

back over the elephant's trail for half a mile. Then rain began to fall, ending our search, as it blotted out the tracks, and we returned, having found no sign of Prahada.

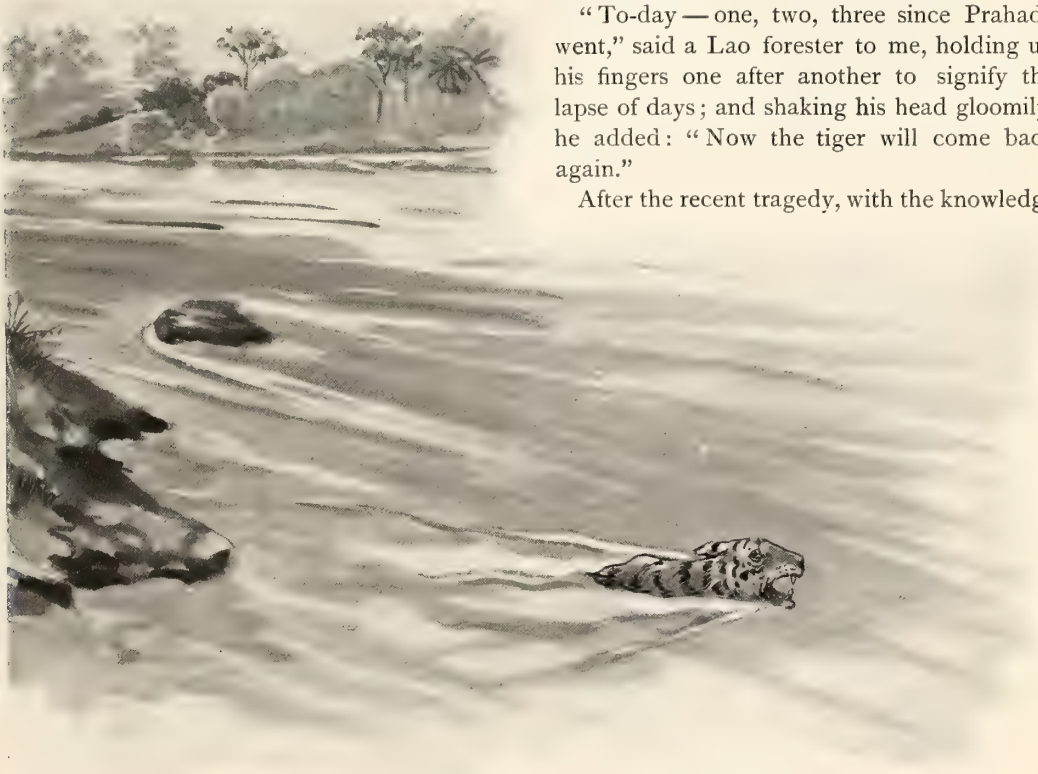
The story of the tragedy we never learned except as it was written in the wounds on Chao Chahng's back. The claw-marks showed that the tiger had leaped on him from behind, and, as was to be expected, he had run away, for an attack from that quarter will throw the bravest and steadiest elephant into an uncontrollable panic. Whether Prahada slipped to the ground, was pulled down from his seat by the tiger, or was brushed off by the big elephant's running under a tree could only be guessed at, for no trace of him was ever found. That the tiger which killed and carried him off was of uncommon fierceness was shown by his leaping upon an elephant so formidable in size as Chao Chahng.

There was reason to fear that the big elephant, having felt the tiger's claws, and missing the mahout to whom he was accustomed, might refuse to work again on the river; but Prahim, a cousin of Prahada, took Chao Chahng out next day with the others and put him through his tasks without trouble. It was evident that the great creature mourned for his dead master, as was shown by his restlessness at night, and by his utterance of a moaning sound from time to time, very different from the grunt and snort of the other elephants. That the great, patient creature was to be the avenger of his slain master no one in the camp could have thought or dreamed.

The tiger gave no further sign of his presence either by day or night about the camp, where, for precaution, fires were kept burning from sunset to daylight. The following day some of the elephants working above the camp showed fear of something that they saw or scented in the undergrowth on the river-bank; but as I sent them out now in companies of three together, the tiger, if he was lurking about, did not venture to attack any of them. But he prowled near the camp that night, as we saw by his tracks next morning.

"To-day — one, two, three since Prahada went," said a Lao forester to me, holding up his fingers one after another to signify the lapse of days; and shaking his head gloomily, he added: "Now the tiger will come back again."

After the recent tragedy, with the knowledge



that the tiger which carried Prahada off was awaiting his chance for the next victim, it was a matter of course that both elephants and men should become demoralized and that work should lag. Several of the men, two with elephants, quit my service under various pretexts, but really from fear of the tiger, and I knew that if another man were carried off by him it would mean a general stampede of my force. With the purchasing firm at Bangkok impatiently awaiting the news of the arrival of the logs at Rahang, I had to see my work hindered and in danger of coming to a standstill through one murderous brute, which could not be killed or frightened away, unless by some accident, which was not at all likely. I carried my repeating-rifle on my trips from the camp, partly in the hope of catching a "snap-shot" at the tiger, but more to inspire my men with courage and confidence; and further to inspirit them I added fowls to their ration of rice, made presents of fancy cloths and tobacco to the subforemen, and promised that every elephant-driver should receive five silver coins beyond his stated pay if the logs were all down at Rahang by the first day of July.

The tail of the drive was lodged at some rapids five miles up the river, and by clearing these it would be practicable to move camp a day or two later, which might take us below the ranging of the tiger, who had made his presence known to us in every instance from somewhere above the camp. None of the men or elephants liked to be sent in this direction, and so for this work, on the third day, I detailed four of the best tuskers and drivers, and accompanied them on my riding elephant. My presence, with the rifle slung to my riding-pad, gave courage to the men, which was imparted to their elephants, and they worked so well that by the middle of the afternoon the rapids were cleared.

Below the rapids the river broadened into a long pool a quarter of a mile wide, and of a depth of three or four feet except where the current had cut a deep channel along the foot of the high eastern bank. At the edge of the rapids on the east side, as I waited for Chao Chahng to push the last log into the current, I called to the three mahouts across the stream to keep on down the west bank, intending myself to take a forest path leading to the foot of the pool on the east. They had disappeared round a bend in the shore, and Lala was leading the way up the east bank from the river, when my rifle slipped from its slings and fell upon the rocks. At his mahout's command, Chao Chahng, coming on behind us, picked it up with his trunk and passed it back to me, when I found that the hammer was jammed by the fall and so would not work. We got upon the high ground, and I was hoping as we went on that the tiger would not take this time to show himself, when we heard the three elephants across the river all trumpeting together. Something in their note our animals seemed to understand, for at the sound Lala opened out her ears like fans and quickened her pace, and I could hear the big elephant gathering speed behind her. Another minute and Chao Chahng, acting as if he were beyond all control of his mahout, rushed past us and soon was lost to view among the trees ahead.

Suspecting the cause of the trumpeting, I told my mahout to keep as close after Chao Chahng as he could, and we hurried along until, in making a cut-off from the path, we came in view of the river, and the mahout, bringing Lala to a sudden halt, pointed with his hand out upon the pool. Above the surface near the opposite bank was the black-and-yellow head of a swimming tiger, the ripples of his wake widening back to the low, wooded shore, while after him into the water came the three elephants with their mahouts urging them on. They had discovered the tiger crossing the river, and knowing that in the water he was helpless to attack them, the mahouts had not hesitated to put their elephants at him. The tiger, realizing his disadvantage, was swimming fast for the eastern bank, with excellent prospects, as far as we could see, of making it safely, for Lala was of no use against him, and Chao Chahng, who might possibly have headed him off in the water, had run away.

With my rifle useless and believing that Lala would bolt as soon as the tiger touched the shore, I was thinking of following the big elephant's example, when I heard him coming back. He had been running, not from fear, but

to search out a place where he could get down to the water without breaking his neck, and now he emerged from the woods at the brink of the high bank in line with the course in which the tiger was swimming. He advanced, testing his footing, until the dirt at the edge, crumbling under his feet, began to rattle down to the water; then stretching both fore legs straight out before him, he curved his big body over the brink, and went sliding down the slope. The tiger, seeing him coming, turned back toward rose some three feet above the water's surface, and scrambled upon it. Here he bristled and roared, while the four elephants came up and lined themselves around him. At my command, the mahout turned Lala back toward the cataract, and fording the river there, forced her out into the pool above the other elephants, where she took a position from which I could see all that went on.

Had my rifle been in working order I could have settled matters with the tiger where he



"HERE HE BRISTLED AND ROARED, WHILE THE FOUR ELEPHANTS CAME UP AND LINED THEMSELVES AROUND HIM."

the middle of the stream. The bank fell fifty feet down to the water, and was very steep, and how Chao Chahng avoided turning a somersault or two on the way is a mystery; but somehow he kept "right side up," and, with Prahim hanging desperately to the girth to save himself from dropping over his head, he plunged into the water. From a fountain of mud and spray his trunk emerged, and then the top of his back, moving out into the river, with the mahout climbing to his place on the neck. Like a monitor in a running tide the elephant propelled himself across the deep channel, and, gaining his footing in the shallower water beyond, he loomed up, confronting the tiger, which turned and swam to a great boulder that stood, for no hunter could have asked for a surer shot than he presented. With my rifle disabled the situation was quite another thing. On the rock the tiger stood level with the shoulders of the elephants, and for them to close in upon him where his spring would land him squarely upon the nearest one's head was too much to expect of elephants or mahouts. From a safe distance away they trumpeted and threatened him with their trunks, but came no nearer, while the tiger, facing one and another in turn, made feints of springing upon each, but refused to quit the rock. Even Chao Chahng, who plainly was there for business with the tiger, was not disposed, with the scratches still fresh on his back, to give him a second chance to find a

foothold there. And all the while we were so near the tiger that I could see the line of singed hair along his head where the firebrand had struck when he tried to carry away the man at the camp a few nights before.

After a half-hour of waiting, with nothing gained, I was debating with myself whether a fire-raft would be more likely to dislodge the tiger than to stampede the elephants, when the muddy water grew more turbid and I could see that it was rising round the rock. A rainfall somewhere up the river was the cause of the change, which might indicate a trifling rise or a sweeping freshet. The elephants already were quite deep in the pool, and if the water kept on rising it was certain that they would not stay until it was high enough to force the tiger from the rock. In five minutes, however, the water had risen a foot, and the elephants now were looking anxiously from the tiger up to where the rapids were beginning to roar with the coming flood. Every tropical beast stands in supreme dread of an inundation, and the tiger turned from his besiegers to sniff and growl in a new key as the roar of the cataract grew louder and the rising water washed up against his paws. With the stream surging against their shoulders, the elephants shifted about in their tracks so as to face the current, and the mahouts had to keep up a continual shouting, and work their great-toes vigorously against the backs of the flapping ears, to prevent the uneasy animals from returning to the shore. Only Chao Chahng held his ground, facing the tiger, while Lala, shuffling round uneasily, seemed undecided as to whether her safer course were to remain under his protection or to take to her heels.

Something drifted past me toward the rock —a great teak log that the rising water had brought down from somewhere upstream. As it scraped along the rock the tiger several times seemed on the point of stepping upon the log. He hesitated, but just as its rear end was passing he glided upon it. The heavy log, floating deep in the water, sank lower beneath his weight as, crawling to the middle of it, he was borne from the rock. While the other mahouts vainly tried to force their elephants to the log, Chao Chahng, at Prahim's word, pushed swiftly forward upon the tiger, who, balancing himself upon his unsteady support, could move only forward or backward. At sight of the tusks and upraised trunk above him, the tiger, turning, with a whine of fear crept swiftly back on the log, evidently hoping to regain his place on the rock. But Chao Chahng, following his movement, struck him a sweeping side blow with his trunk that sent him flying into the water. The other tuskers, no longer to be restrained, were plunging for the shore, and Lala bolted after them. I caught one glimpse of the big elephant rushing upon the tiger struggling at the surface, and after that, while Lala took the rocks and holes at the bottom, I was kept too busy holding myself by the ropes to the pad to turn my head until we were at the shore. Then, looking back, I saw the water swirling over the rock, and above the surface only the floating log, and Chao Chahng stalking shoreward through the flood with the air of having just discovered that the river was rising.

We made our way down the shore to the camp, where the men, on learning that the man-eater was killed, built bonfires in rejoicing, and, to the accompaniment of flute and pipe, sang songs for half the night in celebration of Chao Chahng and his victory over the tiger. The river rose five feet in an hour, and when it had subsided next day the tiger's body was found a mile below the pool, stranded on a bar. It had been too long in the water for the skin to be worth saving, but I wore one of his claws on my watch-guard at Rahang on the Fourth of July, which day found our camp there, with all the logs in boom, ready for rafting.





THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN." (See page 1150.)



AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

FATHER TOLD JIMMY TO GO INTO THE LIBRARY AND PUT HIS COPIES OF ST. NICHOLAS IN ORDER. COMING IN AN HOUR LATER, THIS IS WHAT FATHER FOUND.

ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST.

By Mary Constance Du Bois.

(Begun in the August number.)

Chapter VII.

ELINOR TO THE RESCUE.

As Elinor paused, breathless, unable to push her way farther, the crowd before her divided, and she beheld the prisoners and their guard. She gazed anxiously at the soldier, whose face was grimly resolute, and whose erect, powerful frame looked unyielding as a rock. He still kept a heavy hand on the shoulder of François, whose clenched fists and fiercely gleaming eyes told of a desperate struggle, in which he was scarcely yet subdued. And Marie? It was difficult to believe that the poor, cowering peasant-woman was really a fair and proud lady. She had sunk down on the grass, her head drooping, holding the child close in her arms.

Pushing and jostling in their eagerness, men and serving-maids and village folk gazed and gaped, whispering to one another and gesticulating. Now and then one of the bolder spirits would put a question to the soldier on guard, and receive a growling answer which promised ill for the prisoners.

Bits of conversation came to Elinor's ears.

"Tush! 'T is but a poor gipsy pair—what harm can they do? Let 'em go, say I."

"What harm, say you? The vagabonds! The man will hang for a thief, I warrant."

"Nay, an ye 'd heard that fellow speak, as I did! 'T was the very fiend's jargon. I tell ye, the man's a wizard."

"Ay, and the woman a witch! Best to the pond with 'em, and see whether they sink or swim."

Was there any hope left? Poor Elinor grew sick with fright.

Suddenly a voice beside her said, "Well, whatever they be, I trow Captain Lawrence will give them their deserts."

Captain Lawrence! Of course it was for him that they waited. Starting out of her bewilderment, she struggled back through the crowd, and ran to the house. Fairly tumbling against Dame Hester, who stood with Rachel and Bess on the threshold, and slipping from her aunt's detaining hand, she hurried indoors, and upstairs toward the guest-chamber.

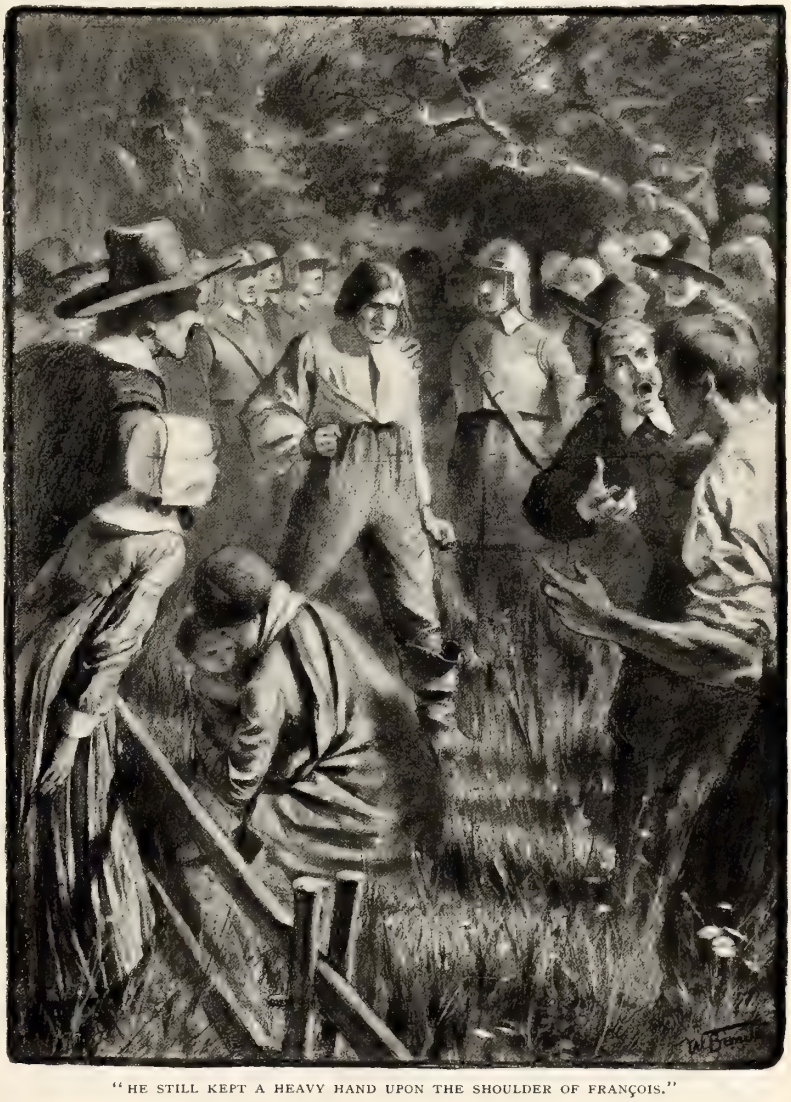
At that very moment Captain Lawrence was coming down the hall with the soldier who had brought him news of the arrest. A quick pattering of feet sounded on the stair-case, and an eager little figure came flying up to them, and almost into the captain's arms. Almost breathless, the child called:

"Captain Lawrence—stay! Oh, please, please let me speak to you!"

"Why, why, how now! Mistress Elinor! What 's this?" exclaimed the young officer.

"Let them go! Oh, *pray* let them go! It 's not their fault—it 's mine! I did it—I hid them!"

"What? Who? The prisoners?"



"HE STILL KEPT A HEAVY HAND UPON THE SHOULDER OF FRANÇOIS."

"Yes, yes! And they 're innocent—truly they 're innocent. Oh, let them not be harmed!"

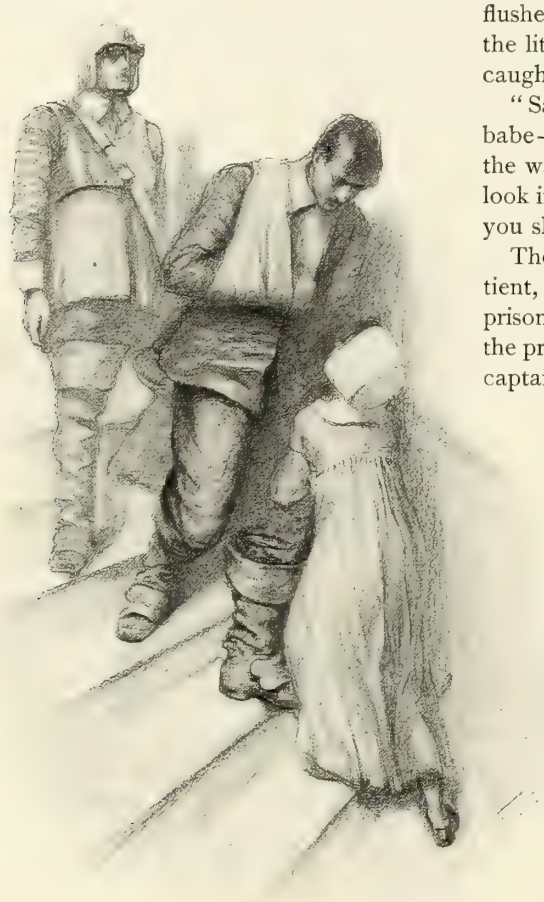
Captain Lawrence looked in amazement at the child, as she paused for breath, panting, almost sobbing with excitement.

"Come," he said, "I must know the mean-

ing of this." And he led her to the hall below.

"So—now we 're alone. Now tell me all about it," and the captain smiled encouragement. "You know them, you say? You hid them?"

"Oh, sir! 'T was for the baby's sake. It was so late, last night, and they had nowhere



"'WHY, WHY, HOW NOW! MISTRESS ELINOR! WHAT 'S THIS?'"

to go—and Pierre had no supper—and Marie was so weary. They 're on their way to France, you see, and they 'd walked miles and miles, and could go no farther. And she told me they were poor servants, and begged me to help her. And I could not leave them out there in the woods all night—not with the baby, —so I hid them in the old chapel where the sheep are kept in winter. And—I dared not tell Aunt Hester. And they were going away just now, only your men caught them—and you see they were doing no harm! And oh, sir, the folk are all so fierce against them! They think the man 's a wizard, when he 's only speaking French! But you *will* save them? Oh, say you will!"

The young officer looked down at the flushed, pleading face. He felt the clasp of the little cold fingers, as in her earnestness she caught his hand in hers.

"Save them? Two poor wayfarers and a babe—was 't not so? No, my little maiden, the war deals not with such. I must, in sooth, look into the matter. But never fear! Come, you shall see for yourself."

The crowd on the lawn was growing impatient, and not alone to learn the fate of the prisoners, for those who had been absent on the previous day were longing for a sight of the captain himself. When he appeared there was a general pressing forward to see the wounded hero. Now he stood before them, erect and tall, his sword at his side; but the arm that should have wielded it hung helpless in a sling, while an earnest little maid, her shyness all forgotten, held fast to the uninjured hand.

"So, Master Goodwin, whom have we here?" he demanded, as the prisoners were led forward.

The soldier guarding them saluted. "Sir, we found this fellow, with the woman here, hiding like unto thieves i' the building yonder, and have therefore arrested them as suspicious characters. The knave showed fight, sir. He seemeth to be a desperate wretch. He speaketh naught save in his own pagan tongue."

Captain Lawrence studied the Frenchman closely. "So, thou fellow," he said at last, "hast not a word to answer for thyself? Knowst thou aught of what 's said to thee? Come, speak out, or it may go ill with thee."

The reply was an outburst in the prisoner's own language, accompanied by earnest gestures, plainly showing that he would have answered if he could, but that he did not

understand a word. In the moment of breathless waiting which followed, Marie fell on her knees before the officer.

"Ah, m'sieur, m'sieur, mercy!"

But he cut her short. "Thy cause hath been pled already." Then he turned to the men-at-arms. "Since here be neither our Goliath nor he of the scarred face, release the prisoners."

The soldiers drew back, and Marie rose slowly from her knees, seeming hardly to realize the joyful truth.

"These persons are to go their way, free and unhindered." The captain's voice was clear and resolute as he addressed the people. "For, hark ye all, whoe'er this man be, he is not one of those we seek. If you would know what like they are, one is a six-foot giant with the strength of two in his arm." He glanced at the slight figure of the Frenchman. "The other hath a sword-cut on his cheek, from brow to lip, whereof this fellow bears no mark. Nor are these evil-doers of any sort, but a poor serving-man and wife, who, finding no other shelter, rested here last night. And this I have *from one whose word I can trust.* So, friends, since they have done no one any harm, I doubt not you will see them out of the town in all peace and quiet. And there 's an end on 't—saving only to beg your pardon, Mistress Bradford, for this disturbance upon your land."

Various degrees of surprise, disappointment, vexation, or relief appeared on the faces of some thirty anxious people, while Captain Lawrence turned again to the prisoners, and said: "Here is that will help ye to reach Dover ere nightfall"; and, drawing something from his wallet, he pressed a silver coin into the woman's hand.

Chapter VIII.

TIME FOR REFLECTION.

As Elinor watched the travelers plod away she saw Marie look back at her with a happy, thankful smile. Regardless of every one but her friends, Elinor nodded, answering the smile, and then, with sudden daring, waved her hand. As she did so a pair of loving little arms were held out to her in return, and baby also waved good-by.

They were safe—safe! Elinor cared for nothing else. The crowd soon left the lawn, and there remained only a few servants and the men-at-arms, to whom Captain Lawrence was giving some last instructions. Yet even then she was far too happy to think of herself, until she heard, "Come hither, Elinor," and found her aunt waiting for her with a very sober face.

"Wilt thou never learn to conduct thyself as a maiden should?" Aunt Hester spoke slowly and gravely. "I am amazed at thee. Thou shouldst have known better than to go running about in that harebrained fashion—and following after Captain Lawrence himself! 'T was most unseemly! Holding his very hand, too! What must he not think of such frowardness! And what madness set thee waving at that woman?"

"I 'm sorry, aunt," began Elinor, wondering if she were to escape with only a reproof for bad manners.

Before she could say more, Aunt Hester turned away to order one of the serving-men to look well about the stables, for she had no doubt that the vagabonds had stolen what they could lay hands on.

"Oh, Nell! Was that the secret?" Rachel asked in a loud whisper. She had been watching with questioning eyes, and now that her mother's back was turned, she could be silent no longer. "It is! I know it is! You came from there! You *did!* You knew they were there all the time!"

Here Rachel stopped and looked, and Bess looked, and Elinor looked. Mistress Bradford had finished her orders, and caught the last words. She stood before the children with a face so shocked and stern that both little daughters hung their heads, and her niece turned very white as she met her aunt's steady gaze.

"Elinor, didst *thou* know those people were there? Answer me."

"Yes, Aunt Hester."

"Then why didst not tell me at once?"

Elinor did not know what to reply, and, as Aunt Hester waited in grim silence, looked

helplessly at Rachel and Bess, and finally at the three soldiers beyond. The men-at-arms were moving away and the captain himself was approaching. "Why didst thou not tell me?" Aunt Hester repeated.

Captain Lawrence reached the group in time to hear the question. He saw the culprit turn to him a frightened, imploring face.

"Prithee, Mistress Bradford, blame her not," he hastily put in. "She came to me this morning with the whole story. A pretty coil we should have had to untangle had it not been for her; but the little maid spoke out right bravely, and I thank her for it."

Rather taken aback by this sudden interference, Dame Hester looked at the young officer as if she considered him an impertinent boy who had taken it upon himself to instruct his elders.

"You are kind, Captain Lawrence," she said, "to look thus lightly upon such ill behavior, but I cannot let it pass. Elinor, *when* didst thou find those people there?"

"I did not find them there, Aunt Hester." The girl breathed quickly, but her voice was firm. "I found them in the woods last night. They were afraid, and knew not where to go. And so—the baby, Aunt Hester—it was for the baby—I brought them to the sheep-cote."

"Thou didst *hide* them there? Elinor! Thou shouldst have come straight to me and asked my leave. I would have helped them had I seen fit. Now, go to thy room at once! Thou shalt breakfast on bread and water to-day. Go!"

In her aunt's opinion Elinor crowned her bad behavior with a show of defiance, for she walked into the house with her head thrown proudly back and a look which seemed to say, "I will not ask pardon." But she bit her lip only to keep it from trembling, and bravely fought back her angry tears.

"Father would have told me to do so," she said to herself. "He 'd have called me his brave little Royalist—I know he would!"

Then in a flash she remembered the buckle. She had left it on the baby's neck, and in the excitement of the last hours it had been quite forgotten. It was gone—her precious keepsake! Would she ever see it again? Her courage gave way and she broke down and sobbed. And yet who had her jewel now? Who, but a baby princess? Father had meant her always to keep the buckle; yet he would, she felt sure, have been glad that she should give it up in such a cause as this. And, although the tears would come, she tried to be happy in the thought that she had lost it in the service of her king.

For a while it seemed as if every one had forgotten her, but presently she heard clattering feet outside her door, and a voice called, "Nell, Nell, are you there?"

It was Rachel—Rachel who had blurted out the whole secret and brought down punishment on her cousin. Now Bess was calling, too.

"Nelly, are n't you there?"

Not a word from Elinor. But for those two vexatious little marplots there would have been no trouble at all. They might call until they were tired, it made no difference to her.

There was a sound of whispering. Then, "Nell, I 'm so sorry!" The voice was plaintive. "I did n't mean to tell!"

"You *did*, just the same!" burst out Elinor.

"But I could n't help it. I forgot, and I 'm really sorry." And the choke in Elinor's voice was answered by a doleful sniff outside the door. Next she heard the sisters run down the hall.

"I 'm glad they 're gone! I don't wish anybody!" she said to herself. But as the hours dragged slowly along she grew ready to forgive them both if only they would return.

Aunt Hester came, as Elinor knew she would, and talked a long time. Aunt Hester found her niece in a rebellious mood, positively refusing to own herself sorry. For Elinor was glad of what she had done, and only two things troubled her, neither of which she cared to explain. She had lost her beloved jewel and she had deceived.

Again and again she argued the matter over with herself. It could not have been a lie. She had merely told Captain Lawrence that the woman had *said* she was a servant. Even that was true, for was she not serving her queen? Yet not for the world would Elinor have had him guess the truth. Yes, she had meant to deceive him. And he had believed

her—he had said so before every one, and he had set the prisoners free. How good and kind he was! He ought to have been a Cavalier. With all her heart she was grateful to him, and yet she wished that he would go away, so that she need not face him with that secret on her conscience.

The long dismal day was over at last, and at bedtime the three little girls "made it up" together and kissed one another good-night. Next morning, when Elinor came out from her disgrace, she and her cousins were as good friends as ever. The past day's discipline seemed to have transformed her into so thoughtful and obedient a maiden that Dame Hester began to hope that her madcap niece had at last learned her lesson, and would yet do credit to her aunt's training. Indeed, poor Elinor had no heart for play, with the loss of her jewel fresh in her memory; and when she saw the kind eyes and merry smile of Captain Lawrence, she could only turn away with a guilty color in her cheeks and the secret weighing heavily on her mind.

Chapter IX.

CONFESSION.

A few days later the village was again aroused—this time by the news that the baby princess, Henrietta, had been stolen away from Oatlands Palace by her governess, Lady Dalkeith, and carried no one knew whither, but some thought to France, to her mother, the exiled queen.

As Elinor was now sure that the royal fugitive was safe, and that she was no longer bound to keep the secret, she began to feel that her confession must come. More than once she was on the point of telling the whole story to Captain Lawrence, who had become the friend and playfellow of all the children; yet the fear that, when he knew the truth, he might be angry with her, always held her back. At last the captain's health was quite restored, and he was ready to take the field again—and still she had not spoken. The day before his departure she felt that she could be silent no longer, and yet she was glad of every task or errand that delayed the dreaded moment.

At sundown she saw him in the garden all alone. Next morning at daybreak he would ride away. This was her last chance, and she must be brave.

"Captain Lawrence, I think I ought to tell you something."

"Really? It must be something very important." As he saw her earnest face, the captain's eyes twinkled so mischievously that Elinor was confused and could not go on.

"Well, what is it? Has Dick been lost in the hop-field again, or has Fox chosen the bantam cock for his supper? No? Then you must have been singing one of those awful Cavalier songs again, wherein you cry vengeance on the Roundheads."

"Pray don't tease me, Captain Lawrence! I really ought to tell you. Those people, you know—that I hid that night. They—they—I only told you the woman *said* she was a servant. I 'm sure that was no untruth. Well, the baby—you remember the baby? It was not really Pierre—it was—the princess!"

"What!" The captain started, and looked as if he thought that she had lost her senses. "The princess! What mean you, Elinor?"

"Yes, the Princess—I know 't is true. I found it out that morning. At first, I thought of course they were only poor French folk, and I hid them because Marie said they were serving a Royalist lady, and they feared the soldiers. But next day, when I came to fetch them their breakfast, I heard Marie telling the baby not to cry, because she would soon be a princess again."

"It cannot be! No, no, child! You mistook. That hunchback creature!"

"She was no hunchback, but the fairest lady I ever saw, and the hump was naught but a bundle of rags. She was frightened when she saw me and would not tell me who they were, but said I must think of them only as Marie and Pierre, and I must keep the secret faithfully. But now they must be safe in France, and every one knows they 're fled, so I 'm sure I ought to tell you. And you 're not angry with me, are you? For I 'm a loyal maid, you know, and if I were a man, I should be fighting against you and for King Charles!"

It was hard to tell the story, for the captain

looked at her as never before. She saw his face flush and his brows contract as he listened, while his eyes grew so dark that she was frightened. "You are sure of this?" he asked, when she had finished.

"Oh, yes! Quite sure!"

That he was angry she saw plainly enough. Was it because the poor little princess had escaped from the hands of her enemies? No, surely the kind-hearted soldier could not be so cruel as to wish her back again. He must, then, be angry with Elinor herself—but not, she thought, for having done her duty. It could be only because he, too, felt that she had deceived him.

She watched him pace back and forth, never once looking at her, seeming to forget that she was there. She did not know what to do, and yet she would not leave him while matters were in this troubled state. So she stood, helpless and unhappy, carelessly plucking both flowers and leaves from a rose-bush, and scattering the leaves on the path.

Presently, as his walk brought him near her, the captain glanced at her in surprise.

"Still there, Elinor?" he asked.

She looked up from under her drooping lashes, her lips pouting in a way that made it seem as if she was cross, but which meant only that she was distressed.

"What a doleful face to wear over a victory!" he said.

Victory! Had the Royalists won a battle, thought Elinor, and was this his way of telling her?

"The day was yours, was it not? You helped your princess on her way to France, despite us all. 'T is too late now to bring her back again." His frown was gone and his old, winning smile had returned. He was not angry with her, after all. Her face grew bright with pleasure.

"But you are glad, too, Captain Lawrence, are n't you? You *must* be glad she 's safe!"

He thought a minute before replying.

"Elinor," he said at last, "had I guessed the truth that day my duty would have been to hold the prisoners in the name of Parliament. They had been a worthier prize than the rogues we chased hither in vain. 'T would have won me high commendation, too—mayhap from General Cromwell himself." And there was a touch of bitterness in his tone. "Lady Dalkeith had marvelous courage, truly, thus to bear away the princess in very defiance of the order! She would have paid dearly had she failed! But ay, Elinor, such captures are not to my liking. Since she had come so far and braved so much—with all my heart I 'm glad she is safe and free."



"IT WAS NOT REALLY PIERRE—IT WAS—THE PRINCESS!"

Elinor clapped her hands, laughing with delight; and then, suddenly remembering the dignity of her thirteen years, she stepped forward demurely to bid the captain good-night.

"You are such a wise little maid," he said as they parted, "and know so well how to keep a secret—you would not find it hard to keep this one still longer? Then best say naught

about it to any one. Good Mistress Bradford would be sorely grieved if she knew. 'T would but give her needless vexation. And should the story get abroad, it might bring heavy trouble upon us all. You must wish me God-speed to-night, for I shall be off to-morrow at dawn. Will you promise me, before I go, still to keep *our* secret faithfully?"

"I promise," Elinor answered. "Yes, I 'll keep it always—faithfully."

"Farewell, then, my little Royalist." And he stooped and kissed her cheek, for the wistful earnestness of the upturned face told him what a lonely child she was, and how hard had been the battle in which she had served her king.

Chapter X.

WHEN THE KING CAME TO HIS OWN.

As the years went by, the last hopes of the Royalists faded, and one dreary winter's day King Charles was led forth from his long imprisonment to die upon the scaffold. To loyal Elinor he was now the "martyr king," and even among the Puritans there were those who felt grief and indignation over that cruel death. Then came the days of the Commonwealth of England and the end of the Civil Wars.

In the time of peace that followed, Captain Lawrence, now a colonel, again visited Bradford Grange. There he found his high-spirited little Royalist a gentle, thoughtful maiden of nineteen. They often spoke together of that visit of six years before, and of the secret, which she still kept faithfully. And before another year the colonel brought Elinor Arden, as Mistress Elinor Lawrence, a bride, to his home at Cliffland Hall.

Here she led the quiet, useful life of a matron in those Puritan days. Nevertheless, Elinor felt the blood of the Cavaliers stir once more in her veins, when at last there was hope that the wandering Stuart prince might return to his father's throne. The death of the great Cromwell was followed by a time of confusion and distress, and the nation was soon ready to welcome back its king. On the twenty-ninth of May, in the year 1660, Charles II entered London in triumph, greeted by the shouts of the joyful people. No one was more truly glad than Elinor; while Colonel Lawrence, seeing that the cause for which he had fought no longer lived, now laid aside his sword and became a willing subject of the new ruler.

Late in the fall of the Restoration year came the news that the queen mother, with her daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, had sailed from France to visit her son, King Charles. The royal girl made her journey from Dover to the palace of Whitehall in a far different manner from that in which she had left the kingdom, in the stormy days of her babyhood. Now, loyal crowds gathered to see the lovely princess, and the thunder of cannon welcomed the exiles home.

Elinor, far away at Cliffland Hall, felt that between her and the king's young sister lay a bond such as none in that exulting throng could know. And when her husband, whose own affairs called him at that time to London, proposed that she should go with him, she was as full of eager joy as if she had been a girl again. So it happened that Colonel Lawrence, with his wife, and their little son and daughter, left their country home and came to visit London. There, more than once, Elinor's wish was gratified with a glimpse of a fair young face as the royal carriages passed by.

There, too, she found a noble friend to welcome her. Lady Lyndhurst, in whose castle she had once made her home, was delighted to see again her favorite of years before; and even forgave Colonel Lawrence his having fought on the rebel side — for the sake of the maiden whose heart he had won.

It was Lady Lyndhurst herself who, early one afternoon, surprised the family by an unexpected visit to their lodgings. The midday meal was over and *little* Elinor had climbed into her mother's lap, while Geoffrey, standing by his father's chair, was hearing about a proposed walk along the river to Whitehall Stairs, where the king's barge lay. A knock sounded at the door, and a boy entered, dressed in the moss-green velvet and gold lace of the Lyndhurst livery.

"My Lady Lyndhurst, to visit Mistress Lawrence," he announced with a lordly air, and a bow worthy of a courtier.

Elinor and her husband had been invited to

see the sights of London in her ladyship's coach, and to dine in state at her home, but for *her* to visit *them* was an unlooked-for honor. The colonel hastened to assist their guest to alight, and presently returned with my lady on his arm.

"I have taken you by surprise, have I not, my dear?" she cried, embracing Elinor, and patting the rosy cheeks of the little brother and sister, who were led forward to kiss her hand.

"And surely you can never guess what has brought me up all these stairs to your lodgings. At such an hour, too! Thanks, Elinor, but I will eat nothing now—we of the court breakfast late. Marry, but I am clean out of breath from my haste!"

She sank down on a chair, panting a little from her exertions, but her eyes sparkled merrily over some secret of her own. She was an imposing figure, sitting there, with her fur-trimmed mantle thrown back, displaying the sheeny folds of her wine-colored brocade, and with a wonderful head-dress of Spanish lace covering her silver hair.

"And now," said Lady Lyndhurst, when she had regained her breath, "now for the errand that brings me hither. Elinor, do you go straightway and change that sober dress for the silken gown wherewith you graced my dinner some days ago. And make ready the children, too, for I am come to carry you three away with me to Whitehall. Can you guess for what reason? Because I am so commanded by the Princess Henrietta!" She paused to enjoy the surprise of her listeners. "I promised you a sight of her Royal Highness ere you left London, did I not? And now I am better than my word. The wish of your heart was to see your princess. Now, it seems, your princess cannot rest without seeing *you*. So haste you to make ready, for we must be there within an hour. And you, sir," she added, turning to Colonel Lawrence, "had you been the Cavalier I vow nature intended you for, I would have you to the palace, too. And, but for the queen mother, I doubt not the princess would have commanded your presence as well. She was eager enough to see you! Ay, I took pains to tell her Royal Highness how much she owed her escape to you also."

"Thou art willing that I should go?" Elinor asked her husband.

But he only said: "To see thy princess? 'T was for that I brought thee to London."

When ready for the visit, even in their simple dress, Elinor and her children looked worthy to be the guests of royalty. Geoffrey's bright chestnut hair fell in curling love-locks over his broad collar; while Nell, in her white frock, with a quaint silk cap on her golden head, was herself like a little princess, so her mother thought. And a fair and stately lady was Mistress Lawrence, in her gown of dove-colored silk, with soft lace on her arms and breast. Lady Lyndhurst declared that she bore herself like a duchess, and that the pose of her head and neck was clearly meant for the court. But as her husband gently wrapped her mantle about her shoulders, Elinor gave him a look which said that she was happiest as wife and mother in their quiet country home.

A few minutes more and the Lyndhurst coach was whirling away to the palace of Whitehall.

"To think that the princess herself should send for me!" said Elinor. "That was through your kindness, Lady Lyndhurst, I know without asking. But pray, my lady, tell me how it came about."

"Ah! that is a secret. You must wait until her Royal Highness tells it you. Have patience, and you shall know all by and by."

Arrived at Whitehall, they entered the palace between the ranks of guardsmen in their glittering uniforms and ascended the great stairway. Elinor saw, as in a dream, the shimmer of silk, the flash of jewels, the sweeping bows of the gallants, the curtsies of the ladies, as they passed through the gallery to the rooms of state. At the door of an inner apartment Lady Lyndhurst spoke to a gentleman-in-waiting, who disappeared, and, returning a moment later, ushered them into a private drawing-room. Elinor hardly noticed the splendor all about her, the rich hangings, the frescos on walls and ceiling, the glitter of gold and crystal, for, at the farther end of the room, with maids of honor gathered about her chair, the Princess Henrietta waited to receive her.

Elinor curtsied low, and then Lady Lynd-

hurst led her forward, with the words, "Your Royal Highness, here at last is *Elinor Arden*."

"And glad I am to welcome her," cried a silvery, girlish voice, as, curtsying again, Elinor kissed the hand held out to her. "So you, Madam Lawrence, are the one who, as a



"'AND NOW FOR THE ERRAND THAT BRINGS ME HITHER,' SAID LADY LYNDHURST."

little maid, sheltered me that night? I have so long wished to find you! And Lady Lyndhurst tells me *you* would fain see your baby princess, too."

"Your Royal Highness is most gracious to grant me my dearest wish," replied Elinor.

"And these are your children! The dear *mignons!* Bring them here at once," the princess said, with her sweet French accent, as she looked at the little pair, standing shyly hand in hand.

Nell, tiny maiden that she was, clung to her mother as she dropped a bobbing curtsy. But Geoffrey proved himself a true cavalier, bowing so low that his curls touched the hem of the princess's pearl-broidered robe, after which he resolutely took his stand beside her chair, and remained there, his gaze never once wandering from her face.

No wonder Geoffrey had lost his heart! For at sixteen the Princess Henrietta Anne was already the boast of the French and the English court. There was something fairy-like in her beauty and grace, as she sat there in her creamy satin gown, with gems sparkling on her white arms and slender throat, and in her hair. And her cheek was tinged with delicate rose, and her dark eyes shone with a laughing light, for she was in the early springtime of happiness and love.

"I have so often heard the story," the princess said, "how my own dear faithful Lady Dalkeith bore me away in peasant guise; and how a brave little maiden, named Elinor Arden, helped me on my way. I always wondered how it fared with her, and to-day Lady Lyndhurst comes and tells me all. So now I must have the tale again from you." She signed to an attendant. "Bring

seats for Lady Lyndhurst and Madam Lawrence."

As she spoke, she put her arm around Geoffrey, and drew the shy little sister to her side as well. Her manner was so full of sweet graciousness that Elinor lost all embarrassment at being seated in the presence of royalty.



"SHE DREW FORTH A CHAIN OF GLEAMING PEARLS."

She told the story of how she had found the wanderers, how she had hidden them in the old chapel, and how, in the morning, their secret had been revealed to her. And now the princess laughed merrily as she listened, and now the tears rose in her eyes. The account of the capture and release filled her with girlish delight.

"And the young captain who set us free—he is now your husband?" she asked. "Ah! you must tell him that those poor wayfarers have been ever grateful for his charity. And tell him"—a roguish smile dimpled the corners of her mouth—"that the king knows, too, how passing well he thereby served the crown."

When the story was ended, she said: "There is one thing you have quite forgot. But this should rouse your memory."

Taking from one of her maidens a beautiful silver box, she drew from it a golden buckle studded with gems and tied with a faded crimson ribbon.

"And then," she added, when Elinor, kneeling, had received her childhood's treasure, "as, long ago, you gave your precious jewel to save a little princess, so now that grateful princess returns it to you and gives you *this*, as a token of her love."

This time she drew forth a chain of gleaming pearls, and with her own hands clasped it about Elinor's throat.

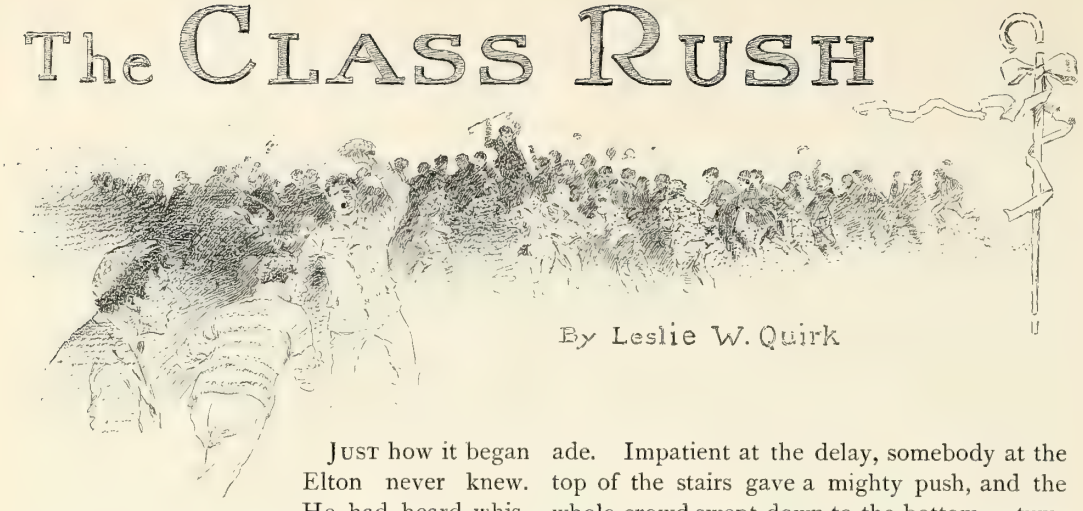
THE END.

AN AUTUMN DAY AT THE ZOO.

LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.



The Class Rush



By Leslie W. Quirk

Just how it began Elton never knew. He had heard whispers of the class "rush" for several days, but nobody in his crowd seemed to know much about it. Belfour, who came from his town, told him that it was the custom for the Sophomores to wait until the Freshmen were coming from gymnasium practice, and then meet them on the lower campus. A cane seemed to be the bone of contention.

Elton had been at college just one week. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, at four, every man in the Freshman class was required to report at the gymnasium for practice. On the second Tuesday the Sophomores met them at the door.

Elton was among the last to leave the main floor of the gymnasium. Half-way down the steps he heard a sudden, sharply punctuated roar outside:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Ree!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen three!"

Elton's heart began to beat with excitement. Those were the Sophomores. And then he heard a defiant yell—weak at first, but gaining strength as lusty voices swung into the refrain:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Roar!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen four!"

Those were the Freshmen—that was his class! His eyes brightened. He was beginning to understand class spirit now!

Down at the door there was a little blockade. Impatient at the delay, somebody at the top of the stairs gave a mighty push, and the whole crowd swept down to the bottom—tumbling and sliding and eager, but not laughing. From outside came the Sophomore yell, drowning all else.

At last Elton came to the door, just when the tension was almost too great. As far as he could see across the lower campus were swarming groups of young men, all elbowing and closing in on a single mass of fellows, that swayed first one way and then the other.

Elton ran forward. A student in a red sweater blocked his way.

"Nineteen four?" he asked threateningly.

Elton threw back his head. "Yes, sir, I am," he said. It was the first time since he had come to the university that he had not repeated it meekly.

The fellow nodded. "So am I," he said, "and lots of these fellows around here. But we are getting pushed and jostled and walked on, just because we are not organized. You see, the Sophs know one another; we don't. Here, let 's bunch ourselves."

He threw back his chest, and called out in a voice that rose above the din:

"Nineteen four this way!"

He turned to Elton. "I know you," he said. "Saw you doing stunts in the gym; and I saw your muscles, too." He smiled grimly.

Elton looked up. "Oh, I say—" he began, Then his curiosity got the better of him. "What does it all mean?" he asked, pointing his thumb at the struggling mass of humanity.

"It 's a class rush," explained the other. "At least, that 's what they call it. It 's really a cane rush, a bit disorganized here in the West; and the Sophomores use it as an opportunity to walk over the Freshmen and throw them into the lake. It 's the nearest thing to hazing that 's allowed."

By this time there were thirty or forty students, red of cheek and short of breath, gathered around the two.

The man in the red sweater held up his hand.

"Fellows," he said, "this is Elton, 1904. He 's going to lead us."

There was a moment of silence, then clear and sharp came the yell:

"U Rah! Rah!
U Rah! Roar!
Varsity! Varsity!
Nineteen four!"

More Freshmen came, and still more, till the crowd was a small army. Then Elton began to understand. The longing to do something for his class grew strong upon him. The fellows hoisted him high upon their shoulders. He turned to the crowd.

"All right, fellows," he said. "We want that cane: let 's get it!"

They were still tugging at it when the crowd of Freshmen came, in a solid mass, like a bullet. Somebody weakened and let go; somebody else's hold slipped. Everywhere were Freshmen — crawling under the upper-classmen, scrambling over them, shoving between them.

Elton, as leader, hit the crowd first. Back of him were two hundred sturdy fellows, pent up with excitement. He went through and over a score of astonished young men. Almost before he realized it, he had his hand on the precious cane. Then more Freshmen came, and pulled the Sophomores off before they understood the sudden energy. And all at once, panting and with clothes torn, Elton found himself in possession of the cane.

Some instinct told him to run. In an instant there were five hundred men after him.

Elton could run with the best of them, but there was no hope of getting away with a crowd closing in from three sides and the lake in front.

Back of the gymnasium lay the boat-house. Elton made straight for this building, circled the walk to the front, and took a quick glance at the boats along the piers. All were chained securely except one. In this a man with a heavy sweater was just leaving the pier.

There was no time for delay, no time for apologies. Straight for the boat Elton ran; when he was near it he jumped.

The man was startled — there was no question as to that. For twenty minutes he had been loafing idly about the pier, alternately arranging the cushions in his boat and smoking a bulldog pipe, as he waited impatiently for a friend. And now —

"Well," he gasped, taking his pipe from his mouth, "who are you?"

"I 'm Elton — 1904, you know. I 've got the cane. I —"

"Oh!" The man moved his big shoulders in silent laughter. "Then the class rush is on, and you 've got away with the cane."

"Not yet," said Elton, anxiously, as he fitted the oars into the locks; "they 're coming."

They were — not one or a dozen, but scores and scores of them — all eager and determined. A whole row of boats was launched as quickly as they could be unlocked from the pier. Groups of stalwart fellows dropped into the seats, and a hundred muscular arms dipped the oars into the water.

Meanwhile the man in Elton's boat had shipped his oars. As he saw the pursuit, however, his face brightened, and he slipped the blades into the water. Elton noticed that there was no splash, hardly a ripple.

"You 'll help me get away?" he asked.

"I 'm a Junior, old man; I 'll help a Freshman any day. Now row for all that 's in you."

With his back to the man, Elton dipped his oars and leaned forward. He pulled steadily, with all the force of his muscles. He knew the man behind him had caught the stroke exactly. The boat leaped forward in a mad rush that cut the water sharply before it.

Elton could see the pursuers coming. There were some husky pairs and fours among them, and Elton wondered if it would be possible to get away. He was cooler now, and began to wonder if it were all worth while.

Then, suddenly, back on the shore, a hun-

dred Freshmen sent up the class yell. It caught Elton like a powerful stimulant. His heart throbbed; his eyes brightened; his muscles felt fresh and strong. He was doing it for the class. It *was* worth while.

The man behind him never spoke. He was simply rowing with all the power that was in him. voice kept saying, "Steady! Steady, old man! Steady!" It quieted him and made him do his best. He knew the man outclassed him, though he pulled with the whole strength of his young body.

At best it was an uneven race. Two men in a rowboat could not outrun four men in a ra-



"STRAIGHT FOR THE BOAT ELTON RAN; WHEN HE WAS NEAR IT HE JUMPED."

Sometimes when Elton was a little slow in catching the stroke he could feel the boat shoot forward with a tremendous jump. His admiration for the man grew as he watched them draw away from the pursuers.

His oar slipped at last, and sent a shower of water back on the man. The fellow only grunted and said, "Steady! Steady! Steady, old man! We 've just begun to fight now. They have launched the four-oar shell.

Elton had never seen a shell, but his eye caught sight of the boat back at the landing. It was slim and frail and fast. He bent to his work with renewed energy. Back of him a cing-shell. Elton did not realize this, however, and strained and tugged at the oars till the perspiration stood out on his forehead in great drops, and trickled down the side of his nose.

He began to pant. He was not in training, and the pace was beginning to tell. He wondered who the other chap was, and whether he had to learn to row that way, or whether he had always been able to do it. He felt an insane desire to stop rowing the boat and ask the man.

The boat-house and gymnasium began to grow smaller and smaller as they receded in the distance. Elton noticed that the water was bluer the farther out they went. There were

waves out here, however, that caught the boat occasionally, and tipped it so much he had to shoot his oar deeper down. It irritated him.

Then the recollection of the mad, confused rush on the campus came back to him. He thought of the improvised class yell, and it got to ringing in his ears. He kept time with the oars, and pulled and pulled, and whispered and whispered the yell over to himself. And all the time the man back of him was saying, "Steady! Steady, now! You 'll get it; don't dig so deep! Steady! Steady, old man!"

But the race was too unequal. Bit by bit the lighter, faster boat crept upon them. Elton began to wonder if he would be hazed, and if the torture would be great. It was worth while, anyhow; anything was worth while for a crowd of fellows like his class.

Then the boat grated on the lake bottom, and stopped abruptly.

Straight across the lake, Picnic Point juts out, a long, narrow peninsula. They had been rowing for this point, and it was here that the shell overtook them. Elton wondered what the upper-classmen would do to him. He was not afraid; he was only sorry that his class could not win the coveted cane.

As a matter of fact, the Sophomores did nothing. After several boat-loads of them had come, they bundled him into a rowboat, leaving his companion to return at his leisure.

Perhaps a hundred yards from the boat-house shore, the boat stopped. Back from the water's edge, twenty deep, was a vast crowd.

"Now, Elton," came the command, "stand up and give your class yell."

Elton stood on a seat and gave it, not hurrying it, not mumbling it, but yelling it out with a pride that was in every note. He was glad to give the yell.

He sat down again. On the shore five hundred voices took up the yell and repeated it. Elton began to wonder what it all meant.

"Now give *our* yell," cried the 1903 leader.

For a moment Elton's head swam. Two hours before he would have done what they demanded. Now, the thing the men call "class spirit" was strong within him. He sat perfectly still.

Somebody prodded him from behind. The four fellows in his boat lifted him to his feet. He stood there helpless, looking over the crowd of boats farther out on the lake. Suddenly his glance fell upon the man who had rowed with him. The fellow was leaning forward with a queer, half-doubting look on his face.

Without a word, Elton shook his captors free, raised one arm, and dived from the boat into the lake.

There was a wild clamor in the boat. Oars were slipped into the locks, and Sophomores jumped to the seats.

Elton had a start, however, and the confusion in the boat proved too big a handicap. Willing hands helped him ashore, and he climbed out of the water, dripping but happy.

"Now, fellows," he said, "the class yell."

And they gave it defiantly, proudly, thunderingly, as it had never been given before — these boys who an hour earlier had not known the meaning of class spirit.

On the way home Elton rubbed a little mud off one cheek, reflectively.

"I wish," he said, "that I could have kept the cane. But I suppose it 's customary for the Sophomores to get it."

"Of course," said a hearty voice behind him.

Elton looked up and saw the man who had rowed with him grinning pleasantly.

"You don't know me," he said, "but I 'm Kenton, captain of the varsity crew. I say, Elton, you are a stayer all right, and I want you to do something in athletics while you are here. The old college needs men like you. Don't forget." And he turned down a side street.

"I think," said Elton to a young fellow beside him, who had evidently been in the lake also, "that I 'm going to like this university. And honest, now, have n't we the best class that ever got together? Let 's give the yell again."

And they gave it, not only once, but they gave it twice — a dozen times. One and all, they had at last caught the class spirit.

CHICKAREE — BY ANNE O'BRIEN



He was small and plump, of a red-brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curling over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown House, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut-tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he had made up his mind to have them—every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground, Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown House used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and be back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister, "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats? There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat-trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning, which looked as if it might be a rat-hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy—"peanut brittle," she called it; and to keep it cool overnight she put it in the workshop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the wood-box, and the garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut-tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed, "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel?—the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be a squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."

Could n't he? That same afternoon, as Miss

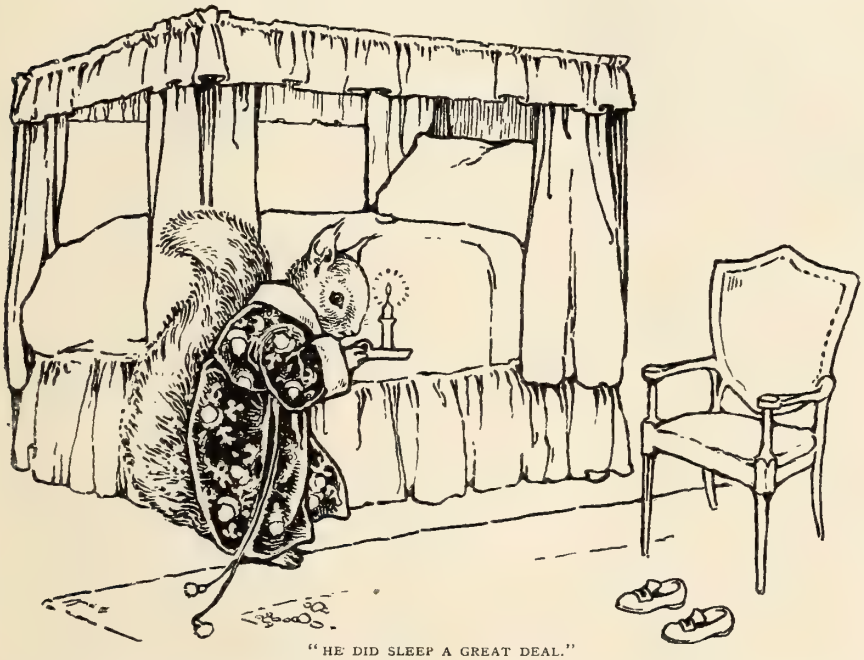
Anne crossed the yard, she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof, and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking with all her eyes, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained: this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!

John said he would bring his gun and shoot the rascal as soon as he popped out of the hole.

But the ladies would not hear of it. Shoot little Bright-eyes? No, indeed! He had worked so hard, laying up his winter store. As long as he was n't "rats" Miss Anne was sure she would not mind the noise, and, besides, did n't squirrels sleep all winter?

That evening she read up squirrels in the encyclopedia, and finding the name chickaree, she declared, "That shall be our squirrel's name, and he shall stay as long as he cares to."



"HE DID SLEEP A GREAT DEAL."

So Chickaree stayed; and a fine winter he passed. He did sleep a great deal, but woke up to nibble his nuts and explore the garret. Once in a while, just for fun, he would venture out of doors, and the ladies saw him scudding over the snow-crust. But the greater part of the time he spent curled up in his nest. What a nest it was, to be sure — the very middle of a feather-bed! Miss Sally had tied that bed carefully in a sheet and hung it from a peg in the garret; but Chickaree had climbed up, peeped into the folds, and made up his mind at once that that was the bed for him.

When spring came the feather-bed began to lose its charm. Chickaree became very wide-awake, spending his time in racing about the attic, prying into boxes and staring at himself in an old mirror. He wondered who that bushy-tailed fellow could be — and tried to scratch him out.

Then he began to gnaw the wooden boxes, the beams — everything; and the more he gnawed the better fun it was. Miss Anne's nerves were so worn out by the grinding noise he made that she gave up calling him "that cunning little fellow," and now he was always "that tormenting squirrel." A dozen times a day she would have to drop her paint-brush, pound on the studio wall, and cry, "Hush! hush!"

At first Chickaree would be frightened into silence by those knocks, but he soon learned that it was "bark" and not "bite," and he would stop to grin, and then calmly begin to gnaw again.

The neighbors said: "Better shoot him; he 'll ruin your house, gnawing the beams and the roof." But the ladies said "No" again, and hoped when summer came he would forsake the garret. But he did not. It was a rainy summer, and Chickaree liked his dry quarters — so he stayed; and still he danced, and gnawed, and drove Miss Anne distracted.

In July she had a bright idea, and got a friend who had been a boy not many years before to make her a box-trap, such as he used

to set for rabbits in the woods. "And when we catch Chickaree," Miss Anne said, "we 'll carry him off to the woods and set him free."

The trap was baited with apple and placed on the shed roof; and there it stayed — empty. Chickaree never even saw it. He had forgotten the butternut-tree, and now traveled another road — over the *front* roof into the maples, where he could tease the birds and hunt for their eggs.

One day Miss Anne had a headache. As she lay on her bed all the morning it seemed to her the squirrel had never before made such a racket overhead. After dinner she called Miss Sally. "Do try the trap in the attic; that squirrel is spending the whole day there!"

So the trap, with a fresh bait of apple, was put in the middle of the attic floor, and Miss Sally sat down to read her sister to sleep. Suddenly overhead came a *snap!* and the sisters looked at each other. Was it the trap? Had the squirrel been caught?

Up ran Miss Sally. Well, if he was n't caught, what had made the top of the trap fall flat, and what was it inside that sounded like a small cyclone rushing to and fro?

Poor Chickaree! how did he feel when that sudden *clap* shut him into a black box, with no way of escape?

As he crouched in terror he heard a voice crying, "Oh, Anne, we 've got him! What shall we do with him?" Another voice pronounced his doom: "We must take him to the mountain. Tell John to harness right away."

The mountain! Oh, what was the mountain? poor Chickaree wondered. But he kept very still while he felt the trap lifted and presently jolting along a stony road.

After a long time a voice called out "Whoa!" and the trap was lifted again. Miss Anne's voice exclaimed: "This is a lovely place! Let him out on the stone wall."

Another minute, and up went the top of the trap. Chickaree saw blue sky, sunshine, treetops. Free! In less time than it takes to tell it he was away. Just a streak of red fur and waving tail, and that was the last the ladies of the Brown House ever saw of little Chickaree.

A Q-rious Toy

By Margaret Johnson.



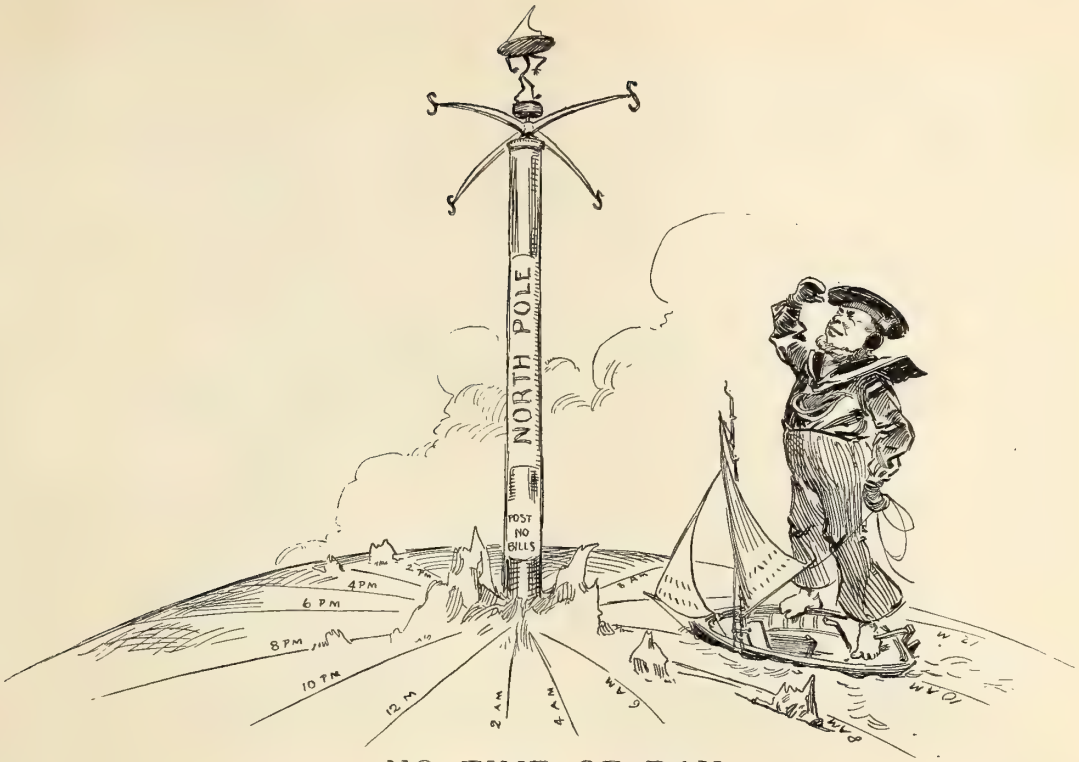




This dear little man from Che-fu,
Who was known by the name of Thing Ku,
Had never a toy
Such as children enjoy
Save his own little funny thin queue!

He could make it a whip or a string,
Or a snake with a terrible sting;
He could tie it in knots,
And, my goodness! what lots
Of tricks he could play with the thing!

No wonder he smiles askew;
Was there ever, in all Che-fu,
A happier lad than the little Thing Ku
With his little thin queue, think you?



NO TIME OF DAY.

"If any one ever reaches the North Pole he will find no north, no east, no west, only south, whatever way he turns. The time of day is also a puzzling matter, for the pole is the meeting-place of every meridian and the time of all holds good."

"WHAT will they do?" said the midshipmite,
"With the North Pole, if they find it?"
"Run up the flag!" quoth old Jack Tar,
"And set the watch to mind it.

"Every man Jack who rounds his back
Against the pole to shore it
Will find, when he attempts to tack,
South — only south — before it;
No north, no east, no western way;
In fact, no proper time of day."

"No time of day!" said the midshipmite.
"What could be more complete?
All times of day must be all right
Where all meridians meet.
So there will be, beyond a doubt,
No proper time for "turning out,"
Or knocking midshipmites about,
And, in that blest retreat,
No time the galley sweets to lock,
But 'plum-duff' all around the clock!"

Adele M. Hayward.

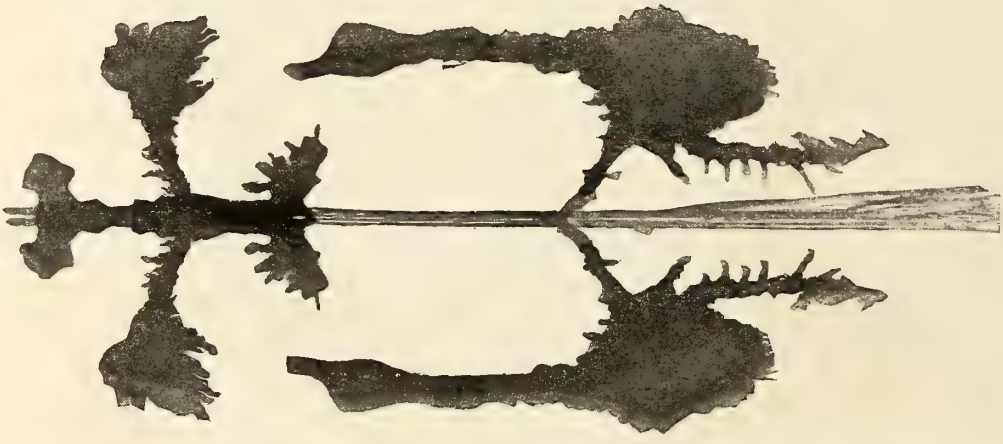
GEOGRAPHY AND BED.

"THIS world is rolling round in space"—
That 's what my teacher said;
So now I know why, Monday night,
I tumbled out of bed.

C. G. Alberger.

SIX GOBOLINKS.

By Carolyn Wells.



This goose has escaped from the lot,
And is running away at full trot;
Her course she *would* take
By the edge of a lake.
The reflection is clear, is it not?



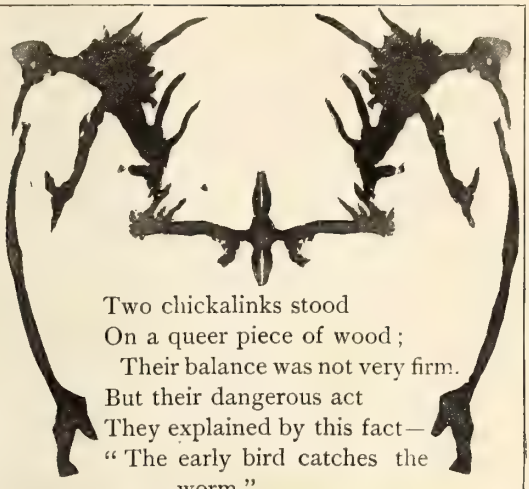
Imagine these ladies' surprise—
They could scarcely believe their own eyes!
When they measured their hats,
Whether turbans or flats,
They always were just of a size!



These two little chaps, as you see,
Were warming their toes by a tree;
They said, "It is queer
At this time of the year,
But we 're going to be stung by a bee."



The girl with the theater hat
Went tripping along to the "mat."
She cut off the view
Of a dozen or two,
But she did n't care much about that.



Two chickalinks stood
On a queer piece of wood;
Their balance was not very firm.
But their dangerous act
They explained by this fact—
"The early bird catches the worm."



You cannot say, "I know full well
What traits these birds are showing";
Because, you see, you cannot tell
Which way you think they 're going.

A VOLUBLE VOWEL.

By A. J. Backus.



"UNGRATEFUL people! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" piped a small voice. "It is too bad! I am not going to stand it much longer. I 'll just leave the English alphabet, I will, and go over to France, where they do try to pronounce me, even if it is queerly."

Helen, who was just starting for school, looked about her. Who was talking? There was certainly no one in the room. "Hello," she cried, trying not to feel scared.

"W-h-e-r-e are you, and w-h-a-t 's your name?" stammered Helen.

"I am the fifth vowel, and the way I am treated is perfectly shameful. I could excuse the baby calling me 'oo,'" went on Master U, with rising passion; but when men of letters are careless, it is too much! Letters, indeed!" spitefully. "They are hardly men of consonants. *I* should transport them to Siberia, or at least to Russia, and *then* they 'd miss the vowels! But it 's just because we are a small family and useful that we

are so imposed upon. Sister E is really the only one of us they treat at all decently, she always works so much for them. And sister O they respect a little, though when *I* 'm with her they turn and twist us all sorts of ways, especially if G and H join us."

"But what do they do to you?" asked Helen, much interested in this long speech.

"Do!" screamed U. "Why, they slight me! I 'm only safe in books, or when they call the roll, that is to say the alphabet. Please spell 'duty.'"

"D-u, doo, t-y, ty, dooty," said Helen, glibly.

"Oh, of course!" bitterly. "Now spell 'tutor.'"

"T-u, too, t-o-r, tor, tootor."

"Yes, you are just as bad as the rest. Never give a fellow half a chance!"

"What do you mean, anyhow? Can't you explain?" asked Helen.

U paused a moment, and then said firmly: "Of course I can. Take the word 'mute.' You 've heard of that, I hope. Oh, you have! Well, do you call it 'moot'?"

"Of course not," said Helen, with a laugh.

"Then you have no right to call duty 'dooty'; or, when my double first cousin W is in a word with E, you certainly should n't say 'noos' for 'news,' which ought to rhyme with pews. Do you understand?"

"Why, yes!" said Helen, admiringly. "It really does n't seem fair, when you put it that way, does it? I must try and think of U more," smiling.

"I only ask justice," said U, plaintively; "and as for *thought*," holding his head up proudly, "the highest classes in England and America always respect me, and linguists and elocutionists honor me," with emphasis.

"Tell me something about your family — do!" urged Helen.

"Ah! I 'm glad to see you are interested in us," said U, graciously. "Well, let me see! We 'll begin with brother A, as he 's the head of the house. In the first place, our pedigree is a long one — 'way back to the old Romans, you know."

"To be sure — the Latin text!" cried Helen, anxious to show she knew something.

U nodded. "A, I, and O are the strongest of us. They often stand alone. But sister E is in everything, nearly — quite intrusive, *I* think. However, as I said, she is quite overworked, and can't help herself, poor vowel! But, to go on, brother I is an egotist, always strutting by himself, when he gets a chance, and swelling into a capital. E and myself never have a chance to be big, except when we lead a sentence or begin a proper name. Then, there 's sister O, the most emotional creature when she 's alone, always surprised or shocked or sorry or glad. And now for myself," complacently. "I 'm very dependent, you must know. G guards me a good deal, and Q rarely quits me — ha! ha! See?"

Helen looked rather dubious for a moment, and then brightened. "Of course!"

"I hate some of the consonants, though," U chattered on, with a pettish air. "N is always making me unhappy or uncomfortable; and with R — rough old thing! — I get rude, rush about, and run into some trouble or other always. It 's fun sometimes to be with F; but people are often very disagreeable when I walk out between D and N — ha! ha! I have to laugh. You know I 'm the last vowel in the alphabet, for W is only my double first cousin, and Y is a kind of foster-brother of I. But it 's awfully dull down there with V W X Y Z; they hardly ever go with me."

Helen nodded thoughtfully.

"And now," continued the letter, brightly, "before I leave —" but as Helen listened eagerly, the scene began to change. She found herself in a school-room, with her head on a desk, listening to a chorus from the reading class, led by the teacher. "Not dooty, but duty; not tootor, but tutor; not noos, but news; not stoopid, but stupid."

"*You* 'll catch it, going off nodding like that!" said a familiar voice in her ear, which sounded very like that of Mabel Lawton, her deskmate.

"But where is U?" cried Helen, eagerly.

"Where *is* you!" mimicked Mabel, smiling. "Oh, my eye, what grammar! Why, here I am, of course," with a convincing pinch.

This rouser was effectual, but Helen never forgot her two minutes' dream.



Henriette Ronner.

"PUSSY'S FRIEND."

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MME. RONNER.

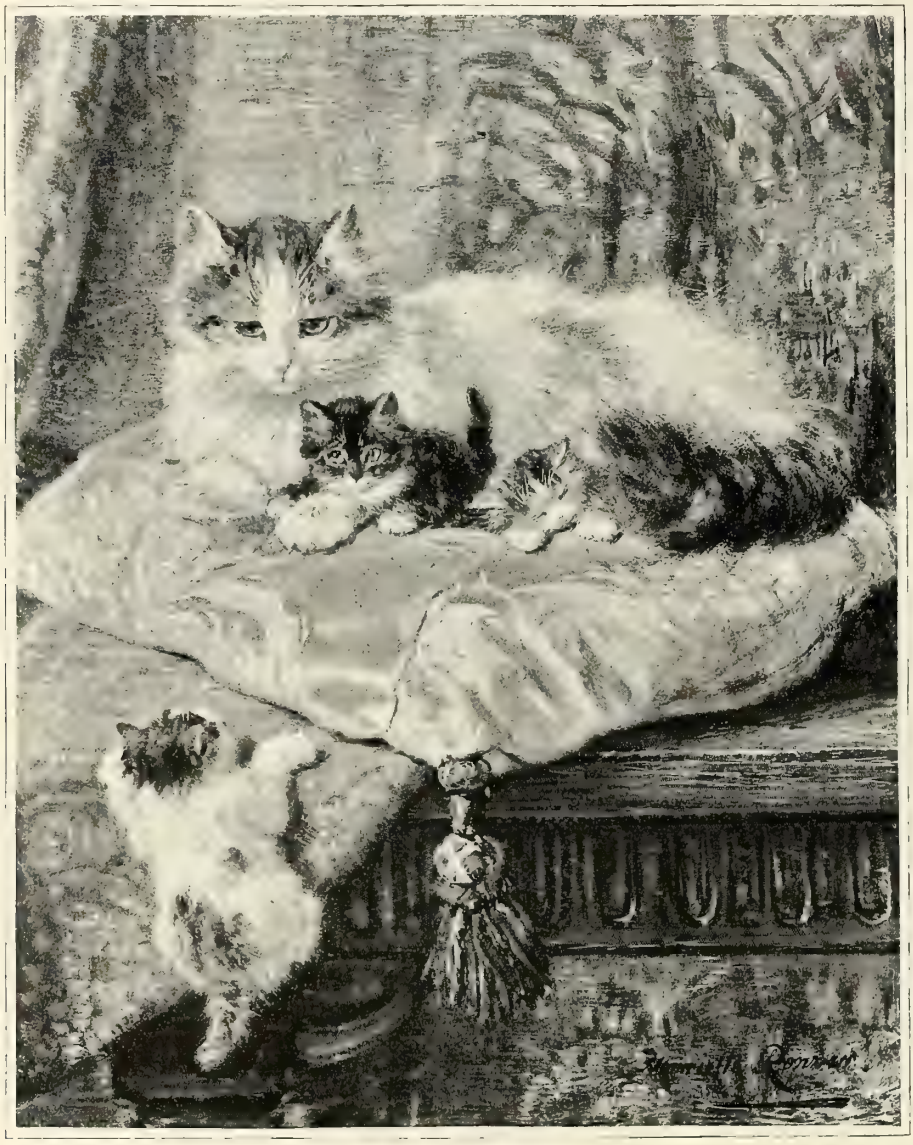
By F. B. Wickersham.

One day, years ago, a little blue pincushion was seen hanging on the door of a well-known house in Amsterdam. This strange though, to that city, most ordinary sign showed that a little girl baby had come to make her home there, and by her future life to prove whether she were deserving of a place in the famous country which has been so aptly called the "Land of Pluck." Now this you shall judge for yourself. This baby was the daughter of Heer August Knip, a painter. From her babyhood this little daughter, Henriette, was seen to be wonderfully observant of all the strange and curious things around her.

When only five years old she commenced drawing from nature everything that came within the range of her young eyes. These first drawings were all dated and kept, with greatest care, by her father, whose heart was filled with pride for his talented little girl.

By a sad fate the poor father was not destined long to see the progress of his daughter, for

when she was only eleven years old he lost his eyesight and became totally blind. His ambition for little Henriette and the desire that the considered themselves very unfortunate indeed. This brave little girl had a natural love of work and a strong constitution; these, combined with



AT HOME IN THE STUDIO.

talent which he recognized should be developed to the utmost became, even in his blindness, his ruling passion. From this time commenced for the young girl a life of such hard and constant labor that I fear there are not even many *boys* in America who would not have felt like rebelling against such severity, and have a noble desire to please and reward the dear father whose hopes were all centered in her, enabled her to endure the severe life of study which followed.

Her father was her only teacher. Under his loving care and direction alone she developed and cultivated her extraordinary talent. Living



ONE OF THE ARTIST'S FAVORITES.

then in the country, she spent every day, from sunrise to sunset, at her easel,—when the days were clear, always out of doors in the fresh air, and when cloudy, in her studio,—stopping her work only at meal-times, and for two hours in the middle of each day, which her father compelled her to spend sitting in a perfectly dark room, so as to give complete rest to her eyes.

When only seventeen she exhibited her first pictures, and these won for her the praise of the severest art critics, who promptly called attention to her rare talents, and ever since then her works have held an honorable position in Europe.

America, always appreciative of true worth, was not slow to acknowledge the merit of her work, and one of her pictures gained a high prize at our Centennial Exhibition, where they were first brought before the American public.

Her father, while he guided and directed her study, in no way interfered with the bent of her own inclination, and he left her free to exercise in her own way her unusual qualities of observation and imagination.

She painted everything that attracted her attention,—animals, interiors of houses, landscapes, etc.,—though from a little child animals were always the subjects she liked best.



WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD.

In 1850 Henriette Knip became Mme. Ronner, and, with her husband, went to Brussels to live. When first married, their income was very small, but the young artist had brought with her to her new home that which I am sure each boy and girl will agree with me is much better than mere dollars and cents, and which in the end usually gains all things, dollars and cents included, and that was her

Dutch pluck and perseverance. With these she set to work to overcome all difficulties. At this time she would often be at her easel as early as four o'clock in the morning. Later Mme. Ronner devoted all her time and talents to the painting of dogs and cats, which have ever been the favorite subjects of her brush. These household pets, indeed, have found a true friend in this gifted artist, who understands them so well, and who reproduces on canvas so truly all their different moods and expressions, which are almost as varied as the expressions on the faces of the boys and girls.



A PUZZLED OBSERVER.

No more sincere compliment could have been paid to Mme. Ronner's skill than was offered her by a dog. The Queen of Belgium and her sister-in-law the Countess of Flanders each had several favorite dogs whose portraits they wished painted by Mme. Ronner. They were brought to the studio at different times for

their "sittings," and on a certain occasion one of the countess's dogs, a rather savage, ill-tempered animal, coming into the room, found the newly finished portrait of one of his companions standing on the floor. Barking furiously, he rushed excitedly to it, prepared for a violent battle, when, seeing his mistake, he stood quite still with astonishment, staring at the picture, unable to understand why his friend should be there and yet not offer to play or fight. Still later, Mme. Ronner almost entirely gave up the painting of dogs, and devoted all her attention to cats, whose restless playfulness makes them such difficult as well as such fascinating subjects. But Mme. Ronner's wonderful quickness of observation enabled her to catch every trick and expression of these little animals, at once so frolicsome, so active, and so difficult to picture with the brush — and yet which she portrayed with, as one critic humorously says, "a care that might kill a cat."



A QUIET NAP.

It is her paintings of cats especially that has established her reputation and placed her, even in Paris, on a level with the great specialist Eugène Lambert. It is quite a revelation to see how many different expressions Mme. Ronner's pussies have. She never makes the mistake of giving them a human expression, as so many painters do: they are always cats, but so varied that it makes one think that each kitten is a distinct individual in its way, and not at all to be judged and treated by one general rule which must apply to the whole cat race.

Every one of my readers, I am sure, would be charmed could he or she have looked into Mme. Ronner's beautiful, sunny studio as I saw it. There the walls were covered with paintings of old cats and young cats, big cats and little cats, sleeping cats and waking cats; and on the floor, darting in and out among the chairs and easels, springing from the tables and playing bo-peep with one another behind the portières, were all kinds of live cats.

These favored pussies lived in Mme. Ronner's

studio, and all her pictures were sketched from life, and each one portrays some actual situation in which she had found her kittens. If you look at many of these pictures they will give you a good idea how restless and mischievous cats are — almost as lively as monkeys or, I was going to say, little boys and girls.

In the midst of this charming studio, with her easel always before her, sat a dear old lady with pink cheeks and snow-white hair, and eyes so kind and gentle that you feel sure they must see the best, not only in cats and dogs, but in everything. This was Mme. Ronner, whose life has been a very simple one; for, although the artistic world is proud to do her homage, her nature is strangely retiring and unaffected, finding her greatest happiness in her peaceful, happy home life and her dearly loved art, to which now, at eighty-three, she devotes as much time and strength of energy as in her younger days.

Yet it is impossible for her to refuse the richly merited honors that are thrust upon her, and she has received a great number of medals from different countries, including the cross of the Order of Leopold, conferred by the King of Belgium, a distinction which few women possess. Holland, her own land, has not been behindhand in doing her justice, for in the magnificent museum opened a few years ago in Amsterdam, the name of Henriette Ronner is inscribed among the most illustrious painters of her native country.



SOME OF THE ARTIST'S MODELS. (A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"
OR
FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

By Gensai Murai.

Chapter VIII.

AN ECCENTRIC FELLOW.

When all the wholesale dealers in oranges in the vast city of Yedo heard that an orange-ship had at last arrived from Kishu, they vied with one another in coming to Bunkichi's ship and buying up his oranges. The inevitable result of the rise in the price of oranges was to make him a gainer of more than fifty thousand *rio*.



MATAHACHI IN THE GREAT FIRE AT YEDO. (SEE PAGE 1102.)

Bunkichi, after this, carefully reasoned out that on account of the recent continuance of the west wind no ship could possibly have sailed from Yedo to Osaka, so that there must be a scarcity of salted salmon in that city, while there was now an abundant and specially cheap supply of them in Yedo. So he thought he would take a supply over to Osaka and make another great profit.

When he spoke of this plan to his men they were ready to go, for his sake. Thereupon Bunkichi bought up a cargo of salted salmon, and, putting it on board, waited for the return of better weather. Nor had he long to wait. As a reaction, as it were, to the stormy westerly wind, in a few days an east wind began to blow, and, availing himself of the first opportunity, he hoisted sail. He soon entered the harbor of Osaka, and there he

again made a profit of tens of thousands of *rio*.

Every speculation he had planned was crowned with success, and in little more than a month he had amassed the enormous sum of near upon a hundred thousand *rio*. He was aided in this success largely by the exertions of Kichidayu, and gave him one thousand *rio* out of the profit, while he handsomely rewarded every one of the crew, who were all greatly delighted at their good fortune.

Captain Kichidayu, taking his money with him as a present to his family, returned to Sakai, his native town, where he met again his dear wife and children after his long absence, and then went back to Osaka. Thence he accompanied Bunkichi to Kumano-Ura.

At Kumano the news of his safe arrival at Yedo had been received at the Daikokuya and by the townspeople with the liveliest satisfaction. They had been waiting eagerly for his return. Sure enough, Bunkichi had come back on board that very *Iurei-maru*, and the people, whether they were personally known to him or not, flocked round him with their congratulations.

From that day the master of the Daikokuya treated him as his guest, while the people of the town respected him as a gentleman, and no one called him the Wanizame-Kozo any more.

On his arrival home Bunkichi recounted all his transactions to the master of the Daikokuya, and then went at once to the merchants from whom he had bought the fruit that he sold in Yedo. "I thank you for the cargo of oranges you sold me some time ago at such a cheap price," said he. "I made a great profit by that cargo, but I don't like to be only a gainer myself while you all are losing your money, so I 'll give you double what I then paid you for the oranges."

On account of this unexpected liberality they were very grateful to him, and his fame went abroad all over the province of Kii, and everybody began to know him, and whenever he wanted to invest in any goods, he had no difficulty in getting all he wished.

The day came at last when Bunkichi determined to go up to the great city of Yedo to make his name famous in the whole of Japan by trading on a large scale. With this resolve, he negotiated with some of the big merchants of Kumano as to whether they would make a contract with him to send up all their oranges and timber to his shop as their only agency in Yedo. As they were already under a debt of obligation to him, every one of them agreed to do his best to keep Bunkichi's store in Yedo well supplied. Bunkichi was greatly rejoiced, and, on this occasion traveling overland, he arrived at Yedo in due time and established himself in the Hatchobori district, under the name of Kinokuniya.* This happened in the second year of the Sho-o era (1653 A.D.), when he was nineteen years of age. Then he changed his name Bunkichi into Bunzayemon (his father's name), and began to trade on a large scale in timber and oranges from Kishu, selling them to the whole city of Yedo. Thus his prosperity increased.

One day a master carpenter, who had the entrée to the house, came to see Bunzayemon, saying: "I have come to consult with you on a rather strange matter. How would you like to engage a man for your business?"

"Well, it all depends on what kind of a man he is," was the reply.

"He is rather an eccentric sort of fellow. If I tell you plainly about him there will be little chance of your employing him; but the strange thing is that he wishes me to do so. 'If Bunzayemon will employ me, good; if he will not employ me, he is a fool, and I don't want to be employed.' Those were the very words he said to me, and added, to my surprise: 'As for you, if he has n't the sense to engage me, you need n't regret losing such a customer as he is.'"

"I don't wonder you were surprised," replied Bunzayemon; "but what has he been hitherto?"

To this question the carpenter replied: "He is the second son in a warrior family; but as far as I can see he is an idle, lazy man. There are many of his kind in the world, as you know; but he is rather an extreme type of the class. He does n't like to get up early nor to move

* House of the Kino Kuni (country of Kii).

about at any time. In spite of his being dependent on me for his support, he does n't hesitate to demand to live in luxury. And then he has the impudence to request me to recommend him to you."

Bunzayemon meditated a while and then said: "It 's rather interesting, what you tell me. At all events, bring him here."

"Do you really mean to engage him? You had better give him up."

To which the merchant replied: "When I see him I shall decide whether I shall engage him or not. Bring him here first!"

Then Seihachi, the carpenter, went home, fearing inwardly lest he should lose his customer by bringing this man to Bunzayemon's notice, though he could not help acceding to the man's request.

After a time Bunzayemon heard high words in the front of the shop. One of the voices he recognized as that of Seihachi, who was exclaiming: "Chobei San, you ought not to go in by the front door; manners should compel you to go to the back door. And don't give yourself airs here; if you do I shall be disgraced."

To this the other replied: "What are you talking about? We are not dogs; why should we go round to the kitchen?" And so saying, the young man stalked up to the shop called Kinokuniya, in spite of Seihachi's remonstrance, and asked somewhat loudly: "Is the master at home?"

Hearing him, Bunzayemon entered the shop from the inner room.

No sooner did Seihachi see him than he began to apologize: "Master, I am more sorry than I can tell you, and I beg your pardon for this fellow's rudeness." As he spoke he was holding Chobei by the sleeve.

Bunzayemon, without heeding the apology, civilly welcomed the strange guest, saying: "Come in, sir."

The young man stalked into the inner room, while Seihachi, feeling like a fish out of water, followed him. Bunzayemon ushered the guests into one of the finest rooms in his house. Seihachi was troubled at heart, for the man's clothes were muddy, and said: "Sir, I fear we shall soil your floor."

Without even listening to Seihachi's words, or showing that he had heard them, the host courteously said: "I am Bunzayemon of the Kinokuniya; and what is your name?"

"My name is Chobei," answered the youth somewhat haughtily.

"I 'm glad to make your acquaintance."

Seihachi kept making signs to Chobei as to his behavior, but the latter did not take the least notice.

Seihachi in his distress said to Bunzayemon: "Please, sir, I beg your pardon for his unmannerly behavior. I think he must be a little out of his mind. I 'm sorry to have brought such a fellow."

Meanwhile Bunzayemon and Chobei sat with the *tabakobon** between them and looked into each other's faces. For a while neither of them spoke, while Seihachi, whose trouble of mind was increased by this state of affairs, tried to extricate himself from this uncomfortable position and said:

"Chobei San, we had better take our leave now." Then, turning to the host, "Sir, you won't engage him after all, will you, sir?"

Thereupon Bunzayemon, speaking somewhat loudly, said: "Oh, yes, I 'll engage you, Chobei San, and take you on as one of my men, if that is your wish."

"Then do you really engage me?" And as he spoke Chobei quickly moved backward a little and bowed to the floor, in the act of showing respect and thanks to his superior.

Bunzayemon then put on a lordly air and asked him: "Chobei, are you skilled in working the abacus?"†

"I don't know much about it," he replied, as he placed both his hands on the matting in the attitude of respect, "because I was bred in a warrior family."

"If that is so you 'll be of no use in the shop," said the master, scornfully. "What can you do then?"

To which Chobei answered, "I know how to turn a lot of money, sir."

"That 's interesting!" replied the master.

* A tobacco-tray.

† The Chinese reckoning-board, consisting of beads or balls strung on wires or rods set in a frame.

The carpenter, stricken dumb with astonishment while the negotiation was going on, said at last, when Chobei had gone, "Sir, have you really engaged him? I can't tell you how relieved I am. I 've been greatly troubled by the thought that I should be disgraced on account of him. Please tell me why were you so civil to him at first?"

"You don't understand, I see," said Bunzayemon, laughing. "Before I engaged him he was my guest, and as he belongs to the warrior class, his social rank is entitled to consideration. But when I have once engaged him, then I am his master, and he is my servant, and I must treat him accordingly."

"I see, I see," said the carpenter. "That is a fine way of looking at it. Well, then, suppose I go to another man's house, I may act in a like haughty manner myself before I get engaged!"

"Certainly; but if you do, you may get disliked instead of engaged"; at which reply the carpenter was profoundly puzzled.

Early the next day the new employee begged his master to advance him some pocket money, which was promptly given him; and having got it, off he went, no one knew whither, and did not return even for the midday meal.



"BUNZAYEMON THEN PUT ON A LORDLY AIR."

Then the other employees warned their master, saying: "Sir, what is the use of that sort of man? We don't know where he has come from. It 's really unsafe to have that sort of fellow about the house, sir."

But the master paid no heed to their warnings. "Not a bit of it! No matter where his birthplace is; so long as the man is worth having, my purpose is served. I can see he has plenty of common sense, and I warrant he 'll be of good service some day. Whenever you plan on a large scale you must have good assistants: there were four kindly men under Yoshisune, the great general, and twenty-eight generals under Shingen, the great lord of the middle ages. Such men we look to for our examples. Since the days of old every distinguished man has attached to himself able supporters. Merchants should do the same, and, as certain as the day dawns, success will come to the business man who employs many good hands under him. Wait and see. Chobei will do some noteworthy things!" Thus he instructed his servants in his principles.

Toward the evening of that day Chobei

came back, but with a downcast countenance. Bunzayemon did not ask where he had been, nor did Chobei volunteer any information. The next day again, and the next, he asked for more money, and went out early in the morning, coming back late at night. He continued in this way for about half a month. The others once more warned their master, but he still refused to listen to them.

One day Chobei came to his master and said: "Sir, you import a lot of timber from Kii Province and try to sell it at once among the people of this city. But Yedo is a place where fires are so frequent that, if you buy up a lot of timber at a time when the price is low and keep it, it 's certain you will make a great profit when some big fire occurs. But to find a good place for keeping timber," he went on, "is one of the chief difficulties, because, as you are well aware, if you keep it near at hand, in the heart of the city, there 's danger of its being destroyed by fire, and if you keep it in a river or the sea, either it rots or is eaten by worms. Now, every day I have been going about looking for a good place to keep it, and at last I have found one at Kiba in Fukagawa. Keep timber in the water of that place, and, on account of the quality of the water, worms will not eat it, but the wood will become shiny and improve by keeping. Besides, no danger will come to it from fire." And he concluded his far-sighted plan with, "For these reasons, I hope you will soon construct a reservoir for timber in that place."

The master clapped his hands in admiration and joy, saying: "Upon my word, that 's a capital idea! I thought you must have been planning something, but I never thought you were looking out for a place to keep timber. I myself had turned over the matter in my mind some time ago, but on account of my many other duties I had n't the time to see to it myself, and I thank you for undertaking it for me." And then and there he intrusted the building of the timber reservoir to Chobei.

Chobei lost no time in going to Fukagawa and buying ten thousand *tsubo*, or about forty thousand square yards, of ground near the temple of Susaki. He built a large reservoir there and removed to it all the timber imported by his master from Kii Province. Besides, Chobei got his master's permission to send out men to the neighboring mountains to buy up timber where it could be got cheap, and having deposited it all at Fukagawa, waited contentedly for the time to sell.

Chapter IX.

The Great Conflagration—The Charity "Bento"

It was on the 18th of January in the third year of the Meireki era (1657 A.D.) that a bitterly cold north wind, much colder than usual, was blowing hard. As the wind increased in strength, the foot-passengers, even in the busy streets, became fewer. From the hour of *ne*, or the snake, which is the same as ten o'clock A.M. in our modern reckoning, it had become a regular hurricane, raising clouds of dust and even whirling pebbles into the air. It seemed as if the heavens and the earth were creaking and shaking under the rage of it. At this juncture the people of the city were alarmed by the repeated hasty ringing of several fire-bells in the direction of the Hongo district, the northern part of the city. Everybody went up to his fire-lookout and saw the ominous black smoke rising in the shape of a vast eddying cloud over the part of the city called Maruyama in Hongo.*

It happened that, a few days before, Bunzayemon, with five or six young men and a plentiful supply of money, had gone into the mountains of the neighboring country to buy lumber, leaving the management of his affairs, in his absence, entirely to Chobei San.

So when Chobei hurried up to the lookout to ascertain where it was that the fire had broken out, he glanced up to the heavens and said to himself: "From the appearance of the sky this wind will not fall for some time, and in all probability the whole city will be burned down, because the houses are quite dried up by the continued fine weather we have been having lately. This is the time to save many people, and it is also a very good time to make a great deal of profit!"

* Hongo precinct of the Maruyama Mountain.

Saying this, Chobei made for the shop and issued orders in excited haste to the men. "Now, you men must form yourselves into two bands: one to go straight to Fukagawa and get a huge iron pot and a quantity of rice to be boiled, and make preparations for a charity lunch for the poor; the other to stay here and put together all the goods in the shop that we may transfer them without loss of time to Fukagawa." Though the men complained against his hasty decision to retreat before the distant fire, they could not resist the order of the chief man in the shop, so they reluctantly began to pack up the goods in preparation for departure, though they thought it would only prove necessary in the end to brush the dust and soot from off them. Seeing how they were employed, the neighbors, too, jeered at the hurry they were in; but consternation soon spread even among these neighbors when the sparks, carried and fanned by the wind, had started fresh fires—one at Kanda* and another at Nihonbashi, the business part of the city.

By this time Chobei had already closed the shop and sent off some valuables and some furniture on carts to Fukagawa, escorted by the men of the shop, while he had all the timber floated down the river to the same place, to be put with the other timber which had already been stored there. Chobei was much delighted to find that all the preparations had been carried out, by those who had gone before them, for the charity luncheon for the destitute. "For our first work is the saving of the people," he exclaimed.

So saying, he engaged a few coolies to assist the men in boiling the rice, and so forth. Having wrapped the boiled rice in broad bamboo leaves, together with pickled *daikon*,† he contrived a luncheon for many thousands of the poor in no time.

The stronger the wind grew the farther the fire spread: it devastated the city with such rapidity that noontide of that day saw even the districts of Hachobori and Shiba reduced to heaps of smoldering ashes. Those who were burned out had not had time to put away their furniture, but only escaped with their lives, and were seeking in vain to find shelter in the houses of their relatives, who had suffered a like fate with them and could not assist them. Not knowing where to turn, they wandered about in terror the whole day, and their misery was such that they could not even get themselves food.

While this was the state of things, a band of coolies came among them with a rectangular bamboo basket with *bento*‡ in it, and one of them held aloft a paper flag with huge characters on it, which read as follows: "Kinokuniya Bunzayemon's Charity Luncheon!"

The coolies distributed this *bento* among the men and women that were in distress. Every man and woman, therefore, whether young or old, who was sore oppressed by hunger, was glad to get hold of this food and was relieved by it, though it was only for a time. With admirable sagacity Chobei quickly hired many more coolies and prepared more luncheons, sending them out to every quarter of the city; and so wherever men went they saw the selfsame flag flying for charity, and the whole city was surprised, and praised the generosity of this Kinokuniya Bunzayemon.

In this great fire even those large palaces of the *daimios*,§ which stood in the line of the fire and which could in ordinary days call up many hands to keep the fire off, were not able to escape from the disaster. Even the nobles of high rank and their retainers knew not where to find shelter, but stood bewildered in the corner of their big gardens and waited for help, but in vain. For such personages Chobei ordered men to prepare *bento* in nice packages of *sasaori*¶ and to present it to those nobles and their households in the name of Kinokuniya Bunzayemon. In consequence, even the servants of these nobles were grateful to the coolies, and received the presents on behalf of their masters.

Then, too, Chobei ordered the men of Kinokuniya to put up wooden inclosures round about the grounds of those nobles to protect them from robbery or trespass.

The fire raged through the whole night of the 18th and through the whole of the next

* A precinct of Yedo. † Large white radishes. ‡ Luncheon.
§ Feudal lords, or the nobility of Japan. ¶ Boxes made with bamboo leaves.

day, so Chobei engaged yet more coolies, and ordered them to make more charity *bento* for the relief of the poor.

There was a certain man named Kamada Matahachi, who was well known for his physical strength. He had always kept a large portable closet, about six feet by three, and five feet seven inches in height, in which to carry his furniture in case of fire. When he thought his house was in danger, he put all his belongings into this box, placed a sheet of matting on the top, and carried all these on his back by the means of a rope specially prepared for the purpose. Carrying a long, heavy stick in his hand, he walked unconcernedly and steadily among the crowd like an elephant among dogs. Every one marveled at his size and strength, and was forced to make room for him to go by. When he came to Fukagawa to escape from the fire, he saw there a large sign which read:

Day laborers are wanted for carrying the charity *bento*. Let all who wish to be engaged call at the timber reservoir of Kinokuniya Bunzayemon at Fukagawa. Three meals will be given, and one *kwan mon** will be paid daily for wages.

As he had nowhere to go at the time, he was glad to find some work. He went to the timber reservoir of Bunzayemon, where he found a bustle and hurry of men and women, hundreds in number, for the preparation of luncheon. Some were preparing a quantity of rice in large iron pots, others were cutting up some pickles, while a third set of men were wrapping these up in bamboo leaves. Many bands of coolies with their paper flags were carrying out the luncheons in the baskets, while others were coming back with empty ones.

Matahachi, with that big closet on his back, drew near to the place and thundered out: "Is this the place where hands are wanted?" The people turned, and without giving any answer simply looked at one another in astonishment at his curious appearance.

Once more he called out: "I 'm one Kamada Matahachi; I come to assist your charity work for the rescue of the people."

The voice apparently penetrated even to the inner room, for Chobei came out and was also surprised by the man's appearance, but said: "Nothing can be more fortunate for us than to have the assistance of Mr. Matahachi, who is noted in the whole of Yedo for his physical strength. Please help us in our work by distributing the *bento* in this big, light-wood chest."

With ready acquiescence Matahachi laid aside the heavy baggage on his back. "This is my furniture," he said; "please keep it for me." The rattling sound of iron and china in the chest made those near by wonder at the forethought with which he had made provision against the contingency of a fire, and by which he had been enabled to move away at once with all his household goods.

Having safely stowed away his possessions, Matahachi lifted the big, wooden chest, now packed with *bento*, and by means of a rope put it on his back, and, holding the big pole of hard oak-wood in his right hand and the paper flag in his left, started forth to the scene of ruin, with one coolie to assist him.

As he called out in a loud, deep tone of voice to announce the charity, the people turned to him in astonishment and soon came flocking around him. The attendant coolie, standing behind, distributed the *bento* from the chest on Matahachi's back with no inconvenience. So these two finished their task in less time than it would have taken five or six men to do it with ordinary methods. On their way back to Kinokuniya, when they came to a crowded place Matahachi put forth his staff, and, by pushing the crowd to one side, made his way through without any hindrance.

In one of those crowded places he heard the shrieking cry of a girl. Forcing his way to the spot, he found a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age who could not get up on account of being trodden down by the crowd. Being naturally of a chivalrous character, he soon helped the girl up and asked whether she had not her parents with her.

She sobbed, and said: "We all ran away when the fire broke out, and I became separated from my parents!"

As he could not leave her there, he said: "That cannot be helped. If you wander about

* A sum about equal to one dollar.

here you may be trampled to death. I will take you to a better place if you will get into my empty chest." So the coolie helped her in, and they hastened on to Fukagawa.

At another time he saw an old woman of about three score years, half dead, lying by the wayside with her dress partly burned. He felt he could not leave her behind in such a state, so she, too, was put into the bamboo basket by the side of the girl.

Having got back to Fukagawa he said to Chobei: "I rescued these two on the way home. Give them the treatment which is suited to their need." He handed them over to the acting master, who thanked Matahachi, and thus addressed the other bands of coolies: "To give away the *bento* alone does not cover the whole work of charity; whenever any of you are coming back with empty chests, you, too, had better bring people home, if such help is needed as these two received." And a cordial reception was given to the old woman as well as to the young girl.

During such a fire there were naturally many lost children and aged persons who might have been trodden down under foot. Having understood Chobei's instructions, the other bands from that time were sure to bring back two or three who needed help. To any who were thus brought in Chobei gave proper treatment, and as he gave the coolies prizes they worked with great zeal and diligence. Kamada Matahachi went in and out of the fire ruins many times a day and repeated the same charitable work. The five or six hundred coolies did their best, also, and, in consequence, at the reservoir there was a continuous trooping out with the *bento* and trooping in of the people; and by the night of the 19th there were 2800 rescued persons, old and young, all told, who had been brought to this temporary shelter.

Even on the night of the 19th there was no sign of the abating of the fire. The strong northwest wind was still raging, and within two days, the Hongo, Kanda, Nihonbashi, Kyobashi, and Shiba districts were all swept by the fire. And now the fire was burning down Takanawa with such terrific force that the very sea-line seemed to recede before it. But that night the wind suddenly changed to the southeast, and the fire turned backward and licked up all the houses on both sides of the great river Sumida and those that had survived at first in Asakusa and round about Yushima. Then at last it was got under control near to Senju about noonday on the 20th. And since the morning of the 18th, within three days and two nights, the whole city of Yedo had been reduced to ashes and as many as 108,000 people were lost. It was one of the most terrible of fires.

Indeed, such a disastrous fire had never before and has never since occurred in Yedo, and even now it is sadly referred to by the people as the "Furisode-Kwaji"—the long-sleeved fire—quite as often as it is called the great fire of Hongo-Maruyama.

(To be concluded.)



THE ALLENS' SILVER WEDDING.

By Mary Mills West.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Allen were a genial pair of middle-aged people, with no children, and lived in a pretty little city of southern Ohio. Just at the time the story opens they were making plans for celebrating their silver wedding, early in June. It was now about two weeks before the date; the guests had been invited, and most of the arrangements were well under way, when things began to happen. Mr. and Mrs. Allen were sitting at the breakfast-table one lovely May morning, lingering over their coffee and reading their letters. Suddenly Mrs. Allen looked up. "Just listen to this, Henry," she said. "Here is a letter from Helen; and what do you think? She is coming Thursday —and this is Thursday! She says—" reading from the letter:

"You will not even have time to telegraph me not to come, as I shall be nearly there when this letter reaches you. I discovered that some friends of mine were going West at this time, and it seemed such a pity to lose the chance to go with them that I have simply anticipated your invitation by two weeks. The train is due at your station at 4.50 in the afternoon. I wonder if Uncle Henry and I will know each other?

"Hastily but most affectionately yours,

"Helen."

"Well, that 's all right," said Mr. Allen, in a pleased tone. "If Helen comes now she can help you get ready for the party."

Mrs. Allen looked at him helplessly. "If it were only any other time," she said; "but just now, when I shall be so busy every minute! A fashionable young lady from New York is not exactly my idea of help. What do you suppose a girl who has almost never known a mother nor a home, and who has spent the greater part of her life in hotels, knows about cooking and cleaning? I shall write notes to two or three of the girls around, and they will simply have to take Helen off my hands."

Then, as Mr. Allen rose to go, she added: "Please stop at King's and have them send up a piano-tuner. I believe Helen is musical, and that will be one resource for her."

Helen Allen was the daughter of Mr. Allen's only brother, a merchant of New York. Although they saw but little of each other, there was a warm affection between the families. Mr. Allen knew that long before the train came that afternoon his capable wife would have every plan made for Helen's entertainment; so he departed with no misgiving.

Scarcely had the front door closed upon him when the kitchen door opened to admit Hannah, the round-faced German woman who had served the Allens faithfully for five years. There were tears in her eyes as she explained, in broken English, that her mother was very sick and that her brother had come to take her home.

Mistress and maid stood regarding each other blankly.

"What am I to do without you, Hannah, just now when there is so much to do and Mr. Allen's niece coming this afternoon from New York?"

"Too bad," said Hannah; "but I must go!"

"Yes, it is too bad; but we can't help it. Of course you will have to go, Hannah," said Mrs. Allen, resignedly.

It was an hour later. Hannah had taken her departure in a farm-wagon, promising to come back at the first possible moment, or to send some one in her place if she could n't leave her mother. Mrs. Allen, arrayed in a large blue-gingham apron, was setting her guest-chamber in order, when the door-bell rang. A blue-coated messenger-boy handed her a yellow envelop, and poking a stubby pencil at her, remarked briefly, "Sign here." A telegram on top of the other exciting events of the morning was sufficiently upsetting, regardless of its contents, and Mrs. Allen sank down on a chair before she opened it. This was the message which met her eyes:

Come at once. Susan very ill. Will meet 2.30 train.
JOHN BURREL.

Mrs. Allen sat for a moment half dazed, slowly forcing her mind to realize and calculate for this new emergency. The Susan of the message was her only sister, and the Burrels lived in another town about an hour's ride distant! In spite of Mrs. Allen's fifty years, and dazed as she was, she was a woman of action. A few minutes before the 1.30 train left town she stood in the station, bag in hand, talking to her husband. "You must get along somehow, Henry, until I find out how long I shall have to stay with Susan. We shall undoubtedly have to give up our wedding celebration, and of course, if I must stay away, Helen will have to go back. I hardly know how you can manage for her even until you hear from me. Take her to the hotel to-night for dinner, and I will let you know the first thing in the morning just how Susan is." At that moment the train came in, Mr. Allen put his wife on board, and the two said good-by with heavy hearts.

It must be confessed that it was with considerable perturbation that Mr. Allen, about three hours later, faced his stylishly dressed niece as she stepped off the train, and it was not until they were driving home that he could bring himself to the point of revealing to Helen all the misfortunes of the day. He concluded somewhat mournfully: "So you see there is no one to visit but me. There will probably be no wedding celebration, and your Aunt Harriet and I won't feel in the least hurt if you decide you 'd rather go back home."

The pretty girl turned on him with a flashing smile.

"Go home?" she exclaimed. "Well, I like that; that 's a cool reception to give your dear niece who 's come all the way from New York to see you!" Then she added a bit more seriously, "I assure you I am not the least afraid, and you must let me try to do the honors in place of poor aunty."



"'OF COURSE YOU WILL HAVE TO GO, HANNAH.'"

"Honors are all very well, my dear, but what about bread and butter?"

"Surely we can buy those if we have to. Anyhow, I 'm not going back! What a lark this is! — of course, all except poor aunty's part in it, I mean. As far as I am concerned,

Uncle Henry, I think you and I are going to have a picnic."

Although Uncle Henry did not feel at all lark-like, nor share his niece's views on the subject of picnics, he was considerably cheered by Helen's lively view of the situation.

"You see, I am quite used to getting along by myself. Papa and I have knocked about pretty much everywhere, and I have been in some queer places, I can tell you."

By this time they had reached the house, and Helen sprang down with a cry of pleasure at the sight of the square old-fashioned cottage, shaded on one side by a group of noble elms, with flowers and shrubbery in front. Mr. Allen gave Helen the key, and while he was taking the horse around to the barn, she let herself in, found the room evidently intended for her, and took possession at once. There was a flush of excitement on her face and an unusual sparkle in her eyes. "What a chance for me this is!" she said to herself in the looking-glass. "I could n't possibly have planned it better if I had tried."

She took off her hat and jacket and went downstairs. Her uncle was just coming in. "I 'm going out to find something for our supper," he said. "Probably there are some things in the pantry, and I guess I know enough to make tea." He spoke as if making an effort to cheer her.

Something in her gray-haired uncle's real anxiety over the situation touched Helen, and she reached up to kiss him lightly on the cheek. "Now don't you worry one bit over this thing, uncle dear. We are going to get along finely, and have just as good a time as we can with Aunt Harriet away and in trouble."

The events of the next two weeks still remain in Mr. Allen's mind as a blur. On the one hand, he was daily receiving bulletins from his wife full of directions for recalling the invitations for the wedding and unmaking the plans for that great day. It seemed that Mrs. Burrel, though slowly improving, would need Mrs. Allen's careful nursing for another week or more, and then it would be too late to do anything, especially as neither Hannah nor her promised substitute had appeared on the scene. On the other hand, there was a tall, sweet-faced girl, apparently perfectly at home in the disorganized household, who talked a good deal, laughed a good deal, and sang like a lark through the empty house. She also did a great many other things, to the increasing bewilderment of poor Uncle Henry, who was under strict injunctions not to "worry Aunt Harriet" with any of the details of their experiences.

Mrs. Allen was full of anxious inquiries as to how they were getting along, how they lived, where they took their meals, and was n't Helen bored to death, etc., and she was surprised at the meagerness of her husband's replies, but concluded that he was trying to spare her any further anxiety. He wrote vaguely: "We are getting on famously; don't worry a bit about us. Helen is having a fine time. We shall expect you home on the afternoon of the 6th. If we cannot have a party, we 'll dine together on that day, even if it is at the Laurel House."

The dusk of the soft June evening was settling down as Mr. and Mrs. Allen drove up from the station through the streets of the pretty little city. Mrs. Allen looked a little worn after her long siege of nursing, but the knowledge that the dear sister was safely started on her long road to health filled her heart with contentment.

"Now that Susan is nearly well again, and you and Helen have survived somehow, I feel as if I ought not to complain of anything; but I will confess to you, Henry, that it has been a great deal to me to give up our celebration. And to think that we cannot have even a comfortable dinner at home to-day of all days! It is too bad!" They were just in front of the hotel where Mrs. Allen pictured them as dining when she spoke.

"Is Helen here already?" she asked.

"No," replied Mr. Allen. "You see, Helen thought perhaps you 'd rather have something at home than come down here to-day, so I think she has bought some things for our supper."

There was a suppressed excitement in her husband's manner that did not escape Mrs. Allen; but by this time they had reached home, and she said nothing. It was quite dark, and as she opened the door, Helen, with out-

stretched arms, ran to greet her. "Welcome home, aunty dear!" she said, and, throwing open the parlor door, led Mrs. Allen into the room, which was softly lighted and odorous with roses. Helen did not give her much time to look about, but took hold of her arm. "Come along, now, aunty," she said. "You have just time to get into your best dress before dinner will be ready."



"'GO HOME?' SHE EXCLAIMED. 'WELL, I LIKE THAT!'"

"Dinner!" gasped Mrs. Allen, as her vigorous young relative hurried her, perforce, to her bedroom. "Where are you going to get any dinner?"

"Here, to be sure," said Helen, laughing. "Where should a happy family like this dine, if not at home? But don't stop to ask questions now, aunty; just please change your dress. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes."

On the bed lay a beautiful lavender muslin dress, all frills and laces, unmistakably suggesting a festivity, and everything necessary to go with it ready at hand. Poor bewildered Aunt Harriet put herself, as best she could, into this fine array, finishing just as her husband came for her. He offered her his arm with exaggerated solemnity. "Gracious, Henry," said Mrs. Allen, "how grand we are! Are we entertaining royalty to-night?"

"No; royalty is entertaining," he replied, as he kissed his queen.

She gave a gasp of astonishment as the dining-room door opened before them. There twenty of her dearest and best friends stood around a long dinner-table, spread with snowy linen and decorated with flowers, while the sideboard glittered with silver gifts which these same friends had brought. Helen, who seemed to be the commander-in-chief, escorted her aunt to her place at the table, then vanished through the kitchen door. The dinner which followed, in one delicious course after another, was served by Helen, with the help of two other young girls, all in dainty white dresses, and completed Mrs. Allen's mystification.

Finally, when she could contain herself no longer, she raised her hand and made them listen as she said: "Now it may be all right to take advantage this way of a poor old woman in her absence; but what *I* want to know is, who cooked this dinner?"

Uncle Henry rose from his chair, and, speaking with great impressiveness,— with a sweep of his hand toward Helen, who, with her friends,

was enjoying the scene from a corner of the dining-room,— said:

"I have the distinguished honor, madam, as well as the very great pleasure, of presenting to you your new cook and housekeeper, Miss Allen of New York. Long may she wave!"

A burst of laughter followed, the guests rising with cheers in response to the toast, while Helen, with flushing cheeks and laughing eyes, made a low curtsy to her aunt; then she ran into the parlor, and immediately the house rang with the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Promptly the whole company marched to the parlor, where Helen had changed to a burlesque rendering of "Oh, Promise Me."



"'LONG MAY SHE WAVE!'"

It was not until after the happy evening was spent, and the guests gone, that Mrs. Allen really cornered her niece and her husband.

"You are two noble conspirators," she said, "and it was a lovely surprise. I can't imagine how you did it; and I should like to know where you learned to do all these things, Helen."

"Well, you see it 's this way, aunty. Papa has been away a good deal for a year or two, and I have amused myself by going to cooking-school, a school of housekeeping, a chafing-dish class, and some sewing classes. But I never had a chance to practise my knowledge before, and when I found this opportunity here waiting for me, I was delighted; and if you are going to make me stop doing things now that you 've got home, I shall wish that you had n't come."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Allen, "it is like a fairy-tale. I have quite made up my mind to write to your father to-morrow and make immediate arrangements to adopt you."



THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

I.

HAVE you ever heard, my laddie, of that
wondrous mountain-peak
On which we all would like to live, which even
children seek?
It has reared its lofty summit ever since the
world began.
You will know it when I name it — 't is the
Mountain of the Can.
It lies beyond the valley where so many people
dwell
(The Valley of the Can't, it 's called. We all
know *that* place well);
And the pathway is so rugged leading up the
mountain-side
That few there are who reach the top to dwell
there satisfied.

II.

ONE may start out some fine morning when
the sun is shining bright,
Saying, "Pooh! That path is easy. I will
reach the top by night."
But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and a
mist obscures the way,
And he stumbles over boulders, and falters in
dismay.
He is weary and discouraged; he begins to
puff and pant;
So he turns his footsteps backward toward the
Valley of the Can't.
Here he meets again the neighbors whom he
thought to leave behind;
And henceforth dwells among them, with the
lame and halt and blind.

III.

BUT sometimes a man more venturesome and
plucky than the rest
Will climb through rocks and bramble till he
stands upon the crest.
Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he gazes
far and wide
At the beauty of the buildings, at the wealth
on every side.
For behold! the grandest castles raise their
turrets to the sky;
Noblest bridges span the waters that go swiftly
tumbling by.
Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each stately
palace home;
And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath each
gilded dome.

IV.

HERE dwell artists, poets, statesmen — men of
letters and renown,
Who by honest toil and patience have achieved
a victor's crown.
Here they live and learn and study, and in
daily knowledge grow,
While their brethren in the valley pay them
homage from below;
Pay them homage — yet forgetting that should
they, too, persevere
They might some day reach the summit with
the men whom they revere.
Forgetting that each lesson learned, each slight
accomplishment,
Brings them on just one step farther up the
mountain's steep ascent.

Now, my laddie, where will *you* dwell when you grow to be a man —
In the Valley of the Can't or on the Mountain of the Can?

Gertrude Morton.

ROXY—TRAINMAN.

(A True Story.)

By Evelyn Nichols Kerr.

Late in the afternoon of a hot August day in the summer of 1901, a lady was seen quickly walking down one of the city streets toward the ferry. She looked at her watch and saw that she had not a moment to spare. She quickened her step; only one more block and she could rest from the terrible heat: but just as she started to cross the last street, a pitiful sight



ROXY.

met her eyes. Standing right before her was a miserable little dog. He was weak and emaciated, but the pleading look in his brown eyes was not to be resisted.

"Why, you poor little thing!" she said kindly, stooping down and patting him; and the knowing look in his intelligent eyes deepened.

"It 's hot, poor fellow, is n't it?" she said over her shoulder, as she hurried on. To her surprise, she saw the dog was following. His tail was waving feebly, and the tired little creature was doing his best to keep up with her quick steps.

She paused irresolute for one moment. Just then a gong sounded, and she ran a few steps. As she stepped on the boat she turned to look for the dog. There he was close at her heels, a picture of wretchedness, but with the kindliest, most expectant look in his golden-brown eyes.

Everybody smiled, and the dog stayed close to his new friend till the boat drew into its slip. And soon the two friends were in the train comfortably seated for their journey.

He soon settled himself contentedly on the seat, and after a while slid to the floor, where he slept soundly. The lady herself, being very tired, also took a little nap.

"Conductor, *where is that dog?*" A startled voice asked the question as the train drew out of Garden City.

"I don't know, madam. I did n't see him get off. I 'll see if he 's on the train"; and the conductor moved on.

But he was not on the train; and that was the last his first friend saw of him.

Lurid gleams of lightning swept a threatening sky, and a deep rumble came from the northwest. Then a deeper rumble came from the north, and between the two sounds was a queer little noise that the man at the telegraph key had not yet noticed. Then a great flash of light swept in at the window, making the man start and push back his chair; and after the roar of thunder died away, he turned his head to listen to something else. It was the queer little noise again, but louder than before, and now there was a note of terror in it. *Ki-yi! Yap-yap!* it went appealingly.

"I declare! What 's that?" said the man, and he opened the office door.

"Well! where on earth did you come from?" he exclaimed, as a frightened, dilapidated yellow dog wabbled into the room.

The dog gave him a look of apology and a wag of the tail which said very plainly: "Yes, thank you, I will come in. There is going to be a great storm, and I will keep you company"; and he walked across the room, and seated himself close up against the man's legs.

Now the rain began to come down in torrents. The lightning appeared to split the heavens. The thunder crashed like cannon. At every boom of thunder the dog drew closer, rapping his tail feebly on the floor, and turning up his muzzle affectionately to the man.

The trees swayed and bent as if they would break in two.

"Ever seen the like of it before, old man?"

The dog looked at him with level eyelids.

"So you thought you 'd come in and take care of me, did you?"

The dog moved as close as possible, rapping his tail audibly. His honest brown eyes shone brightly.

"Well, I never like to be alone in a storm like this one. But, bless me, I 've never seen a dog talk with his eyes as you do. Where did you come from, anyhow?"

The dog lowered his head.

"Well, never mind; we won't talk about that if you don't want to."

Up came the head, and there was another appreciative rap of the tail.

When the storm cleared, these two knew each other pretty well. That night the dog followed the man to his home, and for many days kept close to his heels.

Then one day he was missing; and the next day the story was told of a yellow dog that got on the train by himself and took a short journey to the old town of Hempstead. It interested the conductor of that train to see a dog traveling alone — so he spoke to him and patted his yellow head; and the next morning, when he left his home in Hempstead to go to his regular train, he was surprised to find the dog waiting for him on his door-step; and nearly every night found him at the conductor's door, though occasionally he spent a night with his Garden City friend.

"This dog must have a name," the conductor said one night. "I never saw a brighter, kinder-hearted dog, and I believe I 'll call him 'Roxy,' after that puppy the brakeman gave me once. Roxy, man, get up and make a bow. You 've got a name now." Roxy got up and shook himself instead of making a bow, which seemed to answer just as well; then he tipped his head on one side, and looked at his friend with bright eyes, wagging his tail joyously.

"So you like your name, do you?" the conductor continued. "That 's good. It 's hard to be called by a name you don't like. Well, it 's wonderful what you know, and we won't say anything more about *that;* but," he went on, "you 've got to have a dog license, and a collar with your name on it, so people will know who you are. I 'll speak to the boys about it."



ROXY AND ONE OF HIS RAILWAY FRIENDS.

For two months Roxy traveled every day between Garden City and Hempstead. He would appear on the station platform at just the right time to take a train, and always seemed to know the exact time scheduled for the coming in or going out of the various trains. Where he kept

his time-table nobody knew, but he evidently had one.

One day he was missing, and there was consternation among the men, who had grown fond of him. For two days nothing was heard of him, and grave looks were exchanged when the question was asked many times during those two days: "Seen anything of Roxy?"

Then came good news, for it was learned he had extended his travels. He had gone as far as Long Island City, stayed all night, taken several rides on the ferry-boat next morning, gone into the dock and played around the engines, then back to the station, and from the many trains standing there had picked out the Hempstead train and ridden gaily home on the engine. How glad the men were to see him at that end of the line! This was his first ride on the engine, and it soon became his favorite place. Sometimes he would ride in the passenger-coach; occasionally he rode in the baggage-car: but more often he was found in his favorite place, the engine. There, perched on the seat on the fireman's side,— he never thought of going on the engineer's side, where, of course, he might be in the way,— with two paws firmly braced on the sill, he watched the country as the train swept by.

Life now flowed along smoothly for Roxy. The conductor kept his word and spoke to the "boys," and the result was a handsome nickel-plated collar made to order for the dog. On



ROXY'S FAVORITE PLACE IN THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

one side of the collar is a brass plate bearing the single word in large letters, TRAINMAN. On the other side is a similar plate on which are engraved the words:

RAILROAD ROXY,
Garden City, L. I.,
Presented by the boys of the
L. I. R. R. Branch Y. M. C. A.

From the collar hangs his license tag, which protects him from the official dog-catcher, allowing him to wander safely at the promptings of his will.

When the fund was subscribed for the collar, it was decided that Roxy should have a blanket

as well, and his friends responded so generously that after these two necessaries were provided, enough remained over to start Roxy's first bank account. A dog of such strong character and independence, his many friends argued, should be able to pay his own dog tax and doctor's bills. When the bank account was last heard from it amounted to sixteen dollars.

As Roxy extended his travels, he learned to know where his different friends lived, and it may be truthfully said that there is probably no dog in the world who is welcomed into as many homes as Roxy. He now travels everywhere on Long Island where there are railroad tracks; he knows where all the railroad men live in different Long Island villages, and when he has the time he looks up their homes and calls on them. Sometimes he sleeps in a station, but oftener he is put up for the night by one of his railroad friends.

Roxy is a great respecter of persons. He knows every trainman and expressman on the Long Island Railroad, and his preference for his friends who wear the blue uniform is so marked that he will seldom make friends with any one else.

His meals are served to him promptly and abundantly in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms at Long Island City, and when taking his long trips his many friends see that he is properly cared for. His firm, round body, bright eyes, and glossy coat testify to his fine physical condition.

One morning, as he came trotting down the platform at Long Island City, he discovered a car that was new to him. It looked so inviting he thought he would like to ride in it, and he boarded it at once. A little later, special car "A" went out on the road with a party of the company's officers on board. It was not long before Roxy was discovered by an indignant porter. The dog seemed perfectly at home, but the porter, resenting the intrusion, prepared to put him off. As soon as his presence was known to the company, the officials gave orders that he should remain, and they made much of him. After luncheon he was missed. He could not be found, and it was feared that the porter, still indignant at the dog's presence, had disobeyed orders. He was called up.

"Do you know where Roxy is?" sternly asked the superintendent of the road.

"No, sah!" was the answer.

"Go look for him," was the command.

The porter disappeared, but in a moment returned, indignation written on every feature

"If the gentlemen will step this way —" he commenced, but that was as far as he got; he could say no more in his wrath.

The men quickly followed him, and there in the state-room, contentedly curled up in the center of the snow-white counterpane covering the bed, lay Roxy, quietly sleeping. The porter's indignation knew no bounds, and he stretched forth his dark hands to seize the dog, when the general superintendent quietly gave orders that he should not be disturbed, and Roxy slept peacefully on and finished his nap in comfort.

Roxy has one enemy, the automobile, toward which he has shown the greatest hatred and jealousy. Whenever he sees one approaching or leaving a station, he rushes excitedly at it, giving vent in good honest dog language to his views of the new invention.

One bright day in June a sad thing happened. He was in Long Island City, on his way to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms for a good meal, when he saw an automobile approaching from the ferry. He stopped short, and his back was at once a mass of bristles. Then he commenced to bark and run at the machine. It was all over in a minute — the merciless machine passed over the dog's small body, and it was believed that he was crushed to death. From every side his friends came running. He was lifted tenderly and carried into the Branch, where a bed was quickly made for him.

"Boys, it 's all over with Roxy!" said a conductor, blowing his nose very hard and turning away from the suffering dog.

And, indeed, it did look that way. No one had hopes of his recovery; but many hands ministered to him, dressing his wounds and trying to give him comfort in his pain, and, notwithstanding his great agony, Roxy lifted his muzzle adoringly to his friends of the blue uniform, licking their hands and wagging his tail with all the little strength he had left.

After careful nursing, the good news went out that Roxy was doing well; and after a time he appeared limping on three legs, but just as bright and independent as ever. Something, however, was wrong with one of his shoulders, but this did not keep him from resuming his travels.

One day, as he limped across a station platform, a lady stepped up to an official, and asked the cause of his lameness. When she was informed, she handed the man her card, saying: "I wish you would send him to my surgeon in town. He will fix him up all right, and Roxy will have no doctor's bill to pay."

And now Roxy, owner of many friends, trots as strongly on his four legs as he did before that eventful day in June; and — would you believe it, he still barks at automobiles.



My Uncles



(*Nonsense Verse.*)

By L. E. R.

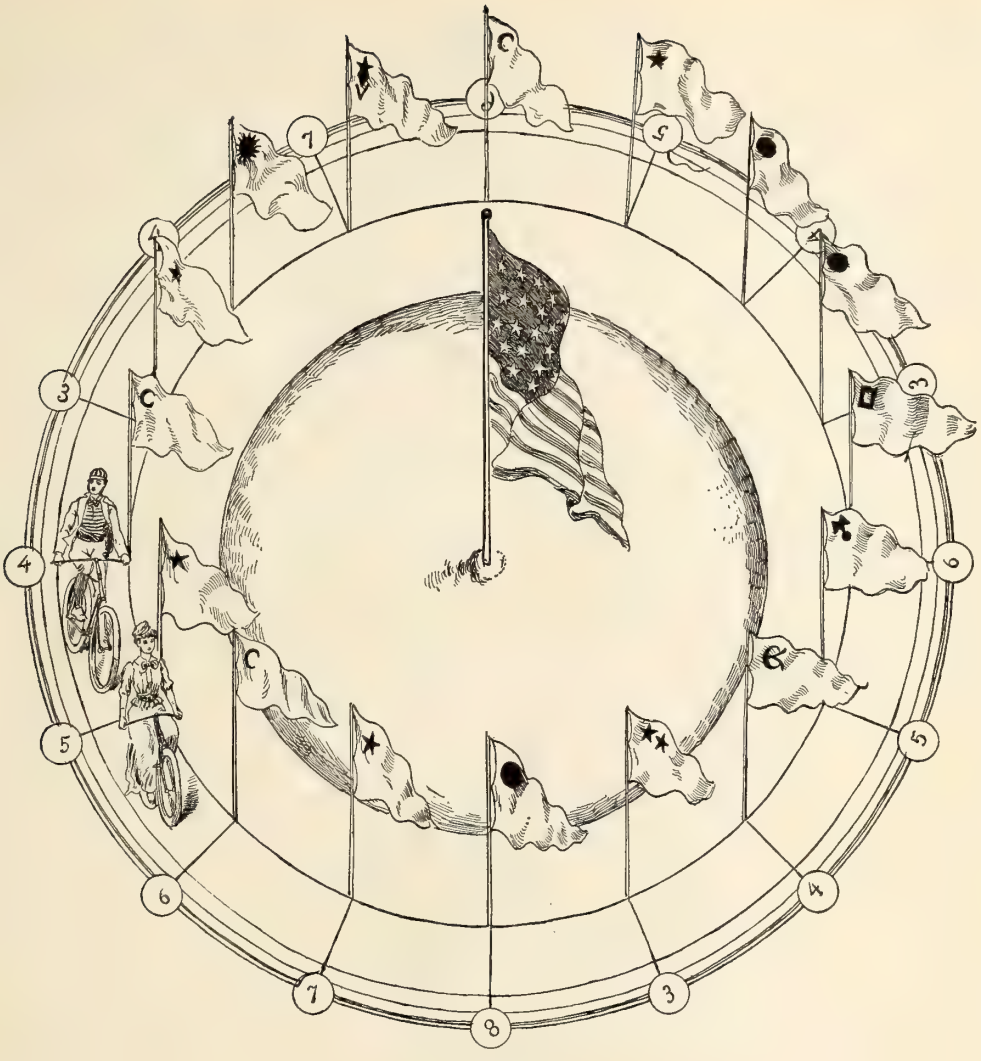
My old uncle Timothy Tittlebat
Went one evening out for a ride;
Scared 'most into fits by a little bat,
Took to his bed, and lived till he died.

Poor old Timothy! poor old Tittlebat!
Poor old gentleman — sorry for him!
Naughty, naughty, naughty little bat,
Flitting about when the daylight 's dim.



My old uncle Marmaduke Merrywig
Begged the barber to curl his hair;
When he found 't was only a periwig,
Barber fled in a dark despair.

Poor old Marmaduke! poor old Merrywig!
Poor old barber — sorry for you!
Pitiful plight, to be piqued by a periwig —
Horrorful, sorrorful tale (if true!).



THE BICYCLE-TRACK.

SECOND SIGHT ON A BICYCLE-TRACK.

By J. C. Beard.

The rule that governs this little circular bicycle-track is a very simple one, and yet there seems to be a mystery about the way in which it works. Let the one who plays the trick, and whom we will call the station-master, go away to some place from which he cannot see what you do. Start an imaginary bicycle along the track at any station marked by a flag. Beginning with the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you start (say 8 at the bottom of the illustration), and calling the next station "nine" (even though it is marked 3, if you are counting to the right), count the stations as you pass them. Go as far as you please, then return, stopping when the number of flags you have passed coming back reaches the same number as that at which you stopped in going forward, and the station-master, on being shown the station from which and the direction in which you started, will be able

to tell you where you finished your return journey.

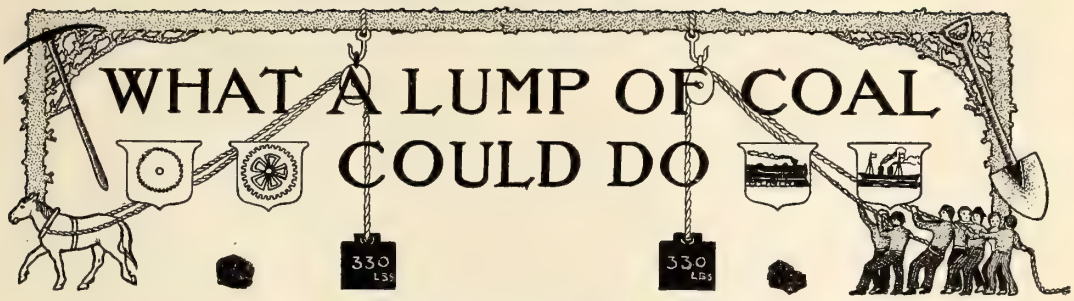
Begin, for instance, at station 8, at the bottom of the illustration; call this station (as it is marked) "eight," the next, say to the right, "nine" (never mind what it is marked), and so on until you have gone forward as far as you care to, say until you have counted to fifteen, that is, at the disk 5 at the right, near the top. Now return, calling the flag from which you start back again "one," and reckoning each flag you pass as an additional one until you have counted a number equal to that at which you left off in going forward (namely fifteen), and the station-master will astonish you by telling you that your course is finished at the disk in this case marked 7, at the upper left.

Try it and see. The secret of the trick is as simple as the rule that governs the track. All the station-master, therefore, has to do is to count along, in an opposite direction from that in which you say you started off, as many stations as are indicated by the number on the disk opposite the flag at which you began your course—include that initial station in the count.

If there were only one starting-point the finish would always occur at the same station; but as any starting-station at will may be used, the trick may be made to appear more confusing. If, instead of eight or any other number, you should call the station from which you start "one," and count forward any number, and the same number back again, you would, of course, bring up at your starting-point; whereas if you call the station from which you begin your run "eight" (or any other number, depending upon the station from which you choose to start), you will pass it on your return, and go beyond it eight or as many stations as will equal the number of your starting-point.



UNCLE 'RASTUS (FORGETTING HOW LONG HIS COAT IS): "I DECLARE, I 'SE GITTIN' SO STIFF WITH RHEUMATIZ DAT I CAIN'T STAN' UP STRAIGHT!"



WHAT A LUMP OF COAL COULD DO

By George Ethelbert Walsh.

A century ago most of the labor of the world was performed by the hard work of man and beast, and both, toiling day after day in the fields, could just about keep sufficient food ahead to prevent famines and general starvation; but to-day machinery performs most of the world's work.

Originally man-power did the world's work; then horse-power was employed; and now machinery, driven by steam, directly or by converting its energy into electricity, compressed air, or other sources of power, is doing the greater part of the hard work of man and beast.

What is the relative amount of work that a man can do in comparison with a horse or machinery? At his very best the strongest man stands in pretty poor comparison, even with a horse, for hard, continuous labor. He might perform for a few minutes one half horse-power of work, but to keep this up for any great length of time would be impossible.

Thus the gain in forcing horses to do a part of the world's work was enormous. One horse could exhaust a dozen men in a single day, and still be ready for the next day's work.

The measurement of a horse's power for work was first ascertained by Watt, the father of the modern steam-engine, and he expressed this in terms that hold to-day. He experimented with a great number of heavy brewery-horses to satisfy himself that his unit of measurement for work was correct. After many trials he ascertained that the average brewery-horse was doing work equal to that required to raise 330 pounds of weight 100 feet high in one minute, or 33,000 pounds 1 foot in one minute. So he called this one horse-power.

This work, however, is not continuous, for the horse would have to back up after each pull to lower the line of the pulley, and thus he would work four hours a day in pulling 330 pounds in the air at the rate of 100 feet a minute, and four hours in slacking up the rope. Consequently no horse can actually perform continuously what is generally called one horse-power. The horse was never born that could tug at a rope for eight hours a day, pulling 330 pounds 100 feet each minute without rest or change. Consequently, when we speak of horse-power we refer only to the average work a horse can do in one minute, that is to say, the *rate* at which he can work.

A strong man might pull half that weight 100 feet in the air in two minutes, but he could not repeat the operation many times without being exhausted.

For all needful purposes the expression of one horse-power is accurate enough, and practically shows the measurement of an average horse's abilities for working. As a rule a strong man can in eight hours work at the rate of about one tenth of one horse-power; that is, it would require ten men to pull 330 pounds 100 feet in the air in a minute, and then slack up and repeat the operation throughout the eight hours of a working day. The world's gain in labor when horses were first employed to help man in his work was thus tenfold.

The discovery of the application of steam marked the next change in the development of power. In order to find out how much gain was made in harnessing steam, it was necessary to use horse-power as the unit of measurement. So to-day we find steam and electric engines spoken of as, for instance, five, ten, or a hundred horse-power. Thus a ten-horse-power

machine is one capable of lifting ten times 330 pounds 100 feet in the air in a minute, or 330 pounds 100 feet in $\frac{1}{10}$ of a minute, or 330 pounds 1000 feet in a minute, and so on.

For most people it is not easy to understand how a lump of coal can furnish work; but to the scientist this is very simple. In order that this may be clear we must examine the coal and its possibilities.

Heat is a form of energy which can be harnessed to do our bidding. If you burn a lump of coal it forms heat, which may escape into the air and be of no service to us. This was the case for hundreds of years, and the vast amount of energy that was wasted before man discovered the value of heat for purposes other than warming and cooking would have sufficed to do all the necessary work for the tribes and peoples who used fire from the time of the early Britons down to the present century.

But burn this lump of coal in close contact with a vessel containing water. The heat produced, which is measured in what are called heat-units, will make the water boil and bubble and then produce steam. This latter will likewise escape in the air and be wasted if not confined and its energy utilized as pressure or heat.

In order to express in specific terms the energy of coal, or its ability to do work, it was necessary to find some unit of measurement. Each pound of ordinary coal is supposed to give forth 12,000 heat-units when burned. The way a chemist would determine how much energy there is in a piece of coal would first be to pulverize it and then weigh very carefully a small quantity of the powdered coal and by chemical means burn it under a known quantity of water. Both the weight and temperature of the water are ascertained before and after the burning. In this way he can figure out how much heat was added to the water by the coal, and knowing that, he can express in heat-units the amount of heat given out by the powdered coal. It is then a simple matter to find out the proportionate amount of heat given out by the whole lump.

A lump of coal weighing a pound is nearly as large as a man's fist. What is the potential (or stored) energy contained in that small lump? If we could burn this pound so that not a particle of heat was lost, but all went to heat a tub of water a foot deep, six feet long, and two feet wide, it would raise the temperature 16 degrees. In other words, it would raise the water from 64 degrees to 80 degrees, making it just comfortable to bathe in. There is nothing marvelous in such an operation, and one may not think there is so great energy in coal, after all; but when we come to express in other ways the value of this heat imparted to the water quite a different story is revealed.

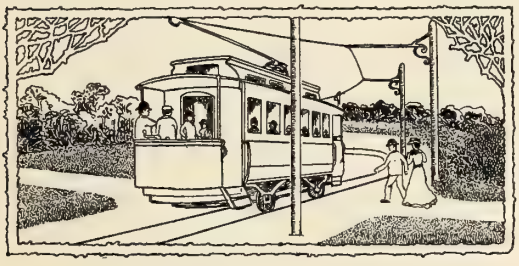
The 12,000 heat-units in the pound of coal that just brings the temperature of the water up so that it is comfortable for bathing purposes is equal, in a mechanical sense, to 9,336,000 foot-pounds or an amount of work equivalent to raising nearly 47 tons 100 feet high. Here is a most astonishing thing—a secret which the coal withheld from man for many centuries. While man and beast were laboring to do the world's work, there were hidden in the earth millions of pounds of coal, each one of which was capable of doing the work that would be done by 282 horses in one minute. Or if we would express it in a *day's* work, each pound of coal could do the *full* day's work of a powerful horse, working continuously, in pulling up 330 pounds 117.5 feet in the air every other minute throughout the day of eight hours.

There are few things more remarkable than the possibilities contained in each lump of coal. A laboring man could carry in his pocket enough potential energy to perform all his tasks for several days. If this same lump of coal could be suddenly converted into heat, and that heat all imparted to water to make steam, we would be able to perform wonders. For instance, the energy thus utilized would be sufficient to run an electric-motor car full of passengers two and a half miles at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It would also carry a train of six ordinary cars and a heavy Pullman sleeper and dining-car one sixth of a mile at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The coal, which the world neglected for so many ages, using it occasionally for heating or cooking, is thus one of the most remarkable of all the world's precious products—more

wonderful, and in a measure more valuable, than all the diamonds, rubies, and sapphires that have ever been mined. It contains stored-up energy that has revolutionized the world; it becomes the secret of man's modern progress—the actual power which has made the last century the greatest the world has ever known. Yet, without much thought of all this, we carelessly throw scuttlefuls of the black diamonds into our stoves merely to warm our homes with it. And we little think of the waste energy that goes up the chimney as the coal crackles and sparkles. The greater percentage of the heat is lost, while a very small portion of it is distributed around the room to warm us. But even this small part of the heat which we use for warming our rooms is sufficient to produce magic-like transformations in the world of mechanics and machinery. The heat used for cooking our dinner and for boiling the water to make coffee or tea could be made to run mills and factories if it were all saved and properly used.

Now let us compare this new power which man has found in coal with that which the human muscles exerted in the days when the



great Pyramids were built—when hundreds of thousands of men toiled and slaved for years to create monumental works that could to-day be built by machinery in a few years with a few thousand men at most. The power of a man for work, we will say, is only one tenth of that of a horse; but the horse compares even more unfavorably with steam and machinery, while man himself becomes a unit of such small measurement that his efforts are puny indeed.

Suppose we select a hard-working laboring man as an example—one whom we call strong and muscular, with body trained to daily toil, so that he could easily perform manual labor that would completely exhaust another not in training. Such a strong laborer is one who represents the highest achievements of muscular manhood. He can wield an ax all day long



in the woods; he can swing the shovel eight hours a day, filling furnaces with coal or digging ditches; or he can plow and harrow with firm hand and till the soil for crops. Such a man has from the beginning of the world been a mighty power in transforming the face of nature; but here comes along a pound of coal which has been buried for ages in the earth and for centuries after its discovery was esteemed as of little practical value, while if properly used the energy stored in it could perform in one minute all the work that *five* strong men could accomplish in one day, working eight hours with scarcely a moment for rest. We may put it in another way. If it was necessary to perform the work in one minute, it would take about 2800 men to accomplish the task that the small lump of coal would perform in the same short space of time.

If we let horses do the work instead of men we find still that the lump of coal is immeasurably greater in its possibilities. The single strong horse is capable of raising the 330 pounds 100 feet in one minute, or, as commonly expressed, the animal does 33,000 foot-pounds of work in a minute. The pound-lump of coal contains 12,000 heat-units, which, as we have seen, is equivalent to 282 horse-power, or 282 times 33,000 foot-pounds of work in a minute, or 9,306,000 foot-pounds of work. It would take a string of 282 horses, stretching out about half a mile long, to produce the same amount of power or work. They would just be accomplishing what a pound-lump of coal could

do if all its potential energy could be transformed into heat and harnessed for work.

Take another example of what a pound of coal can do in the way of work compared with the feeble effort put forth by man. In olden times when the saw was invented a great stride was made in mechanics. The continuous row of sharp teeth would do many times as much work as a single sharp edge; and a man armed with a sharp saw could greatly multiply his labors. But when the *circular* saw was invented a much greater device for reducing the labor of man was discovered. The circular saw can travel far faster than the hand-saw, even when driven by simple hand or foot power; but when operated by machinery the teeth will travel more than seventy times as far through the wood as those of the hand-saw in the same space of time. In other words, the steam-operated circular saw will cut something like seventy times as much wood in a minute as a strong man who works sixty strokes a minute, or one a second. That gain seems so tremendous that one hesitates to expect more; but here is our little pound-lump of coal, which can supply power enough to operate 180 of these circular saws for a full minute, performing in that short space of time all the work that 12,600 men could accomplish with the old hand-saws, moving up and down at the rate of 60 strokes a minute.

In these interesting illustrations of the power of a pound of coal, it must be remembered that the *full amount* of *potential* energy contained in the fuel is considered, and not what is only actually utilized in generating steam. The fact is that we have not yet been able to utilize more than a small percentage of the heat of coal. In its combustion a large percentage of it is wasted up the chimney, and consequently it cannot perform these marvels to-day under present conditions of burning. There is consequently far more coal required to do the world's work to-day than may be the case a hundred years from now, when some inventor may find new forms of grates and furnaces for burning coal so that there will be little or no waste of heat-energy, or, in other words, of power.

Coal has become man's chief worker, and horse labor and human manual labor are slowly being pushed aside. In the great transformation it has been brain power that has triumphed over brute strength. Man first sought to shift his burden to the backs of the beasts of the field, and the horse became his patient friend and assistant; but now he seeks to harness the elemental forces of nature to do his bidding. The burden is thus lightened without cruelty to any living creature; neither man nor beast has had his labors increased, but steadily decreased.

The harnessing of the waves and wind for generating electric power, or the focusing of the sun's rays on a boiler to utilize solar heat, are but further illustrations of man's efforts to cast his burden of hard labor upon forces which are all around us, if we but know how to release and employ them. When some of the potential power of a pound of coal was first released and harnessed to operate machinery a vital step in the progress of humanity and civilization was taken; but the time may come when even the magic power of the coal will be second in importance and practical value to that of electricity, whose strange power we are only able faintly to comprehend to-day.





THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA OF GLOUCESTER.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Published by permission from the print by P. and D. Colnaghi & Co., London, England.

SMILING, SLIP ASLEEP.

By Alex Jeffrey.

Live, my child, so that each day
Bring its share of work and play;
So that you can truly tell
There are some who love you well;
So that when night's shadows creep
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Good night, mama; papa, too.
One more day they 've lived for you;
One more day of joy is done,
One more night of peace is won.
Now the shadows round us sweep.
You can, smiling, slip asleep.

Into sleep we softly slide
When the heart is satisfied.
Yes, you 've had a happy day—
Cheery work and gladsome play;
And as darkness gathers deep
You can, smiling—s-l-i-p—a-s-l-e-e-p.



HAROLD'S CHICKEN.

By Emily V. Methven.

Harold Godwin was quite sure that there was not another little boy in the whole world who was as happy as he. He lived in a big old-fashioned house whose large pillars reaching up to the peaked roof were once trunks of tall trees brought from Norway, and every spring were given a fresh coat of clean white paint.

Harold was the next to the youngest of a large family, and the only boy. Although at times he thought it a disadvantage to have so many sisters, especially when they all agreed that his face was dirty and his clothes also, yet he loved them all so dearly that he did not see how any boy could be happy with one sister less. The oldest, Lillian, the literary and artistic one of the family, wore glasses, and looked to it that Harold studied his lessons and walked in the way he should go. And there was baby Edith, the youngest of all. Then there was Henrietta, called Hetty for short, who never forgot to make special little pies and tarts for him on the semi-weekly baking day. But Harold's favorite — his chum, as he called her — was Bess, who, although ten years older, was just as much interested in everything in which he delighted as if she were a boy herself.

Bess had some fine chickens which were her special care and pride. They gave her many anxious moments, however, for, having the large farm about which to wander at will, they frequently laid their eggs and even hatched their young in out-of-the-way places. Bess had agreed to give Harold one from every dozen eggs or a chick from every nest that he discovered.

One spring Bess was given twelve beautiful white eggs which promised as many beautiful chickens. She made a comfortable nest for a noisy old hen which had been clucking and scratching in an obtrusive manner for some time, and she and Harold watched the weeks go by until one day they found eleven brand-new chicks, all of which were fluffy balls of yellow except one that was black.

It was baby Edith's delight to stand near the old hen's nest and see the struggling, restless, peeping chicks diving in and out of the downy feathers of the mother. The baby immediately adopted the yellowest and fluffiest of the lot, but her interest ceased when the down changed to stiff, scraggly feathers.

Harold at once put in his claim, but Bess declared it to be hardly fair, as he had found something that was never lost. However, as he was so much disappointed, she finally com-



"THE BABY IMMEDIATELY ADOPTED THE YELLOWEST AND FLUFFIEST OF THE LOT."

promised by giving him the little black chick which from the first showed a discouraging tendency to shorten its days by every sort of imprudence. It had to be coaxed to eat; it half drowned itself two or three times by falling into the water-pan; and it was once rescued from the cat. Its last drowning exploit was nearly the cause of its being burned to death. This is the way it came about:

Harold fished his darling little chick out of the water-pan, and carried it, all limp and dripping, into the old-fashioned bricked-out kitchen,

where Hetty was busy getting dinner. She told Harold to put his chick into a box under the big wood-stove to dry, and in the meantime to wash his face and hands and go into the parlor, where his mother was entertaining some friends. She piled some wood into the stove, and thoughtlessly threw the lighted paper with which she had kindled the fire on the hearth, where Harold's chicken was obediently "drying out." A second later she was horrified to see Harold's chick making its way, between a flutter and a run, through the wide hall that led to the parlor, with the blazing twist of paper on its distended wings, leaving the smell of burning feathers in its wake.



"IT WAS BABY EDITH'S DELIGHT TO STAND NEAR THE OLD HEN'S NEST."

She rushed after it, but not before it had made its appearance like an animated firebrand in the midst of the startled guests. When the poor bird was at last rescued, its beauty had departed, and for many days Harold was the owner of a tailless fowl.

After this painful incident the whole family developed a kind of affection for the little black chicken. It was pitied and protected as if it were the most beautiful bird in the world. At last it responded to their care and seemed to take a little interest in life.

One day baby Edith saw the old rooster standing before a semicircle of ten fluffy, blond little chicks, and she ran into the house and announced to her mother that they were asking the old rooster what had become of their little black brother.

Some weeks later, as the family were gathered around the supper-table, Dr. Godwin said:

"Children, the fair is to be opened next month. How many are going to try for prizes?"

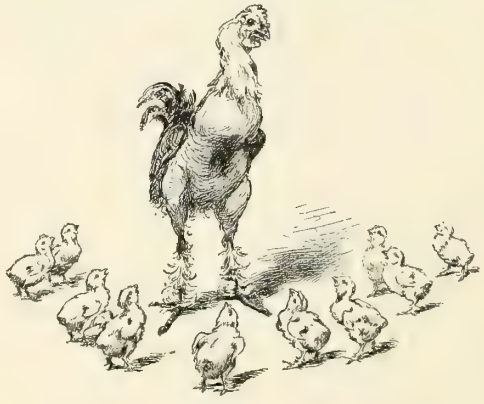
Immediately there was such a din as only a bevy of happy purposeful girls can make when each has something of vital importance to say.

It was some time before Harold's attempts to be heard were successful.

"Papa, I want to send my little black rooster; may I?" he said earnestly.

The shout of laughter which followed Harold's proposition was checked by the father, who said encouragingly:

"Certainly, my son; indeed you shall! I will have your name entered with the others."



INQUIRING FOR THEIR LITTLE BLACK BROTHER.

Despite his sisters' ridicule and their criticisms of his pet's "points," Harold's combless, tailless chicken was duly entered, and, to every one's amazement except its proud owner's, was

awarded a ten-dollar prize. You see, it turned out to be of a very fine and rare breed, and the only one of its kind exhibited.

It is too bad to relate it, but Bess's beautiful white chickens came off prizeless, for in spite of their fine tails and crimson combs they were only of an ordinary stock.

"I tell you, mama," Harold said confidentially to his mother, that night, "it is n't always fine feathers that make fine birds."

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

By H. A. Crowell.

Up a certain crooked city street, through which I often pass,
There 's a narrow little window, set with tiny panes of glass,
Where it seems to me the moments must in sweetness slip away,
For a little candy-maker stands at work there every day.
He wears a cap and apron which are picturesquely French;
There are snowy flour and sugar scattered all about his bench;
In fact, I almost fancy, seeing things so spick-and-span,
That this little candy-maker is a little candy man!

But how queer a candy man can be I never really knew
Till I happened to be passing when the mid-day whistle blew,
And thought to stop and stare a bit could hardly be a crime,
Just to see the kind of candy he would eat at luncheon-time.
Then the sight was so surprising that my vision seemed to fail,
For from underneath his sugared bench he drew a dinner-pail,
And, as if he did n't care at all for any sort of sweet,
This funny candy-maker fell to eating bread and meat!

Now don't you think that such a taste was something very strange?
Consider what a diet he could easily arrange:
On solid things like taffy-balls, for instance, he could dine;
For luncheon, candied violets—so delicate and fine!
And on leaving in the evening, when the honeyed day had fled,
He could take a box of creams to eat before he went to bed!
I wonder, now, what you and I would like if we were French
And molded candies all the day behind a sugared bench?





The Petted Puppy.

By Laura E. Richards.

I SAT beside my niece so fair,
A lady grave and sweet,
Withal so wise that well I might
Have sat me at her feet.
She stooped to pat the puppy-dog
That gamboled at her knee;
And when she spoke, 't was in a tongue
Entirely strange to me:

"A wizzy wizzy woggums, then!
A ditty dotty doggums, then!
And diddy wanty jumpy up?
A pitty witty pessums pup!"

I spoke to her of foreign climes,
Of politics and popes;
Of Bishop Bylow's earnest rhymes,
And General Jingo's hopes.
She answered well and wittily,
Then turned her eyes aside,
And tenderly she whispered to
The creature by her side:

"A pupsy wupsy keeter, then!
Was never nossin sweeter, then!
A teenty tawnty tiny tot,
A lovey dovey darling dot!"

I rose as if to stroll away,
But first a moment stood;
I thought perhaps she 'd bid me stay,
And rather hoped she would.
But no! she never raised her head.
I turned the corner near,
And as I went, her silver tones
Still floated to my ear:

"A toodle toodle toodle, then!
A wisky wasky woodle, then!
A toopid manny gone, my joy,
My diddy doddy dorglums boy!"



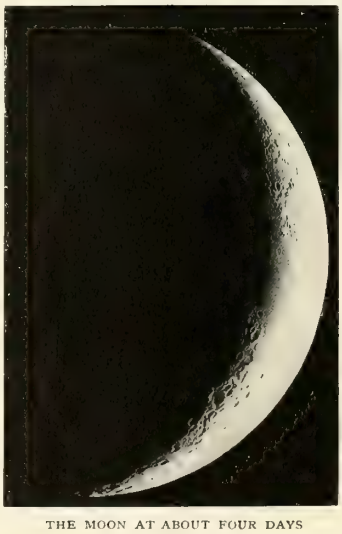


I noticed how valuable was some water by moonlight, reflecting the light with a faint glimmering sheen, as in the spring of the year. The water shines with an inward light, like a heaven on earth.—THOREAU.

EARTH'S NEAREST NEIGHBOR—THE MOON.

How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months, if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions, a large telescope gives us a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of eight hundred miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the North Pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food, you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing, or thawing it out if frozen, will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner, you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.



THE MOON AT ABOUT FOUR DAYS PAST NEW MOON.

But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining, you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliance of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything in the shade will be in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.



FIRST QUARTER.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The Desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree, or brook, or lake—nothing but a vast stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our Western prairies, and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.



LAST QUARTER.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning, you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference: it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.



FULL MOON.

Another curious thing will be noticed: you can throw a stone six times as far on the moon as you can on the earth, and you can lift six times as much.

Many other odd and curious things could be seen, but I think that one lunar day and night would give time enough to satisfy the most eager visitor; and he would be willing to leave a place where he must draw his breath from a bottle, and come back to the air and water and green fields and life of the earth.

Soon after the invention of the telescope, astronomers began to study the moon's surface carefully. The "man in the moon" disappeared, but they found what they thought were

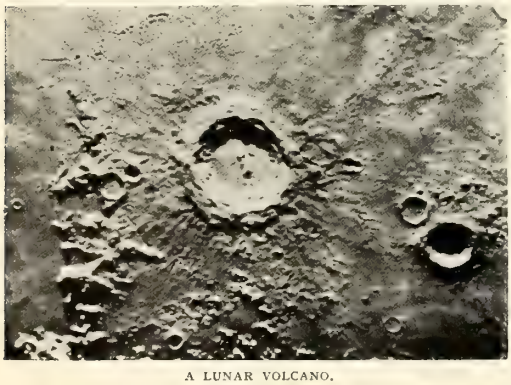


THE APENNINES (LONG ROUGH RIDGE AT RIGHT). THE ALPS (ROUGH CLUSTER AT UPPER LEFT.)

In this cluster is what seems to be a mere gash. This is the valley of the Alps, nearly straight and eighty-three miles long and from three to six miles broad.

great bodies of water, and names were given to these, such as the "Sea of Storms," etc. Later and more powerful telescopes have shown that these "seas" are only plains, and that there is no water, in liquid form at least, although the old names are retained. The mountains are usually named for noted astronomers.

The moon is the most powerful agent in producing the tides on the earth; it also produces some slight variations in the earth's magnetism. So far as science has been able to investigate, there is absolutely no change in the weather which can be attributed to the moon, although half or more of mankind seem to believe that the moon does have some control over the weather. All such beliefs, including the time for planting gardens and for going fishing, are mere superstitions—the survivals of an age of ignorance. Malcolm McNeill.

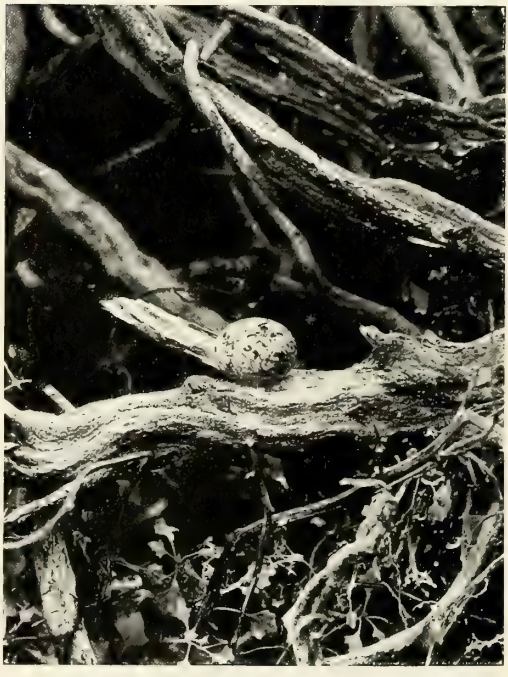


A LUNAR VOLCANO.

THE RECKLESS LOVE-BIRD.

Nearly every kind of wild fowl has some peculiarity of habit which amounts almost to an eccentricity, and the variety of such peculiarities is astonishing. Sea-birds, from their custom of nesting on protected rocks and islets, are possibly better skilled in devising means for their comfort and safety than most other species. At any rate, we find among them many striking examples of droll personality.

There dwells on most of the isolated coral

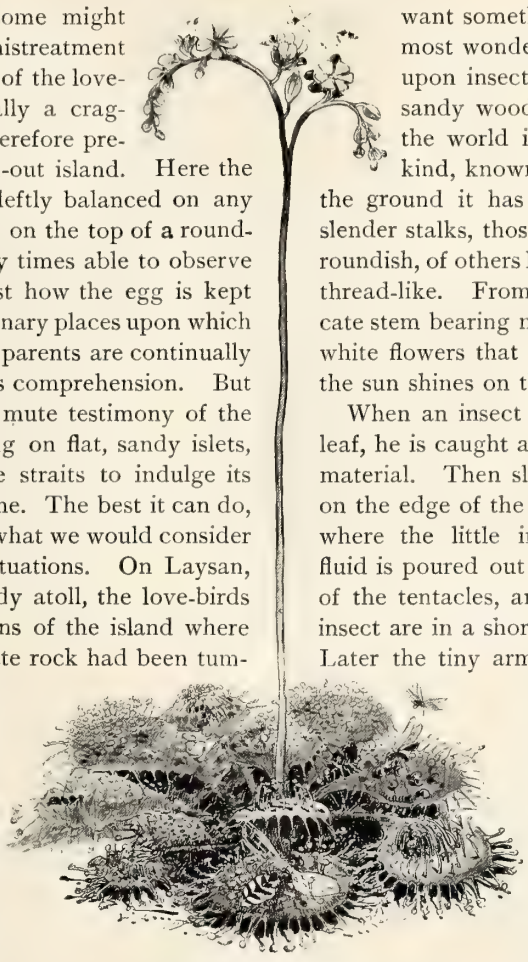


A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD TO LAY AND HATCH ITS EGG.

islets and volcanic crags, scattered plentifully through Oceanica, a little white tern, or sea-swallow, about the size of a dove, known as the love-bird. Save only for a narrow band of jetty feathers surrounding the eye, its plumage is of a lustrous white and its beak is black. The writer met this little fellow among the rocky islets and atolls which are widely scattered to the northwestward of the Hawaiian Islands.

The treatment, or, as some might prefer to call it, the mistreatment of its egg, is the oddest of the love-bird's habits. It is really a crag-dwelling species, and therefore prefers cliffs of some worn-out island. Here the single spotted egg is deftly balanced on any little shelf of rock, often on the top of a roundish knob, as I was many times able to observe on Necker Island. Just how the egg is kept on some of the extraordinary places upon which it is deposited, while the parents are continually flying on and off, passes comprehension. But there the egg rested in mute testimony of the possibility. When living on flat, sandy islets, the love-bird is in some straits to indulge its love for a strenuous home. The best it can do, however, is to pick out what we would consider the most unfavorable situations. On Laysan, for example, a low sandy atoll, the love-birds sought out those portions of the island where old boulders of phosphate rock had been tumbled together, and here we found the eggs perched on the tops of jagged chunks, and in any position on the sides where gravity did not actually assert itself. But the climax was capped when we found the little fellows using the bare limbs of low bushes for nesting sites. We watched the mother stand over the egg shown in the illustration with great confidence, and when she flew away the egg was not in the least jarred.

WALTER K. FISHER.
Stanford University, California.



THE SUNDEW.
Showing the arrangement of the tentacle-bearing leaves at the base of the flower stem.

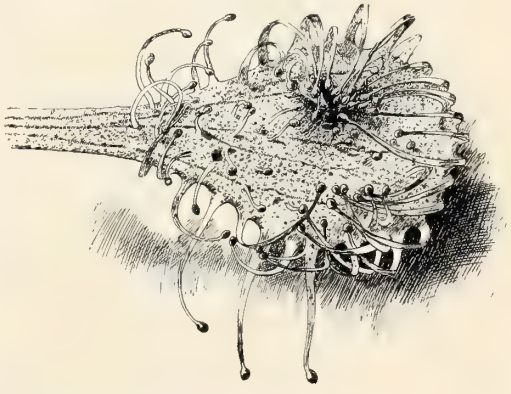
PLANT TRAP FOR INSECTS.

ANIMALS get their food from plants—either directly by eating the plant itself or by eating some other animal or the product of an animal that has been a vegetarian.

Most plants draw their food from the air through the leaves, or from the soil through their roots. But there are some that are not satisfied with this simple inorganic food; they want something richer. Among the most wonderful are those that feed upon insects. In the bogs of our sandy woods and in other parts of the world is a small plant of this kind, known as the sundew. Near the ground it has a rosette of leaves on slender stalks, those of some species being roundish, of others long, slender, and almost thread-like. From this rosette rises a delicate stem bearing near the top a number of white flowers that open one by one when the sun shines on them.

When an insect alights upon a sundew leaf, he is caught and held fast by a sticky material. Then slender arms or tentacles on the edge of the leaf bend over the spot where the little insect is struggling. A fluid is poured out from glands at the tips of the tentacles, and the soft parts of the insect are in a short time actually digested. Later the tiny arms open, and the leaf is then ready for another meal. Sundews will digest tiny bits of meat if placed on the leaves.

In many lowlands there may be found a plant named the "pitcher-plant," that catches insects in the rain-water held in the "pitcher," or cup-shaped portion of the plant. The plant feeds upon the various decaying insects in the water.



ENLARGED VIEW OF A LEAF.
(As seen through the microscope.)

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

A QUEER FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I found a four-leaved clover. When looking at it closely, I found one leaf was on a long stem; the sides had grown together. I have not seen one like it before, and think it quite a curiosity. I send it to you in this mail.

Your interested reader,

LUCY DUBOIS PORTER.

Clover with a stalked extra leaflet is not at all unusual, although not so common as those with extra leaflets—that is, four-leaved, five-leaved, etc. (such as are commonly claimed to bring good luck to the finder).

The stalked leaflet has been studied by botanists, but has no especial botanical significance. It is regarded as an unnatural growth. Young people often gather them as a curiosity.



THE QUEER FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.
Notice that the upper right leaflet of the four has a long stem.



QUEER GALLS ON A STRAWBERRY STEM.

A QUEER STRAWBERRY STEM.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose a wild strawberry stem and leaf and would like to know what is the matter with the stem. It looks very much like a little pod with seeds in it. Please tell me what it is "because I want to know."

Your loving reader,

MABEL C. STARK (age 14).

These enlargements are made by a gall-fly of the genus *Cynipidæ*, but the species and life history of the fly are not known. I am desirous of securing fresh specimens of strawberry stems with enlargements of this kind. Will our young folks please try to find a few and send to me packed in moist cotton in a small firm box?

THE RED SUBSTANCE ON A GRASSHOPPER.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This morning, while on a walk, a friend and I found a grasshopper with some red things between its immature wings. The red things were about six in number, and about as large as a pin-head.

Will you please tell me what these were and why the grasshopper had them there? They were oval in shape and fell off readily when touched.

Your affectionate reader,

JANET C. NIVEN.

The red objects on grasshopper wings are parasitic mites. They are the young of a mite named by the late Professor Riley *Trombidium locustarum*. The adult is often seen in early spring running about on the surface of the ground, and is conspicuous on account of its brilliant red color. This parent mite deposits its eggs on or in the ground, and the young hatch and fasten upon the first grasshopper which chances to come their way. They start in life with but six legs; in the adult form there are eight. Their food is extracted from the grasshopper, on which they remain attached during the summer. In the autumn they drop to the ground, conceal themselves, and transform to the adult mite. These mites are, therefore, strictly beneficial, and are sometimes a very considerable aid in controlling the destructive Western locusts or grasshoppers.

PROFESSOR L. O. HOWARD.



A CASE OF DOUBLE PARASITISM.

Moth of web-worm (*Hyphantria*); ugly web-worm webs, as seen against the sky of an autumn landscape; ichneumon-fly, a parasite of the web-worm, attacking a web-worm in its web; chalcid-fly parasite of the ichneumon emerging from cocoons of ichneumon. (About natural size.)



THE GRASSHOPPER MITE.

Bright red larva of mite on section of grasshopper wing; adult mite, deeper red (both greatly magnified). Grasshopper (the common red-legged locust) with mite larvæ on and between its immature wings (slightly enlarged).

Thus we see that even the very small insects have their parasitic enemies. As Swift expressed it:

> So, naturalists observe, a flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

By the way, the above is often incorrectly quoted as follows:

> The little fleas that do so tease
> Have smaller fleas that bite 'em,
> And these again have lesser fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*.

Several naturalists have found the forms of parasites so varied and interesting that they have made extensive collections. Some forms are marvelously adapted to securing food.

THE QUAHOG AND THE CRAB.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear St. Nicholas: When we were at Marthas Vineyard last summer, we found a strange thing at South Beach. On a long stretch of sand between the open ocean and the harbor, there were hundreds of quahog shells, slate-blue in color. Picking up an extra large and pretty one, and opening it a little bit, we found that it was alive and that just inside the opening was a tiny live crab.

We wondered whether the crab was feeding upon the quahog, or the quahog upon the crab.

Your interested friend,
Katharine Whitney.

Crabs are often found in mollusks, either by accident or as permanent guests (commensals). Some occur nowhere else. The little oyster-crab (*Pinnotheres ostreum*) is found only in the oysters of our eastern coast, and another species in scallops and mussels. The one seen by you in the quahog, or round clam, may have gone there for temporary shelter, or it may have been a regular boarder. Crabs in such places usually do no harm to the animal in whose shell they make a home, and their host does no harm to them.



THE CRAB IN THE QUAHOG.

Naturalists give the name commensals to two or more animals of different kinds that live together in harmony and to mutual advantage. Some species of sponges grow only on the back of certain crabs, the sponge concealing the crab from its enemies, and the crab carrying the sponge from place to place for new food-supplies.

It is even claimed, on good authority, that if the sponge is removed the crab will seek another sponge and place it upon its shell.

The commensalism between burrowing owls and rattlesnakes in the prairie-dog villages of the West was explained on page 460 of Nature and Science for March, 1901. It is claimed that this special commensalism, however, is not always friendly and harmonious.



BROWN MUD-WASP (*SCELIPHRON CEMENTARIUS*), MAGNIFIED.

A very common and well-known insect often observed building its somewhat regular nests of clay in houses, outbuildings, caves, and other sheltered places. The colors of the insect are bright brown and yellow. The wings are of a semi-transparent smoky color.

THE MUD-WASP'S NEST.

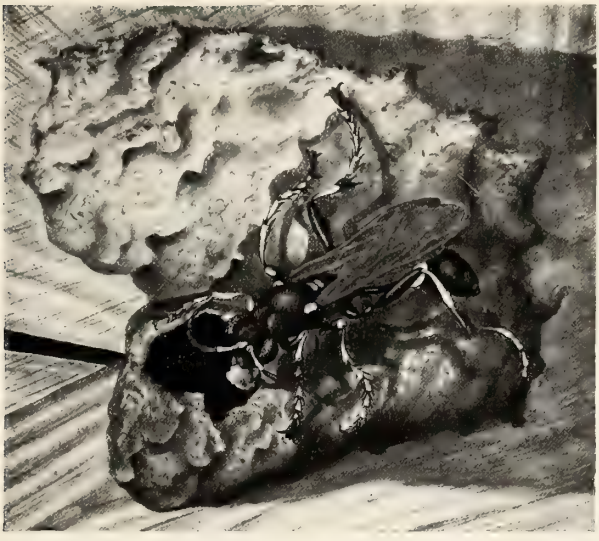
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear St. Nicholas: In cleaning, last summer, a large box in a shed, I found a piece of mud, irregular in shape. I broke into this, and, to my surprise, a lot of little dead insects rolled out. Placing the insects back, I put the piece broken off in position again, and calling my father to look at it, he said it was probably the property of a mud-wasp. In an encyclopedia I learned that this wasp lays her eggs in the mud house, puts insects in for the young after they are hatched, and then leaves. Next day I discovered the storehouse to be fully repaired.



BROWN MUD-WASP GATHERING MUD.

Pieces are taken about half the size of the wasp's head and are always carried by the mandibles.



BROWN MUD-WASP CLOSING UP ITS NEST-CELL.

Upon storing each cell with spiders the wasp lays an egg on the softer parts of one of them so that the baby maggot-like larva when first hatched may readily find food to its liking. The cell-opening is then closed with clay. The larva eats ravenously, soon reaches full growth, spins a cocoon, and transforms into a wasp within the nest-cell. Then it cuts its way out and flies away.

To-day I went again to get the nest to put with my natural history collection, and I found the door again open and an addition made to the structure. I would like to know if the parents made the addition (I supposed wasps lived but one year) or if the children did? And how long will it be before the old nest is abandoned so that I may have it? Hoping that you can tell me about this, I am,

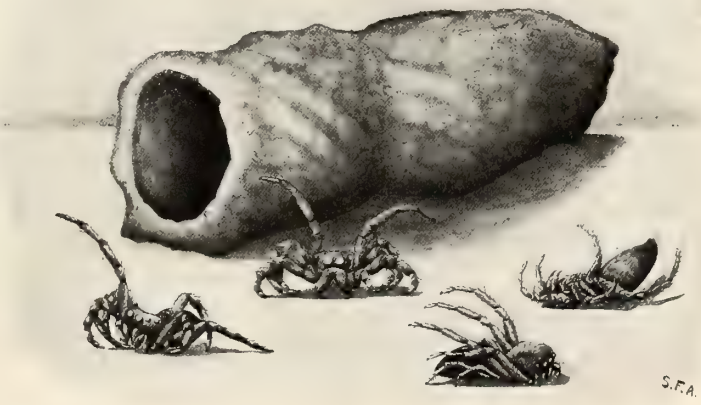
Yours truly, HOWELL SAWYER.

Mud-wasps place their nests in any situation where they will be protected from rain. Often they do not hesitate to come into the house and fasten their cells to the wall-paper or on picture-frames. These nests are almost always stocked with spiders, the wasps stinging their victims to death or insensibility. One egg is placed in each cell, and the baby wasp, hatching, has the contents, often a dozen small spiders, all to itself. Spiders taken from the nest before the wasp larva hatches are found to assume all sorts of odd attitudes. The larva wasp eats the softer parts of the spider, leaving the head and legs. It is these remains you supposed were insects.

Upon completing its transformations from larva to inactive pupa incased in a cocoon, and from that to the perfect wasp, it emerges through the end sealed up by its parent or through the side of the nest. It does not necessarily come back to the same nest with its spiders, but builds a new one. Mud-wasps, however, frequently add cells to a last year's nest, not often using the old cells. They live but one summer; those hibernating hatch out late in the fall. More often they emerge in May or June, and, if no other wasp comes along and moves in, the nest can be taken for a specimen at that time.

There are two common species of mud-dauber wasps: the brown one with yellowish markings is called *Sceliphron cementarius;* the other is steel blue and has been named *Pelopæus* (or *Chlorion*) *cæruleum.*—S. F. A.

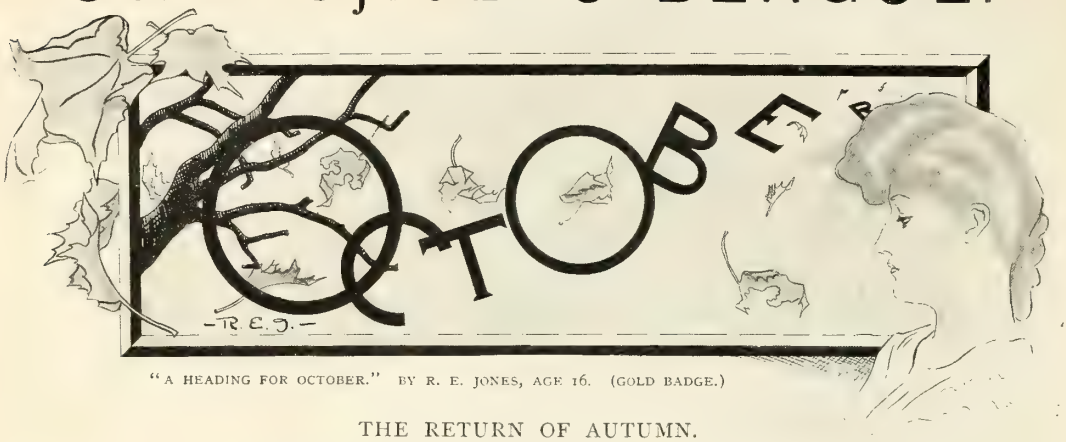
It is very easy to make a collection of the nests of the mud-wasps with the young wasps, and watch the interesting transformations.



NEST AND CONTENTS.

Spiders that had been stored in the nest. The peculiar attitudes of some of these, as if protesting against fate, are not uncommon with others captured by the wasps. Perhaps they are not quite dead, or were not killed quickly. Usually the wasp larvæ feed only on the more meaty portions of the spiders — the thorax, abdomen, and softer parts of the legs.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY R. E. JONES, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

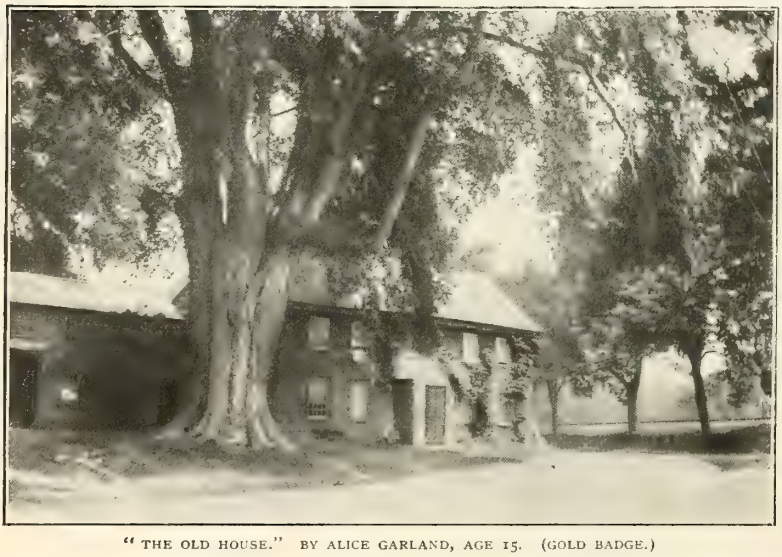
THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD, AGE 15. (*Cash Prize.*)

We hear her footsteps in the rustling leaves,
O'er all we see the magic of her hand;
The broadly waving fields of ripened grain,
The golden harvest scattered o'er the land,
The hush that rests within the hazy air,
The faint sweet echo of the bob-white's call,
The distant hills, bathed in the mellow glow
Of autumn sunlight, lingering over all.

We read her greeting in the yellow leaves
That down the forest aisles are thickly spread;
We hear her voice amid the sighing wind
That blows among the branches overhead;
And day by day upon the landscape wide
We see the glories of her wealth unfold,
Till lo! the earth a dream of beauty lies,
Clad all in robes of crimson and of gold.

It is only a little while ago that we were writing about the close of school and the coming of vacation; now the weeks and months have slipped by, and we are writing of school again, and the vacations that are left behind. The children also have written about school this month; not about the schools of to-day, but of those of the time of their grandfathers, when most of the lessons were taught by one schoolmaster or schoolmistress, in a single room, in some country village, or in an out-of-the-way corner of a rural district.



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY ALICE GARLAND, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

It is but natural that old folks should believe that the children of to-day, with all the added advantages, all the easier ways of learning, and the short cuts to knowledge, should reach a higher place than they were able to do. Perhaps in general this is the case, but, after all, the hard benches and crude methods were not without their value. It was so hard then to get education that it was valued all the more, and when we recollect that many of our statesmen and most of our Presidents came from just that sort of a school, we realize that the struggle was worth something, too.

Almost every one of the stories received this month has presented a picture of some rude, drafty, little school-house of the long ago, half heated, with prim rows of little old-fashioned children being led and driven along the path of learning. We wish we might have had room to print more of these stories, for they form a mighty part of the framework upon which our nation has been built.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 58.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Maud Dudley Shackelford** (age 15), 300 Main St., Tarboro', N. C.

Gold badges, **Ruth Greenoak Lyon** (age 13), 13 Pros-

pect Terrace, East Orange, N. J., and **Nannie Clark Barr** (age 13), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia.

Silver badges, **Frances Benedict** (age 16), North Abington, Mass., and **Helen Lombaert Scobey** (age 13), Lambertville, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Zenobia Camprubi Aymar** (age 16), 111 Rambla de Cataluña, Barcelona, Spain, and **Morris Bishop** (age 11), 77 Waring Place, Yonkers, N.Y.

Silver badges, **Ruth H. Keigwin** (age 14), 35 West Sidney Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and **Dorothy Butes** (age 11), 275 Central Park, W., New York City.

Drawing. Gold badge, **R. E. Jones** (age 16), Box 61, Milton, N. H.

Silver badges, **Robert W. Foulke** (age 17), 558 Lincoln Ave., St. Paul, Minn., and **Virginia Mayfield** (age 12), 1912 Baltimore St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Photography. Gold badge, **Alice Garland** (age 15), Andover, Mass.

Silver badges, **H. Ernest Bell** (age 12), Milton, N. Y., and **Fred Loomis Mohler** (age 11), Swans Island, Me.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Elk," by **Olive C. McCabe** (age 17), 570 Boyer Ave., Walla Walla, Wash.

Second prize, "Porcupine," **Chester S. Wilson** (age 17), 623 S. Broadway, Stillwater, Minn.

Third prize, "Young Kingfishers," by **Rexford King** (age 17), Sidney, N. Y.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Miriam C. Gould** (age 15), 16 Foote Ave., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Pauline Mueller** (age 14), 1030 Hepburn Ave., Louisville, Ky.

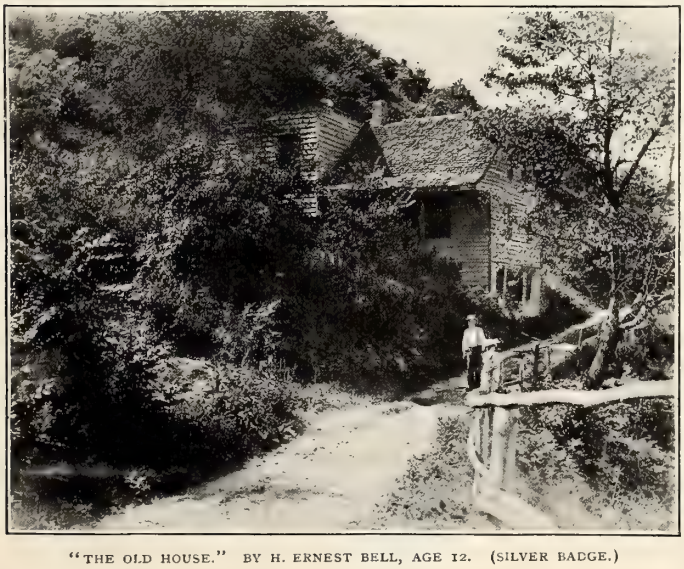
Silver badges, **Clinton H. Smith** (age 13), Allegany, N. Y., and **Erwin Janowitz** (age 11), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Marian Swift** (age 14), 20 W. 55th St., New York City.

Silver badges, **Mildred C. Jones** (age 16), 405 N. 64th Ave., Oak Park, Ill., and **Julian L. Tiemann** (age 15), 22 Prospect Terrace, Montclair, N. J.



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY FRED LOOMIS MOHLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

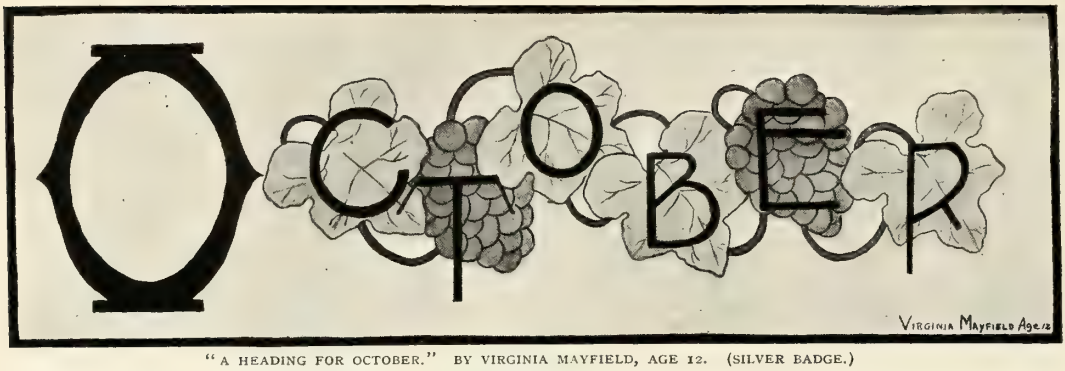
BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBI AYMAR (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

GRANDMAMA was born in Porto Rico, in the winter of 1827. The means of education being very limited in that island, her parents judged it best to send her to a boarding-school in the United States. With three other girls she finally arrived at Linden Hall, in Bordentown, New Jersey, and began her career under the kindly care and supervision of the head teacher, Mme. Murat, daughter-in-law of the late King of Naples. Not knowing a word of English, grandmama was obliged to communicate by signs on arriving; but this difficulty was soon overcome, as the young pupil rapidly mastered her newly acquired language.

Shortly after her arrival at school, grandmama was walking in Bonaparte Park with Mme. Murat and her Porto Rican companions, when they accidentally met Joseph Bonaparte, who, on seeing them, inquired if those were "the little Spanish girls." Being answered in the affirmative, he spoke to the children with great kindness, and smiled wistfully as he patted the heads of those who might have been his subjects.

The little pupil loved her teachers and schoolmates very truly, and was warmly loved in return. However, during her stay at Linden Hall one subject could never escape allusion. It was her hair-dress. If my grandmother appeared at table with the glossy waves of hair falling on her shoulders, Mme. Murat was sure to observe that her pupil looked so well



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY VIRGINIA MAYFIELD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

that she should never dress her hair differently, but monsieur really preferred the other style. If, on the other hand, the hair was drawn up to suit the taste of M. Murat, it was madame who thought it a pity. One day grandmama resolved to solve this difficult problem,



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY DONALD C. ARMOUR, AGE 11.
First wooden house built in California.

and as—in answer to the bell—she gravely took her place at table, everybody noticed that half of grandmama's hair nearest to madame fell in the soft brown waves which that lady admired, while the side next to monsieur was done up high, as he liked it. Whether she dressed it high or she dressed it low, grandmama never heard a word about her hair thereafter.

THE RETURN.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Above gray barren plains, drear, lone, and bleak,
A castle stands, from all the world apart;
About its towers grim eagles weirdly shriek—
The castle of my Heart.

Unto its halls a radiant maiden came,
Singing and laughing on her flowering way;
And Happiness was her thrice blessed name,
Joy was her virelay.

She filled my lonely Heart with glorious light,
And violets blossomed at her hand's caress;
But Death rode swiftly o'er the plains at night,
And took fair Happiness.

Then came one at whose power e'en mighty Death
Must humbly bow and set his captives free—
Brought back the maiden spirit with each breath—
The angel Memory.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

A play in one act. Time, 1980.

BY MORRIS BISHOP (AGE 11).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Characters, Grandfather, Bobby, and Lizzie.

Grandfather (solemnly). Yes, my children, seventy-six years ago I was Bobby's age, just eight years old.

Bobby. And were you taking the Demoragraph simplified brain-impressing inventor's preparatory course, grandpa?

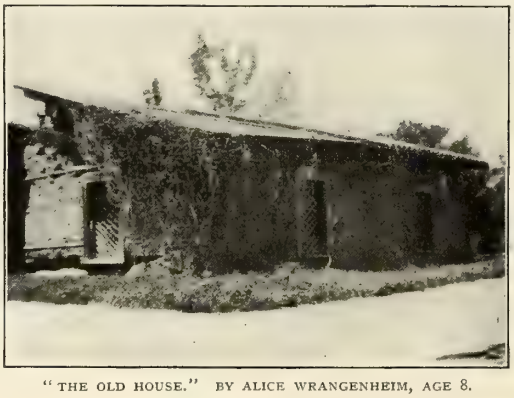
Grandfather. Bless you, no. I was just learning to write.

Lizzie. You used the old-fashioned shorthand then, did n't you?

Grandfather. No; we used the system of writing with the alphabetical signs.

Bobby. Yes; in Millan's "Detailed Research and Philosophical History of the Half-Witted Age" it says that it was generally used during that period.

Lizzie. It is n't nearly as good as the Martinsonian System of Brain Communication, is it?



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY ALICE WRANGENHEIM, AGE 8.

GRANDFATHER. No, I suppose it is n't.

LIZZIE. And did n't you do anything else?

GRANDFATHER. Oh, yes; I learned how to read.

BOBBY. Oh, but the Phelpsonian Mind-reading and Print-communicant system is much better. I know what reading is, because Millan's "Research" tells about it.

GRANDFATHER. And then I learned how to add and subtract.

BOBBY Was n't that arithmetic?

GRANDFATHER. Yes.

BOBBY. Well, we have Blair's Unconscious Answer Perceiver.

LIZZIE. By means of the vibrations of the noiseless bell communicant I see that it is time for our predigested capsulated dinner. [Exit everybody.

Curtain.



"ELK." BY OLIVE C. McCABE, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

THE SAD RETURN.

BY RUTH GREENOAK LYON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHERE the waves are rolling gently on the smooth and sandy shore,
And the rocky cliffs that border Lake Lucerne,
Then I sigh as I remember that I can come here no more;
For to-morrow is the day that I return.

Where the baby 's crying loudly in apartments just above,
And the sun is shining down our heads to burn,
Then I sigh, for I must leave the Wayside Inn—the place I love;
For to-morrow is the day that I return.

Where the band is gaily playing "Side by Side in a Canoe,"
And we dance and sing until we all discern
That the hour-hand of yonder clock is fast approaching two,
And to-morrow—no, to-day—I must return.



"YOUNG KINGFISHERS." BY REXFORD KING, AGE 17. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

While the hurdy-gurdy 's playing 'mid the children's noisy talk,
As I contemplate my all too short sojourn,
The voices join the organ as it plays "In old New York."
And I think, alas! this *is* a sad return.

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH H. KEIGWIN (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"H-U, huckle, b-u, buckle, c-u, cuckle, y; huckle-berry-pie."

The little girls stood in an admiring group around Mary Love.

"Oh, who taught you?"

"Will you teach me?" was chorused from all sides.

But Tabitha Reid did not like it. She had used to be the center of that circle at the noon hour. "Pooh! That is n't much. I 'll stump you, Mary. To-day our spelling lesson is 'fruits and vegetables.' If the master calls you for 'huckleberry,' you spell it that way!"

"Oh, Tab!" The tone was beseeching. It was terrible disgrace to be stumped, and this was exceptionally hard.

"Stumped?" inquired Tab.

"No-o; I-I 'll take it."

Just then the bell rang and they all trooped in. Now Tab was wily. She knew that the master always called the words out in order, so she could easily find to whom "huckleberry" would come. It would come to her! She stood just above Mary. Just one person must miss to make it come to Mary.

"Second class in spelling come forward!"

Down the line it came to Tab.

"Huckleberry!"

"I don't know my lesson," said Tab, so Mary would have to get it.



"PORCUPINE." BY CHESTER S. WILSON, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY ROBERT W. FOULKE, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

"Then go to your seat and learn it!" came the stern reply. "Next!"

"What shall I do?" thought Mary.

"H-u — c —" she began.

"Coward!" hissed Tab, from her seat a step away.

"H-u, huckle, b-u, buckle, c-u, cuckle, y; huckleberry-pie! There! I have said it." And poor Mary rushed to her seat with the hot tears on her cheeks.

"The second class in spelling is dismissed. I will speak with Tabitha Reid and Mary Love after the session to-night."

That night the master had a long talk with both children which they never forgot, although they are old ladies now. The master was one of the few of his time who did not believe in corporal punishment. But he forbade them, during the noon hours, for the next week to leave their seats or speak.

So, though many things were different in grandmother's day, little girls were, and always will be, about the same.

THE RETURN OF FALL.

BY FRANCES BENEDICT (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Skies of deep celestial blue,
Air so clear and bracing,
Leaves of ever-changing hue
With the wind are racing.

Fruit from overloaded trees
On the ground is falling;
From the wood across the leas
Blue jays sharply calling.

Underneath the walnut-tree
Stores of nuts are lying,
Squirrels working busily,
Future need supplying.

Through the dark and frosty night
Bonfires brightly burning.
Who is *not* filled with delight
At the Fall's returning?

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY DOROTHY BUTES (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

When my grandmother was a little girl she lived in a beautiful house in the country, and had a pretty Shetland pony to ride and drive. But, although she heard the birds singing and saw the grass growing all the year, and deep down in her heart she felt very happy, she was not allowed to show it, but was taught to be a very prim and proper little girl. Her governess had made a schedule for little Elizabeth, so the child had no time to be idle. There was something for every moment of the day. This is as near as I can remember of how the little girl afterward to be my grandmother spent her day:

She dressed, had her breakfast of bread, milk, and fruit, mounted her pony and rode to the school-house, which was a mile away. She dismounted, tied her pony to the hitching-post, and walked in with her books under her arm, while the other scholars stared at Lizzie's "shining morning face," so full of a readiness to learn, and, "wished they were in her shoes," as they expressed it. Then there were the class recitations, singing, and drawing, that constitute the lessons in a country school. When school was over Elizabeth unhitched her pony and galloped home, where a good dinner was awaiting her.

After dinner little Elizabeth had to sit and sew for two hours, and then she could play till six, when she had her supper and went to bed.

You may be sure that Elizabeth did not need a second invitation to go out and play, after her long imprisonment sewing, and she rushed out to the field behind the house, where her brothers were playing all sorts of delightful games, and soon the little girl was as wild as any of them.

At six o'clock they trooped into the house to have their suppers. When that was over they said good night to their father, and tumbled into their warm white beds, there to sleep for the next ten hours.



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY EDMONIA M. ADAMS, AGE 11.

UNWILLING RETURN.

BY HELEN LOMBAERT SCOBEY (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE golden summer 's over,
The leaves turn red and brown,
And flutt'ring from the mother tree
In showers come whirling down.

And must I leave the glory
Of lake and hill and tree,
The quiet beauty of the woods,
Where birds sing wild and free?

If all the year were summer
And all the nights were day,
I 'd live content beside the lake,
And never go away.



"THE OLD HOUSE." BY CHANDLER YONGE, AGE 15.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

GRANDPAPA went to King Edward VI's Grammar School in Southampton—an old gray building with church-like windows and a shady cloistered courtyard.

Dr. Isaac Watts studied there. The entrance was in Bugle Street, so called because there, long ago, the bugles were sounded for changing the guard on the old town walls. Most of the boys, to come to school, had to cross St. Michael's Square, on the opposite side of which lived all the worst people in the town. The boys of these slums used to wait for those of the school and try to make them late, and many a fight they had beside the church, which is nearly a thousand years old.

As weapons the school-boys wore pieces of rope round their wrists, with the ends frayed and knotted.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 15.

With these they fought their way to and fro. In class, boys speaking had to rise, when others would kindly place tacks for them to sit upon, or cobbler's wax to prevent future rising.

The rows of desks had covered channels along the tops, with holes for ink-pots. One boy would bring a mouse to school, and when the master's back was turned, the ink-pots would be removed and the mouse popped in. Of course it kept running in and out the holes, causing great excitement and laughter, and was very difficult to catch.

When the master asked who brought it, the culprit was puzzled whether to be at his mercy, or to cause the class to be detained and afterward "get it hot" (as *he* would call it) from his mates.

Sometimes one boy would steal another's notes, and, folding them carefully, fix them to his penholder, and, aiming with a skill that seldom missed its mark, would despatch this arrow toward one of the old beams in the roof, laughing to see the other hunting for what he would never find.

Were n't they naughty boys?

But some became celebrated men, and the school grew so famous that it was not nearly large enough for all who wished to study there.

So another was built—and the dear old house stands forsaken.

It looks back upon the time when it was filled with laughter and monkeydom, and longs for the days when grandpapa went to school.

WHEN SCHOOL DAYS RETURN.

BY SIMON COHEN (AGE 10).

(*Former Prize-winner.*)

VACATION o'er, to school we go,
Again to study there;
To learn some useful study now
Through winter, cold and bare.

Again we turn to book and pad;
We try to master rules
Of all the studies that we learn
In ours, the best of schools.

Our studies they will cease at last
When summer comes again;
Now that the summer-time is o'er,
We 'll work like little men.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL IN RUSSIA.

BY MONICA SAMUELS (AGE 17).



"THE MORE STUDIOUS WOULD TEACH ONE ANOTHER MATHEMATICS." (SEE ACCOMPANYING STORY.)

Not long ago I was using some colored chalk, and grandfather related to me the following facts about a Jewish school-boy's thorny path to knowledge.

Wealthy families engaged private tutors for their girls, seventy years ago, in Russia, and only the boys were sent to school. One school was attended by about twelve boys, ranging from five or six years to sixteen. They gathered at the teacher's residence, where a room was fitted for the purpose with two typical wooden benches. The boys would leave home eight o'clock in the morning, carrying a Hebrew Bible or a Talmud.

Once there, they went through a most exact drill, consisting mainly of memorizing and translating the text into *Mamalushen*, or mother-tongue of the district. A little time would be allowed for recess, varying in length and frequency according to the teacher's temperament.

Those who could afford it took advantage of the extra time to go to the writing-master's house, where they would practise Hebrew script on paper, with quill pens. No doubt they inked their fingers and spoiled their "nibs," just as American boys did long ago! Those whose parents possessed fewer rubles spent their recess playing marbles with nuts or beans, while others would form balls of mill-ends of wool. The more studious would teach one another mathematics from a much-prized book, and would solve their problems on the stone walls of the house, using white chalk, which came in round balls, and was broken in pieces, the resulting sharp edges serving to write with. They must all have looked very picturesque in their caps, blouses, knee-trousers, and winter boots of leather.

The younger boys returned home about six o'clock in the evening, the others remaining until ten. Those who remained late returned home for two meals during the day, and generally lunched before going to bed. The Russian winters were so cold and the streets so muddy that the schoolmaster employed a man to carry the boys home on his back, one by one. Of course, it was very dark at night if the moon did not shine, and the man generally carried a square candle-lantern, not "to find an honest man," but to return an honest boy.



"THE OLD HOUSE" (AT STRATFORD). BY FLORENCE B. BRACQ, AGE 12.

THE RETURN OF WINTER.

BY MARGARET ELIZABETH ALLEN (AGE 13).

Hey! is that you, old Jack Frost?
Well, I thought that you were lost!
I 've had to listen, watch, and look
In every sort and kind of nook!

So, now you 're here, let 's have some fun;
I 'm sure *I 'm* ready for a run.
And oh, how nice and fresh I feel;
I guess I 'll need a hearty meal!

I 'll go to tell my brother Ben
That our best friend is here again;
For he 's had lots of time to learn
It 's a great day when *you* return!

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 13).

Grandmother's school-days were happy ones — as happy, perhaps, as are my own, though in a very different way. Her school-house was a low red building on a hill, which, in comparison with the houses of to-day, would seem very unpretentious.

The school-room itself was square, with a huge fireplace at one side, which rendered the teacher uncomfortably hot, and yet did not keep the pupils at the back of the room sufficiently warm. Later this was exchanged for an open Franklin stove, with the scholars' seats arranged on but three sides of the room. At this stove apples were roasted, and bread, frozen on the way over, was often thawed.

In summer the school was small, never more than twenty-five pupils, and taught by a lady from whom the little ones learned their "a-b-abs," and the older ones to parse, do sums in arithmetic, and so forth. But, in the winter the large boys, who worked on farms in summer, attended, and the teacher, this time a man, devoted nearly all of his time to teaching them practical arithmetic. At recess these big boys made snow forts, and fought wondrous battles, which so intimidated the girls and little boys that they spent almost all of their time in the cozy school-room playing merry games.

In summer the recess and noon hours were the most delightful, for a babbling brook ran noisily along back of the school-house, in the depths of which were innumerable pebbles of many colors. There was a meadow beyond the brook where lilies and laurel in their seasons bloomed, and the children banked the platform of the stove with flowers and mosses, and filled the window-sills with the blossoms. In a sand-bank near the school-house swallows built their nests, much to the delight of grandmother and her playmates.

The most eventful occasions of the winter were the evening spelling schools, to which the people from near

by districts drove in to hear the spellers or take part themselves. Often, at the close of the winter, one afternoon was devoted to the giving of prizes and the speaking of pieces and dialogues, often in costume.

On the way to and from school the children often met the old stage-coach with its four horses and the driver. This driver was a very important personage in those days, and upon meeting him the boys would nod their heads in quaint little bows, and the girls drop curtsies, as was the custom when a child met an older person.

Grandmother's school-days must have been happy ones, for now, after a period of fifty years, the incidents of them are as plain to her as if they were but yesterday.

THE RETURN OF AUTUMN.

BY EMILY ROSE BURT (AGE 16).

(*Former Prize-winner.*)

Now the leaves are softly turning
Brilliant gold and fiery red.
Now the woodbine, flaming, burning,
Glows against the rain-washed shed.

By the roadside, dust-besprinkled,
Glint and gleam of goldenrod
Mingled with the blue of asters
Greet the passer with a nod.

In the woods the nuts are dropping,
Brown, upon the leafy floor,
While the busy little squirrels
Gather in their winter's store.

Heaps of apples, sweetly yellow,
Piles of apples, richly red,
For the cellar bins are waiting
In their grassy orchard bed.

All the world is wrapped in color;
Flames of gold and scarlet burn;
And we know they herald gaily
Princess Autumn's fair return.

WHEN GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY EMMA L. RAPELYE (AGE 15).

MANY, many years ago, when great-grandmother was a young girl and lived in England, her father and uncle, the Lord Mayor of London, decided to take her to a school in France.

In those days the journey was a dangerous one, and on the way they were obliged to pass, on horseback, through a large forest inhabited by outlaws.

They had traveled but a short time in this forest, when they were attacked by robbers, who took them through the woods to where their captain was waiting. The robbers were respectfully awaiting the orders of their chief, when he recognized the Lord Mayor of London, and, for the sake of a kindness which he had one time done him, allowed them to pursue their journey, and gave them the password of the forest, so that they reached the end of it in safety.

This story was told me by my Great-aunt Charlotte, who, when a child, had loved to hear her mother tell it.

THE RETURN

BY ALICE MACDOUGAL (AGE 10).

AWAY from dear America,
Away on the briny sea,
Away to the isle of Jamaica,
There I did wish to be;
But when I got there, after all,
I wished to be back again—
Back to the Bronx's waterfall,
Back to the song of the wren.
And when I got back to my country
My heart was filled with joy—
Back to my dear old country,
Where nothing does annoy.

WHEN MY GRANDMOTHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM HAYS BALLARD (AGE 8).

WHEN my grandmother went to school she did not dress the way we do now. She wore a plain little dress (a little low-necked), and little short sleeves, and her hair was very neatly parted. Her dress looked like a pineapple, and she had a pigtail.

Her teacher was a very stately person, and she said



"THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE." BY T. BEACH PLATT, AGE 17.

no *lady* ever touched the back of her chair. So, of course, my grandmother had to sit up very straight.

Every Saturday the children had to darn stockings and roll them up; if they were not rolled up perfectly they had to be done over again. They also had to learn to step in and out of a carriage.

My grandmother stayed there seven years, and studied English literature, music, French, and history. When she went away her teacher gave her a "Testimonial" for her "Amiable Deportment and Excellent Scholarship."

"RETURN TO ME, O HAPPY DAYS."

BY KATHARINE R. WELLES (AGE 10).

RETURN to me, O happy days
Of springtime long ago;
For now the winter drear is come,
And loud the wind doth blow.

Return to me, O happy years
Of childhood's merry day;
For now the years are flying fast,
And I 'm too old to play.

WHAT I RETURN TO.

GEORGE B. PATTERSON (AGE 9).

I RETURN to the haunts where I love to be,
Along the sandy shore,
To fish the great wide wat'ry sea,
As I never did before.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JOHN D. BUTLER, AGE 14.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY ELIZABETH R. EASTMAN (AGE 17).

HE was a pretty little boy, not quite five years old, with blue eyes and long golden curls, and he sat on his high seat, dangling his small feet in the air. It was his first day at school, and he found watching the other scholars at their lessons far more interesting than studying his own from his little blue spelling-book.

The master was mending his quill pen, preparatory to setting copies for the scholars.

Suddenly a sound suspiciously like a laugh broke the stillness.

The master looked up with a frown.

"Who made that noise?" he asked sternly.

"Please, sir, I did," said grandfather, timidly, rising from his seat. "I sneezed."

"Well, well! Sit down, sir," said the master. "But if you do it again, I 'll shake you in pieces as small as a horse."

Though his tone was severe he covered his face with his hand to conceal a smile, but poor little grandfather was so frightened he did n't see the joke.

Later on, however, he found it out, and when, about five years afterward, he reached the head of his Latin class, he had lost all fear of this stern master whom he had learned to understand.

PEGGY'S RETURN.

BY CLARA B. SHANAFELT (AGE 12).

OH, yes, I had a lovely time;
Of course you really know that,
But, Mary dear, before I begin,
Did you always feed my cat?

Well, no; I did n't learn to swim,
But perhaps I will next year.
Oh, Mary! did you water my plant?
How nice! you 're just a dear.

Oh, yes, I did have lots of fun;
There was always something new.
But somehow I 'm just so glad to be
home
That I don't know what to do.

WHEN GRANDFATHER WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY HELEN MABRY BOUCHER BALLARD (AGE 12).

IT is a long time since my grandfather went to school at Old Sarum, when George IV was king. Things are changed now, and he probably considers our modern schools as curious as we do his old one.

How odd they must have looked then, in their funny, old-fashioned clothes, seated on long wooden benches before equally long desks! The classics were the chief studies, and by the time he was twelve years old my grandfather knew the first book of Virgil by heart. Arithmetic was not much taught.

Outside was a pump at which the shivering youngsters had to wash every morning, and very unpleasant it must have been on cold days.

At dinner they had the pudding first. Generally it was heavy, uninviting "plum-duff." If they had two helpings of that, they were allowed two of meat, which came next. Otherwise they had only one. In this way much meat was saved.

Every Monday they were given a big whipping, in order that they might "start the week right," as the masters said. They had other whippings if they did anything naughty.

My grandfather left the school about 1830, when he was twelve.

Though probably a good school for those days, I would have disliked to go there very much.

FOR WHAT THE BIRDS USE THEIR BILLS.

BY MARJORIE BETHELL (AGE 9).

As we all know, the bird has no hands. Let us see what he has to do. He has to make a nest, feed the babies, get his food, and preen his feathers. All this and much more has to be done with the bill.

The woodpecker builds his nest in a tree trunk, and gets food from the tree. His bill is a chisel. The nuthatch's bill is a hammer.

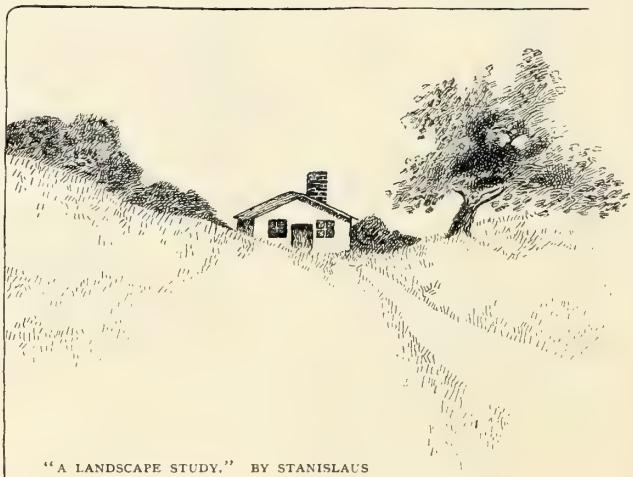
The swallow and the robin use a great deal of mud, so their bills are trowels.

The oriole weaves his nest of grass and hairs, so his bill is a needle.

The hawk is a bird of prey.

The duck's bill is a strainer.

The woodcock's bill is very long, so that he can get insects from the water.



"A LANDSCAPE STUDY." BY STANISLAUS F. MCNEILL, AGE 14.

The humming-bird's bill is long and slender to reach down into flowers.

THE FAT BOY'S DREAM.

BY ANNE ATWOOD (AGE 13).

O THERE came a wraith in the dead of night,
And her rasping voice was cold and sad
As she stood by the side of my small white bed,
And tore what scanty elf-locks she had.

And her face was round as the summer moon,
And white and wan and heavy-eyed;
And she wept and groaned in the weird moonlight,
And oft she looked at me and sighed.

"O Banshee weird," I cried in fear,
"Why hauntest thou me in the dead of night?"
But a fearsome groan was all I heard,
And the shrill, high laugh of a goblin sprite.

And her garments rattled around her form,
And the elf-man chuckled in horrid glee,
And drifted away on a moonbeam white,
And left the Banshee alone with me.



"THE LAST DRIVE." BY HAROLD GÜNTHER BREUL, AGE 15.

Her elf-locks streamed on the cold night air—
"O Banshee, Banshee, speak!" cried I;
And her voice was like to the wild north wind
As she said, "I 'm the ghost of a cold mince-pie!"

ROY'S INVENTION.

BY VIRGINIA S. GRINT (AGE 15).

ROY sat soberly thinking on the piazza. Mabel, his sister, was not getting well as fast as he wished, and he thought the reason was because she was confined to the house. His parents were poor, and he was trying to think of some plan to get her out into the air. At last, after much thinking, he got up, and, whistling gaily, walked away.

Up in a cozy bedroom sat Mabel, recovering from the fever which left her pale and, oh, so weak! She sat as near as she could to the open window, longing so much for the balmy air and warm sunshine. She was not discontented, knowing that it took quite a while to recover from such a serious illness as she had had.

One sunny afternoon Roy came up into his sister's room, and, looking down on her as she lay on the couch, said, "Well, sis, how would you like to go out to-day?"



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

"Roy, not really?" exclaimed Mabel, jumping up in her excitement, but falling back again from weakness.

"What is this all about?" asked Mrs. Thatcher, coming into the room with a bowl of broth.

Roy then said he had made a cart to take Mabel out in that afternoon. Mrs. Thatcher consented, and Mabel was well wrapped up, and carried in Roy's strong arms into the yard.

"What a queer-looking cart!" said Mabel, looking at the vehicle. "How did you ever make it, Roy?"

"Well," said Roy, as he fixed her comfortably into the cart, "I hated to see you poked up in your room, so pale and thin, and so resolved to get you out of doors. So I took the old wood-box, and, painting it red, put on it the wheels of my old express-cart. I then made a handle, and put in cushions to make it soft. I do think it is rather nice myself," he added, with a little pride.

Mabel looked gratefully into the kindly face above her. "And so this is why you worked so hard evenings in your shop. How tired you must be, but how I do appreciate it! Dear Roy, your 'invention' has made me feel better than the chicken broth!" And Mabel's happy face repaid him for all his labor.

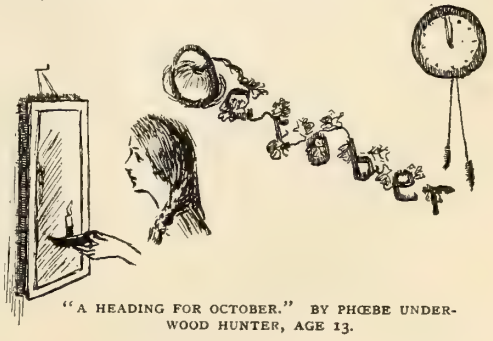
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CHAPTERS.

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No. 765. "Amateurs." Bryant Wood, President; Ernest King, Secretary; Harris Mosser, Charles W. Arnold, members. Address, Kennebunk Beach, Me.

No. 766. "Shakspere Chapter." Helen Pyle, President; Katherine Sherwood, Secretary. Address, 2123 Ashland Ave., Toledo, O.



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY PHŒBE UNDERWOOD HUNTER, AGE 13.



"INITIAL." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

Jessie E. Springer
Stella F. Boyden
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Ernest Bennett
Margaret C. Richey
Kathleen Seagraves
Philip Warren Thayer
Josephine Whitbeck
Elizabeth Sutherland
Helen L. Slack
Vera Mumford Stevens

VERSE 1.

Anne Atwood
Doris Francklyn
Clifford Poulten
Richard R. Montgomery
Conrad Potter Aiken
Irene Weil
Laura Gregg
Audrey Jakobi
Robert E. Humphrey
Alice Moore
Aurelia Michener
Theodosia D. Jessup
Hazel Rotholz
Dorothea M. Dexter
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Jessie Freeman Foster
Eleanor Myers
Mary Henderson Ryan
Katherine Kurz
Dorothy McAlpin
Helen Spear
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Alleine Langford
Frances P. Tilden
Gladys Knight
Elsie Reed Hayes
Marguerite Borden
Helen Van Dyck
Marion Prince
Edith Brooks Hunt
Louise M. Mitchell
Anna C. Heffern
Gwenllian Peirson Turner
Bernice Brown
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Marion B. Mattice
Catharine H. Straker
Margaret Lyon Smith
Jean Plant
Dorothy Bedell
Harold R. Norris
Gertrude Madge
Kathleen A. Burgess

VERSE 2.

Florence L. Adams
Stanley Dyer
Mary Yeula Westcott
Ethel Coat
Gertrude Kaufman
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Eugenie B. Baker
Franc C. Hockenberger
Marguerote Stuart
Mary Evelina Hatch
Anita Bradford
Helen Chandler Willis
Katherine Taylor
Gladys Chew
Genevieve M. Fox
Joseph P. D. Hull
Daisy Errington Bretell
Mary E. Smyth
Gertrude Ford
Maugridge S. Robb
Ruth Maurer
Josephine F. Swain
Mary Blossom Bloss
Ruth A. Sullivan
Arthur Perring Heward
Frances Paine
Sarah C. Davis
Annie Smith
Carolyn Bulley
Janet L. Shontz
Mena Blumenfeld
Jeannette Munro
Iveagh Sterry
Geraldine Estelle Stockris
Amy Bradish Johnson
Valentine Newton
Florence Gardiner

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Marion A. Rubican
Margaret Douglass Gordon
Helen Russell
Marianna Lippincott
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Helen W. Kennedy
Fern L. Patten
Chester Wilson
Anna Marion Button
Margaret B. Hopper
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Lola Hall
Alexander T. Ormond
Gertrude M. Shell
Winifred D. Boegehold
Alison Winslow
Gretchen Stirling James
Emanie Nahm
Eleanor Baxter
Isabel Gould Coffin
Harriette Kyler Pease
Dorothy Stanion
Katherine R. Polk
Margaret McElroy
Harriet Colburn Bennett
Ruth McNamee
Sarah Hall Gaither
William G. Maupin
Catharine W. Babcock
Dorothy Kuhns

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Gretchen Neuburger
Alice Lorraine Andrews
Shirley Willis
Mildred C. Frizzell
Helen R. Schlesinger
Ruth Kinsey
Helen J. Simpson
Edith May Deacon
Manuelita Koefoed
Mildred L. Pettit
Grace Gates
Agnes I. Meyer
Helen F. Bell
Marjorie L. Sleight
Frances Lubbe Ross
Mary Talcott
Blanche Bloch
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Willie K. Gahagan
Elsie B. Campbell
Lesley Stewart
Carolin Allport
Ruth Chatterton
Helen Whitman
Flora Horr
Elizabeth P. Defandorf

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Edith Park
Dorothy Sturgis
Helen Van Valkenburgh
Nancy Barnhart
Elizabeth A. Gest
Anna Zucker
Clara Hecker
Ella E. Preston
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Jacob D. Bacon.
Margaret Sharpe
Dorothy Longstreth
Samuel Davis Otis
Archibald MacKinnon
Frances Russell
Katherine Burket
Elizabeth Eicholtz Thomas
Dorothy Ochtman
Harriet K. Walker
Phyllis McVickar

DRAWINGS 2.

Muriel C. Evans
Carl B. Timberlake
Beatrice Andrews
Raymond Rohn
Jacqueline Overton
Helen K. Bromm
Evelyn O. Foster
Ivan F. Summers
Edna Hecker
Margery Bradshaw
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Harriet Park
Hugh Spencer
Joseph Weber
Gilbert Cosulich
Marie Russel
Lois Cooper
Katharine Monica Burton
Dorothy B. Gilbert
Margaret McKeon
Bertha V. Emerson
Florence Mason
Marguerite W. Watson
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Eloise Wilson
Marie Jedermann
Hilda Kohr
Grace F. R. Meeker
Margaret Blair
Adelaide Chamberlin
Christina B. Fisher
Alex Seiffert
Mildred C. Andrus
Gertrude Traubel
Max Bernhardt
Betty Locket
Ruth King
Marion Osgood Chapin
Kathleen Buchanan
Sybil Emerson
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Julia Halleck
Margaret Spencer-Smith
Bessie T. Griffith
Edward L. Kastler
Ellen C. Griffith
Anne Constance Nourse
Elizabeth Stockton
Irma Jessie Diescher
William Hazlett Upson
Bessie Wright
Lydia C. Gibson
Louise Miller
Marie Atkinson
Herbert W. Landau
Anna Zollars
Frances W. Varrell
Margaret Josenhans
Mary Taft Atwater
Anna La Lanne
Mary McLeran
Dorothy Barkley
Winifred Hutchings
Jane Swift
Ruth Bessie Bloch
Anna Longstreth
Hermann Schussler
Sadie Dorothy Stabern
Frances C. Jackson
Isabel Ruth Cooper
Katherine Gibson
Lucia Warden

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Chandler W. Ireland
Catherine E. Campbell
Henry H. Hickman
Edmund S. McCawley
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Maud L. Symonds
Margaret Williamson
Max Plambeck
Esther M. Wing
Henry Holmes
Amy Peabody
Margaret B. Ross
Katharine M. Forbes
Gladys L. Brown
R. Glen Osborn
Mary Gove
Donald Myrick

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Nellie B. Lewis
Gertrude Trumplette
Walter Brettell
Edith M. Gates
G. Raymond Green
Mary Nash
Eleanor Park
Florence O. Tirrell
Rebecca M. Hart
John M. Rehfish
Walter C. Preston
Lucy Dunham
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Dorothy Wormser
Henry S. Kirshberger
Sarah McCarthy
Gertrude M. Howland
Morehouse Coley
Anna M. McKechnie
Gladys E. Chamberlain
George Grady, Jr.
Theodora B. E. McCormick
Elsie Wormser
Fredericks Going
Helen Froelich
Beatrice Howson
Katharine Delano Williams
Alice Pine
Constance R. Allen
Dorothy Hamlin
Johnathan W. French
Pendleton Schaick
Edith M. Hobson
John Rice Miner
Margarett Street
Sturges D. Cook
Ruth French Adams
Mary Woods
Clara R. Williamson
Virginia L. Hunt
Frederick S. Brandenburg
Rose Anna McCullough
Mary Redfield Adam
Dorothy W. Stanton
Lewis P. Craig
T. K. Whipple
Alice L. Cousens
Warren Hastings
Lawrence H. Riggs



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY JOHN SINCLAIR, AGE 12.

Marjorie C. Newell
Isabel La Monte
Frank P. Abbot
Katharine Donoho
Arthur M. McClure
Irene F. Wetmore
Lillie Knollenberg
Francis M. Watson, Jr.
John S. Perry
Catherine Douglas
Harold K. Schoff
Dorothea Clapp
Carlota Glasgow

PUZZLES 1.

Joseph M. Heinan
Madge Oakley
Agnes R. Lane
L. Arnold Post
Marion E. Senn
Elizabeth B. Berry
Julia Musser
Gertrude A. Strickler
Mildred Martin
Gerald Smith
Hazel Dixon
E. Adelaide Hahn
Benjamin L. Miller

PUZZLES 2

Armorel Thomas
Robert K. Clifton
Nettie Barnwell
Phyllis Nanson
Dorothy Alderson
Emily W. Browne
Marguerite Godron
Joy Mauck
Willie Musselman



"A HEADING." BY H. V. KINNEY, AGE 17.

LETTERS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the cash prize which you awarded me in the May competition, and hereby wish to thank you for the same, and also wish to express my appreciation of the help which the St. Nicholas League has given me in my art work.

My drawing for January, 1904, which was awarded the gold medal, was the means of obtaining for me my first chance to study art in an art school. I was attending the University of Michigan at the time, and the authorities, having seen the drawing in the ST. NICHOLAS magazine, sent me to the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago to be assisted in the illustration of their "College Annual."

The competitions of the St. Nicholas League are a fine thing for young people who intend making art or literature their vocation, since only original work is accepted, which work is of the most benefit.

Wishing the St. Nicholas League unlimited success in its work for the advancement for young folks, I am, sincerely yours,

HARRY B. LACHMAN.



"OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION CHOIR." BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 11.

MILTON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My badge came last night and I am more than delighted with it. I shall always keep it, and shall always look back with pleasure to the time "when my first picture was printed." I mean to work hard this summer all by myself, and shall send in more drawings, even better, I hope, than the one which was printed. Thanking you again for the beautiful badge, I remain,

Most gratefully yours,

ROBERT E. JONES.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR LEAGUE: We are two girls, and being very fond of Shakspere have formed a "Shakspere Chapter."

One of us lives in Mineral City and the other in Toledo, so we are going to carry on our chapter by correspondence.

We would like chapter correspondents between thirteen and fifteen years of age.

With many hopes for the future success of the League, we remain,

Your devoted readers,

HELEN PYLE, President.
KATHARINE SHERWOOD, Secretary.

OTHER interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Elizabeth M. T. Word, Alice Knowles, Frieda G. Carty, M. Adelaide Durst, Martin Janowitz, L. Arnold Post, Margaret J. Beattie, Dorothy E. Downing, Margaret F. Nye, Edna Krouse, Anna B. Carolan, Hazel Green, Mara Anderson, Therese Goldie, Marian A. Smith, Fulvia Varvaro, Nerina Varvaro, J. S. Brown, Jr., Mabel F. Whitehead, Hélène Mabel Sawyer, Dorothy Longstreth, Mary Louise Holmes, Eileen Lawrence Smith, Thruston Brown, Marjory H. Thomas, Mabel G. Heine, Corinne Bowers, Eleanore Kellogg, Anna C. Heffern, Mary R. Adam, Harry B. Peebles, Dorothy Stanion, Gertrude H. Reazor, Ione Casey, Elizabeth R. Eastman, Mary Camp, Jennie Stevens Milliken, Margaret Colgate, Edna Reinhart, Grace Haren, Gustav Leonhardt, Ned Durrell, Alice Wickenden, Elizabeth Thurston, Doris M. Shaw, Therese Tapley, Margaret Sundet, Anne V. Russell, Catharine H. Straker, Alleine Langford, Gladys Nelson, Prior Onderdonk, Doris Hackbusch, Jeannie R. Sampson, Margaret Stuart Browne, Esther Kendall Davis, Dorothea Bechtel, Sophronia Moore Cooper, John P. Phillips, Rachel Talbott, Ruth Bartlett, Ray Randal, John V. S. Bloodgood, Saidee E. Kennedy, Esther A. Goodenow, Frances Bryant Godwin, Elsie Newton, Margaret W. Stevens, Rosalie Day, Barbara Nelson, Konni Zilliacus, Jr., Margaret F. Grant, Clara B. Shanafelt, Henry G. Prince, Dorothy Elizabeth True, Edith Wellran, Charles Lynch, Laurin Zilliacus, Katharine M. M. Sherwood.



"OCTOBER." BY WALTER H. JOHNSON, AGE 8.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 61.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 61 will close **October 20** (for foreign members **October 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Welcome."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in Japanese history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "School Days."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Playmate" and a Heading or Tailpiece for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

BOOKS FOR A DOLL-HOUSE. WILLIAM PICKERING was a very excellent English printer, something less than one hundred years ago, who put on the title-pages of his books a curious picture. This picture was of an anchor about which a dolphin twined itself into the letter S. Pickering used this sign because it was the sign of two of the most noted printers that ever lived, the Aldus or Aldo family of Venice. And in order to show that he chose the sign for that very reason, Pickering printed around it Latin words, *Aldi Discip. Anglus*, meaning "English follower of Aldus." Pickering took pride in his work, and, among other dainty things, brought out a set of little books that are hardly too large for a big doll or the library of a doll-house. They are only three and three fourth inches tall and two inches wide.

But, small and dainty in size, they are very important in contents. There is one set of Shakspere's plays in nine volumes; Homer's two great epics make two volumes more; and Virgil, Horace, and other great authors complete the series. It would be a very learned doll who could say she knew all there was in that library, and she would need excellent eyes, for the print is very tiny.

A POETRY PARTY. WHEN the fall and winter make it seem delightful to be again indoors, girls often like to have suggestions for methods of making their meetings attractive —something besides the usual "talk and refreshments"—what some eminent man of letters in a waggish way described as "giggle, gabble, gobble, and git."

A series of little meetings, each in celebration of some poet's birthday or other anniversary, would be an excuse for making some interesting additions to the usual program. Thus there would be no great difficulty in arranging a Shakspere party or a Milton party, in which quotations from the works of either poet were used in invitations, dinner-cards, bills of fare, and so on. Or an American poet might be chosen. Oliver Wendell Holmes would furnish lines of a cheering nature fit for mild festivities; or you might introduce your guests to some of the beautiful poems of Celia Thaxter, or of Jean Ingelow, if you do not mind going outside of our own land.

CUMULUS, A HEAP. "OH, I have been reading a heap of books lately." If you hear this said, it is likely that it is not strictly correct. Certainly the language might be better, but the idea, too, is not above improvement. A boy who would speak so of his reading would probably be nearer the truth if he said he had been reading a "spatter" of books, for the chances are that they have no more relation to one another than if they were spattering drops of ink. A *heap* of books should show a cumulative effect; that is, each book should help the others.

In reading good, sound, wholesome literature, your reading does combine together. All good authors are trying to teach very similar lessons, just as good men and women find it easy to agree. They need not quarrel, for all are seeking to do what is fair to one another. It is the self-seeking, the selfish, who find themselves continually clashing.

Good books, therefore, go well together, and each helps to deepen the impression made by the rest. Poor books are very much like poor marksmen: they send their shot so wide that it scatters or fails to hit the target.

SHAKSPERE AND SOME MEN OF HIS TIME. WHILE we do not know so much about the life of the author of our greatest literary treasures, enough is known to show that Shakspere was different from many other writers of plays of his own time. He seems to have led so quiet and hard-working a life that he has made little impression except by the words of his pen. Of many dramatists of his day we know little except that they wasted their time and talents. The really great writers have often been of patient industry, and have lived as wisely as they have written.

Certainly it is not positively necessary that a genius should exhibit his great powers by proving he is lacking in common sense. Milton is another example quite as encouraging. The lives of Lowell and Longfellow, of Whittier and Bryant, also give reason for thinking good poetry may live on good terms with practical sense.

BOOKS IN SERIES. While it is certainly a pretty sight to see a long row of books in a neat and uniform binding, like soldiers on parade, there is a distinct loss of individuality. As you glance over your books upon their shelves, it is pleasant to recognize them from their outward dress. They keep themselves better in mind if each one is not exactly like its neighbors. You are even likely to forget what you have if you cannot know them from across the room.

We often go to the bookcase looking simply for "something to read," and then it is an advantage to know each book at the first glance. Of course this does not apply so strongly to the works of a single author. These belong in a uniform, and you know what is among them.

SELECTIONS FROM AUTHORS. Some people find great help in collections of extracts from a number of authors, and the sales of "libraries of literature," and so on, have been very large. But one should always remember that tastes differ in reading, and that the editors of these great collections may have omitted the very parts of an author that would please you most. Certain poems, plays, and pieces are by common consent admitted to be among the world's best literature; but it does not follow that you may not derive more benefit from other works by the same men. Besides, until a great writer has been dead at least a century or two, it is by no means certain that his true rank is rightly fixed. There have been great changes in the opinions of even the best critics. It is an author's right to have your own judgment of his work. He writes for you and to you, in the hope of reaching your mind, and he asks for your opinion.

Millet, the painter, was appreciated by only a few clever men for many years before the public were taught that he was a great artist. One man who judged for himself was the American painter William Hunt, a believer in Millet from the beginning.

HOW TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE. Perhaps some of you very modest young readers will say that you cannot always tell which are the good books—that is, the "really worth while" books. But is not this a mistake on your part? It is no harder to tell in the case of books than in the case of talking, and you are surely able to tell what persons you meet have something to say that is worth your listening. There is no difficulty in deciding which people you know interest you most. The trouble lies in a wrong notion young readers may have about the best books. They are likely to forget that every grown person has been young. Even Homer was once a small boy, and no doubt played with wooden swords and spears, probably marching up and down and having furious combats with other young Greeks. The ancient Egyptian little girls had their dolls and their toy animals, and very likely played the same sort of games with them that their remote successors play. Julius Cæsar often objected to being sent early to bed, and Napoleon Bonaparte loved snow-fights—they must have done so.

Great writers are great because they can feel with us all, because they are what we all are. It is one of the pleasures of growing up to find out how we all had the same fancies and beliefs when we were little. It is not the greatest and best writer who forgets that he was once a child; and some of the most interesting and best written stories in the world are within the understanding of the youngest reader.

A NOTE ON "ALICE IN WONDERLAND." That the dormouse was supposed to be sleepy because of the French *dormeuse*, from *dormer*, to sleep, makes plain the behavior of one of the guests of the Mad Tea-party; but the reason why the Hatter was supposed to be out of his mind is not so readily given. There is said to be an old English word, long disused, "hetter," meaning furious or raging, and that this explains the saying "as mad as a hatter." Some think the word comes from "atter," for adder, the snake. But after consulting the authorities one is compelled to doubt whether the phrase is at all understood.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE fine drawing on page 1065 will recall to young readers of ST. NICHOLAS the old legend of the Dutch captain who, homeward bound, met with long-continued head winds off the Cape of Good Hope, but who, with Dutch obstinacy, vowed that "he would double the cape and not put back, if he strove until the day of doom." He is supposed to have been taken at his word, and to beat forever about the clouds in his phantom ship, but never to succeed in rounding the point.

There are other versions of this story, and several important works of fiction have been based upon the legend. Perhaps the most notable of these are the libretto of Richard Wagner's opera, "The Flying Dutchman," and Captain Marryat's novel, "The Phantom Ship."

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for three and a half years, and like you very much. My sister also takes you with me; I have a brother too. I am American, but live in Japan; although we would rather live in America, we have great fun out here. We are going to have a show to-day and to-morrow. It is "Beauty and the Beast," and is to be in our house. We have made a stage with tea-boxes and boards put over them and then rugs. There are six children in it and one lady, who is our governess. We have a magazine named "The Monthly Mince-Pie." We draw pictures for it and write prose and poetry.

The "Box of Curios," a paper out here, has offered us printed programs and tickets for our entertainment, and also asked us to write some accounts, poems, or jokes every other week for the paper, which would pay us four yen, that is, two American dollars, every month.

The money we get for the play and our magazine is going to the poor soldiers' families.

Your loving reader,
HENRIETTA MCIVOR (age 11).

BENNINGTON, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a member of the League and have taken you for five or six years. I have just returned from Europe, where I spent a few weeks with papa and mama. We took an automobile trip through southern England. I enjoyed the sea voyage very much indeed. Coming home we saw a very large shoal of porpoises, and another time a large whale.

I have a pony and a dog of my own. Queenie, my pony, was given me a year ago, and I have enjoyed many long and delightful rides on her back. She is nearly black and very pretty. She is also very spirited, once having run away with my sister.

My dog Shamrock is an Irish terrier (as his name suggests). He is only a year old, but can do several tricks when he wants to, all of which I taught him.

I like all of the stories in the ST. NICHOLAS, but I am especially interested in "A Comedy in Wax."

Wishing you a long and successful life, I am,
Your affectionate reader, SUSAN E. COLGATE.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you from February up to this time, and like you very much. As I have never before written to you, I thought that I would like to drop you a few lines.

Among your poems I especially like "The Cannibal Man from Chamboree."

I am now office boy for my father and enjoy it very much. I cipher telegrams, go for the mail, answer the 'phone, and put things in order.

I have a subscription to you. Your faithful reader.
W. O. DICKINSON.

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. We have taken it about six years.

I have been looking over some old ones that my mother took in 1876, and I found some little French stories. I am just beginning to learn German, and I wish you would print some German for your readers to translate.

I am ten years old, and I am a member of the League.

Daddy has each volume bound as soon as it is finished, and we read them over and over. Your devoted reader,
M. W. POUND.

WUCHOU, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A dear friend of my papa's in America sends you to me. I like "A Comedy in Wax" very much, and "Two Little New York Maids."

I could not tell you how much I love the ST. NICHOLAS. My pets are seven hens, one rooster, and one old turkey; we have seven big pigeons and three little ones, and the mother of these has two more eggs, and in a week we will have two little baby pigeons.

My little sister and I play with our pets a great deal, and we feed them every morning; they know us quite well. I have three sisters and no brother. Two of them are in America at school in Mount Vernon. The oldest, Bessie, is fifteen, and the next is Mary—she is thirteen. My little sister is four; her name is Frances. I miss my two big sisters very much.

There are only Chinese children to play with here.

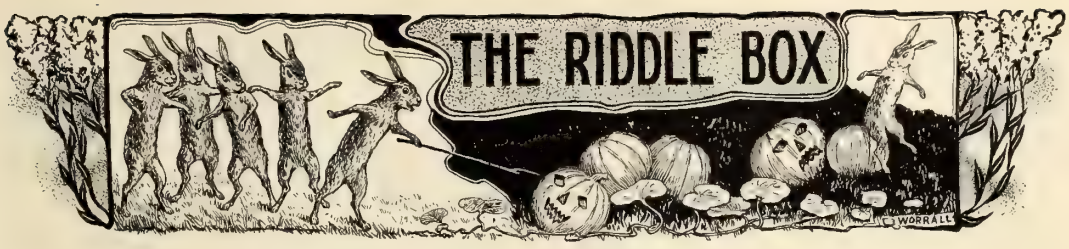
With lots of love to the ST. NICHOLAS and authors, I remain,

Your loving reader, GRACE MCCOY.

DANVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While reading your May number I saw the article telling how to make a canoe. I thought I could make one, taking that as a model, and I got the lumber and began on it at once. It turned out so nicely that I thought I would write to you and tell you about it. Last week another boy and I went out on a river a few miles from our home, and took a trip down the river and camped out all night. The canoe held us and a large camping outfit comfortably. The only alterations from your model which I made were that I did n't make any rudder, and I used two layers of blue-edged drill instead of the No. 10 duck. I am sixteen years old, and I made everything about the boat with my own hands.

Yours truly, ROBERT HARBISON.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Coast. 2. Owner. 3. Annie. 4. Seize. 5. Trees.

CHARADE. Bar-gain.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Baby. 2. Aloe. 3. Bowl. 4. Yelk. II. 1. Pole. 2. Open. 3. Lend. 4. Ends. III. 1. Kine. 2. Idol. 3. Nook. 4. Elks. IV. 1. Idle. 2. Deed. 3. Lead. 4. Eddy. V. 1. Stab. 2. Tape. 3. Apes. 4. Best.

TRAVELING PUZZLE. Chicago, goblin, liniment, enthusiast, aster, error, orator, orchard, ardent, entrap, approve, Venice.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Second row. Labor Day. 1. Albatross. 2. Badger. 3. Ibex. 4. Horse. 5. Oriole. 6. Adjutant. 7. Mastiff. 8. Hyena.

DIAGONALS. I. Labor Day. 1. Labrador. 2. Marigold. 3. February. 4. Caroline. 5. Cowering. 6. Sheridan. 7. American. 8. Rosemary. II. Old Glory. 1. Organist. 2. Florence (Nightingale). 3. Redoubts. 4. Anagrams. 5. Civilize. 6. Monotone. 7. Burglary. 8. Thursday.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Autumn; second row, August. Cross-words: 1. Atoll. 2. Usage. 3. Turban. 4. Ugly. 5. Muse. 6. Nape.

LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Can the poets, in the rapture of their finest dreams,
Paint the lily-of-the-valley fairer than she seems?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Virginia; finals, Richmond. Cross-words: 1, Ventilator. 2. Irawadi. 3. Roc. 4. Garish. 5. Idiom. 6. No. 7. Indian. 8. Add.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG. Samuel Adams. 1. Lows, slow. 2. Rams, Mars. 3. Lame, meal. 4. Stud, dust. 5. Time, emit. 6. Leap, plea. 7. Race, acre. 8. Door, odor. 9. Maid, amid. 10. Muse, emus. 11. Ties, site.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from Marian A. Smith — Grace Haren — Lilian Sarah Burt — Chuck — Frances Hunter — "Marcia and Co." — Constance Fuller — Margaret J. Porter — Emily P. Burton — Betty Brainerd — Laura E. Jones — Marian Swift — Eleanor Wyman — Mrs. C. E. Gabain — Julian L. Tiemann — Mildred C. Jones — "A Pair of I's" — "Duluth" — Florence R. Elwell — "Allil and Adi" — Bessie Sweet Gallup — Marion Thomas — Agnes Rutherford — Nessie and Freddie — Lillian Burson — Laura S. Dow — Catharine Hooper — Gwyneth N. Pennethorne.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 15th, from D. Dinsmore, 1 — H. A. Hedge, 1 — E. Holyoke, 1 — E. Stafford, 1 — A. E. Sussdorff, 1 — R. M. Linnell, 1 — S. Ehrich, 1 — D. Robinson, 1 — J. C. Watt, 1 — M. Garrett, 1 — Christina B. Fiske, 2 — A. E. Kingman, 1 — A. Hartnett, 1 — C. J. Boyer, 1 — M. Cragin, 2 — James Harvey Mohr, 3 — M. Murrish, 1 — R. C. Bates, 1 — R. H. Eddingfield. 1 — F. A. Roberts, 1 — A. W. Robinson, 1 — D. Crounse, 1 — L. P. Fiske, 1 — L. B. Westgate, 1 — Catherine H. Steel, 9 — Harriet Bingaman, 6 — E. F. Harrington, 3 — M. L. Holmes, 1 — P. J. Carpenter, 1 — F. Rice, 1 — D. Sage, 1 — Margaret C. Wilby, 9 — Evelyn Goodrich Patch, 8 — Edward Bentley, 3 — M. Dillay, 1 — M. McConnell, 1 — W. R. Nelson, 1 — L. Williams, 1 — Mary Elizabeth Mair, 8 — Myrtle Alderson, 8 — Volant V. Ballard, 8 — F. Reinhart, 1 — John Farr Simons, 8 — Katharine Bell, 2 — L. M. Taggart, 1 — Leonard Swain, 3 — R. Gates, 1 — Elizabeth D. Lord, 9 — M. R. Smiley, 1.

CHARADE.

WE read in caverns gloomy
My *first* lives underground;
'T is in the daily papers
My *last* is always found.
My *whole* is wandering ever —
Moves on in ceaseless round.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail a river of the United States and leave thus. Answer: Mis-so-uri.

1. Triply behead and curtail kinship, and leave not out. 2. Triply behead and curtail greatness of size, and leave the egg of an insect. 3. Triply behead and curtail full of tendons, and leave clamor. 4. Triply behead and curtail to waver, and leave sick. 5. Triply behead and curtail to make a road with small, broken stones, and leave the name of the first created man. 6. Triply behead and curtail a very remarkable occurrence, and leave a cape in Alaska. 7. Triply behead and curtail conciseness, and leave a Japanese coin. 8. Triply behead and curtail superfluous, and leave the German word for "and." 9. Triply behead and curtail briefly, and leave to deface. 10. Triply behead and curtail a poetical division of verse consisting of three measures, and leave a personal pronoun. 11. Triply behead and curtail tending to repel, and leave a measure of length. 12. Triply behead and curtail a depraved person, and leave to steal from.

The initials of the twelve little words will spell the name of a pleasant season of the year.

ERWIN JANOWITZ.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. A LETTER. 2. A boy. 3. A satire. 4. Clothed. 5. A form of action for the recovery of a personal chattel wrongfully detained. 6. Merciful. 7. Spanish governesses. 8. To exalt. 9. Tabulating. 10. To hurl. 11. The abbreviation for a famous island. 12. A letter.

MIRIAM C. GOULD.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

In this enigma the various words are pictured instead of described. When all are rightly guessed, the thirty-three letters will spell a proverb valuable to traders.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

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. . 2 3 . .
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Cross-words. 1. An outdoor merrymaking. 2. The mouth of a volcano. 3. A severe trial. 4. For some time. 5. A legislative body. 6. A basket made of rushes in which figs are imported. 7. Conflict. 8. To graft by uniting. 9. Hatred. 10. Powerful.

From 1 to 2, a place taken from the British by the Americans in May, 1775; from 3 to 4, the colonel of the "Green Mountain Boys."

WILMOT T. CLOSE (League Member).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each spell the surname of an American author.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. Anything worshiped. 2. A city in Nevada. 3. Outlook. 4. Unemployed. 5. Part of the hand. 6. A measure of capacity.

RICHARD B. THOMAS (League Member).

DIAGONAL.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of an American engineer and inventor.

Cross-words: 1. Controllable. 2. A word of many syllables. 3. Underground. 4. Negligence. 5. A current below the surface. 6. A horsewoman. 7. Having a channel or canal. 8. Temperament. 9. The science of history. 10. A layer above another. 11. The act of assimilating. 12. The act of constructing.

PAULINE MUELLER.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in teams, but not in feed;
My *seconds* in Arabs, but not in Swedes;
My *thirds* are in reindeer, but not in boar;
My *fourths* are in captain, but not in war;
My *fifths* are in stranger, but not in friend;
My *sixths* are in follow, but not in wend;
My *sevenths* are in lend and send and mend.
My *wholes* are three capitals in the United States.

CLINTON H. SMITH.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

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I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. A heavenly body. 2. Separated by violence. 3. Surface. 4. To harvest.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. One of the books of the Bible. 2. To stare at impudently. 3. A feminine name. 4. Lank.

III. Central Square: 1. A frame for holding pictures. 2. A common fruit. 3. A twig. 4. A feminine name. 5. Lawful.

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. A Biblical name. 2. A bundle or package of goods in a cloth cover, and corded for transportation. 3. Certain trees. 4. For fear that.

V. Lower Right-hand Square: 1. A merry-andrew. 2. A genus of succulent plants found in warm countries. 3. A feminine name. 4. The period occupied by the earth in making its revolution around the sun.

AGNES R. LANE (League Member).

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